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
Glamour’s Crowning Glory

must be sleek, soft and shining

The beauty that goes to others’ heads must literally go to yours first. For gleaming, softly luxuriant hair complements chic gowns so perfectly—and gleans its own delightful crop of compliments. Let our Beauty Salon experts re-condition your hair, if it is dry and lifeless. And let them plan a new, exciting coiffure that will send you forth with new, romantic worlds to conquer. Simply telephone DIstrict 5300 for an appointment.

BEAUTY SALON, SECOND FLOOR
The pin illustrated is the D. A. R. award to the girls in public high schools who are candidates for the annual Good Citizenship Pilgrimage to Washington, D. C.

It will be presented to each State Pilgrim by the President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the opening night of Continental Congress.

It becomes the recognition pin for members of the P. A. R. clubs, and the names of girls eligible to wear it will be on file in our offices.

The pin is gold plated on bronze, with blue enamel, and is priced at fifty cents. Names may be engraved on the back at an additional cost of two cents a letter.

ORDERS WILL BE FILLED PROMPTLY

Obtainable only from

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
Chestnut and Juniper Streets
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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

Cover Design: Martha Ferguson McKeown, Daughter of Mrs. J. E. Ferguson of Walla Walla Chapter of Hood River, Oregon, in the Costume she wore when she impersonated the Pioneer Mother at the Whitman Centennial Celebration

EDITORIALS

"Well Done" Florence Hague Becker 3
Editor's Office—Mrs. Keyes Speaking Frances Parkinson Keyes 4
Our Peace Establishment Adelaide Howe Sison 18
Oregon Creed Charles A. Howard 20

FEATURE ARTICLES

"Or" Into "And" Dorothy Canfield 4
The Needlework of Martha Washington Edna M. Colman 11
The Birthplace of Martha Washington Florence Bridges Culver 15
Washington's Couteaux R. M. Hobson 16
"America" Grace M. Longfellow 17
The Oregon State Capitol Grace J. Austin 24
Oregon Sheldon F. Sackett 25
The Oregon Trail Vars Canfield 30
Oregon City A. W. Norblad 31
Historic Astoria Mrs. James B. Montgomery 37
McLoughlin House Margaret Sullivan 37
The Kingdom of Summer and the Kingdom of Winter Dorothy Canfield 43
Crater Lake National Park Frances Parkinson Keyes 44
The Strange Story of Benjamin Bonneville Mrs. James B. Montgomery 44
A People Passed Edna M. Colman 44
Champoeg Mercedes V. Paul 44
Eliza Spalding Warren Lottie E. Morgan 47
Your Capital City—And Mine! H. W. Vandenberg 55

FICTION

The Cream Cashmere Catherine Cate Coblentz 48

VERSE

In and Out of Maryland Nanita MacDonell Beacom 9
Vignette Nanita MacDonell Beacom 9
Champlain Bridge at Sunset Nanita MacDonell Beacom 9
Valentine to My Children Grace C. Marshall 19

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Genealogical Department 62
Genealogical Extension Service 66
Parliamentary Procedure 70
Book Reviews 72
Motion Picture Department 76
News Items 78
State Conferences 83
Committee Reports 86
Junior D. A. R. 89
Contributors, Collaborators and Critics 96

OFFICIAL LISTS

Children American Revolution 92
Membership of N. S. D. A. R. 95
National Board of Management 100
National Committee Chairmen 103
N. S. C. A. R. 104
Approved Schools 104

Issued Monthly by
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Publication Office: MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, Washington, D. C.
FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
Editor
Memorial Continental Hall, 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
Loaned by the United States Government to Current Exposition at Corcoran Art Gallery

George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart

THIS PORTRAIT HAS LONG BEEN HUNG IN THE POST OFFICES AND POST ROADS COMMITTEE ROOM OF THE SENATE IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING
ONE of the principal reasons why the Father of his Country continues to inspire men is because of his great philosophy of life and his consecration to the art of living. "It is a fixed principle with me," he said, "that whatever is done should be well done." A sense of responsibility and dissatisfaction with mediocrity developed his talents so that he did many things exceedingly well, and this became an example to others.

He accepted his stewardship as coming from the Lord and whether it was in the management of his estates and the responsibility for the many lives involved, the leadership of troops, the establishment of a union for sore-tried states, or serving that union as its first President, he gave of his best. Though eventually he had returned to his lovely home hoping to spend his days there, when his country again called him to its service he did not fail.

To the repeated suggestion, made to the Constitutional Convention, "Unless you write into this Constitution some popular fallacies to fool and please the people, they will never adopt our Constitution however good it may be," Washington replied: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted; perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained; if, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work?" And so it is that our national hero stands out as one whom every citizen may revere and emulate. It is not as a military genius, nor yet as a lawmaker that his name is written large in history, but as a man of character who served his people well.

He loved his Country and knew that her future depended upon the character of her citizens. He urged the establishment of educational institutions that her young men might be trained in the principles of democracy before being exposed to European cultures, and today educators are returning to that belief. Washington knew that to be free, men must serve. To him no work was menial, and work well done gave honor to God; it also brought enrichment to the individual life. Joy and purpose in living are found through service, and in doing well whatever is to be done.

Above all others, he realized that democracy is only for those who are worthy of it, and are qualified and willing to work for it, and willing to subordinate local and personal interests for the national good. His was the day of nationalism in its broadening and progressive significance. If democracy is to be saved, it must be by Americans who believe, as did George Washington, that their obligations are to their Country and will not shrink from whatever service is demanded of them. What is worth having is worth working for; work that is worth doing is worth doing well.

-Timothy 4:11 NE - 1935

"Well Done"

"For it is a fixed principle with me, that whatever is done should be well done."

Washington

Courtesy of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association
In the old game of "London Bridge Is Falling Down" the players are divided (as you may remember if your playground days are not too long ago) into two sides, according to the choice they make between two alternatives arranged beforehand by the two leaders. When one of the marching and singing children is caught by the four encircling arms, he is asked some such question as, "Which would you rather have, a grand piano or a Packard car?" Or, "A plate of oyster soup or a piece of chocolate cake?" And according to this answer they are sent to the right or the left to belong to one or the other side in the tug of war with which the game ends.

As is the case with many old, old games, this is oddly symbolic of a process of selection in grown-up years, and of the way in which a choice between alternates divides us. For instance, in answer to the question, "Which really interests you most, the past or the future?" people march off to the right and the left, into the ranks of conservatives and progressives, lining themselves up, alas! all too often for a quite unnecessary tug of war which uses up strength needed for constructive enterprises. Or perhaps the question is, "Which way of presenting history do you prefer—as a series of flat silhouettes, all of one color against a contrasting background, also all of one color? Or in the round, like sculptured statues, set not against flat paper, but against the complex background of human life?"

No, this is not so simple as you think. There is something to be said in favor of both ways of teaching history, and thinking about historical characters. The simplified presentation of the figures on one side as all white with heroic patriotism, and of those on the other side as all black with treason, is easy for human minds to grasp and retain, leaves a bold definite impression on the mind, is a vigorous stimulant to devoted action for a cause judged (by the individual in question) to be the right
cause. The other way, the realistic in-the-round presentation of history, with its half-smiling philosophic dictum that “patriots are those whose party succeeded in defeating their opponents”; the portraits of heroes with all their individual warts (as Oliver Cromwell insisted on being painted); of mixed motives and personal ambitions—such reminders of the great complexity of everything human, are often disturbing to people who have not learned to handle the complex, trouble those who long for the stonewall protection of the absolute, who fear and distrust the element of relativity in human lives. They must have—to feel safe or happy—their heroes of the past absolutely and always right in all they did, not merely right on the whole, and in relation to the particular society and period in which they lived. The question is not so easy to answer as it looks.

Well, there is one corner of a green valley in Vermont whose people do not need to puzzle over it, because it is answered by the nature of their own past. Our old town of Arlington has no choice but to take the realistic, complex and in-the-round view of the American Revolution, because a large number of our ancestors were devoted to the conservative side in that great struggle, clung to the old Church and the old government in loyalty to principles on which they had been brought up, and drew back, shocked and alarmed, from what looked to them like wild destructive revolutionism, seeking to overthrow by violence the well-established forms of society to which they were deeply attached by old and much-loved associated ideas.

In other words, our town was, during the Revolution, conservative, not radical. And—perhaps because it was conservative and probably still is, by temperament, it has to this day kept a living oral tradition about the way people felt, really felt back in the 1770’s, when they were called upon to decide whether they would throw in their lot with those who were using violence to change the organization of society, or those who were using violence to keep it unchanged. It has done us in Arlington, in the century and a half since that question was decided, no harm to be forced to realize, as few history text-books make their readers realize, that the people faced by this question must always search their hearts deeply to answer it, and that all the honest and intelligent ones do not always have the same reaction to it.

Now, in order to be clear, I’ll need to tell you a little about the history of our town—although it is a tiny settlement of no importance whatever to anybody but to us who live in it. Along in the first half of the 1600’s, in the 1630’s to be exact, Archbishop Laud of England was, as you’ll remember, if your English History was well taught, making himself disagreeable to many Church of England people, by insisting that he knew better than they did to do with religious dogma or belief. The Arlington tradition is that it was the insistence of Archbishop Laud that the Communion table should stand here rather than there, in church, which sent our forefathers away from England to the brand-new American colonies. They were perfectly loyal to their father’s Church (they still are), they were not Puritans, and did not like Puritans very well (they don’t to this day), they were just Englishmen who did not propose to have an ecclesiastical authority undertake to dictate what they should do in matters not vitally connected with theology. So, bringing their Prayer Books with them, a certain number of them came to Connecticut. They stayed in that State for a century and a quarter, rather bothered by the Puritan tone of those around them, which frowned on (and sometimes punished by fines) their Church of England practices of celebrating Christmas with cheer, and All Saints Day with prayer, and Easter with rejoicing—not to speak of hanging May baskets and dancing at parties. After the end of the war which we Americans call with naïve concentration on our part of it “the French and Indian War,” one of my Canfield great-greats, a young officer in the Colonial Army, mustered out in Canada, brought back to New Milford, Connecticut, a little group of his soldiers, also returning home after their war-service. Coming down through the Vermont forests, they chanced to camp overnight here in our valley, about where our old stone St. James Church now stands. It was great beaver country (beavers were riches in those days), with pockets of good
soil in the valley, better than the thin Connecticut land. When young Canfield reached New Milford he reported conditions to his family clan there—Hawleys, Hards, Hurds, Benedict, Lathrops, as well as Canfields, and reminded them that this region was now, for the first time since the war, open to permanent and safe settlements.

So after due time for thinking it over, some of the younger ones brought their families up here, and in 1764 settled our Arlington, at once organizing a Church of England parish—so constant had they remained to the ways of their fathers and grandfathers, so instinctive was their loyalty to the old ways. A Hawley great-great of mine was the lay-reader for the parish, in the first log-cabin days, before a rector for the new parish could be secured. He was Jehiel Hawley, a man of whom not only his personal descendants but all the town is proud, for his dignity, uprightness, gentle, civilized manners, and fine intelligence. When the difficulties about the title to the Vermont land began (the Green Mountain Boy epoch), Jehiel Hawley was one of the few chosen to go to England and, at the court of the King, to speak for the rights of the new settlements in the forests of Vermont.

Well, how would you expect the people in that kind of a town to feel towards the proposition to overthrow by arms the stable established society in which they had always loyally lived as good citizens? You know without my telling you that these Church of England people, accustomed all their lives to building up and fostering the institutions which held together the society they knew, drew back in alarm and doubt when asked by American Revolutionists to tear down what they had always felt it their duty to build up. They could not do it. Jehiel Hawley, respected, serious, genial, conscientious, perhaps the leading citizen of the place, simply could not bring himself to break that oath of allegiance to the existing government which he had sworn in his youth. So, as the struggle went on and it became apparent that the radicals, not the conservatives, were winning, his property—farms, homes, woodland, furniture, books, personal belongings—were taken away from him, as from other Arlington conservatives, and given to people—mostly from out of the town—who were active in the revolutionary party. And finally he and others like him were exiled from what seemed to them like their homeland, and sent away to Canada (only Jehiel Hawley died on the march there).

You can see, I know, without my going into more detail, why Arlington people do not see the past as simple black and white, or the Americans of the revolutionary period as patriots and traitors, but in all the mingled, infinitely varied colors of life itself—as puzzling and rich in significance, plane upon plane, as our present period, when once more (as always, always in all periods of human life) the conservatives try to defend the past for its virtues, and the radicals turn eagerly to the future, hoping greatly from its possibilities. We are plain country people, most of us without college education or acquaintance with the inquiring analysis of professional historians; but our own traditions, oral, simple, passed on from the older generation to the younger in stories, chance-told as daily life suggests them, continually mould our minds to thoughts of the past as deeply human, full of mistakes and gropings (like the present) rather than as the triumphant straight-line march to goals the value of which was unquestioned by all.

Two impressions of this kind from my own childhood will serve as examples of the oral tradition, to which I refer, and its influence on our impressions of the past.

I was a little girl, cutting out paper dolls, in the back parlor of my grandfather’s house, the door open behind me to the study of my great-uncle Zadok Canfield (he could remember the War of 1812, so you can see that he was a very old man then). My Aunt—dear and amiable Aunt Mattie—sat in the front parlor with a caller, a lady who had come in with the first talk Arlington had heard about the D. A. R.—this was a very long time ago, as you would know from the fact that I, now a grandmother, was playing with paper dolls. Uncle Zed sat in his study, his feet on his desk, absorbed in a volume of Van Holst’s Constitutional History of the United States, one of his favorite works. Neither the old man nor the little girl paid any attention to the chat of the ladies in the next room, till the caller suggested, “I wonder if we couldn’t get up a chapter here in town. Would you join?”
My Aunt answered politely, “Well, I’m sorry, but of course most of the Arlington ancestors were Loyalists, so I couldn’t very well. . . .” My great-Uncle withdrew his feet from his desk and brought them to the floor with a bang, seized the two canes without which he never took a step, but quite forgetting to use them in his excitement, burst from his study, crying, “Hold on there! Hold on! I won’t let anybody in this house say she’s ‘sorry’ her folks were Loyalists. They were Loyalists because they were just what you are this minute,” addressing the caller pointedly, “joining this society for keeping up traditions your grandfathers believed in. They didn’t go in for revolution because they were serious, conscientious, good citizens of substance, opposed to change made by violence, people who had something to lose when what had been solid and stable was tipped over by revolutionists and broken to pieces. They weren’t poverty-stricken, ragged, have-nots, fishing in troubled waters for their own. . . .”

Of course by this time, my pleasant Aunt Mattie, who was always unhappy when in the presence of a difference of opinion, had rushed to the rescue of the astonished visiting lady, throwing up a smoke screen of hastily murmured, “Now, Uncle Zed, don’t go riding your hobby over other people’s toes. You know my Uncle, Mrs. Burdette—you mustn’t pay any attention to his little oddities. Uncle Zed, I forgot to tell you but Mr. Dewey wants to see you about the wood-lot as soon as you can get over to his house. Just come this way, Mrs. Burdette, will you? I want to show you that crocheted bedspread we were talking about yesterday.”

The small incident was over before it began, so to speak. And of course nobody gave a thought to the little pitcher with big ears, her scissors stopped still in astonishment as they cut around a paper lady. But—equally of course—this direct echo from a past never so much as hinted at by her school history-books rang in her ears again and again as she studied the shortened, simplified, black-and-white statements in the little fifth and sixth and seventh grade American histories of her time. And I suppose that hardly a child in our town has grown up without hearing once—or more than once—some such echo from the past.

Here is another one from my own childhood. All the while I was growing up, an old, old apple tree stood in the pine woods back of where one family of my ancestors used to live. It must have thrust its head up into the sun and air some time before the pine trees around it, tall as they were, because it stood in a little clearing of its own, as if holding wild nature at bay with its great gnarled thick brown-and-gray branches. The deer loved it, of course, in the autumn when the ground under it was red and yellow with its little brightly colored, rather tart but pleasant, fruit; and we children thought no other apple blossoms were so pink as those which dropped their rosy young veil over the ancient tree in May. This is the story I was told about it.

During the American Revolution one of the sons of a Loyalist family of our ancestors was carried away by the ideas about social justice and a better chance for poor people and more freedom for all, of the Revolutionary party. This happened in a good many instances among the younger people of those days. Of course it would. Like the younger people today, some of the ardent and enthusiastic among them reacted from the ideas of their parents towards what were thought by conservatives to be the radical principles of the Revolution. And, as happens today and will probably always happen, the parents of this young radical were shocked and tried energetically to prevent his acting in accordance with his new convictions. So he ran away from home (he was about 20, about as old as a College Junior today) and joined the American Army. It affected his father and mother apparently about as conservative parents of today are affected when a college-undergraduate son or daughter joins the Socialist party, or approves of Soviet Russia. That is, they were hurt, horrified, shocked, ashamed—and very angry too. But their son was only a boy still, a country lad, who had never left his family before. He suffered dreadfully from homesickness, he simply could not keep altogether away from the old farm home so dear to him. He dared not appear there, but he managed to get word to his younger sister, and to arrange with her a system of signals to let her know when he came back and waited on the slope of the mountain back of the house. (We never heard what the signals
were! What a pity, we thought, that our elders forgot the most interesting part of these stories. Did he hoot like an owl? Or did he show at night a tiny spark of fire in the woods?) Whatever the signal he gave, on receiving it his admiring little sister began to save food for a lunch for him—and with bread and butter, hunks of maple sugar, slices of cold pork, pickles and apples, would, as soon as she could get away, slip off to go berrying, or to look for a stray cat, or to cut hemlock boughs for Christmas wreaths, and join the brother in his Colonial blue and buff, back in the woods. There, as he ate the home food so sweet on his tongue, she told him the news, how Mother was, what Father said, how his dog was getting on, that his cow now had a calf, what the boys on the next farm said and did—all the simple trifles, dear to a home-loving lad. And he would tell her in turn all his news, what was said by his comrades in the army, what his officers were like, the splendid principles of more freedom and more justice for which he felt he was fighting. And one day, thus talking, eating and basking in the unquestioning admiration of the little sister, he gnawed his red-cheeked apple to the core, flung this down on the soft rain-soaked earth, and grinding it into the ground with his heel he told her, “Old England is as dead and done for as that! You’ll just see!”

“Well,” said the story-telling great-Aunt or great-Uncle at this point, pointing up into the strong, gnarled, leafy, fruit-laden branches of the old tree, “that’s how dead England was!” And then gazing out over the green and pleasant home valley we all so love, “Just think how differently it turned out from anything those two inexperienced young people could have imagined, with their ignorant partisan idea that if one of two things is to live, the other must die. Here both England and America are alive—alive and strong and rich and deep-rooted. Isn’t that better?

“And as a matter of fact, one reason that England is so strong and has such a splendid empire, is just because the American Revolution succeeded—she learned a lesson from defeat that success could never have taught her. Just you remember that, child, the next time you fail in an examination. And when you come to vote, too, don’t forget the old apple tree in the pines. There’s a bone to gnaw on in that story, with lots of marrow in it, if you’ll take the trouble to think it out.”

“What is the marrow you’ve got out of it, Aunt Ann?” (Or “Uncle Zed,” or “Grandfather,”) we sometimes asked. It’s so long ago, I can’t remember what they answered, except in one instance which has stuck in my memory when from one of those old mouths dropped a Delphic saying, cryptic, of a Hegelian coloring probably unsuspected by the speaker:—“Well, child, what I’ve got out of it finally, is that ‘and’ is always better than ‘or’.”
In and Out of Maryland

Nanita MacDonell Balcom

In and out of Maryland
Down beside the river
I have heard a singing
To rhythms in the wheat:

Every stock and stone and tree
Runs right out to welcome me;
Every barn and road-side fence
Has a gladness to dispense;
All the gnarled old apple-trees
Beckon me on bended knees.

I have seen wild birds arise
In silver music of surprise,
In and out of Maryland,
Down beside the river.

Vignette

Nanita MacDonell Balcom

The road climbs up, the road winds down,
And all of a sudden it falls to a town
As quaint as a picture out of the past
On some old scroll where colours last:
A lane of stone houses, a river near-by
And a hill-side church that points to the sky
Through silver clouds that shape, revealing
The way of thought that still is feeling.

Oh, there are towns and towns, more's the pity,
But there's only one like Ellicott City!

When you go there—indeed you must—
Follow the road through the country
Just beyond where the wheat-fields gleam
And the Queen Anne's lace and chicory dream
By the fence in the sun with that flower so pink—
_Phoebe maculata_ it is, I think—
Though no flower in the botany book is so pretty
As that pink wild-flower near Ellicott City!

Champlain Bridge at Sunset

Nanita MacDonell Balcom

Here where the continents struggled, rivalry, blood-shed, wrong,
glory of valor and conquest are melted at even-song
to beauty clean of pain:
purple and gold on the mountain, gold on the rippling water,
Champlain.

Here where the undulant marsh-grass sways with the wind and tide,
lulled to the brooding stillness that covers the country-side
where hero youth was slain,
hovers the calling of plovers at night-fall, echoing over
Champlain.
Washington at Home

PAINTED BY ALONZO CHAPPEL
ENGRAVED BY H. B. HALL
The Needlework of Martha Washington

Edna M. Colman

Martha Washington has so long been relegated to the background of her husband’s niche in the hall of fame that her own achievements and traits of character are obscured by history. But she was a woman of many accomplishments and one of the most attractive of these was her aptitude with her needle.

Born Martha Dandridge on her father’s plantation near Williamsburg, she came into a home of culture, affluence and high social standing, for her parents belonged to the vice regal court circle at Williamsburg. She was given every cultural advantage open to girls of her day, limited as they were to home tutoring. By her mother she was thoroughly rooted and grounded in the arts, sciences and duties of the direction of a household and the management of a plantation. Like all daughters of well-to-do planters she was taught to sing, to play the spinet and to dance, going to Williamsburg under the care of an aunt for her musical instruction. She was also taught by precept and example to be a charming hostess. Along with instruction in table manners and in the punctilious courtesies to elders, she was taught the care of her complexion and her hands and under her capable mother’s direction she learned to sew fine seams, to make the tiniest groups of hand tucks, to produce hems with all of the infinitesimal stitches above reproach, to do exquisite drawn work and most of the other kinds of lovely needlework in vogue at the time. Any irregularities or mistakes had to be carefully picked out and the work done over until it passed the maternal inspection. In her standards for knitting, crocheting, netting and embroidery, Martha’s mother was as exacting as she was with those she set for her child’s social graces.

Martha justified all family hopes and efforts as a belle for the fame of her charm and accomplishments even reached the eastern shore of Virginia and drew to Williamsburg one of Virginia’s wealthiest and most eligible bachelors, Daniel Parke Custis, only son and heir of the eccentric Colonel John Custis IV. The elder Custis heard so many stories about the little Dandridge girl that he went to Williamsburg to see for himself the girl that had won the love of his son, and became so fond of her he did his best to hasten the marriage, which took place when Martha was seventeen. Colonel Custis gave his son a handsome house in Williamsburg which proclaimed the financial standing of its owner by its six chimneys—six being the highest number of chimneys permitted any house builder—and a charming country place, called the White House, on the Pamunkey River. When Martha was only twenty-six, however, her husband died, leaving her in sole charge of a vast estate embracing plantations, farms, houses, lots, stocks, bonds, many slaves and about thirty thousand pounds sterling. To the surprise of her friends and relatives, Mrs. Custis proved herself to be a most capable and wise business woman, and in the distressing days of isolation in grief and the pressure of totally new and urgent business duties, her needlework offered relaxation.

In due course of time, a new interest entered her life with her meeting of the “rising” young officer, George Washington, and a few months after her marriage to him in 1759, he took her to Mount Vernon which was to be their permanent residence for the balance of their lives. George had inherited this estate from his half brother Lawrence. During the period of his engagement he had enlarged and remodeled it, and now Martha did her own share in making it charming; for to it she moved many of her beautiful furnishings and there her lovely needlework found its greatest display. The trail of her skillful fingers led all over Mount Vernon. Not a room in the mansion was without some...
bit of lace or embroidery, made either by the mistress of the mansion or under her direction.

One of the most attractive and durable forms of needlework which Mrs. Washington enjoyed was netting, then very popular. Her netted bed canopies, deep fringed counterpanes and netting trimmed valances, the dainty window curtains, table and dresser covers, center pieces and doilies were found in all of the bedrooms of the mansion. Lovely lacy collars of finest threads, bands of insertion and netted trimming ornamented much of the clothing. The granddaughters and nieces learned to do this work and even the small boys of the family were taught to make their own hammocks and tennis nets. As netting had so many practical uses, the slaves were also instructed in making many articles of it for the farms and shops of the plantation. Fish nets, bags, covers for horses' ears, deep fringed robes and hammocks were all made from the coarser twines.

In General Washington's bedroom may be seen duplications of the original netted bed draperies and this lace is also found in the covers for tables and dresser.

Mrs. Carrington, wife of Colonel Edward Carrington, who with her husband paid a visit to General and Mrs. Washington, wrote of her host and hostess in a letter dated Mount Vernon, November 22, 1799, less than a month before the General's death. In touching upon Mrs. Washington's needlework, she referred particularly to her netting:

"Her netting is a great source of amusement and so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are fond of trimming their dresses with it and I have furnished me with a whole suit so that I shall appear a la domestique at the first party when we get home. It is wonderful after a life spent as these good people necessarily have spent theirs to see them in retirement assume domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but a year since they were forced to forego all these innocent delights which are so congenial to their years and tastes, to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing room and the levees. The recollection of 'Those lost days,' as Mrs. Washington calls them, seem to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most interesting companion and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents the entire history of half a century. . . ."

The last bit of needlework that Mrs. Washington was making when stricken by her final illness was a piece of netted fringe for a counterpane. So greatly did her granddaughters cherish her work that this piece is preserved with the needle still in place just as she left it. This is now owned by Miss Agnes Peter of Washington, D. C., granddaughter of Mrs. Beverly Kennon, who was great-granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington.

Equally proficient in other kinds of needlework, Mrs. Washington's knitting
produced many lovely and useful things in soft wools and silks. During the Revolution her time was almost entirely given over to the different measures for the benefit of the men of the Army. She constantly knitted stockings, mittens and other warm things for the soldiers. Before and after the Revolution she knitted long silk and woolen stockings for her husband and family. This was wholly a labor of love, as large orders of hosiery of various kinds and sizes were sent abroad from time to time. Gloves, mittens, hoods, vests, jackets, and caps were also fashioned on those busy flying needles. A round worsted lamp mat, used on the library table at Mount Vernon is now among the relics at the National Museum. It is made of twenty brown, blue and white sections, and is fringed. This is the only bit of Martha Washington's needlework belonging to the National Museum.

The arrival of a new baby among the family connections always brought from Mrs. Washington some dainty gift for the little newcomer. Baby blankets, caps, sacks, socks, booties, etc., of the softest wools, made by her own hands quickly found their way to please the fond mother. Crocheting also claimed interest and some of her time, and it is said that there are mats, doilies, centerpieces, purses, bags and many lovely lengths of lace, and filmy collars still carefully preserved to prove her skill in this type of work.

After the Presidential régime was completed and General and Mrs. Washington were once more enjoying the freedom and comforts of their own home, she was constantly making pretty little gifts for her friends. Although she purchased many trinkets, she knew her own handiwork would be highly prized, particularly by her own relatives.

The souvenir seekers were already abroad in the land and had begun their requests to General Washington for mementoes of his home and his long public service. To Mrs. Washington came many appeals for bits of her wedding dress and scraps of her presidential reception gowns. To meet such appeals from people she really desired to gratify, she constructed many little bits of fancy work, such as tiny coin purses, small handkerchief bags and cases, needle books, etc., from scraps of the materials in her handsome and historic dresses. Into this group of gifts went many dainty lacy netted frills, collars, and strips of netted trimmings. Reticules and work bags of many kinds, especially those of plaited ribbon beautifully embroidered and lined, some ornamented with bead work were found in her belongings, hence it is supposed that Mrs. Washington made a number of these to have on hand always for an ever ready gift. Chair covers, foot stool tops, one of which, a low one, bears her initials done in soft browns, in cross stitch, and other pieces in needle point in gay silks and worsted, all bear witness to the wide range of her fancy for pretty hand made things. When she was unable to procure any more imported canvas for her tapestry foundations, she had her slaves weave on her own looms a coarse cotton and linen combination, with a loose or open mesh which she used successfully for the same purpose.

Another fascinating bit of needlework
art now among the National Museum relics is a small framed picture of an antelope. At first glance through the glass it appears to be a drawing or etching but it is a bit of exquisitely fine embroidery done in black floss on what was originally a pinkish cream tinted silk background. This piece of Mrs. Washington’s embroidery is loaned by Mr. Walter G. Peter of Georgetown, grandson, five generations removed. This collection also contains a yellow cushion cover made by Martha Washington. It is one of twelve embroidered by this gracious lady at the age of sixty-nine for the chairs at Mount Vernon. Two of these cushion covers are to be seen in the little museum at Mount Vernon. They were all alike, worked in worsteds in tones of yellows and browns with the high lights picked out in silks. Before death Mrs. Washington divided these cushion covers among her three granddaughters, giving four to each of them. Nellie, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, gave one of hers to the Marquis de Lafayette while he was a guest of Mrs. Beverly Kennon at Tudor House, Georgetown. He took it to France and it is among the treasures of La Grange.

Besides the cushions the only pieces of Mrs. Washington’s needle work on display at Mount Vernon are a pair of bedcurtains in a handsome grape design, a patch work quilt and a basket of worsted flowers in gay colors.

Doubtless many scores of pieces of her hand work have disintegrated with the years, one hundred and thirty-four of them, since Mrs. Washington’s death. With each year that passes the value of original pieces made by her assume greater proportions to her descendants.

Martha Washington was a model of energy and industry, her life was well ordered and perfectly organized. Like her husband, she had no patience with laziness or lack of system. Like her husband also, she left an enduring proof of her loving thought of her kindred and her many friends, a proof also of her industry, her thrift, taste and love of beautiful things, in many pieces of needlework of all kinds that is distributed among the descendants of her relatives. These if collected into one group would make an astonishing array in quantity, which with the superior workmanship would be an impressive demonstration of the work of one pair of hands. In its way it would be fully as inspiring as the great mass of precisely hand written documents and correspondence, left so carefully arranged by General Washington and which so impresses all privileged to gaze upon the three hundred volumes of it in the Library of Congress at Washington.
The Birthplace of Martha Washington

Florence Bridges Culver

This informative article by the Regent of the Martha Washington Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., makes especially interesting reading in connection with Mrs. Colman’s article “The Needlework of Martha Washington,” which precedes it. The Editor is pleased to present them together at such an opportune time.

IT SEEMS there is always more to be learned about even our best known heroes and heroines, for only recently—during the past year, in fact—has the birthplace of Martha Washington been discovered. “Chestnut Grove” is the name of the estate; and it is located forty miles east of Richmond, Va., in New Kent County.

Nothing remains today but the ruins of the brick foundations and chimneys; for it was a frame house and burned down in 1928. That it stood so long and was in a well preserved condition testifies to the sturdiness of its construction, for it was over two hundred years old.

Martha’s father was Col. John Dandridge, Clerk of New Kent Co.; and her mother was Frances Jones, daughter of Orlando Jones of New Kent, and granddaughter of Rev. Roland Jones, the first Rector of Old Bruton Church of Williamsburg.

Much surprise is expressed that the birthplace and girlhood home of such a well known character as Martha, the wife of Washington, should have been forgotten so long. This is explained by the fact that New Kent’s courthouse and all records therein were destroyed by fire about 1865. Therefore, it has been difficult—yes, almost impossible—to obtain information concerning the land owners of that county in colonial days.

However, by diligent searching in State Archives, early histories, the Diary of Washington, and the like, enough has been found to establish beyond a doubt that “Chestnut Grove” is the right place; for Col. John Dandridge was “of New Kent” when he married; and this was the only residence he ever maintained in that county.

There is no record of his having received the property as a grant from the Proprietors, giving rise to the supposition that he purchased it, and that the house may have been on the land at the time.

Tradition lends strength to the fragments of data found; for it holds firmly that Martha was born in this house and in “east room”, which was the master bedroom on the ground floor.

The mansion stood high on the banks of the Pamunkey River; and the contour of the ground still shows where the beautiful terraced garden extended down to the water’s edge. Gay with old-fashioned flowers and shrubs, this must have made a pretty spectacle for guests arriving by boat, which was the principal mode of travel. The house had the usual high chimneys at each end, a center hall, and front and back entrances exactly alike, as both were for guests,—the one toward the roads for those coming by coach or horseback, and the one toward the river for those arriving by boat.

The architecture of Chestnut Grove house was unique in that it had only two rooms on each floor. This allowed all of them to be very large. The English basement contained the banquet hall and kitchen. The entrance floor contained the “drawing room” and “master’s chamber,” separated by a large hall with curved stairway and “galleries”. On the upper floor were two large bedrooms with immense closets flanking the fireplaces. The walls of one of these closets had the penciled account of maneuvers of gunboats on the river during the Civil War, and other memoranda which would no doubt make interesting reading today.

The old coach-house and servants’ quarters still stand near by, and the graves of some of the Dandridges, among them that of Martha’s mother, are in a clump of trees not far distant.

Near the foundations of the mansion an appropriate marker has been placed by the Martha Washington Chapter, so that the results of their findings will not be lost, but perpetuated for posterity. This bronze tablet was unveiled on June 21, 1937, which was the two hundred and sixth anniversary of the birth of Martha Dandridge (Custis) Washington. A little five year old girl who is a direct descendant of Martha through her first marriage, to Daniel Parke Custis, drew the ribbons to release the veil. She is the daughter of John Parke Custis Peter, the fourth, of Westfield, N. J., whose descent is through Martha’s granddaughter Martha Custis, who married Thomas Peter, of Tudor Place, Georgetown, D. C.

A movement to restore Chestnut Grove and maintain it as a memorial to Martha Washington is being inaugurated.
WASHINGTON'S SWORD WHICH HE CARRIED THROUGH THE AMERICAN-REVOLUTION

Washington's Couteaux

H. M. HOBSON

The following brief article constitutes a novel and attractive contribution to Washingtoniana which, like the preceding articles, is especially timely just now.

George Washington did not feel that he was properly attired for public functions unless he wore a handsome sword at his left side. In the accounts that he kept through the years are recorded his shopping lists sent to London each year. And in every order he asked that he be sent rich sword knots, some of scarlet and gold, others of silver and blue, and one very special knot was to be "platted."

He possessed a large and valuable collection of fine swords, many of which came to him from other famous men, thus expressed their love and veneration for the one that they felt was the greatest of all. That his beautiful blades were dear to him, Washington reveals in his will, where he writes that each of his nephews is to receive "one of the swords or couteaux of which I die possessed. The Swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be in self defense, or in defense of their country and its rights, and in the latter case they are to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

Washington died a few months after writing his will, and his nephews selected as he had directed, each taking the sword that appealed to him.

The sword chosen by George Lewis is the most famous of the many that belonged to Washington’s collection. This is the handsome dress sword that the Chief wore when he resigned command of the American forces at Annapolis, December 23, 1783. He wore it when he was inaugurated President of the United States, and upon many other important State occasions.

George Steptoe Washington selected the beautiful sword that was sent to Washington as a gift of pure devotion by a swordsman of Prussia. It bears a long inscription in German, which, translated, says—

"Destroyer of Despotism; Protector of Freedom; Glorious Man! Accept from my son's hand this Sword I pray thee. Theophilus Alt."

So great was Alt’s admiration for Washington that he sent his son to America with the sword.

The blade that was taken by Bushrod Washington is the lovely Spanish sword which Washington wears in his full length portrait by Stuart. It has a gilt grip, a gilt mounted scabbard and bears upon its slender blade two Latin inscriptions, one saying “Fear no man,” and the other—"Do What is Right."

Samuel Washington was the last to choose, and he asked for and received the worn old service sword that Washington had worn from his early manhood until shortly before his death. It is a hanger, 92 cm. in length, the blade 76 cm. and the width 2.8 cm. The huge grip is of ivory, stained green, its spirals wound with silver wire. The mighty weapon might have belonged to a giant of old, and its weight and size give reality to words of Lafayette—"I never saw so large a hand on any human being as the general's." Washington wears this sword in the great painting by Charles Wilson Peale that hangs in the Capitol.

The first three swords chosen by Washington’s nephews are now at Mount Vernon. Close beside them is the sword Washington wore when he was with Braddock. In the same case is a slender blade, severely plain, in a black scabbard that it attached to a black leather belt. This was Washington’s mourning sword that he wore when he attended official funerals.

The great service sword chosen by Samuel Washington was given the Congress of the United States by his son, in 1843. It was formally and gratefully accepted by Congress, and is now regarded as one of the Nation’s most prized relics of George Washington. The great Sword of the Revolution is worn and dingy; it is dim and has no beauty to attract. But there is a dignity about it—a strange awesomeness—that makes even the most careless come to attention, remove the hat and look with veneration at the old hanger. It is kept at the National Museum in Washington, and hangs in a big glass case, with other relics of our country's first President.
The Story of the Writing of the Hymn

"America"

Compiled by Grace M. Longfellow

State Chaplain, Minnesota D. A. R.

The month of February is the birth-month of many of the world's great men and women, including Washington, Lincoln, Handel, Dickens, Edison, Susan B. Anthony, and Mary Lyon. It is also the birth-month of the hymn "AMERICA."

It was on a gloomy day in February, 1832, that a young student in Andover Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, sat turning over the leaves of a German song book. The book had been handed to him by Dr. Lowell Mason, the noted composer of many hymns, who said to the student, 23 years old, "Look over these tunes and translate any of the verses that you like, or write new verses to any tune that takes your fancy."

The student was Samuel Francis Smith, who having graduated from Harvard University was taking a theological course at Andover.

Turning over the leaves of the book the young man came across the air of the National Hymn of Great Britain, "God Save the King." The music pleased him, and on the inspiration of the moment he took up his pen and a scrap of paper and in half an hour wrote the verses beginning:

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

After writing these verses on that February day, Samuel Smith had no idea that he was writing a song for a nation to sing. That same year, 1832, the hymn was sung in public at a children's Fourth of July celebration at Park Church, Boston. The results were surprising. The fervent lines leaped like wild fire from lip to lip, and from heart to heart all over our land, filling the soul with loyalty to God and our country. The song has been sung in every country in the world.

The late Mr. Harry W. Jones, well-known Minneapolis architect, was a grandson of Samuel Francis Smith, and until a few years ago had in his home the original copy of the words of "America." It was framed in such a way that both sides of the paper could be seen. On one side were the verses of "America" and on the other side some notes taken by the young student in his school class. A few years ago, the Jones family decided to place this treasured copy of the song in Harvard University, Dr. Smith's alma mater.

An honored minister of the Baptist denomination, Dr. Smith was devoted to the cause of Missions and wrote a number of hymns, among them that grand old hymn:

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
to penitential tears.

When Dr. Smith was 76 years of age he went on a trip to India where his son was a missionary at the head of a school for boys. On that trip he and Mrs. Smith were received with honor in every country visited, and he heard his famous song, "America," sung in many languages. Dr. Smith was an energetic student all his life. Familiar with sixteen languages, he began the study of Russian at the age of 80, because he wished to know Russian literature. Dr. Smith died in 1895, at the age of 87.

Someone has said, "Let me write a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws." It would be difficult to estimate the influence of this beautiful hymn, "America." As we sing it let us remember that it was written, NOT by the learned minister, Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, but by the young 23-year-old student, Samuel Smith.
The period from February 12 to February 22 has been designated as National Defense Week in honor of two presidents. One led the people of this country in the war for independence, the other in a war to preserve the Union. The words of advice of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln on the subject of war and peace have been quoted more frequently than have those of any other president. Both were men of peace, and each sought to preserve the peace of the nation by providing for its adequate defense. Where other men had views, Washington and Lincoln had strong convictions that were put into action, and to the leadership and wise counsel of these two great presidents the United States of America largely owes its importance in the assembly of nations.

The preservation of the Union stands today as a monument to Lincoln's deathless devotion to the cause of national defense and a peace that he deemed worth defending. "The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, nor who would do more to preserve it," he declared. In the dark days of the Civil War he said, "Many free countries have lost their liberty and ours may lose hers, but if she shall, be it my proudest plume not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her." Washington longed to end the "plague" of war. In a report to Congress on May 1, 1783, he gave a summary of his findings relative to the future defense of the country. The document bears the title "Sentiments on a Peace Establishment," and contains plans for "a well organized militia." In the opinion of these two leaders it was unthinkable that peace and defense should be considered separate entities.

Both Washington and Lincoln considered that the defense of the nation was one of the definite obligations of citizenship, and that no mercenary military establishment could, or would, rise to the country's defense as effectively as those who had most to gain from a continuous peace. In the mind of each, therefore, was evolved the idea of citizen training for the nation's defense and in the interests of peace. The "well organized militia" of Washington's dream does service today as the National Guard in the several states, the business and professional men of the community who give of their spare time to train themselves for service in the state militia, subjecting themselves to call in times of riot, flood, forest fire and other calamities. In case of a national emergency they form a part of the first line of defense with the regular army. Lincoln's plan went a step farther, and in the Morrill or Land-Grant Act of 1862 the foundation of the R. O. T. C. in civilian educational institutions was laid, and a larger citizen component part of the nation's defense forces was established. It was not until 1916 that the first move in almost a century and a half was made to build a real defense policy out of the dreams of Washington and Lincoln. The National Defense Act of 1916, amended in 1920, is the result of careful study by some of the best minds in the country, a large proportion of them non-military men. It provides the most democratic, sane and economical plan for preparedness against war imaginable considering the size, wealth and importance of this nation. It contains no threat of aggression, no imperialistic ambitions, but provides only for the defense of continental United States and its outlying possessions.

And what of the American Navy? The need for an adequate defense on the seas was not so apparent in the time of Washington and Lincoln as it is today, although leaders had repeatedly warned of the danger to our shores. The Washington Limitation of Arms Conference of 1921 and the London Naval Conference of 1930 have determined the maximum size and number of vessels of all signatory powers, but Congress has not yet authorized expenditures that will complete the quota for the American Navy. World conditions and the demands of American nationals engaged in business abroad may force the issue soon.

The American people are peace-loving and will not tolerate a large military machine that might be construed as a threat to peace. They do not complain that their army is twenty-first in size of all the standing armies of the world, for the peace time activities of the American Army show that it has no time to sit around and twiddle its thumbs at the expense of the taxpayers. It builds national highways and bridges, maintains rivers and harbors, erects public buildings like the Library of Congress, and public works like the Panama Canal, its medical corps has discovered scientific methods of eradicating dread diseases such as hook-worm and typhoid, the army engineers have opened up vast territories of uninhabited land to an ever-growing population—the whole history of the peace time activities of the American Army reads like a romance. The American people want a navy whose mission is one of good will to other nations, and which hastens to those in distress as has been the case in countless instances. They do not demand a "superior" navy, but they do insist that it shall be adequate for the protection of this nation's interests at home and abroad.

Many authorities since the time of Washington have alluded to the armed forces of the United States as its "Peace Establishment." The State Department has been recognized as the Peace Department of the Government, but to no less a degree do the War and Navy Departments contribute to the preservation of world peace. NATIONAL DEFENSE WEEK offers an opportunity to make a study of these peace agencies in the light of past history and present events. The birthday anniversaries of these two great defenders of the peace of the nation could be devoted to no better purpose than to a review of the accomplishments and needs of our PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.
Valentine to My Children

GRACE C. MARSHALL

Your love is like a cloak—a garment rare—
Its folds so softly warm and clinging tight;
It swirls about my feet, all gleaming bright;
It warms my throat to laughter; hoods my hair.
So many colors in its texture brood
That well it suits the cast of every mood;
The jewels that do fasten it are gold
And set with precious gems—your love words told.

So wrap it closer still, and hold it so—
Nor break the clasps that seal my faith in you;
Keep all unstained its warp and woof and hue
And let me wear it proudly as I go.

For should your love—my cloak—be lost to me,
My heart would freeze—so naked would I be!
Oregon Is My Home

I believe in the brightness of her sunshine, the warmth of her showers and the greenness of her trees, for they bring comfort to those who dwell among her hills.
I believe in the beauty of her streams, the majesty of her mountains and the glory of her sunsets, for they cause the soul of man to expand.
I believe in her history, for it is the stirring epic of an heroic people
believe in her men and women, for they have the courage of the pioneer and fear not to try new things

I believe in her children, for they are the sons and daughters of those who followed the rugged westward trail to the land of their dreams
I believe in her schools, for they are not dead with traditions but are close to the life of the people.

I believe in the courage and fortitude of her pioneers, and in the ultimate fulfillment of the destiny that they visioned.

Oregon Is My Home
The Oregon State Capitol

GRACE J. AUSTIN
Regent Chemeketa Chapter N. S. D. A. R.

The cornerstone of Oregon's first Capitol Building was laid in 1873. Its glittering dome rose above a massive structure similar to the National Capitol and its destruction by fire in 1935 left a void in the hearts of Oregon citizens as well as in the beautiful grounds which surrounded it.

The cornerstone of the second Capitol Building was laid in June, 1937, on the original site and in 1938 will be ready for use. It is the principal unit of a plan which includes other state buildings and extensive grounds in the heart of Salem, the state capital. Its architecture may be described as modern Greek, simple yet monumental. The huge windows on either wing mark the House and Senate chambers which reach up to the roof. The circular tower, 168 feet above the ground, is a new treatment of the dome which saves much valuable space.

The building is to be faced with white marble and the exterior work on the windows is to be of bronze. Nationally famous sculptors and painters will devote some two years to the art work which will embellish both interior and exterior. Two large sculptural blocks will be placed on either side of the main entrance; one of them depicting Lewis and Clark with Sacajawea, the other The Covered Wagon. On the back of these blocks will be carved maps of the Old Oregon Trail and of the Route of Lewis and Clark while upon the tower will be a majestic bronze figure symbolizing the Pioneer.

Inscriptions selected from Oregon history will adorn the front and side entrances and the Great Seal of Oregon will be placed on the floor of the rotunda. Murals of historical interest will be painted on the walls of the rotunda, of the corridors, of the governor's reception room, and of the House and Senate chambers. These features will be in perfect harmony since they were created for the building.

There will be four floors and a basement. In addition to the Legislature these will house the offices of the governor, state secretary, state treasurer, the board of control, budget director, property comptroller and land board. Subsidiary features will be numerous committee rooms and galleries and in the basement a post office sub-station and a cafeteria. Ample lobbies will afford room for circulation during busy periods and from the fourth floor stairs will lead to the tower where a varied landscape, bounded on the east by the Cascade mountains and on the west by the Coast Range, may be viewed.

Strange to say the fire injured nothing but the building so the site is surrounded by familiar grounds with stately first growth firs and other beautiful and historic trees, shrubs and statuary. With the birds and squirrels they faithfully await the new Capitol which, in time, will mean quite as much to the rising generation as did the old Capitol to the passing one.

Data for this article was taken from an article in the Oregon Blue Book, written by A. J. Bassett, Secretary of the Capitol Reconstruction Committee.
OREGON, admitted to the commonwealth of states in 1859, has a proud heritage of pioneer founders, a rich natural endowment and a justified optimism for the future. Situated midway in the tier of Pacific coast states, its western area is made temperate by the waters of the Japanese current in the Pacific ocean. In this area abounds the greatest stand of Douglas fir timber in the world and valleys of abundant fertility for diversified agriculture and horticulture. The eastern portion of the state, plains and plateaus, support great areas of Pondosa pine and agricultural land admirably suited for production of wheat, potatoes, alfalfa and beef cattle and sheep.

From the early settlement of Oregon by pioneers who trekked across the plains, sailed around the Horn or crossed the Isthmus of Panama, came one of the strongest bases for America's claim to the Oregon territory. Great Britain eventually relinquished to the United States all land south of the 49th parallel and thereby provided territory from which the states of Washington and Oregon were later formed.

The wealth of Oregon has come from its remarkable stands of timber, the harvesting and manufacture of which have continued to be basic industries of the state. Its wealth has flowed from agriculture; the growth of wheat, of hay crops, of multifold fruits and berries. It has come from walnuts and filberts, from long-fibre flax, a unique Oregon crop better produced in the Willamette valley than in any other area of the United States. Its manufacturing, apart from timber, is extensive; Oregon is a great producer of pulp and paper; of cheese and butter; of canned fruits and vegetables. As the state has developed its manufacturers have utilized its streams for hydro-electric power of which the state has 6,000,000 potential horsepower.

In government, Oregon has been progressive but sound. The commonwealth was the originator of the initiative and referendum, pioneering steps in democratic government. From its initial tax on gasoline every commonwealth has copied an effective means of providing moneys for highways. State-built, paved roads interlace the eastern and western portion of the commonwealth by routes through the Columbia gorge and over the Cascade mountains. Along the Willamette valley runs the sturdy Pacific highway while on the westernmost edge of the state is the magnificent Oregon Coast highway, a commercial and scenic road of unsurpassed beauty.

Oregon is proud of the culture of its citizens. Compulsory grade school education is supported by state and county funds. Each city has adequate high schools and the rural areas are afforded equal opportunity through union high school districts. The state library of Oregon is one of the best in the nation, integrating and assisting city and county units. The unified system of higher education in Oregon has attracted educators' attention throughout the country. A university at Eugene, a college at Corvallis and three normal schools afford educational advantages for all ambitious youths of the commonwealth.

From a handful of settlers a century ago, Oregon has progressed to a prosperous, diversified, well-to-do state of 1,100,000 citizens. Its population, with almost no foreign element, is a blending of the blood of pioneers who have come west from the Mississippi district, the South and from New England, seeking and finding contentment and prosperity within the state's borders. True to the territorial motto, "She flies with her won wings," Oregon faces the future with courage and self-confidence.
THOUGH the Oregon Coast had been visited by the Spaniards as early as 1543 when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo commanded two sailing vessels into the northern waters it was not until 1843 the first wagon train of emigrants arrived to settle and develop the Oregon Country.

Indian trails became known to Lewis and Clark in 1805 when guided by the intrepid Indian woman Sacajawea. In 1812 another Indian trail was blazed by the Hunt Expedition with Pierre Dorion, half breed and his wife Madam Dorion as guides. With a child hanging on each side of her skirt, this heroic woman tarried for a day while her third child was born, in the shadow of the Powder Peak Mountains, on a cold December day. Plodding through the Grande Ronde Valley Pierre Dorion led a child by one hand and his horse with the other, the...
half starved animal carrying the mother, new born babe and the other child, joining their party the following day. A week later the tiny infant was buried in the heart of the densely wooded forest near the summit of the Blue Mountains.

The Indian Trails blazed by such expeditions as these became familiar territory to the fur traders in the following years. They in turn led the missionaries—the Lees, Parker, Whitman, Spalding and others—to the Oregon Country. Deeper and deeper became the trails leading to the new territory occupied by the American and English alike until at last the boundary line had become a question between them. “54-40 or Fight” was the slogan of President Polk’s time and the wagons crossing the plains bore these large letters on their covers.

Two thousand miles of wagon trail
stretched out before the wagon trains as they gathered at the Missouri River. Between them and the Oregon Country were miles of blistering sun, miles of mountains and plains. The families whose parents had fought in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 were on the march, pushing westward the boundary, recognizing no barrier until it extended across the continent.

Twenty miles a day, on the average, with death taking a heavy toll from man, horses and cattle. Treasures and equipment were thrown by the wayside to lighten the load, wagons fell apart. Over the Rockies through Ft. Bridger, Ft. Hall and Ft. Boise and still five hundred miles to Ft. Astoria and the sea. Five hundred miles with the hardest travel still to be met, tedious canyons along the Snake River and Burnt River Canyon, into the Grande Ronde Valley and the beautiful Blue Mountains cut by great ridges and mountain streams. In sight of the Columbia River, at last, on the brink of Emigrant Hill before descending into the valley below, along the Umatilla River, unaware that there were the treacherous streams of the Deschutes, the John Day and great rocky barriers along the Columbia.

Onward they moved, slowly overcoming what the English called the impossible, either by portage around Celilo Falls or by the Barlow Trail, until at last—home. Homes in the Willamette, homes on the lower Columbia, homes all over the Oregon Country, homes for America.

Between the forts sprang little settlements and with the frenzied rush for gold in the latter part of the 19th Century these settlements became villages.

The homestead period in the late 90's and the reclamation irrigation in the early 1900's brought another great wave of emigration to the west and these villages became towns. As one drives over the modern highways of today some of the ruts of the old wagon trains may still be seen.

Entering the State of Oregon on the Old Oregon Trail at Ontario, one crosses and recrosses the tracks of the pioneer. Baker City, an early mining town, continues in this industry today. Between Baker and La Grande is marked the location where the Dorion baby was born. La Grande, lumbering center of Eastern Oregon, is the gateway to the beautiful Wallowa Mountains, ancestral home of the famous Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. The Wallowa Range is one of the most beautiful sections of the state, and is often called "The Switzerland of America."

Across the Blue Mountains and Pendleton is reached, after winding down the same hills the emigrant so slowly and laboriously descended nearly a hundred years ago. Where once these hills were covered with
bunch grass, today they yield bountiful crops of wheat and peas. Great flour mills and canneries form the skyline of Pendleton.

In Pendleton every September for the past twenty-five years the old west is relived at the Pendleton Round Up, given by the people of Pendleton and surrounding territory. Cowboys from the range prove their skill to the thousands of spectators who come to see this epic of other days. Pioneers ride in the same old stage coaches and wagon trains they and their parents used in days gone by.

About two thousand Indians from all over the Northwest bring their tepees and make their homes along the banks of the Umatilla River, the Walla Wallas, Umatillas, Cayuse, Nez Perce, Warm Springs, Yakima and Klamath. Proudly they display their handsome costumes, many of which were probably worn when their forefathers greeted Lewis and Clark as they passed through their lands on the way to the Pacific.

To the beat of their tom-toms they chant and give their tribal dances enhanced with the vivid coloring of their treasured garments and trappings. Spectacular as they are, their real worth is in the art work of their beading, silver trappings, basketry, white and tan buckskin jackets covered with elk teeth and the elaborate war bonnets worn by the warriors and chiefs.

Far into the night, after the Round Up is over, may be heard the beat of their sticks used in their gambling games; then folding up their tepees they depart for their respective reservations. As they return year after year, fewer and fewer of these old warriors and squaws are noted by the old pioneers. Each year the past is more difficult to connect with the present and the Indian trail becomes more faint.

Just what the emigrant would feel should he view the Columbia today is hard to imagine, for development in recent time has been rapid. With the completion of Bonneville Dam ocean going ships may be seen plying up the river as far as The Dalles. Highways hewn out of solid rock, built on the sides and around sheer cliffs no longer necessitate the use of the Barlow and other trails.

Interesting, no less beautiful, and no less promising than a hundred years ago, the Oregon Trail travelers are reminded of the heroism and the struggle by the little mounds of unmarked graves dotted along the way. One can but linger and pay silent tribute as he reads the inscriptions on the tablets erected in the memory of the brave men and women who saved this land for America.
Oregon City—The End of the Trail
VARA CAUFIELD

WHEN the pioneers began their long journeys to the Pacific northwest Oregon City, at the Willamette Falls, was usually their destination, and was, indeed, "The End of the Trail."

No other city on the western coast is so replete with pioneer memories, and it was here the first American government on the Pacific coast was established when a Provisional Government was formed in 1843, with Oregon City the capital, and this continued until Oregon became a territory in 1848.

In 1842 Dr. John McLoughlin, "The Father of Oregon", surveyed, platted and named the townsite of Oregon City, which was part of his land claim.

The first immigrants to cross the Cascade Range on an all-wagon route from the States arrived in Oregon City in July 1846, having come over the newly-completed Barlow Pass. Those preceding them had been compelled to make part of the journey by water.

The lumber for many of the pioneer homes was brought around Cape Horn from the eastern coast, and some of these homes are still standing.

The first brick store building in the Oregon country was erected here in 1844.

It was here the Methodists built the first Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains in 1843.

A jail was built in Oregon City early in 1845, being the first of its kind west of the Rocky Mountains.

In February 1846 "The Spectator", first newspaper published on the Pacific coast, was issued, the press having been brought from the Sandwich Islands in 1839.

The oldest Masonic lodge west of Missouri was organized here in 1846, the charter having been brought across the plains in a little trunk which is still a treasured possession of the lodge.

At Oswego—a few miles north—were the first iron works on the Pacific coast, the ore coming from a near-by mountain.

The original plat of San Francisco, California, dated February 1850, was filed in Oregon City, and is now in the County Courthouse here. It was filed in the Federal Court—the oldest on the Pacific coast.

One of the first electric power plants in the northwest was built here, and the first long-distance transmission of electric power in the United States was accomplished when power was furnished the city of Portland, about fifteen miles away.

Every spring brings thousands of people to fish for Chinook salmon, one of the gamiest and most delicious fish known. In his book "From Sea to Sea" Rudyard Kipling describes his fishing experiences here.

With a population of about seven thousand this "Webfoot" city—the oldest incorporated city west of the Mississippi River—is peculiarly located, the business section being beside the Willamette River and most of the residences on a bluff nearly a hundred feet higher. The city maintains a free passenger elevator, one of the two in the United States.

Situated in the beautiful Willamette Valley, with Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams in the distance, is this historical city, the county seat of Clackamas County.
ASTORIA, Oregon—at the estuary of the Columbia River—second largest river in North America—is historically old but physically new. Settled by the John Jacob Astor Fur Trading party in 1811, it was destroyed by the great conflagration in December, 1922. Staggered but undaunted by its loss, its inhabitants, a hardy people like its founders, immediately rebuilt a modern city of concrete and stone.

Captain Robert Gray* in his ship, the Columbia, from which the river is named, discovered the river in May, 1792. It is significant, in the light of later history, that this ship on this voyage was the first to carry the American flag around the world. During the winter of 1804 the Lewis & Clark Expedition camped just across the bay from the site on which the Astor party settled in 1811.

Destiny shaped the future of the American Republic, in these events, and but for them the United States most probably today would be a second-rate nation. The impelling reasons for this conclusion are based upon the successful claims to the great “Oregon Country”, following the discovery by Gray, exploration by Lewis & Clark, and settlement by Astor.

Antedating and concurring with these events, and most intimately and directly connected with the conclusion drawn, are the journeys of John Ledyard and the Louisiana purchase.

John Ledyard, an adventurous American,
sailed from England in July, 1776, with Captain James Cook on his third voyage around the world. In September, 1777, the expedition sailed along the Oregon and Washington coasts, and finally anchored in Nootka Sound, and from that place made extensive explorations, including contacts with the Russians.

Ledyard, an indefatigable worker and writer, kept journals of his travels. In 1783, after deserting the British Navy in New York, he tried to interest merchants in sending trading ships to what is now the coast of Oregon and Washington. He was such an enthusiast of the Pacific Northwest and drew such a rosy picture of it that he was thought to be a dreamer. He wanted that country for America. He did not want it to go by default to Britain, Russia or Spain. Meeting with failure, he sought Thomas Jefferson, who was then in Paris as the American Ambassador. Ledyard regaled him with tales of the Pacific Northwest. Subsequent American history in the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, and the Lewis & Clark Expedition, undoubtedly grew out of Jefferson's friendship with Ledyard and the knowledge of the country which he received from him.

Jefferson, an outstanding and far-seeing statesman, became President in 1800. He realized that three-quarters of the population of the world lived upon the shores of the Pacific, and that the United States must have a western outlook thereon if it were to become a truly great nation. The Louisiana purchase in 1803, and the Lewis & Clark Expedition, were undoubtedly a part of his plan of expansion.

Jefferson told Ledyard in Paris that he was interested, not only in the profits of the American merchants trading in the Pacific Northwest, but also because of its bearing on the political future of the United States. He believed that the time would come when the dominion of the United States would and must necessarily reach from sea to sea. The purchase of Louisiana annexed to the United States all of the land westwardly to the boundaries of the unexplored "Oregon Country", and on May 14, 1804, just a few months after the stars and stripes were unfurled over the Louisiana Territory, the Lewis & Clark Expedition started its famous trek.

Great Britain, by the Treaty of Ghent in 1846, after thirty-two years of uncertainty and claims and counterclaims by the respective parties, relinquished to the United States its claims, and recognized the rights of the United States, to all of the Oregon Country lying south of the Forty-ninth Parallel. Historically then, it can be truthfully said that were it not for these three events, which occurred at or near Astoria, and, of course, the Louisiana purchase made by reason of some of them, the United States would be a second-rate power.

Without this added land the United States would front solely on the Atlantic, possessed only of the territory within the original colonies and whatever small additional territory it could command, all lying east of the Mississippi, and with that river and all of the land it drains under the jurisdiction of some foreign power. Jefferson's plan for expansion created a country from "sea to sea". It is said that about the time Napoleon sold the Louisiana Territory to the United States, he declared, "the country to which I will sell that territory will become the greatest nation on earth."

A beautiful monolith, which stands atop Coxcomb Hill, was erected in 1926 to commemorate the three epochal events connected with the discovery, exploration, and settlement of the Northwest and of which Astoria was the focal point. The funds for erecting the monument were contributed by Vincent Astor, great-grandson of the founder of Astoria, and the Great Northern Railway. The Astoria Column is a replica of the Vendome Column in Paris and the Trajan Column in Rome, and is the only one of its kind in America. On it are etched the historical incidents stated. It is 125 feet high, and from its top a wonderful panorama of mountain, river and ocean is unfolded. It overlooks "Historic Astoria."
MRS. JOHN Y. RICHARDSON, OF PORTLAND, OREGON
REPORTER GENERAL TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WHO HAS GENEROUSLY CONTRIBUTED
THE SUCCEEDING ARTICLE
McLoughlin House

RUTH ROSE RICHARDSON

General Chairman of Restoration

The McLoughlin House was designated as "The Most Historic House West of the Rocky Mountains," by the Historic Commission of the Department of the Interior. This Commission has offered to take it over as a National Shrine.

When culture and civilization thrived on the Atlantic coast in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the wilderness of the great Pacific-Northwest was attracting the attention of the English and French as a field for prospective conquests and settlements.

The Hudson's Bay Company had sent their Chief Factor, Dr. John McLoughlin, native of Riviere du Loup, Quebec, Canada, and a band of men to the mouth of the Columbia River to establish posts for the company's fur trading interests.

After spending a year at Fort George, now Astoria, Oregon, Dr. McLoughlin established Fort Vancouver as headquarters for his company.

McLoughlin became the dictator of the wilderness. In less than two years, land was cleared and over three thousand acres in cultivation. He started to trade grain with China, Alaska and Hawaii.

Honored and feared by the Indians, he was called the "Great White-Headed Eagle." Because of his influence with the savages, there was not a single uprising or Indian war in the twenty years of his service as head of the Hudson's Bay Company.

McLoughlin was educated in Scotland and was the first doctor in the Northwest. He established the first school at the fort for his children and the Indian children of the settlement.

The Hudson's Bay Company discouraged immigration, fearing eventual loss of their fertile territory. In spite of the company's instructions to the contrary, every weary immigrant train that succeeded in crossing the rugged mountains was received by the Chief Factor of the Company, who replenished their depleted supplies and helped them to become established in the fertile Willamette Valley. Few of the early settlers returned the thousands of dollars in supplies that Dr. McLoughlin personally donated to them.
Discharged from the Hudson’s Bay Company because of his friendliness to the immigrants and for personal differences, Dr. McLoughlin settled on the banks by the falls of the Willamette River at Oregon City. Here in 1846 he built the first mansion of the West.

The old house is a square, colonial dwelling of eleven rooms and two spacious halls. Most of the lumber was hand-hewn excepting the window-frames, the heavy double cross witch doors and sills which were brought by schooner “Around the Horn” from New England.

In exchange for the fur and grain cargoes sent to England, fine mahogany furniture and the best of English clothing was sent to the Hudson’s Bay leaders. Also from China came beautiful chests, sewing and vanity cabinets. One of the beautiful sewing cabinets of Margaret McLoughlin will eventually be found in the house again.

Dr. McLoughlin always maintained a very high standard of English customs and living. His wide mahogany table gleamed with beautiful silver services and fine English china. Some of the handsome furniture and a silver service owned by him will grace the restored house.

Decanters and a rare English chest, once the property of Sir James Douglas of the Hudson’s Bay Company, has been willed to the Association.

The restoration of the most important historic house on the entire Pacific Coast was commenced in 1932, and will soon be completed and open to the public by the McLoughlin Association.

The State Society of D. A. R. started the restoration and has restored the living room furnishings. The Susannah Lee Barlow and Wahkeena Chapters have likewise restored the two bedrooms of Dr. and Mrs. McLoughlin. Multnomah Chapter restored the living room. Other groups have restored the furnishings of the remaining rooms.

The school children of Oregon are contributing small sums of money to purchase a heroic size bronze bust of the “Father of the Oregon Country” which will be placed in the garden of the “Mt. Vernon of the West.”

The State and Federal Governments have assisted with appropriations and work projects, but most of the funds have been raised by the D. A. R. and through private subscriptions. About seventy-five per cent of the original house has been salvaged.

Rescued from dilapidation and destruction, the old house now stands on the rocky bluff above the river; a mute testimonial to an early naturalized citizen, ‘a potent factor in the establishment of the Northwest—the only section of our country that the government did not purchase nor win by conquest—the Oregon Country.'
THE SNOW FIELDS OF MOUNT HOOD ARE ONLY AN HOUR AND A HALF DRIVE FROM PORTLAND. THE FAME OF THIS WINTER PLAYGROUND AREA IS RAPIDLY BECOMING NATIONWIDE. FROM DECEMBER UNTIL MID-JULY SKIERS ARE OUT ENJOYING THEIR FAVORITE SPORT.
The Kingdom of Summer and the Kingdom of Winter

Margaret Sullivan

Miss Sullivan is a Department Manager in the Portland Chamber of Commerce. She is fully acquainted with the diversified beauties and advantages of Oregon.

IN STEP with the rest of the country Portland and in fact all Oregon are becoming winter sport conscious. Great strides have been made the past few years in developing interest in the great outdoors during winter months. As President Roosevelt remarked in his dedicatory speech last September at Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, “Americans are learning to play in winter as well as in summer.”

Thirty feet of snow cover the ground at timberline during midwinter and the winding canyons and steep slopes are turned into readymade ski courses that start at the very door of the hotel. A wide slope of approximately 15 degrees stretches for a half mile down the mountainside from the lodge entrance, an ideal “nursery” course for beginners. For the more seasoned skier there is the famous three mile downhill course from 10,000 foot Crater Rock to timberline and the Alpine Ski Trail to Government Camp, a drop of 2,400 feet in four miles, undoubtedly the finest woods trail of its length and altitude in the country.

With the completion of Timberline Lodge, Oregon now has a million dollar winter sports center that bids fair to rival other renowned winter resorts. The architecture of the building is in complete harmony with the surrounding alpine country. Broad rock buttresses of native stone support the walls of the lodge, while heavy pillars of Ponderos pine thirty-eight feet high uphold balconies at the second and third floors of the hexagon-shaped main section. Three massive stone fireplaces add the right note of warmth and comfort to the lobbies finished in handhewn beams and hand-carved furniture and decorations. Just off the main floor lobby is the beautiful dining room from which one may look out upon pinnacled Mount Jefferson and The Three Sisters in the Cascade Range of mountains.

In addition to the new lodge other improvements and developments have been taking place on Mount Hood in keeping with its claim as the supreme winter playground of the Pacific Northwest. Last fall the U. S. Forest Service constructed a new building in the ski bowl. A roaring fire in the fireplace and the opportunity to obtain steaming hot drinks made this a welcome spot with skiers. The new ski tow which Boyd French has in operation in the ski bowl has also proved a welcome step forward in attracting additional recruits to the ranks of ski enthusiasts. A minute’s ride on this tow replaces a half hour of climbing.

Accessibility of Mount Hood’s ski slopes is a prime factor in creating and increasing interest in winter sports. No metropolitan city in the northwest is so favored as Portland in its strategic location close to a snow-capped peak with a paved highway making this fine area of ski terrain easily reached in an hour and a half from the city. The eight-mile road leading from the main highway at Government Camp to Timberline Lodge will be kept open by the Forest Service this winter, and those who keep in touch with such things are looking for a big season not only on the lower ski levels but high on Hood’s snowy slopes.

Other sections of the state that have ski clubs and skiing terrain not far distant include Bend, Klamath Falls, Medford, Pendleton, La Grande, Baker, Salem and Eugene.

Yes, Portland and Oregon are becoming winter sport conscious!

* * *

But with the coming of spring the focal point of interest changes. Down through the years the parade of Rose Festivals has
marched to give Portland undisputed claim to its title "The Rose City." Each year for a week in June (this year it will be June 8-12) the city becomes the fairyland of Rosaria and citizens, old and young, business and professional leaders, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, join in promoting a feeling of fellowship, hospitality and fun. In far corners of the world when Portland is mentioned it is frequently spoken of for the beauty of its roses and rose festival rather than for its commercial advantages.

The mystical kingdom "Realm of Rosaria" was established to do homage to the rose which grows in profusion and to perfection in Portland. It was back in 1907 that the first Rose Festival was held and each succeeding year, with the exception of the war year of 1918 and the year 1926, when Portland built its stadium, the people here and guests from near and far have paused from the usual routine of daily life to enter into the festivities of festival week. Then the sound of marching feet, of gay throngs in holiday spirit lining the blocks of the city for miles, or crowding the sta-
diem to capacity to view the brilliant spectacle that is the grand floral parade, the sound of cheering thousands, music of dozens of bands, gorgeous displays of lovely roses vying for the much coveted blue ribbons, all combine to make days of pageantry and laughter when joy reigns supreme.

The idea for a Rose Festival was conceived by the Portland Rose Society which held its first annual exhibit of roses in 1889 and which has attracted considerable attention through its rose displays in succeeding years. A floral parade was sponsored by the society in 1904 and in 1907 through the efforts and perseverance of Frederick Holman and other civic minded business men, a two day Rose Festival, featuring the first “human rosebud” parade of 2,000 Portland school children, and pronounced a glorious success, was held.

Each year a queen and seven princesses are chosen, becoming the center of all functions. In recent years the royal court has been selected from the most beautiful, intelligent and accomplished seniors in Portland’s eight public high schools. The method of selecting the queen is kept a secret until the nominees, dressed in lovely gowns, are presented to the people at one of the large auditoriums in the city, about three weeks prior to the festival. Sometimes this group of eight is asked to vote for one of their number by secret ballot; sometimes the student body presidents vote for their choice. In any event, one becomes queen and the other princesses in her court. Each high school girl in the city secretly cherishes an ambition to some day rule over the mythical kingdom of Rosaria.

Committees are busy practically the year round formulating plans for the next Rose Festival. In fact many months in advance a group of business men known as the Royal Rosarians work and plan to make that year’s event a greater and more beautiful spectacle than the one preceding. During the week of the festival these men become knights of the kingdom and officers of the court. Dressed in snappy uniforms, marching like soldiers, well drilled in courtly customs, they add much to the charm of the festivities. Knighting of new members is always a colorful part of the week’s ceremonies.

A new type of decoration was ushered in for the 1937 festival when the streets were a-flutter with beautifully fringed rose decorated shawls, a block of solid red, one of yellow, another of green. Lamp standards were entwined with rose stems, a rose of glass at the top, all adding to the gaiety and beauty of the scene.

The coronation ceremony the first evening in the stadium, packed with a mass of humanity ready to enter into the gala spirit that prevails throughout the city during festival days, is a spectacle of lavish splendor, lovely music, trained ballet performers. Then there is the annual rose show, the grand floral parade, the junior Rose Festival parade and the Merrykana night parade, culminating with a street mardi gras—a potpourri of entertainment and fun. Each year interspersed among these regular events there are new and interesting special attractions such as an illuminated marine pageant on the Willamette river, an exhibition by the Mexican daredevil motorcycle riders, a musical drill by the Canadian mounted police, or marvelous fireworks displays.

“Portland invites, and her gracious majesty, the Queen, commands your presence at this most wonderful and delightful Rose Festival. It is our pleasure that you join the thousands of happy and loyal subjects in our annual celebration of the return of the rose.” So read last year’s royal edict. “As a faithful subject of Her Majesty, may I urge you to accept her royal invitation,” supplemented E. A. Burkitt, then president of the Festival association, in broadcasting the royal order. “You will marvel at the beauty of Portland’s roses, their gorgeous profusion will astound you, you will like the spirit, the enthusiasm, the loyalty of those who live here, as well as of those who come a-visiting. We offer you a continuous four-day program. Come. Be happy and carefree with Portland. Come and stay a while. Enjoy the mountains, forests, beaches, glaciers, rivers and other scenic wonders of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia, all linked by marvelous highways. Make the Rose Festival at Portland, Oregon, the first step toward a grand vacation in Roseland.”

The Portland Chamber of Commerce reiterates this invitation for 1938!
Crater Lake National Park

JOHN E. DOERR, JR.

Park Naturalist, Crater Lake National Park

This park includes an area of 250 square miles on the crest of the Cascade Range in southern Oregon. Established by an Act of Congress signed by President Theodore Roosevelt on May 22, 1902, Crater Lake became the fifth of the 26 national parks in the United States. The date of establishment, at a time when we as a nation had as yet not become preservation-minded with respect to our natural features, is alone evidence that Crater Lake is one of the outstanding natural features of the United States.

Each of our national parks has particular values which are of national importance. Scenic beauty and scientific interest are the principal values of Crater Lake. The combination of earth processes which formed the lake fashioned a gem in an unusual setting, a gem of many and ever-changing

[ 40 ]
hues of blue, a gem of many moods. The lake has been described as a moving picture of patterns of color which change with each hour, day, and season, a lake of inspiring beauty which is as variable as the many factors responsible for its colors and moods. The intensity of the apparent blue of the water, a hue which the artist has not successfully reproduced, is only one of the elements of the lake’s inspiring beauty. Completely surrounding the lake are cliffs rising 500 to 2,000 feet. They form a frame of impressive grandeur. They contribute patterns of colors, lines, and forms which are frequently duplicated in reflections on the mirror-like surface of the water.

The features which tell the story of the origin of the lake are clearly exposed, hence the park makes a strong appeal to those interested not only in natural beauty but also in earth processes which are responsible for the scenic beauty. The scientific story of the origin of Crater Lake is interesting not alone to the scientist. One need not be trained in the science of geology to appreciate that Crater Lake is the result of powerful earth forces. The lake is cupped in the crater of an extinct volcano. Exposed in the crater walls towering above the lake are numerous layers of lava, fragmental volcanic products, and glacial debris. The accumulation tells the story of the building of a great volcanic peak whose summit may have stood over 14,000 feet above sea level. The glacial debris, and the U-shaped valleys which notch the crater rim, are evidence that glaciers once existed on the slopes of the ancient mountain. Scientists agree that the broken layers of lava in the crater wall, the glacial valleys on the lower slopes, and the crater itself are evidence that where now exists the lake there was once a peak, probably one of the commanding peaks of the Cascade Range. It is agreed among students of geology that the upper 5,000 to 7,000 feet of the peak were destroyed, the great destruction resulting in the crater which cups Crater Lake. After the formation of the crater, volcanic activity occurring within the crater built at least one cinder cone. As water accumulated in the extinct crater that cone became an island, Wizard Island.

In addition to being a lake of inspiring beauty and scientific interest, it has many unique features. It is truly a lake in the top of a mountain. Crater Lake is the deepest lake on the continent of North America, one of the five deepest in the world. Its maximum depth is 2,000 feet. The lake has no direct inlet and no direct outlet. That feature impressed John Wesley Hillman when he discovered the lake on June 12, 1853, and it continues to impress many visitors today. Snow and rain supply the water, evaporation and seepage account for the loss, the annual gain and loss being essentially equal so that there has been little variation in lake level. The lake surface has an area of 21 square miles while the area of the crater is only five square miles larger. Surprising to many visitors is the fact that the water is fresh, and that stocking the lake with fish has provided excellent fishing.

Since the park was established, the National Park Service, a bureau of the Department of the Interior, has preserved the area in essentially its natural condition. Along with preservation, the Service has provided certain facilities for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. Roads have been one of the major developments. From the 35-mile road around the rim one gets many superb views of the lake and surrounding country. Complete protection of all animal life and the magnificent forests which mantle the slopes of the mountain has been provided. Educational and recreational facilities are available to visitors. Hiking and fishing are the two most popular forms of recreation to visitors. During the winter Crater Lake is accessible for those desiring winter sports as well as for those desiring the inspiration of the unsurpassed scenic beauty of Crater Lake in winter.
MRS. JAMES B. MONTGOMERY, TAKEN IN HER HOME SURROUNDED BY THE FLOWERS SENT HER ON HER NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY
The Strange Story of Benjamin Bonneville

MRS. JAMES B. MONTGOMERY

WHEN President Roosevelt decided to build a dam across the Columbia River costing fifty-one million dollars, this decision was portentous in more ways than one. That the dam would prove to be one of the engineering wonders of the world was obvious; but it had a second significance also: The site chosen for it was the little flag station called Bonneville. The brave soldier and explorer for which this was named had been almost forgotten before this selection of the site. Now his name will be blazened again throughout the world.

The story of Benjamin Bonneville is arresting: He was born in Tennessee in 1795, of French parents, graduated from West Point in 1815 and served in the Mexican War. In 1831 he was given permission by the Secretary of War to organize an expedition and command it on its way to the Pacific Coast. He fitted out his expedition consisting of forty wagons and two hundred men, and started on his way. Then his movements became shrouded in mystery. There is no authentic account of what happened to the company and for five years Bonneville disappeared entirely. His name was dropped from the Army list, and he was pronounced dead. But when he returned to establish his identity, he was promoted and his back pay was given to him!

Bonneville was a handsome man with keen black eyes, but he was bald and the Indian chiefs always called him “Chief Baldy.” In 1848, when the Government decided to make a treaty with several of the great Indian tribes of the Northwest, Bonneville asked that he might be allowed to accompany the commissioner because, since he knew the chiefs of all these tribes and could speak their language, he could be of immense service to the country. His request was granted. The council with the Indian chiefs was held in a long shed which formerly belonged to the Hudson’s Bay Company. General Harney, Commandant of the Northwest Coast, Bonneville, the Commissioner, and seven chiefs, with the interpreters, were seated at the council table. Bonneville stood up and addressed the first Indian chief in his own language. The chief looked up in a startled manner, but gave no sign of recognition. Bonneville addressed each chief in turn, and each looked up in surprise, shaking his head and signifying that no one knew the speaker. Then Bonneville sprang to his feet and cried, “By the Eternal, you shall know me!” He snatched off his wig and took out his false teeth and immediately he was recognized by all the Indian chiefs.

Editor’s note: Mrs. Montgomery, the author of this sketch, might well be entitled “The Grand Old Lady of the Oregon D. A. R.” She is a daughter of Governor Phelps of Missouri, a descendant of Noah Phelps, a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and other distinguished ancestors. She is a member of the Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of American Colonists, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America and the Colonial Dames of America. She was State Organizing Regent of Oregon from 1891-1896, and in April, 1896, organized the Multnomah Chapter of Portland.

In an article which she wrote on the “Organization of the D. A. R. in Oregon,” Mrs. Montgomery said: “Although the (National) organization in its early years was small in numbers, it was peculiarly favored in the personnel of its leaders. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, was its first President General. The writer, who was
spending the winter of 1891-1892 in Washington, being fortunate in enjoying the warm friendship of Mrs. Harrison, was taken by her in the state carriage to the meetings then held fortnightly, "I think, in private houses. A business meeting was called for eight o'clock in the evening and later the husbands of the members dropped in and it became a social affair and refreshments were served. We sometimes entertained the President, members of the Cabinet, as well as Senators and Representatives.—Our members were so few at this time that we seemed like one great family. I had received the National number of 1064.—The State Regency for Oregon was soon thereafter bestowed upon me as the second Congress, D. A. R., was about to convene and it was considered of importance that each state should be represented."

Reminiscences of the early days of the National Society are always interesting but they become doubly delightful when the veteran member who shares them with younger members has continued her own active affiliations up to the present day. When Mrs. Becker, President General of the N. S. D. A. R., was in Oregon last March, she was entertained at a dinner given by Mrs. John Y. Richardson, Reporter General of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mrs. Montgomery, who is now over ninety years old. During the course of this dinner, Mrs. Montgomery related an incident about Capt. Bonneville, whom she had known personally, and Mrs. Becker was so charmed with this that she suggested it as a basis for a contribution to the magazine. As a result of this Mrs. Montgomery graciously consented to write the article for the Oregon number.
WHIPPED by furious white-caps on a stormy day, but placid in the hot suns of June, a beautiful lake once occupied thousands of acres in Northern California and Southern Oregon. The last war of the Pacific Coast Indians, known to history as the Modoc War, was fought around the edges of this lake.

Reclaimed by the United States Reclamation Service, vast fertile fields now gleam with verdure where once the white-caps raced madly to the shores.

As silent and as passive as it once rose above the blue waters of Tule Lake, the old mud crater looks down across the fields of waving grain, its sheer sandstone cliffs as unchanged by the little flurries of dust beating upon them as they were by the persistent beat of the waves.

By these silent old walls a people passed, and, pausing in passing, left engraven in the soft stone messages whose meanings have been long lost. The present generation has not hesitated to carve its own designs of initials, dates, and the usual accompaniment of hearts pierced by arrows above the petroglyphs. Recently the National Park Service has created a monument on this spot and the modern additions have been discontinued.

The local Indians disclaim any knowledge of the origin of the cliff writings. These symbols extend far above the reach of human hands on the cliffs and as low as the old water edge. The Indians tell you vaguely an old legend among the tribes of a tall, fair-haired, band of men who came and went, leaving the writings (perhaps) behind them. Their mothers’ mothers’ mothers had the story from the generations who came before them, and it is all very hazy to the Indian who tells you about it. Across what was once the Lake, in the mysterious Lava Caves can be found similar symbols. Deep in the gloom of one of these, close to the sandy bottom, beneath an overhanging ledge, one can pick them out with the aid of a flashlight.

On a rocky promontory which once jutted out into the lake bed are others, and many miles north on the banks of the Sprague River the same characters appear high above one’s head on a huge boulder. Commonly called “Indian Writings” by Klamath residents, we can but speculate as to where they originated.
WHEN the Oregon Daughters of the American Revolution selected the site of Champoeg as the most historic spot in their state, they were recognizing the importance of the organization of the provisional government at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, when a handful of sturdy American pioneers won, without bloodshed, the right of government independent of Britain.

All too few know the story of the spot which was as important to the West as the signing of the Mayflower Compact was to the thirteen original colonies. Before 1843 such government as there was in the Oregon Country was administered by Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver. He suggested that Etienne Lucier, a French Canadian who retired from the company's service in 1829, settle at Champoeg rather than return to Canada. McLoughlin felt that Lucier and other employees would, since many of them had Indian wives, be a great help in keeping peace with the Indians. He urged Champoeg as the settlement site because it was the only place between the Willamette Falls and Salem where a trail could be opened to the river without cutting through a heavy body of timber. McLoughlin intended to use Champoeg as a shipping point for the grain to be raised by the settlers.

In 1830, the first wagon train set out from St. Louis for the Rocky Mountains, and the coming of American settlers to the West changed the situation in the Oregon Country. The Revolution was too recently over for them to enjoy being governed by Dr. McLoughlin, who represented the British government. They felt that the Hudson's Bay Company was doing nothing to protect their interests, but, though they attempted to establish a government for themselves, it was not until the death of Ewing Young in 1841 that definite steps were taken.

Ewing Young, who had settled on the Chehalem river in 1834, was the first American to leave a sizeable estate in Oregon and he had no known heirs. The settlers who met at his grave felt that something should be done about the administration of the estate, and on February 19, 1841, a mass meeting was held at which Dr. Ira L. Babcock of the Methodist Mission was appointed probate judge. At this same meeting a committee to draft laws was appointed, as were a recorder, a high sheriff, and seven constables.
In 1842 Dr. Elijah White arrived with his wagon train, increasing the American population in Oregon and giving the Americans a majority. Again the question of government arose, and the politically minded began to seek an opportunity to do something about it. On the second Monday in March, 1843, a “wolf meeting” was held at Salem, then the Oregon institute, to discuss bounties on the animals which were so annoying to the settlers. At the same time a committee of twelve was appointed “to take into consideration the propriety of taking steps for the civil and military protection of the colony.” May 2, 1843, was chosen as the day for the report of the committee, and Champoeg because of this central location, was the place appointed. (It was six miles from the present town of Newberg, the childhood home of ex-President Hoover.)

When the question of forming a government came up, the Canadians present voted “no,” and it seemed that the cause was lost, but George Le Breton, one of the secretaries, called for a division. Tradition says that Joe Meek, who in the winter of 1847 carried the news of the Whitman massacre to Washington, stepped out of the crowd, shouting, “Divide! Divide! Who’s for a divide? All in favor of the report and of an organization, follow me!” The group separated, and Etienne Lucier and F. X. Matthieu, who had been depended upon by the British, joined the Americans, giving them the necessary votes to establish American government on the Pacific Coast. Some say that the vote was fifty-two for and fifty against. If that count is accurate, the same number of colonists established American government in the West as were present when the Mayflower Compact, authorizing the first self-government on the Atlantic Coast, was drawn up.

Nothing remains of Champoeg. Though, before the flood of 1861, it was a town of 300 houses and was the principal wheat shipping center in Oregon. The town was never rebuilt, but its site is a state park where there are two buildings, the Champoeg Pioneer Memorial building and the Daughters of the American Revolution Memorial log cabin, the latter honoring Oregon’s pioneer women and housing pioneer relics. Money for the project was raised by the Oregon chapters, and ground for the cabin was broken June 14, 1929, by Mrs. Isaac Lee Patterson, former state regent. The building was dedicated on Flag Day, 1930.

---

Eliza Spalding Warren—Pioneer Woman and Heroine of “The Oregon Country”

LOTTIE E. MORGAN

Regent Linn Chapter N. S. D. A. R., Albany, Oregon

ONE hundred years ago, Eliza Spalding Warren was born at Lapwai Mission, “Oregon Country,” to Rev. and Mrs. Henry Harmon Spalding. The Spaldings, with Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, had come to the West to plant missions among the Indians.*

Their child was christened “Eliza” after her mother and was the first white child born west of the Rocky Mountains to reach maturity. When Eliza was ten years old she was attending school at the Whitman Mission School, the first school established between the Cascade and the Rocky Mountains.

As the eleventh year of the Whitman Mission School was drawing to a close, the Indians became disatisfied and an uprising occurred, which resulted in the death of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

Women and children were taken captive. Little Eliza was the only one who had the confidence of the Indians, and at a council of warriors and captives she interpreted until she could no longer stand. The Indians finally agreed to spare the captives to await the decision of the old chiefs. Later that night Eliza went about ministering to the sick and wounded.

With her little apron she bathed the faces of her teachers, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and with sheets from the beds made improvised winding sheets for their bodies. Eliza Spalding’s parents escaped from Lapwai and with their daughter spent some years in Linn County, at Brownsville, Oregon, where Spalding Avenue is a memorial to their lives there.

In 1854, Eliza Spalding became the wife of Andrew Warren. She became the mother of sons and daughters, and throughout her life took her part in the affairs of men with the same brave spirit that gave courage to the ten year old girl after the Whitman massacre.

Eliza Spalding Warren’s body lies on a rolling hill east of Brownsville, Oregon. Tall green firs form a background for the massive grey stone which marks the spot. The clear waters of the Calapooia wind below—the Calapooia named for one of the Indian tribes of the section, which this pioneer heroine knew so well.

Linn Chapter, D. A. R., Albany, Oregon, in November, 1937, one hundred years after the birth of the first white child born west of the Rocky Mountains to reach maturity, completed plans for placing a bronze plate on the “votive stone” of Eliza Spalding Warren, pioneer woman and heroine.

* The story of the Spaldings and the Warrens is told in detail in the feature article entitled “In Perpetual Memory,” published in the January issue.
EVERY few years Tom Nolen had moved a little further westward, until finally he had gone with that westward wave of pioneers over the mountains, that wave which followed the lush valleys along the rivers to the rich grasslands of Kentucky and Tennessee and Ohio.

Ann, his wife, did not live long in the new Ohio Cabin, near the Myerston Fort. When she died she left Tom Nolen his daughter Rose as a heritage; and to Rose she left the cream cashmere.

Material things often shape a person's life, and all of Rose's existence had been different because of the cashmere. What coats of arms and high dreams are to some, the cream cashmere was to Rose—both symbol and challenge.

Ann had laughed when her seafaring brother had sent the creamy material for a wedding dress to the tiny baby born in an eastern seaport town,—for this was before Tom Nolen had caught the westward fever. Then it had seemed so long before the squirming little mite at her breast would have need of a wedding gown.

But the squirming mite had grown. Before any time had passed at all, it seemed to Ann, Rose was leaning over the great carved chest considering the beautiful folds
of the cashmere. When she spoke of it her voice took on a new softness, and a light came and went in her eyes. It was good to feel that there was such loveliness in the world. For by that time the comparative luxury of a settled town had been exchanged for the frontier, the frontier that Tom Nolen followed on and on "beyond the mountains." And with every move into the wilderness such things as cashmeres became more and more rare.

It was in Ohio that Ann Nolen realized her own days were numbered. There had been no doctor to tell her so, but the women of the frontier did not need to be told many things. Senses hitherto unused were developed through necessity. So Ann, having decided, that for her, yet another frontier beckoned, spent what time she still had in her cabin in making that cream cashmere into her daughter's wedding dress, a dress into which was stitched all the love, all the hope and all the prayers, too, of Ann Nolen.

For Rose, who was beautiful as her name and as graceful as a young fawn, was nevertheless headstrong, and Ann feared often that this trait would cause her daughter much suffering. Perhaps had she known how the cream cashmere was destined to stimulate that characteristic, Ann Nolen would not have sewed on it so happily. Rather would she have thrust the precious yards of material into the open fireplace and watched them burn with great relief.

But not knowing, Ann Nolen, took the last stitch in the wedding gown, smiled at her daughter, pressed her husband's cheek and passed beyond the last horizon, the farthest frontier—for the first time in her life going thus alone, but certain that Tom Nolen, who never could resist horizon's lure, would one day follow her.

And Rose packed the cream dress away with tears and quick little pattings of her hands.

And there, except for its airing now
and then, it lay unused year in and year out. It was not that Rose Nolen hadn’t proposals enough. She had. Any woman on the frontier, for that matter, could marry, and most of them did before they were eighteen. Many were younger.

But Rose did not marry. Rose, with hair, dark and beautiful, and waving as the wind over the corn; Rose with her blue eyes, sometimes shading into violets, where the lashes seemed like dark moss about them; Rose with a body straight and slender like the white birch in spring; Rose with her calm ways and quiet spirit,—which nevertheless could change sometimes with meteor quickness,—was content, it seemed with her present lot.

No woman for miles about was more capable. She could prepare a dinner out of a little corn meal and the product of the hunt, with which many a king in Europe might have stimulated a jaded appetite. She was deft at the spinning wheel and the loom; and by the time her girlhood friends had cradled half a dozen babies, Rose still moved quickly and quietly about her father’s cabin and showed no interest either in the proposals which rained upon her, or the tentative advances of the young frontiersmen.

“What are you waiting for?” asked Jenny Hale, her cousin, who was homely and pert, already slatternly and ready for the first proposal that should drift her way—too ready, as Tom Nolen remarked dryly.

“For one who is worthy of the cashmere dress,” replied Rose, and then shut her lips tightly. She had said more than she intended, for one should not put dreams into words, and especially not to one like Jenny Hale. Something that is beautiful in the dream vanishes—is lost forever.

Jenny, of course, told the story, and, embroidered like a buckskin legging with porcupine quills, it drifted from one cabin to another, until it found its way along a woodland trail and into the ears of young John Laird.

“He might be the last man in the world, and I would not marry him,” she flung at Jenny, who listened open-mouthed.

John Laird was the hero of all that frontier. Men felt safer just to speak his name. He was here, he was there, he was over the mountains and away, only to appear again when he was most needed. The Indians feared him more than they did all the other white men put together, and well they might; for of Laird it was said that he had never engaged unsuccessfully in warfare against the Indians. Put succinctly, his career could have been summed up something in this fashion—“thirty-five fights, thirty-five victories.” The numbers may be wrong, but the ratio is correct. When it came to a matter of Indians on the warpath, Laird was the unpassable mountain, the flame that sprang up before them and forced them back; he was the still shadow in the night, the swift runner in the sun. He was bravery and cunning intermingled, and only such a one could have constantly triumphed over the Indians. He was more than “bad medicine” for them, he was the very “worst medicine.”

But to Rose Nolen he was anathema. Because of him her cashmere dress had become the joke, the taunt of the community, the butt of backwoodsmen. Even passersby teased her about it, teasing that caused a flush to mount on her cheek, while the bitterness, the hatred of John Laird increased in her heart.

And then one day John Laird came riding to her doorstep, a day when Jenny had come to help Rose tie a quilt. His shadow darkened the door before the women were aware of his presence, and not until Jenny jumped to her feet with a little scream did Rose look up.

There he stood, shadowing the sun, in coonskin cap and long loose shirt of deer-skin, in worn homespun breeches, incongruous above the Indian moccasins. Rose knew him instantly, even before she saw the arbutus in his hand. At the sight of the flowers, Jenny giggled, but Rose stood straight and still.

“For you,” said John Laird, doffing his coonskin cap as he held them out, overcome
a little at the sight of Rose, and regretting even in that instant the impulse which had made him gather the arbutus from under the dried leaves, to make good his jesting remark, which he, like Rose, had not been permitted to forget.

For the woman who stood before him, the flush like the rhododendron coming and going in her cheeks, her lips like the cardinal flower, was not one of which jesting words should be spoken—especially not his words. This was some dream of loveliness conjured out of the beauty of the morning; this was the peace and comfort that should wait every man at the end of the trail, in short this was the girl, he, John Laird, loved. With a sudden realization he knew that—Rose Nolen—his Rose, Rose of the Wilderness.

What was done, was done. Surely she would understand, would see that admiration and reverence, that love itself looked from his eyes into hers. But even as he hoped her understanding would be as great as her beauty, he saw the scorn in her eyes burning like uncovered coals, and when she spoke, her words were like stinging whips, like biting arrows. John Laird was unaccustomed to coals or whips or arrows.

“Give your flowers to those who will take them!”

And John, who would not show the white feather in the direst moment, who would have laughed at the stake when the flames leaped around him, did that very thing. He laughed. And laughing he bent low again, but this time before Jenny Hale. And Jenny, giggling, reached out both hands for the arbutus.

They went away together, Jenny Hale and John Laird, and after their going Rose Nolen swept and reswept the cabin vigorously as though to sweep out all memory of John Laird from that place. But even as she wept—tears of anger, she would have said,—that such a one should have thrown insult at her mother—for had he not insulted her, that is to say, argued Rose Nolen; was insult to her mother. Oh, she would hurt that man sometime, would make this one who had laughed, suffer through her.

Truly Ann Nolen had been right when she had feared that Rose would bring sorrow upon herself through her headstrong ways. For before the next spring had rolled around, Rose had announced her engagement.

“But to Pieter Bach, of all people,” protested Jenny. “He is—well, different,” she finished lamely.

“Yes, different, that is the point,” flashed Rose; Rose whose every speech now seemed to be tinged with bitterness. “He doesn’t range the frontiers but stays at home with his books and studies his law. He is neat and careful in his appearance. He is a gentleman,” finished Rose.

“He lives on other people’s troubles; he learns to take that which is not his with his old law.”

“He is a gentleman,” repeated Rose firmly.

“And a coward, from all the tales I’ve heard,” flashed Jenny.

“Tales you have heard, and that is all. The frontier is full of tales. People, it seems having nothing to do but to tell tales.”

“But his first wife died alone in childbirth in a cabin because of a storm which Pieter says he couldn’t get through, though he knew her time was upon her; and my father and brothers got through to us in that same storm, and the way was longer. And Pieter’s brother was scalped by the Indians—some say as the price of Pieter’s freedom.”

“I shall not die in childbirth and I shall not be scalped by the Indians,” said Rose proudly. And in the silence, it was as though she had added, “Pieter, or no Pieter.”

And then as though Rose’ defiance had drawn them, the Indians were once more harrying the frontier. The long peace was over. Tales of terror began filtering in; this cabin and that burned, and settlers dead or taken prisoner; children’s bodies found in the woods,—useless luggage beside the trail thrown there by their captors.

The palisade at the fort was strengthened. John Laird came and oversaw the preparations and was gone, but no one knew where.

And then one morning across the still and seeming peaceful valleys sounded the alarm, the great bell ringing from the fort, loudly, insistently, on and on. It was the call for all settlers to come inside the palisaded walls. And Rose Nolen packed her
cashmere dress in a saddle bag and with her father joined the stream of settlers going to the place they hoped meant safety. On either side she heard men speaking of Laird. “If only Laird were here; he promised that by this time... But nothing can have happened to him. John Laird, John Laird,” Rose’s ears ached with the syllables of his name.

She searched for Pieter when she reached the fort, and found him, looking little and worried and useless, his eyes a trifle shifty, a book under either arm. And then she lost herself in the duties the women made to fill in the hours of waiting. Runners came and went with news, and terror grew, for a great number of Indians were, it seemed, glimpsed on many hillsides; and then as abruptly as the silver of the frost leaves the young cornfields at the rising of the sun, so terror left the hearts of those behind the palisades. For John Laird, tall and indomitable was back among them, John Laird who had never yet yielded a victory to the Indians.

Rose saw him as she went to the well for water. And her heart beat in her throat. “Is it true that you are marrying Pieter Bach?” he asked, striding over to her side. “Yes,” she said, throwing her head high. “Congratulations,” he replied and he laughed. Let him. He had laughed before. And she had answered that. Pieter was the answer. So she would answer him this time. She went to find Pieter.

He was bending over a table, figuring, little straight columns of figures. “Come, Pieter, let us go for a walk,” she demanded. “Walk?”

“In the woods, Pieter, I am tired of the fort.”

“But the Indians, Rose,” said Pieter, palming. “Poof, there are no Indians yet. But if you are afraid I will go alone.”

And not even Pieter Bach could allow that—not with the whole community there to see.

So, reluctantly enough, he left his neat rows of figures.

Both were stopped at the gate, as Rose had known they would be, by Laird. “Perhaps—” said Pieter, agreeing with Laird’s objections to their passing. But Rose would not listen, would not be detained. She laughed, even as Laird had done when she had told him of her engagement.

“I am not afraid,” she said. “I have Pieter. Let us out, please.”

John Laird stood aside. But Rose had seen a little vein throbbing hard in either temple. At last, said Rose’s heart, triumphantly, she had hurt him. He had not laughed this time.

She did not look behind her so she could not know of course that Laird stood watching them, as they passed into the shadow of the wood, noting carefully the very direction of the trees between which they passed.

So Rose and Pieter had their lovers’ walk in the woods, a most unhappy one. For Rose defiantly insisted on going a little further on and on, and Pieter was forever protesting and nervous. Book under his arm, he kept looking back toward the fort.

Then Rose saw the shadbush. She gave an exclamation of delight at its beauty. In the yet leafless wood it stood white and virginal, like a bride in creamy cashmere, the dainty flowers falling in graceful, sweeping lines of beauty. Rose was reaching upward in delight for the blossoms, had thrust a long spray through the bosom of her homespun dress when Pieter screamed—a shrill, high-pitched scream, such as a woman might have given.

And there behind a log, Rose saw the painted face of the first Indian—saw one and dozens at the same time, for they seemed to spring from nothingness, to materialize from nowhere—bending low they came like a red flood toward the shadbush.

That was all she saw, for Rose and Pieter were running too—and this time Pieter who had thrown his book to the winds, was leading the way through the wood, back toward the fort.

The bell at the fort began clanging. So John Laird knew the Indians had arrived at last—Laird, Laird, the name thudded over and over again in time to her footfalls—Laird, who had never failed, Laird!

The palisade drew nearer, the open gate was just beyond—Pieter was through. In a minute she would be inside with Laird—in a minute. And then her heart sickened, for the Indians darted between her and the gate, cutting off her escape. She glanced to
And then above the shrill yelling of the Indians, the whizzing of the arrows, the answering snarl of the settlers' guns, she heard his call, "Rose, Rose," came the words, "Come here!"

And there, leaning over the pointed top of the palisade hung John Laird, bolstered on she knew not what support inside the log wall. His hands were reaching down toward her, yet they were a good five feet or more higher than her head.

The words were an order; the first Rose had ever taken in her life. But she took this. No time for defiance now—no time to do anything but to obey. As the fleeing deer leaps great obstacles to save itself from the hunter, so Rose leaped at the palisade, hands stretched high above her head toward those hands reaching down to aid her.

Arrows and bullets sang around her. A hand dripping with blood clutched at her hair, and its owner fell to the earth, never to clutch at a settler again, for a bullet from the fort had found its mark.

An arrow pierced her skirt, a tomahawk flicked her shoe. The howls of the Indians redoubled in volume, and the shooting from the fort and the barking of the dogs inside added to the pandemonium.

But Rose felt her hands touch the brown ones above her, felt the firm closing of them like iron about her palms, felt her feet free of the ground; as she was lifted, drawn up and up, over the palisade and into John Laird's arms.

And for the third time, Rose heard John Laird laugh. It was a laugh of relief, a laugh of triumph, the laugh, if you like, of the conqueror. But it was tender and beautiful. It was a waterfall and sunlight and a spring morning. It was heaven itself.

For a bare moment he held her and as he set her down he drew from her dress the little branch of shadbush with its creamy flowers which had been crushed in the embrace.

"Keep it—for our wedding in the morning," he said hoarsely.

Rose held out her hand for it, and lifted her lips at the same time.

The kiss was brief—but it held bright promise. Then John Laird was back on duty—was loading his gun.

* * *

Dusk came. Night fell on the fort, dark and cloudy. There was the hideous screaming of Indians outside, the quick terse orders of Laird and other men, the firing of muskets, the women toiling at the well, keeping the pails filled with water in order to put out any fires the Indians might start. There was the bandaging of wounds, the heating of coffee made from parched corn, the picking of lint, the loading of muskets.

And through it all Rose Nolen moved and worked as one who was clothed in light, armoured in the memory of John Laird's laughter, in the triumph of his kiss.

It was midnight when the clouds suddenly lightened and the moon came out clear and shining. And with the coming of the moon the Indians withdrew, defeated again. The men still kept their places watching. Exhausted women slept. But Rose Nolen was the last to lie down. There were still tasks she must do, while no one noticed.

With cold water she replenished the pewter cup placed in a corner of a cabin window, where a branch of shadbush was reviving—was lifting creamy flowers.

And from the saddle bag in the corner she unpacked and shook out the cashmere dress. Carefully she hung it on some wooden pegs, so that the wrinkles would straighten.

Finally, Rose Nolen, too, wrapped a blanket about her and lay down on the earthen floor. But not to sleep. She lay there in the darkness dreaming and smiling. For one who had delayed so long, she had certainly run desperately toward a husband. And she had brought her own bridal flowers.*

* The chief incidents of this story are all founded on fact—out of deference to the wishes of the descendants of the main characters, fictitious names have been used.
MRS. ROOSEVELT, HOSTESS AT THE BRILLIANT DIPLOMATIC RECESSION, WHICH MARKS THE CLIMAX OF MID-WINTER CELEBRATIONS AT THE CAPITAL.
Your Capital City—And Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

In this, the second article of her series, Mrs. Vandenberg describes some of the outstanding events of the winter season.

As a fitting climax to the round of midwinter festivities comes the Diplomatic Reception at the White House, always the most brilliant and colorful affair of the year. More than fifty countries are represented either by Ambassadors (of whom there are now eighteen), Ministers, or Chargé d’Affaires. Together with their staffs (some countries have as many as twenty, others only two), they make up a group of several hundred. Besides the Cabinet, the members of the Foreign Relations Committees of the House and Senate, many out-of-town notables and townspeople are invited, bringing the guest list to well over a thousand. But you would be amazed at the smoothness with which this crowd is handled by the White House ushers and aides. Blue cards sent with the invitations designate at which door you enter, and from there you are ushered into separate rooms to await your turn at “going down the line.”

Seniority rules the day. And how amazingly fast that rule works! When we came here ten seasons ago, Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador, was Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Within these ten years, the honor has come to each of the Ambassadors and is back again to Great Britain’s Sir Ronald Lindsay, who, therefore, leads the procession.

Promptly at nine the Marine Band strikes up, “Hail, to the Chief,” and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt take their places in the time-honored Blue Room in front of a bank of palms. Promptly His Excellency, the English Ambassador, is announced. Sir Ronald Lindsay, his six feet or more looming high above the crowd, his gold braid and medals simply dazzling, leads the way with his charming American wife, the former Miss Elizabeth Hoyt of New York. And so the procession continues right through the Diplomatic Corps, each member shaking hands with the President and his wife, and everyone on the side-lines straining to see this dazzling sight. For this is the one event of the year where the men “outshine” the women, though the latter wear their most stunning gowns.

Most of the countries have either “Dress” or “Court” uniforms with brilliant red predominating, and all of the coats embroidered in gold. One Minister confided to me that his gold-braided coat weighed twelve pounds and as he acquired more weight, the problem of getting into it became more and more difficult. I have also been told that the cost of these uniforms runs into the thousands of dollars.

This year I believe it was toss-up among the Mexican Ambassador, The Military Attaché of the German Embassy and Sir Ronald Lindsay, as to which one wore the most medals. By far the most picturesque of all the uniforms is that of the Hungarian Minister, Mr. John Pelenyi, who also married an American woman, Miss Harmon of Cleveland. Though the Magyar Court Dress of olden days used to be very brilliant, now that the country is in mourning, it is entirely of black, from the knee pants, high patent leather boots, and furrier coat thrown carelessly over the shoulder to the military hat (kepi) that does break the solemnity with beautiful white aigrettes.

Everyone was wondering how near the Japanese and Chinese groups would be together in the line. As Mrs. Roosevelt wrote in her column next day, “One could feel the tension in the atmosphere.” Perhaps it was fortunate that the seniority rule brought these two countries quite far apart, and that the former group left immediately after the hand-shaking performance.

After the diplomats had all been received, a few lone Senate wives joined forces and went down the line together. All of us were temporarily “widowed” because of an unexpected night session of the Senate. Then followed what seemed to be an endless line of people, who, after meeting the President, wandered either to the dining room for light refreshments.
or to the big East Room where the band played for dancing. While the tireless First Lady stayed on to mingle with her guests, the President retired to their upstairs apartments.

This colorful party is almost like a wedding, it takes a tremendous amount of preparation and is over so soon. But to the guests, it is a privilege of a lifetime.

A Gridiron Weekend

Many of us have seen, and some used, a gridiron—maybe you've even toasted your fingers in the process. But that roasting is nothing to what the Fourth Estate does at its bi-annual Gridiron banquets. For more than fifty years this exclusive Washington Newspaper Men's Club whose active membership is limited to fifty has been having fun at the expense of the High and Mighty—the higher—the hotter the toasting.

Back in 1885, Ben: Perley Poore, who wrote some very famous newspaper reminiscences, conceived the idea of starting this club which began very simply by "roasting" its own members. By 1900 it was running on a more elaborate basis with two banquets a year. Membership has always been by election and the club has remained entirely social in its activities. But as the years went on these entertainments became more and more elaborate and singers were admitted to associate membership. President Cleveland would never attend, but every President since has been a guest. Theodore Roosevelt put the club very much "on the map" by the famous "row" he had with Senator Foraker at the time Samuel Blythe was president. Their heated argument reached almost to the point of blows.

But all of the roasting is in a spirit of fun and tho' the barb may sometimes sting, yet the "barbee" must laugh. Now the skits are elaborately costumed, the songs are many and clever, and the lines very stinging and witty. All of the writing and acting is done by the members. Only two speeches are on the program, one given by some well-known outsider, the other by the President of the United States, both "off the record."

At the recent dinner, four hundred sat down to most elaborately decorated banquet tables. A large Gridiron made entirely of roses is always the outstanding theme, then this color scheme is carried up and down the entire length of the many tables. The guest list of this last dinner read like an international blue book.

As the dinner was Saturday night, the weekend became a riot of entertaining. I think poor Mr. Alfred Landon must have been a wreck after trying to see all of the many friends who had extended invitations to him. But he managed to give us a half hour of his precious Saturday afternoon, bringing with him a few of his "Colonels," headed by Dolly Gann. Our "Open House" brought together many old newspaper friends and many people well known in the public eye.

And our party was just one of the many that continued from Friday night through Saturday noon, Saturday afternoon, Sunday noon, Sunday afternoon, until Sunday night.

In order that visiting wives and local Griseldas might not have to sit alone and wait for the very late return of husbands, Mrs. Roosevelt four years ago inaugurated a "Widiron" dinner, to quote Mrs. Hope Ridings Miller of the Washington Post. Impromptu skits the first year have been succeeded by more and more elaborately prepared ones until this year the men decided to include some of the women's stunts in their Sunday afternoon "re-Hash" of the night-before. This afternoon party is always given at the Willard Hotel by the acting president of the Gridiron for the many visitors and their friends. The members, not in costume, repeat some of the outstanding scorchin's for the benefit of the many not present the night before. For an hour and a half we fairly rolled in laughter, for these men have come to be seasoned actors with excellent singing voices.

A typical bit of "poetry" from one of the women's stunts:

"Hi, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The moon laughed and laughed and said, 'You're too late—
Eleanor passed here at noon.'"
MRS. GEORGE MORRIS, WEARING A GOWN OF RICHLY COLORED DAMASK AT THE HOUSE-WARMING OF "THE LINDENS," WHICH WAS BROUGHT PIECE BY PIECE FROM DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS, TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.  
But thinking of fences, and speaking of sheep,  
When, if ever, does Eleanor sleep?"

May I quote a bit of the satire on the G. O. P. that included my husband?  One of the members representing Senator Vandenberg appeared and, to the tune of "You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming," said:

"You can stop us up on the hill;  
You can stop us, with jobs to fill.  
You can treat us mean, Franklin, that's all right;  
But we'll get even, we're going to fight.  
Life begins in forty."

One of the several Sunday breakfasts was given by your Editor, Frances Parkinson Keyes, for newspaper women and friends. Trust her for thinking up something entertaining and different! This time it was a New England breakfast—hot codfish balls with tomato sauce, New England baked beans, brown bread, apple sauce, hot coffee and doughnuts. Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, and Representative Edith Nourse Rogers helped serve this delicious menu. And how the girls ate! As a happy "dessert" our hostess took us on an intimate visit to her dolls which are dressed in costumes of all nations; her priceless crucifixes, and her exquisite fans—a rare privilege.

To top off this unbelievably packed weekend came a perfect evening with the Secretary of War and Mrs. Woodring, the charming, beautiful Helen Coolidge, daughter of the former Senator from Massachusetts. The Woodrings are now living in the home of former President Hoover, a house that adapts itself well to entertaining large groups, so that the 75 guests were made very comfortable. It is amazing how this young woman runs this large establishment with no apparent flurry or worry, looks after her three little children and
carries on her many exacting duties as a Cabinet Lady. Four turkeys, four hams—sent by Gov. Lloyd Stark of Missouri with a special recipe for cooking—eggplant en casserole, tomatoes stuffed with caviar, were just a few of the high spots on the menu. It was regular old home week for the many from Kansas and Missouri who were here for the weekend.

When midnight finally found us home, I must admit I was ready to call it a day!

• • •

Diplomatic Holiday Celebrations

Close on the "heels" of Cuba's and Poland's patriotic celebrations which I described last month, came Finland's Independence Day. A few days later Siam joined in the merry round. Most recent hosts were the South African Minister with Mrs. Close.

"Why are there so many Embassy and Legation parties so early in the year? Is it because we want to carry on while still on speaking terms with one another?" a diplomat was heard to remark recently. Whatever the explanation, the crowds have "poured in" at all these functions. In practically every case the diplomat's government pays for his entertaining, so the lavishness depends a good deal upon how rich or generous the country is, not on how independently wealthy is the diplomat!

So on to Finland let us go!

"Does your husband think we can exterminate that Third Termite?" said one "Gridiron widow" to another while impersonating Senate wives at Mrs. Roosevelt's party the night of the men's Gridiron dinner.

You may think this remark a far cry from the Finnish Independence Day celebration, but if you had been following the difficulties which both the Czechoslovakian and Finnish Legations have been having with the real termites, it would seem timely. In both Legations these pests had been "in residence" many, many terms and have practically undermined both buildings. So much so that the Finnish Minister and Madame Järnefelt finally moved to a new home and the Czechoslovakians are practically rebuilding.

So the 20th Independence Day of Finland was celebrated in a cheery modern home with the country's blue and white flag waving a cordial welcome. (You may recall that Finland's Revolution was a bloodless one when that country separated from Russia.)

When the Minister and Madame Järnefelt first arrived two years ago, they were simply besieged with congratulations because their country was the only one paying its war debt to the United States. Finally they began to think that was all we knew about Finland. But they are a sweet, patient pair and gradually have "educated" their friends.

Very early in our acquaintance, I discovered that Madame Järnefelt and I were "fellow newspaper women"—"A tie that binds." Before her rather recent marriage, I found she had lived in many lands, four years in China where her father was Minister from Finland at the same time Madame Rajamaitri, now wife of the Siamese Minister there, was there with her father, another Siamese Minister. From here Madame Järnefelt sent back dispatches regularly to a paper in her home town of Helsinki, where she was on the staff for seven years. In that time she interviewed many famous people and learned to speak English perfectly. But this is her first diplomatic post as a hostess.

She says there isn't any "woman problem" in Finland! Women are accepted without question in practically all professions and industries, law, medicine, the lumber business, even as street car conductors.

Madame Järnefelt has particularly enjoyed the markets of Washington because in Finland the housewife seldom does her own marketing. In the apartment houses, of which there are many, the meals are prepared in a single kitchen with a staff of employees who serve everyone. The wife makes her selection of meals for the day from a menu brought each morning.

It was news to me that Finland is as large as France and second in population to all the Scandinavian countries. It is very heavily wooded and dotted with lakes; its summer climate is ideal and its winters not "half as bad as Washington," tho', of course, very much colder.

Madame Järnefelt's "second love" is music. And outside of diplomacy, it is undoubtedly the Minister's greatest in-
terest. The famous Finnish composer, Jean Julius Christian Sibelius, is his uncle, so you may know how interested he was in the recent seventy-second birthday celebration of this composer, often called “The Uncrowned King of Finland.” It is to be hoped that he will be able to visit this country once more and be entertained in Washington. Madame Järnefelt is studying the piano very seriously these days tho’ she admits it is difficult to find the time to practice.

At the Independence Day party, Madame Maija Boldemann, the Minister’s sister, who is visiting here, caused quite a sensation with her straight, bobbed hair and cameo-like features. She is a painter of considerable fame in her country and several of her canvasses adorn the new Legation.

Knowing the fame of Scandinavian cooking, I was especially interested in the tea-table display. Madame Järnefelt admitted that their French chef was a master at making Finnish pastries. The little, filled-pastry squares simply melted in your mouth and were slightly reminiscent of anchovy paste. Two kinds of rum cakes, tho’ rather difficult to eat, were certainly popular with the crowd. Whole platters of caviar sandwiches disappeared like magic. But this was an Independence Day celebration without our firecrackers and a party long to be remembered.

And now to Siam!

Far-off Siam maintains a very imposing Legation, where presides one of the most petite and delightful hostesses in the Capital, Madame Rajamaitri. Constitution Day with her and her brilliant husband, the Minister, meant celebrating the change in their country in 1932 from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy.

Madame Rajamaitri, who was educated in England, is noted both for her flawless English and her exquisite Parisian gowns. She always looks like a picture out of Vogue and was particularly beautifully gownned on the day of the reception. Little “Didi,” her lovely three year old daughter, is following in her mother’s footsteps—she simply bubbles with childish charm.

And now on to South Africa!

Imagine getting flowers all the way from South Africa for the Legation house warming! Lovely clusters of waxy-white cherincheas, a bit like our paper-white narcissus, and straw flowers (by another name) in shades of reds and browns, looking more like roses than our variety—all had traveled a month to reach here. Yet the white flowers looked as if freshly gathered because they are picked in the bud, packed in ice for shipping and only blossom when unpacked.

Everyone was especially interested in seeing this very newly completed Legation over which presides a greatly beloved couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph William Close. They have had the difficult task of supervising the building and furnishing of the first Legation their country has had in the United States. It is evident from the moment you pass through the “kat”—an exact copy of the portico on the Castle at Cape-town—that the Closes had given much thought toward having the Legation typify their own country and yet fit into our picture. The result is a triumph of thoughtful combinations of the African Dutch and American architecture. All the stinkwood in the solidly paneled dining room, even that for the chairs and sideboard, was brought from South Africa. The many-paned windows, the moldings, the cornices are “just like home,” for the architect spent several years of research to get these details correct.

One hated to leave this hospitable roof. Even tho’ the rooms were large and the ceilings high, it was comfortable to the last degree and easily took care of the enormous crowd that seemed to fill every nook and corner.

The Lindens

“She’s had her face lifted” is a comment which causes only mild curiosity nowadays, but when an Eighteenth century house had not only its face but its entire “body” lifted from one state to another, that is NEWS! True, the Alexander Weddells brought part of their Richmond, Virginia, mansion from England, but right here in our Capital, “The Lindens” has been “lifted” all the way from Danvers, Massachusetts, and replaced bit by bit on Kalorama Road by Mr. and Mrs. George Maurice Morris.

Mrs. Morris, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hubbard, having been
brought up in the ancestral-worshipping atmosphere of “Widehall,” a lovely old Maryland estate, was imbued from youth with an appreciation of antiquity. Fortunately she found a husband equally interested and together they have made a real study of antiques, a research that has involved years of arduous work. Finally they found themselves surrounded with a very valuable, and, in many cases, rare collection of Hepplewhite, Queen Anne, and Chippendale furniture. Then began the search for a home in which to house these valuable pieces. This quest took them up and down the Eastern coast until finally they found their house in Danvers, Massachusetts. This Mid-Georgian 1754 mansion particularly intrigued them because of its unusual hall and stairway. After they found that neither the Colonial Dames nor the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiques was able to finance the restoration, they purchased this gray-sanded frame house. Then what to do? Mr. Walter Mayo Macomber, the resident architect of re-
constructed colonial Williamsburg, was called into consultation. He took over the task of dismantling, hauling and reconstructing—all of which was accomplished in the comparatively short time of three years. All of his workmen, even to the laborers, were “imported” from Williamsburg to do the revamping, because, as Mrs. Morris explains, “It takes a certain attitude of mind and a real historical appreciation to do this kind of a job.”

Everyone of the wide pine floor boards, whether marbleized or stenciled, every windowpane, every panel was numbered. All the old nails were saved. Even the wallpaper on the hall and stairway was steamed off piece by piece. By the way, this pictorial paper, so well preserved in its vivid colorings, was printed in Paris by DeFour about 1825. It reproduces a mythological story, the adventures of Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, and the landing of Pizarro in Peru. This hall and the accordion stairway whose hand-carving continues even to the third floor are among the three finest survivals in the country.

Even though the original pine paneling of the drawing room had been sold to the Kansas City Museum before Mr. and Mrs. Morris bought the place, they have restored it exactly. Most of the hand-dipped candles in their beautiful sconces have been wired for electricity, an experiment that took months to perfect in order not to have the current so strong that it would melt the wax.

The library is done in a Spanish brown with a room-sized rug, a priceless antique which blends in with the wall colorings perfectly. In the passage-way from this room to the drawing room is a panel which hides a secret stairway leading to the basement. Down this you climb with difficulty to an enormous room where a swinging partition has been built, thus making a division possible. At one end is the old kitchen fireplace surrounded by ancient utensils, many of which are pewter—there is a meat grinder, a steak broiler, an oil-time lamp, a tilting kettle, and many other amazingly interesting pieces. A hand-hewn, trestle-type, Cherry-Valley table—Mrs. Morris considers one of her rarest pieces. Recesses have been built in the wall to hide the modern piano and radio when not in use.

Upstairs the dining-room is especially cheery and homelike with soft violet-tinted walls, and curtains, even to the tie-backs and valances, of genuinely old materials, marvelously preserved. Four large master bedrooms on the second floor have Chippendale beds of which there are very few in the country. Still another floor has several more master bedrooms and servants’ quarters.

In a personally conducted tour, we were told that the original Tory owner of “The Lindens” was Robert Hooper, a Marblehead merchant who had housed General Thomas Gage, the last Colonial Governor of Massachusetts. A bullet scarred doorway is silent proof of the bitter days of 1774.

To bridge the gap between Massachusetts and Virginia, Mr. Macomber paved the terrace at the rear with flagstones brought from the famous colonial home of “King” Carter on the Rappahannock River.

Naturally all of this restoration work has become the subject of such genuine interest to their many friends that Mr. and Mrs. Morris decided on a “three-day” housewarming. To carry out the Colonial atmosphere, the invitations were printed on a reproduction of 18th Century paper using the type styles of that period. By the time the celebration in question had ended, over 1500 people had trod those sacred boards and received an unforgettable lesson in history.

The door was opened by a negro butler in colonial dress, tailed coat and frilled stock. Indoors an orchestra played popular colonial ballads. Down in the basement, a negro mammy baked beans over a roaring fire. The candle-lighted supper table was laden with delicious dishes under names unknown to this generation—“maids of honor,” “sippets,” “salmagundi,” cheese and banbury tarts. Last, but not least, Fishhouse punch was served! With this thoroughly “American” celebration, we end our notes for this month!

* Among the pilgrimages planned by the State Historic Committee of your organization, the most recent was a tour of this historic mansion, which 75 members enjoyed thru the courtesy of Mrs. Morris.
16062. WARING.—Wanted parentage of Thaddeus Waring, Rev. Soldier. He was b. 18 April 1746, mar. 17 Feb. 1771, Deborah Frost of Stamford, Conn.—Mrs. Mildred R. B. Chadeayne, 4944 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

16063. GILLIAM.—Wanted, descendants of John Gilliam who came to Virginia in 1635 with his brothers William and Devereu on the ship “Susan Constant”—Mrs. Florence Gilliam Allen, 2160 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio.

16064. CHADBOURNE. — Humphrey Chadbourne, b. in Boston in 1830; died in Woburn, Mass., April 4, 1877; mar. Angela Reed. He was the son of Humphrey and M. Chadbourne of Boston. Wanted dates & parentage of Humphrey and M. Chadbourne & where they lived before coming to Boston.—Mrs. Walter E. Hills, 1437 Rosemary Street, Denver, Colo.

16065. MOSELEY.—Wanted parentage of Absolum Moseley born 1773, Edgefield Dist., S. C. He mar. Mary Richardson, born 1775. Also want to know if Absolum served in War of 1812.—Mrs. C. W. Pettigrew, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

16066. TALBOT.—Wanted parentage of Richard & Elizabeth Talbot, lineal descendants of the Earl of Shrewsbury, (England). Elizabeth was born Sept. 23, 1791, died July 3, 1825.—Mabel P. Biggs, 214 North High St., Neosho, Mo.


(a) MAYHEW.—Has it yet been proved who the wives of Gov. Thomas Mayhew were and the dates of his marriages? Was his second wife grand-dau. of Stephen Hopkins of the Mayflower?—Mrs. Mollie Le-Noir, P. O. Box 365, Jacksonville, Florida.

16068. KETCHAM.—Wanted Rev. ances. of William Ketchan, born June 14, 1772, N. Y. State. Also of Henrietta Tobias (dau. of Silas Tobias) born Aug. 14, 1803, also N. Y. State.—Mrs. Annie L. B. Smith, 117 Battin Road, Fair Haven, N. J.

16069. BUCHANAN.—Would like to correspond with the person interested in information concerning John Buchanan, requested in inquiry number 16007—BUCHANAN, page 958 of the October number of the D.A.R. Magazine.—Pleas Hobbs, Fayetteville, Tenn.

16070. HILLIS.—Would like to correspond with desc. of Abraham Hillis, Rev. Sol. from Chester Co., Pa., especially with 10614, Sept. 1922, Magazine. Have some information.—Mrs. Myrtle A. Roe, 116 Phelps St., Sterling, Colo.

16071. ASHBROOK.—Would like to correspond with you, query number 13404, March 1930 Magazine, as I have valuable data on this family & would like to exchange.—Miss Genevieve L. Potts, 118 Oak St., Columbus, Ohio.

16072. GODMAN.—The Register of “All Hallows” Parish, Davidsonville, Md.,
(Anne Arundel County) shows burial of Samuel Godman, May 18, 1733. Baldwin's "Maryland Calender of Wills", VIII, 198, shows will of Snowden Taylor (will 1743) naming his wife Ann as executrix and mentioning children of testator's wife—Samuel and Humphrey Godman. I would like to hear from any one having information as to the above named Godman's. Want data on Samuel Godman who mar. Charlotte Reynolds of Virginia, probably abt. 1740—shown to be father of Capt. Samuel Godman of the 4th Maryland Regt. who mar. Anna Henderson; their dau. Charlotte—who mar. William Shirley Dec. 31, 1801; Nancy—who mar. Jacob Vanpelt, March 27, 1805; also sons: Humphrey, Zacharias, Richard, John, Eli, Allen and William, born 1755.

(a) Wickliffe.—The "History of Muhlenburg, Ky." shows Judge John Wickliffe Isreal Godman, born Dec. 8, 1798, only child of John Allen Godman and wife Susan Wickliffe, both of whom died shortly after he was born, and that he was named for his two gr.-fathers, John Wickliffe and Isreal Godman. When an infant was taken from Virginia to Kentucky abt. 1799-1800. Would like to hear from any one having any infor. abt. Isreal Godman or John Allen Godman & their ancestors. I have a great deal of Godman history & would be glad to give any assistance to those interested.—Samuel O. Godman, Box 135, Fort Myers, Fla.


(a) HINSEY - HINSSY - HINZE. — Wanted parentage of Christofel or Christopher Hinssy whose son John Adam Hinssy was born in Penna. in 1783. Would like Rev. service of Christofel or his father, & record of proof.

(b) McALLISTER - BARTEAU.—Wanted parentage & family data of John McAllister born in Hinesburg Vermont in 1820 & died in 1865. His wife Clamana Melissa Bart- eau, were married in 1841.—Mrs. Ira E. Hinsey, 322 West Spruce Avenue, Arkansas City, Kansas.

16074. CAMPBELL.—Wanted parentage of Robert Campbell, born abt. 1775, died abt. 1823. He mar. May 15, 1798, Amelia Henderson. They were the parents of John, 1799-1843, Mary S. (Nancy) born 1801, Amy b. 1804, Margaret and Susan b. 1806, Stewart b. 1808, Henderson b. 1810 and Robert b. 1813. Wanted parentage of Amelia Henderson-Campbell.—F. E. Campbell, 321 W. Sandusky St., Findlay, Ohio.

16075. COLLIER.—Luther Collier mar. Mary Thompson in Maryland, settled on Brush Creek, Adams County, Ohio, had son Daniel. Wanted names of other children of Luther and Mary Collier with dates.—Minnie T. Payne, 151 N. Main St., Franklin, Ind.

16076. HULL. — Wanted parentage of John Hull, b. abt. 1751; mar. May 1, 1781, in North Kingston, R. I., Elizabeth Helme; died Mar. 16, 1826, in Burrillville, R. I.; a Rev. pensioner.—Mrs. Lucy I. Lamb, 22 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.


16078. JENNINGS.—Wanted to corres. with any one who has the records on Jennings of N. J., especially from the line from John Jennings of Northern N. J. & his wife Van Aken (?) who was soldier in Rev. Priscilla Jennings of Hardwick, Sussex Co., who died in 1788, had children: John, Benjamin, Helen, Elizabeth, etc. Hardwick Twp. was set off to Warren Co., N. J., in 1825. What became of their children? Was this John the one who was soldier in Rev.? Who was his wife? Has he any children?—Milton R. Jennings, R. D. 1, Ithaca, N. Y.

16079. FARMER.—Wanted parentage & all possible infor. of Otho Farmer, born abt. 1809 near Elizabethtown, Ky., Mar. in 1828-30, again in 1836 to Trecy Johnson. Wanted names of Otho's father and grandfather. Father died not long before the Civil War and buried near Elizabethtown.—Elizabeth Farmer Peach, Marceline, Mo.

16081. PURDY.—Wanted parentage, also names of brothers & sisters of James Purdy (b. 1760; died 1844), wife Sarah—buried at Albany, N. Y. His children were Oliver, James, Anna, Mary, Andrew, Isaac & Phoebe.—Mrs. J. B. Wilson, 108 1/2 N. Gridley Street, Bloomington, Ill.


(a) FRINK.—Wanted parentage and desc. of Andrew Frink of Stonington who mar. in Preston, Conn., Jan. 31, 1773, Mary Hilliard of Preston. Was he the Andrew who was Lieut. in Rev. War from Preston? Wanted also parentage of Joseph (Jefferson) Frink who mar. in Tolland, Conn., Nov. 17, 1824, Emily Lathrop. Was he a son of Joshua Frink and Ann Gallup of Voluntown and Sterling, Conn.? He is not mentioned in Joshua’s will.—Dorothy M. Frink, 10 West Conkling Ave., Middletown, N. Y.

16083. MORRIS - GRIFFITH.—Frances Bell Morris mar. Benjamin Griffith, first child was Abel, born 1803, would like proof Abel was son of Benjamin and where born. Also parentage of Frances Morris. Family tradition states that she was of Robert Morris family, their son. Abel Griffith mar. Hannah Gore (Goar) abt. 1833. Their first child was named Morris. Would like information on Hannah Gore.—Virginia Griffith, 25 Prospect Place, Tudor City, New York, N. Y.

16084. SHUMWAY.—Wanted ances. and desc. of David & Mary Shumway, who were living in Bartholomew County, Ind., in 1839. Martha was probably a native of Watertown, Conn.—Mrs. Laurence C. Chase, 25 Taylor Street, Torrington, Conn.

BIBLE RECORDS

Copied from the Bible of Nathaniel Jones of White Plains, N. C.

Nathaniel Jones, son of Evan Jones & Elizabeth his wife, was born in the year of our Lord 1749.

Millison Blanshard, daughter of Benjamin Blanshard, was born the 20 of Oct., 1754.

The aforesaid Nathan Jones and Millison Blanshard was married the 20th day of July 1772.

The said Millison wife of the sd. Nathaniel Jones departed this life the 12th of March, 1785.

Robert Jones son of Nathaniel & Millison Jones was born 19 May 1773 & died Oct. 1780.

Elizabeth Jones daughter of N. & M. Jones was born 24 of December 1774.

Sarah Jones daughter of N. & M. Jones was born the 1st of August 1776.

Evans Jones son of N. & M. Jones was born 15th of April 1778 & died 13th of Oct. 1780.

Mary Jones was born 21 of December 1780.

Nancy Jones was born 23 of January 1783.

Seth Jones was born 9th of March 1785. Rachel Perry, daughter of Burwell Perry & Elizabeth his wife, was born 28 day of May 1766 & was married to Nathaniel Jones 2nd day of November 1786.

Joel Jones was born 3rd day of November 1787.

Alfred Jones was born 11 day of December 1789.

Burwell Perry Jones was born 9th of April 1791 and died 11 January 1835.

Timothy Walton Jones was born 28th of January 1793 and died 26 of April 1826.

Wesley Jones was born 30 day of Nov. 1794.
Millison Jones born 14 day of January 1797.

Temperance Jones was born the 28 day of July 1800.

Martha Jones was born 24 day of May 1802.

Helan Jones was born 20th of January 1805.

Nathanile Jones departed this life the 8th of February, 1815.

Nathaniel Jones (son of B.P.J.) died 27 Jan., 1833.

Frances Jones (wife B. P. Jones) died 14th May, 1833.

Archibald Jones died 20 April, 1841.

Alfred M. Jones died 15 July, 1846.

* * *

Millison Jones, daughter of Nathaniel & Rachel (Perry) Jones, who was born 14 day of January 1797, was called “Amelia” and she married John Norman Pulliam, of Granville County, North Carolina, and later they moved to Fayette County, Tennessee (and both are buried in the “Family Burying Grounds” on his plantation in Fayette Co., Tenn. This plantation has passed out of the Pulliam Family but the stones mark their graves, with record on them).

* * *

Evan Jones in 1705 held 600 acres of Her Majesty’s Land in Princess Anne Co., Va.

Ancestors are buried in old Bath Church.

Nathaniel Jones of White Plains removed to Wake Co. N. C.

His first wife Millison (Blanshard) Jones died when Seth was 3 days old. She left seven children.

His second wife Rachel (Perry) Jones had nine children.

Nathaniel Jones of White Plains died when Seth was 3 days old. He left seven children.

Nathaniel Jones, White Plains, departed this life 8th February A.D. 1815.

Timothy W. Jones departed this life 15th April 1827.

Martha Helen Pulliam departed this life on the 10th of August A.D. 1844.

* * *

Barnett Pulliam I, second son of Benjamin and Mary (Bruce) Pulliam, died in Granville Co. N. C. on the 20th day of May 1813, age 54 years, some months & some days.

Barnett Pulliam II was born in 1781 in Granville Co. N. C. and died Oct. 12 1807, age 26 years.

The other Nathaniel Jones came from “Crabtree.”

Copied from Bible of John Norman Pulliam, which is in the family, owned by John Junius Pulliam.

John Norman Pulliam and his wife Amelia Jones were married 20th of December A. D. 1821.

Nathaniel Jones and his wife Rachel Perry were married on the 2nd day of November, 1786.

Joel Jones Pulliam, son of John Norman Pulliam and Amelia Jones Pulliam was born 14th day of October A. D. 1822 (after he was grown he changed his name to Joel Lane Pulliam as two brothers had the same initials J. J.).

John Junius Pulliam was born 18th Sept. A.D. 1824.

Temperance Jones Pulliam was born 13th June A.D. 1827.

Martha Helen Pulliam was born 2nd Sept. A.D. 1829.

Samuel Harper Pulliam was born 28th Sept. A.D. 1832.

Rachel Caroline Pulliam was born 28th July A.D. 1834.

Alfred Barnett Pulliam was born 9th Feb. A.D. 1838.

* * *

Rachel Perry was born 28th day of May 1766.

Nathaniel Jones was born 13th day of January 1749.

Nathaniel Jones, White Plains, departed this life 8th February A.D. 1815.

Timothy W. Jones departed this life 15th April 1827.

Martha Helen Pulliam departed this life on the 10th of August A.D. 1844.

* * *

Barnett Pulliam I, second son of Benjamin and Mary (Bruce) Pulliam, died in Granville Co. N. C. on the 20th day of May 1813, age 54 years, some months & some days.
FOR the many letters of appreciation of the work of this new department we express our thanks.

The change in rates which extends the time that we are permitted to give to research on any one lineage is meeting with approval. We are now able more thoroughly to canvass the material to be found in our Library and in other sources in Washington. The orders that we receive each day far outnumber the reports that we are able to complete because of the painstaking research required. We urge that definite data be sent. Do not submit extensive manuscripts that require hours of analysis. Names, dates, location of the family in each generation are the essential facts and these should be arranged upon charts, if possible. This department is filling a long-felt want and is already recognized as one of the most useful projects of our Society. Its greatest need is a sufficient number of assistants that we may report upon our orders more promptly.

We note an item of genealogical interest from the office of County Clerk of Frederick County, Virginia, at Winchester. This is the discovery of a list of nearly five hundred names of soldiers of the Colonial Wars, which are to be found in a deed book of 1755 in the court martial proceedings conducted by Thomas, Lord Fairfax as County Lieutenant. It is hoped that a copy may be obtained for our Library.

A most valuable contribution to genealogical research is a compilation of the Histories of the Counties of the United States by F. Douglas and Eva H. T. Halver-son. This gives the present names, dates of formation, parent counties and county seats of all the counties in each state. It is alphabetically arranged in manuscript form, manila bound and is a book that you will want to take along whenever you go ancestor hunting.

This department prepares for publication in the Magazine monthly reports of the work, lists of Family Associations with names of Secretaries, Revolutionary War Pensions and helpful suggestions for individual research.

From a letter from Lima, Ohio, I quote:

"I wish to commend the Daughters of the American Revolution for their valuable service in publishing the information regarding the Family Associations. Due to this publication one branch of the Hover family which had moved away and only knew the name of a great-grandmother has made contact with those who still bear the family name and who have the early records of the family; have found a Revolutionary ancestor of whom they knew nothing; in fact, it was like ‘opening a door,’ as this delighted descendant stated."

Public interest in the celebration of the Signing of the Treaty of 1787 is focused upon the Pilgrimage now being conducted from Massachusetts to Marietta, Ohio. This period of migration following the close of the Revolutionary War is most difficult in genealogical research. Every effort should be made to collect records of those pioneer families and their descendants. If every county would publish in their local newspapers the names of their pioneer families, the birth, death and marriage dates, their native states and the names of their chil-
dren and invite communication with descendents in those or other states, these contributions would be of greatest value to a people fast becoming interested in family history. This department would welcome copies of such data. After all, the history of a nation is just the biography of its people.

The first census of “The Old Northwest,” Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, is that of 1820. Ohio has eleven volumes, Indiana three, Illinois two, Michigan one. These give the location and names of the heads of families, the number of males and females under ten years of age, from ten to sixteen years, sixteen to twenty-six years, twenty-six to forty-five years and over forty-five years. The male schedule also lists the number from sixteen to eighteen years. These records are found only in the Census Bureau in Washington. In Ohio the “Four Original Counties” were Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson and Washington. What a field for interesting research is here made possible!

Let us collect these records while they are available. Your National Headquarters is a very safe depository.

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.

Eskridge Family Association, Mrs. W. T. Rucker, Secretary, 905 Federal Street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Griswold Family Association, Mrs. Mary B. Bullard, Secretary, Guilford, Connecticut.

Landes, Landis, Clan of York County, Pennsylvania, Mr. C. P. Bolgiano, 4604 Springsdale Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

Weyrich Rudisill Clan of York County, Pennsylvania, Miss Margaret Rudisill, Secretary, York Street, Hanover, Pennsylvania.

Oswald Dubs Clan of York County, Pennsylvania, Miss Ruth Anna Dubs, Secretary, R. D. 2, Hanover, Pennsylvania.

Tower Genealogical Society, Walter Lamont Tower, Secretary, Dalton, Massachusetts.

Davidson Family Association, Minnie Davidson, Secretary, Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Deets Family Association, Harry Deets, Downingtown, Pennsylvania.

Demy Family Association, A. B. Demy, Secretary, Hummelstown, Pennsylvania.

Deppen Family Association, Mae G. Haverstick, Secretary, Neffsville, Pennsylvania.

Dohner Family Association, Aaron Breidenstein, Soudersburg, Pennsylvania.

Doulin-Miller Family Association, Mrs. Lela Brooks, Secretary, West Willow, Pennsylvania.

Eberly Family Association, G. S. Eberly, 43 S. Lime Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Eckman Family Association, Galen Eckman, New Providence, Pennsylvania.

Elmer Family Association, Mrs. Ella Penninger, Leola, Pennsylvania.


Eshenashde Family Association, Mildred Myer, Secretary, New Holland, Pennsylvania.

Eshelman Family Association, Elmer J. Hammond, Secretary, Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Eshelman Family Association, Paul Bauder, Secretary, Terre Hill, Pennsylvania.

Fake Family Association, Edgar L. Barr, Secretary, Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Fassnacht Family Association, Harvey S. Fassnacht, Secretary, Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

Fishel Family Association, Henry H. Fishel, 124 N. 5th Street, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

Foltz-Fultz-Foults Family Association, Ezra Foltz, Deodate, Pennsylvania.

Forsney Family Association, Mary Lee Forney, Secretary, Spencer Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

D. A. R. Lineage Books

The compilation of the Lineage Books, now transferred by act of Congress to the office of Registrar General, includes:

1. Copying 1000 records to each Lineage Volume and adding all additional records.
2. Checking each name of ancestors, dates and places of birth and death, name of wife, and service, by card in the Ancestor Catalogue.
3. Research work when records conflict, which requires genealogical knowledge.
4. Comparing carefully each record before sending to printer. (This is comparing the copy with original applications.)
5. Reading of printer's proof (comparing copy with galley), checking errors in printing.
6. Indexing names of both members and ancestors, which necessitates copying of approximately 2500 names in every volume, which are compared, alphabetized and pasted alphabetically, before the final printing.

Every eight weeks a book is compiled, printed and placed on sale at the Business Office.

The lineage books are an essential part of a genealogical library. In order to place this valuable material in chapters or libraries a special offer is made of some soiled volumes that are now available upon payment of 50¢ to cover cost of transportation and handling. The contents of the books are in no way damaged, and only the covers and edges are somewhat soiled. All volumes are not available. Every member should own a copy of the lineage book that contains her National number and lineage. Send all orders to the Business Office and checks made payable to the Treasurer General.

Our last published volume is number 159, which contains National numbers 158001 to 159000.

LUE R. SPENCER,
Registrar General.

War Pensions


Nancy Battershell declares that she is the widow of Freeman Battershell, who was a Rev. soldier, he served as a private in Capt. Thomas Moore's Co., Colonel Gibson's Va. Regt., a part of the time at Fort Pitt (no dates given), was in the same Mess with Thomas Brichel or Bickel, who was killed when he went out of the Fort. He was "shot down", he had a brother George Brickel. It is stated that he served in all 7½ years.

She was married to Freeman Battershell March 1786 (no maiden name given) and they lived in Clark County and Bourbon County, Ky. Freeman Battershell died April 16, 1818. Their children:

Mary was born Jan. 22, 1787.
Elizabireth, born Nov. 7, 1789.
Susannah, born Jan. 20, 1892.
Sarah, born Feb. 8, 1794.
Rachel, born Dec. 28, 1795.
Nancy, born Feb. 2, 1798.
Peggy, born Jan. 22, 1800.
John, born July 14, 1803.

The following data are shown also. Jacob and Hannah Johnson children's births:

Cynthia Johnson was born Nov. 11, 1826.
Elizabeth Johnson was born Oct. 16, 1828.
Margaret Johnson was born Oct. 17, 1830.
Nancy Johnson was born Oct. 7, 1832.
Armilda S. Johnson was born July 16, 1835.

Matilda Johnson was born Aug. 28, 1837.
Squire Johnson was born May 4, 1839 (not clear).


James Battershell was born Feb. 2, 1833.

John E. Battershell was born Jan. 14, 1835.

Saryan Battershell was born Mar. 17, 1837.

No further family data on file.


Joseph Martin entered the service as a Minute Man and served one year under Capt. Joseph Combs at Alexandria, Va.

In the fall of 1777 he enlisted for 3 years, later re-enlisted for during the war, and served under the following officers with the 10th Regt. Va. Troops: Captains William Smith, Thomas West and James Williams; Col. William Russell. He stated that he enlisted in the fall of 1777 by Capt. Thomas West, was attached to Col. William Russell's 10th Va. Regt., General Weedon's Brigade, Continental Army, until the fall of 1778, when he was re-enlisted by Capt. James Williams for during the war, was discharged “after peace.” He was in the battle of Monmouth and was discharged from the hospital at Alexandria, Va., after peace was declared, by Surgeon William Rumley.

After the Revolutionary War he moved from Loudoun County, Va., to Pittsylvania, Va., thence to Halifax, Va., thence to North Carolina, then returned to Pittsylvania, Va., later moved to Henry Co., Va.

He died February 14, 1832 in Henry Co., Va.


Patsey Martin declares that she is the widow of Joseph Martin, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818.

She was married to Joseph Martin while he was home on a furlough, March 1, about 18 months before the close of the war, in Loudoun County, Va. Her name before said marriage was Patsey Bailey. They had 6 children:

Stephen Martin, born Nov. 28, 1779.

Susanna Martin, born May 8, 1787.

Morning or Moaning Martin, born Aug. 1, 1789.

Joseph Martin, born Sept. 7, 1791 or 1792.

Thomas Martin, born May 26, 1795.

Patsey or Martha Martin, born May 27, 1798, married John Perdue.

In 1839 Stephen, Susanna, Morning and Joseph were residents of Patrick Co., Va. Patsey was living in Rockingham Co., N. C. Thomas was residing “some where in the west.”

No further family data on file.


Nathaniel Salmon was commissioned in 1776 (exact date not shown), served 1 year in Capt. Henry Luce's Company, Col. Israel Shreve's 2nd N. J. Regt., then entered Capt. Joseph Harker's N. J. Company. Served as Ensign for 1 year, after which he resigned his commission. He was at the battles of Germantown and Monmouth.

July 10, 1820, Nathaniel Salmon, aged 66 years, resident of Roxbury, Morris Co., N. J., states that his wife, Elizabeth, is 56 years old and her son, Enoch, lives with them. He is 12 years old.

Nathaniel Salmon died July 23, 1827. No further family data on file.
GREETINGS:

Now that the Holidays are over, let us get down to the serious work of thoroughly understanding our By Laws. I want to talk about By Laws this time, By Laws generally speaking!

I have a copy of a “Manual of Parliamentary Practice” composed originally for the use of the Senate of the United States, dated 1840, by Thomas Jefferson. The preface, written by Mr. Jefferson, is, in part, as follows:

“I am aware, that authorities can often produce opposition to the rules which I lay down as Parliamentary; an attention to dates will generally remove their weight. The proceedings of Parliament in ancient times, and for a long while, were crude, multiform, and embarrassing. They have been, however, constantly advancing to uniformity and accuracy; and have now obtained a degree of aptitude to their object, beyond which little is to be desired or expected.

Yet I am far from the presumption of believing, that I may not have mistaken the Parliamentary Practice in some cases; and especially in those minor forms, which, being practiced daily, are supposed known to everybody, and therefore have not been committed to writing, but I have begun a sketch, which those who come after me will successively correct and fill up, till a code of rules shall be formed for the use of the Senate, the effects of which may be accuracy in business, economy of time, order, uniformity, and impartiality.”

Thinking along this same line, the main objective that we of today want to reach, I believe, is to learn to keep order, expedite business, and with “uniformity and impartiality” maintain justice, and do it in as simple and understanding a way as possible!

By Laws should be carefully drawn up and seldom amended; at the same time By Laws should not be allowed to become obsolete, and wholly inadequate, to the present day usage. When National and State By Laws are amended, Chapter By Laws should be revised and brought up-to-date and kept in perfect accord with the rules of the higher bodies. Working in 1938 with By Laws written in 1908 (and seldom referred to) is entirely out of order, and eventually the group working under such obsolete rulings will suddenly be forced to send out an SOS call like the ship at sea, with the rudder lost, floundering about in a storm.

Robert’s Rules of Order Revised, page 242, quotes a distinguished English writer on Parliamentary Law as follows:

“The great purpose of all rules and forms is to subserve (promote) the will of the assembly rather than to restrain it, and to facilitate (to make easy or less difficult) not to obstruct the expression of their deliberative sense.”

Now, By Laws should include all of the rules that are of such importance that they cannot be changed in any way without previous notice and, in my opinion, it is an unwise precedent to establish in any society, that of violating the By Laws. If a Society has the right to ignore one of its By Laws, it has the right to ignore any or all of them.

By Laws are adopted with the object of being obeyed and not being ignored. In Robert’s Parliamentary Law, page 365, last paragraph, you will find this statement:

“The By Laws of a Society comprise all its rules, except those relating to the transaction of business, that are of such importance that they should not be changed except after suitable notice to the members, and then by a vote larger than a majority of those voting.”

These rules in the beginning were originally adopted by the entire society and provision was made therein for any change or modification to be made, and in no other way can they be modified. Robert tells us that the By Laws are designed to contain such rules as cannot be suspended and they cannot be changed (except after notice has been given to the members) and then usually a two-thirds vote is required, and this vote should be limited to members, of course.

We are also told on page 157 of this same work, “The fundamental organic rules of a society as embodied in its Constitution or
By Laws cannot be suspended by a unanimous vote."

Right here let me refer you to page 85, R. R. O. R. and you will read the following: "No rule can be suspended when the negative vote is as large as the minority protected by that rule; nor can a rule protecting absentees be suspended even by general consent or a unanimous vote. For instance, a rule requiring notice of a motion to be given at a previous meeting cannot be suspended by a unanimous vote, as it protects absentees who do not give their consent. A rule requiring officers to be elected by ballot cannot be suspended by a unanimous vote because the rule protects a minority of one from exposing his vote, and this he must do if he votes openly in the negative, or objects to giving general consent. Nor can this result be accomplished by voting that the ballot of the assembly be cast by the secretary or anyone else as this does away with the essential principle of the ballot, namely secrecy, and is a suspension of the By Law. If it is desired to allow the suspension of a By Law that cannot be suspended under these rules, then it is necessary to provide in the By Laws for its suspension."

Now, I have noted in certain sets of By Laws sent to me lengthy articles elaborately outlining the method of elections and duties of officers, etc., restricting the privileges of members and officers to the greatest degree; and then there would be a provision for "the suspension of these By Laws at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of those present." I ask you if that is using good judgment, and what is the object gained by writing a set of By Laws with great restrictive measures incorporated, when, by a two-thirds vote of those present, you may suspend any and all By Laws?

If you want your "Ship of State" to sail in on untroubled waters, my advice would be to make definite stipulations or provisions in your By Laws for the handling of important business. Provide sufficiently for the amendment of your By Laws but make very few provisions for the suspension of same!

Standing rules are those which may be adopted at any meeting, without the necessity for previous notice being given, by a majority vote. They may be suspended by a majority vote at any meeting or they may be amended or rescinded by a two-thirds vote. However, remember that no standing rule or resolution, for that matter, or motion is in order that conflicts with the Constitution or By Laws of an organization.

Now, I have been touching upon Parliamentary Points relating to By Laws, which will answer questions that have been sent to me of recent date. When changing By Laws use the term "to amend" or "to revise" as those two phrases include all changes. A revision is an amendment and a two-thirds vote should be required for an amendment and no society should adopt By Laws, or amendments to By Laws that the members cannot interpret. I have found that the matter of not providing for a quorum causes a lot of trouble. Understand that if there is no rule providing for a quorum that the majority of the enrolled membership constitutes a quorum. This may be applied to a convention, a society, a chapter, a board, or a committee. In ordinary societies the By Laws should provide for a quorum and this quorum should be as large as can be depended upon for being present at all meetings to transact important business. The only business that can be transacted in the absence of a quorum is, to endeavor to obtain a quorum, to fix the time to which to adjourn, and to adjourn or take a recess. A unanimous consent cannot be given, and a notice given out at this time is not legal. Hence, how much better it is for every organization to provide for a quorum.

Every set of By Laws should have a provision made for the amending of said By Laws. By Laws that have been adopted and contain no rule for their amendment, may be amended at any regular business meeting by a vote of the majority of the entire membership; or if the amendment was submitted in writing at the previous regular business meeting, then it may be amended by a two-thirds vote of those voting, a quorum being present. However, this is no safeguard and where there are monthly meetings, it is well to allow amendments to the By Laws to be adopted only at the Annual Meetings. The question has been raised innumerable times as to when the amendments to the By Laws go into effect, and unless the motion to adopt specifies a certain time for its going into effect or the assembly has previously adopted a motion to that effect, the amendment goes into effect immediately upon its adoption.

In the next issue of the magazine, I will call your attention to the general arrangement of your By Laws, speaking of the principles of interpretation which should be kept in mind when preparing By Laws or amending them. I sincerely hope that this page in the magazine will answer many questions that chapters are desirous of asking, and in many instances hesitate to do so.

Best wishes to you.

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss),
Parliamentarian.

Within the brief period between June 16, 1858, and May 18, 1860, Abraham Lincoln emerged from his status as an obscure lawyer to become the presidential nominee of the new and powerful Republican Party.

On the former date he was nominated for the U. S. Senate, to run against “Little Giant” Douglas. To have become a Senator at that time would have satisfied his innermost longings. This prize was beyond his grasp. Yet, on the latter date, he was conceded to be the only Republican who could be elected to the Presidency.

What were the factors involved in this remarkable change? What happened between the two dates?

The answer is presented in full detail for the first time by William E. Baringer in “Lincoln’s Rise to Power,” a book that goes back to the original sources for its material. Press clippings, Lincoln’s correspondence, Lincoln’s speeches, and Lincoln’s friends are “tapped” by Mr. Baringer.

Not always was Lincoln brilliant, one learns from the new volume. Mr. Baringer tells of the failure and utter dullness of a lecture tour undertaken during the few months that shaped his rise to power. He also states Lincoln hoped to become a Senator and dared not hope for the Presidency, even up to the time of his nomination.

Lincoln played politics in a practical American fashion, and not as a divinely guided personage—as some of his followers grew to think of him later. The Lincoln “myth” is exploded thoroughly by Mr. Baringer, but Lincoln remains no less great when the author has finished with him. Not as a candidate nominated by God to carry the country through its darkest days, but as an earnest lawyer who could think rings around both his friends and opponents is Lincoln presented.

He made no false moves during the period that skyrocketed him to power. He played the waiting game. He was scrupulously careful to commit himself to no obligations, although his managers were not so careful. In a presidential year when the field was full of prospective candidates, he kept “his skirts clean.”

His friends did the rest, by bringing the national convention that nominated him to Chicago. In none of the other cities mentioned for the convention, Mr. Baringer is sure, could Lincoln have secured the nomination or come any way near it.

The Chicago convention with all its dramatic fanfare provides a thrilling climax to the book, and should be read for the pure enjoyment it brings—as well as for its historical content.

Lincoln was selected for the nomination because he was recognized by a political party as the “only candidate who could win.” The sanity of his speeches did not appeal to many of the party leaders any more than his temperance of attitude appealed to them later. But they were politicians, and so was Lincoln—a shrewd and brilliant one.

However much the book may shock the Lincoln-could-do-no-wrong believers, it is carefully documented. For the sake of the record, it should be read.

Christine Sadler.
The Sod-House Frontier, 1854-1890.

This exuberant and well-documented volume presents "a social history of the Northern Plains from the creation of Kansas and Nebraska to the admission of the Dakotas." Every lover of American traditions or student interested in American development will want to read it.

Dr. Dick, who is professor of history at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, spent five years writing "The Sod-House Frontier." The finished product is evidence that hard writing and much research make easy reading. The book is entertaining, lusty, and forceful. It is filled with specific incidents that make it a human document, as well as an authentic book on pioneering.

In vivid detail, the author has told where the settlers of the Great Plains came from, how they traveled, where they settled, how they lived, and how they mastered the great prairie handicaps. The unbelievable enthusiasm of the emigrants, their gullibility, unquenchable hopes and unlimited resilience are presented in dramatic chapters.

The log-cabin frontiersman was a different pioneer from the one who took his family to live in houses dug up from the plains, and subject to cave-ins when the rains came. The former had simpler hopes, was hunting for freedom rather than riches, and on the whole had an easier time of it—one gathers from reading Dr. Dick's book.

The sod-house frontier represented American spirit in its most gambling mood. The railroads were coming, the town speculators were there, Europe was begged to send her surplus population. There was an over-abundance for everybody, and everybody was going to be rich!

The loneliness and heartbreaks of homesteading . . . the dire poverty that grasshoppers, blizzards, and duststorms brought . . . the towns that never were built, except on paper . . . the cruelty of Indian fighting.

These are what the pioneers had, in place of the promises made them. How they fought their way through physical difficulties, planted Christmas trees that life might not be so bleak, and strengthened themselves that they might endure the unattractive of early days on the plains—for their children and their children's children—this is the story of "The Sod-House Frontier."

The illustrations are historic photographs, actual plans of early towns, and sketches reproduced from magazines of that day. They speak praise for the realistic writing of Dr. Dick, and add to the interest of the chronicle.

CHRISTINE SADLER.


This is a presentation of the social viewpoints of more than 50 members of the faculty of Ohio State University. It is written from the "liberal" angle and appears neither better nor worse than scores of similar volumes which have appeared since the days of the New Deal.

Its chief advantages are its readability and its compactness. In the one volume can be found concise and understandable statements on subjects varying from monopolies, the gold standard, housing, neutrality, to public health, agriculture, foreign trade, and reorganization of the National Government. It would serve excellently as a textbook, which was doubtless its principal excuse for being written.

The book is good sociological and economic reading for the layman, too; if there is one left who has not heard its message. Although a rehashing of political and social philosophies is always good—lest we forget—one cannot help but wish the social scientists had given us a book such as this ten or fifteen years ago. Also, we wonder if the last word has been said. "New Deal" thinking does not necessarily represent all the liberal thinking there is. Some of its conclusions might possibly be wrong. In other words, there is always room for original social thought.

One appealing thought is stressed in the first of the volume. It is that every generation must work to keep democracy workable, and to bring it up to date in its application to new problems and developments.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Could history have been enacted differently and its events shaped in nearer conformity to idealism of the human heart? To answer this question in the affirmative, Edgar Lee Masters says in his new novel—"The Tide of Time"—is "to encounter at once, the negations of the imagination, which cannot wholly resist the idea that a harmony of pattern was achieved by the course which events took."

On a historical canvas that stretches from the Revolution to the present day Mr. Masters then presents his proof as he sees it. Using idealists as his principal characters he hems in their destinies by wars, emotions, the littleness of mankind, and the broad sweep of events for which there seems no accounting. His heroes are sane and they exert an influence, but they make no dent on the course of history.

It is amazing that the author of "Spoon River Anthology" could permit himself to become so involved in useless details and cumbersome excursions away from his plot as he often does in his new novel. That a poet who presented history and love and life and America in a few bold and singing strokes could let himself ever become a long-winded bore to his audience is annoying—to say the least. However, some of the chapters shine and can wring the heart. The latter half of the book is very good.

CHRISTINE SADLER.


"Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands" is a book that appeals at once to any one who picks it up, for its format is very attractive with its blue binding and large number of illustrations, some of them in color. The others are superb photographs, fifty-eight of which were taken especially for the book by Doris Ulmann who died before she saw the results of her work. These pictures show a real knowledge and understanding of the subject matter. Not the least attraction is the end papers which picture various hand-made articles.

The author in the introduction states that the book has a threefold purpose, namely: first, to aid the Highlanders with information that will help them to solve their handicraft problem and to put their work on a more permanent basis; second, to inform those outside the mountains of this work, thus engaging their interest in its continuation and in the use of these products; and third, that the material itself may contribute to the development of the handicraft movement.

The book is divided into three parts: I—Mountain Handicrafts of Pioneer Days; II—Revival of the Handicrafts and Their Present-Day Practice, and III—The Rural Handicraft Movement and the Wider Use of Handicrafts. Under these headings the author tells in a very interesting manner of the various types of handicraft work and of the different phases of its revival. He not only discusses its economic value but also its value from an esthetic, educational, recreational and a therapeutic standpoint.

A number of mountain schools where this handicraft work is taught are mentioned, including eight which are on the D. A. R. Approved List. For this reason alone the book should appeal to D. A. R. members but aside from that it is a book that is a joy to own—attractive, informative and readable. A book to refer to over and over again when looking for information on handicrafts, or just to browse over. A fine bibliography tells of other books to read for further or more detailed study.

Mr. Eaton has spent many years in the mountains going even into the remotest sections in search of some almost forgotten craft. That he has learned the beauty and value of these crafts and has a real understanding of what they mean to their producers is clearly shown in his sympathetic writing. This book fills a need for it is the first to contain comprehensive data on a subject about which so little is generally known. It should well fulfill its purpose many times over.

KATHARINE MATTHIES.

West Point Today. Kendall Banning. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.50.

In "West Point Today," we find a book of deep and abiding interest to youth and adult in the absorbing story of the life and activities at our famous National Military
University. Nothing essential is omitted and the story is rounded out and amplified by chapters dealing with phases of West Point life of which little has previously been given to the public in book form.

The author, Colonel Kendall Banning, a gallant officer himself, imbued with the pride and traditions of nine generations of military ancestry and the broad culture of a wide diversity of civic and literary achievements, has given his book a minutiæ of detail that proclaims its authenticity. He has blended his informative material with the sympathetic understanding of the fundamental purpose back of the rigorous curriculum, the implacable discipline, the wonderful honor system and the matchless physical training which mold cross sections of American youth into our valiant military leaders. The student is followed through every feature of this stern character development from the day of his admission to that of his graduated and commissioned departure. The ordeals of the plebe year, the joys of the sports and games, the grind of the routine, the fun and thrills of the hops and holidays are all given with an intimate knowledge that stamps the book as a work of authority.

The author has included an Almanac of West Point which covers its history through three centuries, from 1609, when the first white man gazed upon its stony heights to the present. This, with the long list of famous hero graduates cannot fail to awaken in every patriotic American heart a deeper pride in the historic old Academy and its environs.

The chapters on little known features, and customs, the lingo, and the explicit information to the ambitious and aspiring applicant for appointment to Uncle Sam’s Military University all make this book an invaluable guide and give it a place of usefulness in every library.

E. M. C.


“A Saga of the Seas” deals with the life story of a remarkable man and the even more remarkable achievement through which he attained world fame overnight. The man was Cyrus W. Field, a New York paper merchant; the achievement was the successful completion of the Atlantic cable.

Field was neither an engineer, an electrician, nor a scientist; but when he became convinced of the need and feasibility of the construction of cable communication between America and England, his interest was aroused and his enthusiasm never waned through thirteen years of almost continuous adventure, grave disasters, bitter disappointment, and repeated failures. He minimized the difficulties and simplified the problems. His perseverance, optimism and Yankee ingenuity kept the project alive and brought it to fruition when the Great Eastern arrived with the report that more than two thousand miles of cable had been laid upon the ocean bed. The message “The Cable Is Laid!” electrified the world.

Professor McDonald, the author of “A Saga of the Seas,” touches also upon the Field family history and shows both the family traits which sustained Cyrus W. Field in all of his adventures and those which contributed to his losses of fortune. His services to his country, his rise to affluence and importance as a millionaire and his pathetic later years of poverty, are vividly described.

The life span of this man was from 1819 to 1892—one of the most colorful and eventful epochs in American history. It was marked not only by wars, panics, political upheavals and presidential assassinations; it was also the period of transition from the “ox cart” days of slow transportation, primitive living, hoop skirts and whiskers, to those of great inventions and great industries. Field participated in the commercial, political and financial activities of his time, and was always the staunch patriot, exerting his influence, devoting his efforts and spending his money for his country. His death occurred at the opening of the gay and luxurious nineties, which marked the end of an era.

Though the story lacks dramatic emphasis in its tense and spectacular situations, it is even more impressive and convincing through the omission of overtones. It is the type of biography which is carefully written and well documented. The book should have a strong appeal to all Americans who seek full information about their nation and its development.

E. M. C.
Henrietta S. McIntire
Chairman

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.

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART (Universal)
Alice Faye, George Murphy, Ken Murray.
This is a fast-moving musical comedy, with a large and capable cast. There are songs, dances and many other attractions. The story has to do with a Broadway producer and his ups and downs. A. Y.

BOY OF THE STREETS (Monogram)
Jackie Cooper, Maureen O'Connor, Kathleen Burke.
This is a problem play built around the boy of the street who is the ring-leader of the gang. In the end he proves his desire to do right and proves that environment has great influence over the boy of the street. Social workers will be interested in this picture. A. Y.

BRINGING UP BABY (RKO)
Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant.
A new role for Miss Hepburn in this comedy, and the "baby" is a pet leopard. His owner is a young professor who has spent years working to complete the skeleton of a giant brontosaurus. A. Y.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (Walt Disney)
Walt Disney's charming picture of these interesting and fascinating little people will be delightful entertainment for all—old and young alike. Excellent family picture.

PARTNERS OF THE PLAINS (Paramount)
William Boyd, Harvey Clark, Russel Hayden.
With a change in cast and a bit of romance added to this picture it is a rather new version of the Hopalong Cassidy pictures, although there is the usual western scenery and riding. A. Y. Older children.

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (United Artists)
Tommy Kelly, Walter Brennan.
A reissue of Mark Twain's saga of boyhood in color, produced according to true Selznick tradition. It is a picture every child should see and every adult will enjoy. Good family picture.

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY (RKO)
Alice Faye, Fred Allen.
With good music, lavish settings and a good cast, this picture should be very popular. It features three girls and their adventures on Broadway, in Greenwich Village and on a Hudson River show boat. A. Y.

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (World)
Harry Baur, Annie Ducaux, Jamy Holt.
A musical biography of one of the great geniuses of the ages: Beethoven. There are no scenes of his early life and training. The picture is fairly well cast and the music by the orchestra excellent. A. Y. Older children.
WISE GIRL (RKO)
Miriam Hopkins, Ray Milland.
The story is placed in New York and deals with the troubles of a socialite when she attempts to gain custody of her deceased sister's children, of whom a stranger is guardian. A. Y.

CHECKERS (20th Century-Fox)
Jane Withers, Stuart Erwin.
Another race-track picture based on the story by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton. The film is built around Jane Withers as a jockey and the cast includes two other well-known players: Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel. A. Y. C.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE (M-G-M)
Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker.
This is a new series based on the adventures of Judge Hardy and his interesting family, and will be a fine picture for school children. It has plenty of action, comedy and adventure with a splendid moral. Good family.

HAPPY LANDING (20th Century-Fox)
Sonja Henie, Don Ameche.
Just the mention of Sonja Henie's name attached to this picture will make it popular. The theme deals with the love of Don Ameche and Cesar Romero for Sonja Henie and it all takes place in Norway, Palm Beach and New York. Worked through the plot are songs and specialty numbers and many remarkable demonstrations of skating ability. A. W. C.

MANNEQUIN (M-G-M)
Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy.
Although Miss Crawford has several changes of costume, this picture is not a fashion show. It is a romance and shows how a woman's first husband attempts to blackmail the second. A. Y.

BEG, BORROW OR STEAL (M-G-M)
Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, John Beal.
An improbable but bright and pleasing tale of an American Imposter who rents a chateau on the French Riviera for a week when his daughter, whom he hasn't seen for fifteen years, announces that she is coming to France to be married. The many complications are very funny. A. Y.

SMALL TOWN BOY (Grand National)
Stuart Erwin, Joyce Compton.
A likeable small town boy named Henry who is always imposed upon by others, finds a thousand dollar bill. When his advertisement fails to find the owner Henry sets his wedding date but loses the bill and the hunt ends in court where the judge declares the bill "phoney". A. Y.

Shorts

WEST POINT VISIT (Columbia)
Some beautiful scenes of the U. S. Military Academy, showing the cadets boxing, fencing, playing lacrosse, riding, etc. Family.

ITALIAN LIBYA (20th Century-Fox)
Beautiful photography of ancient and modern cities in Libania, with the primitive methods of industries. The nearby desert with its picturesque camel trains and military patrol produce an oriental atmosphere. Family.

CALLING ALL CROONERS
(Educational)
Some excellent singing by policemen and policewomen. Family.

PICTORIAL REVIEW (Vitaphone)
Showing the training of hunting dogs, Actors Riding Club at a rodeo, also the combination of chemicals to make colors. Family Junior Matinee.

LITTLE JACK HORNER (Columbia)
The story of the real Jack Horner and his Christmas Pie. Family.

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER
(Vitaphone)
Characters on magazine covers come to life and present a vaudeville show in a modern way. The title song is one of a group furnishing the musical continuity. Family.

PARAMOUNT PICTORIAL (Paramount)
Views of Czechoslovakia, petrified rock formations of Southwest America shown in Technicolor, Broadway nightlife used as a background for lovely models of the latest fashions.
CHILDREN PARTICIPATING IN THE “CHILDREN’S HOUR” PRESENTED BY OREGON LEWIS AND CLARK CHAPTER, EUGENE, OREGON, DURING THE 1937 PIONEER PAGEANT AT EUGENE
CENTER, GOVERNOR CHARLES H. MARTIN; LEFT, SHIRLEY ANN BARKER (DRAIN, OREGON) BABY PIONEER QUEEN, AND ROBERT BRUCE POTTER (EUGENE, OREGON), LITTLE CAPTAIN, DESCENDANTS OF PIONEERS OF 1843, AFTER CORONATION BY THE GOVERNOR

News Items

Feature of the Month . . . Anniversary Celebrations

The Daughters of the American Revolution in Michigan have made a real contribution to the history of the American Revolutionary period in commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Ordinance of 1787, by making available funds for the binding of the papers of General Josiah Harmar. This collection deals with the earliest days of the old Northwest and was obtained a short time ago by the William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor from Josiah Harmar IV. The emergence of these papers from relative inaccessibility to their present state of usefulness will allow intensive study of the collection which, it is safe to prophesy, will produce volumes of history and biography. The Harmar Papers were bound in half-morocco, the color chosen being the D. A. R. blue, which serves as well as a reminder of the blue uniforms of the Continental Army. The library has inserted a bookplate commemorative of the D. A. R. grant in each volume. The collection can be seen by any visitor to the library. The Harmar Papers are remarkable in two respects: They supply authentic, first-hand information on a period in American history in which source material is not abundant—the Northwest Territory in the decade following the Revolution; and they are a complete unit in themselves. They are not fragmentary or one-sided; for not only do they include, for instance, the letters of Harmar to a post commander in the Northwest, but that officer’s answers. Further, the correspondence continues with successive post commanders.

The Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Eugene, Oregon, presented a “Children’s Hour Program” during the 1937 Pioneer Pageant at Eugene.

In observance of Ancestor Day the members of the St. Joseph Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of St. Joseph, Missouri, wore historic costumes at the opening meeting of the
The Members of St. Joseph's Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., observed Ancestor Day by attending their first meeting of the season in historic costume.

A musical program, centering around an antique melodian, was rendered on this occasion, and in connection with the program there was a fine display of antiques and coats of arms belonging to members. The St. Joseph Chapter has been especially active of late in the restoration of an old cemetery in the locality where there are many interesting graves, among them that of James Hale, a nephew of Nathan Hale, and that of Charles Allen, a great-grandson of Ethan Allen. The Chapter members are being assisted in their research by Mr. Tuttle, a grand nephew of Chief Justice John Marshall. Mr. Tuttle is now ninety-six years of age, but is still very active, and is possessed of a wonderful mind. His grandfather, Capt. Thomas Marshall, fought in the Revolution and was killed in the War of 1812.

The Fort Industry Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Toledo, Ohio, has honored its chapter founders with appropriate ceremonies at a twenty-eighth birthday anniversary luncheon. The State Vice Regent of Ohio, Mrs. James F. Donahue, was guest speaker. The chapter recently took active part in the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of Toledo. Four "Centennial" elm trees were planted at a prominent street intersection. Fort Industry Chapter is named in honor of Fort Industry, a blockhouse used as an army post during the French and Indian War, and later as a refuge and place for protection of supplies. The spot is marked by a bronze tablet dedicated and presented to the city of Toledo by this chapter.
THE ILLINOIS DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION ARE PLACING A MONUMENT TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE FAMILY OF HIS FATHER FIRST TOUCHED FOOT ON ILLINOIS SOIL. THE SITE IS IN LAWRENCE COUNTY IN A MEMORIAL PARK, THIRTY-TWO ACRES IN EXTENT, WHICH WAS CREATED BY THE STATE OF ILLINOIS AT THE REQUEST OF THE N. S. D. A. R. IN ILLINOIS. A BRONZE STATUE REPRESENTS YOUNG LINCOLN, WALKING BESIDE HIS FAMILY, WHICH IS CARVED IN BAS-RELIEF ON A LIMESTONE PANEL, 10 X 26 FEET. THE SCULPTOR IS NELLIE V. WALKER

Dedication of Markers

The Astoria Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Astoria, Oregon, has unveiled a marker at the present City Hall marking the first settlement west of the Rocky Mountains, and commemorating the 106th anniversary of the return of the settlement under the American flag. The Astoria Chapter is located further west than any other in the United States.

The Eulalona Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Klamath Falls, Oregon, has placed a bronze tablet on the site of Eulalona village, a populous Indian settlement found by the first white settlers on the South shore of Klamath Lake at the present site of Klamath Falls.

The Wahkeena Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Portland, Oregon, has erected a fountain and marker at Wahkeena Falls on the Columbia River Highway and dedicated it to the pioneers of the Columbia Gorge. Wahkeena, meaning “most beautiful,” was the name of an Indian maiden.

The Coos Bay Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Marshfield, Oregon, has placed a bronze tablet in the Marshfield Armory in memory of the Coos Bay Boys who gave their services in the World War.

The Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Eugene, Oregon, has erected a marker at Coryell Pass beside the Pacific Highway near Eugene, Oregon, in memory of the intrepid Oregon pioneers.

The Chemeketa Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Salem, Oregon, has erected a marker by the Abiqua River near Silverton, Oregon, on the site of the battle of the Abiqua which took place on March 5 and 6, 1848, between the settlers and the Indians. This battle ended Indian depredations in the Willamette.

The Umpqua Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Roseburg, Oregon, has named Pioneer Bridge and placed the marker, honoring the pioneers who in 1852 found their progress checked by the precipitous cliffs of Canyon Creek. At this spot the wagons were lowered and the rocky bed of the mountain stream served as a road for several miles.

The Matthew Starbuck Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Baker, Oregon, has placed a bronze marker on the headstone of Joseph Gale’s grave, Richland, Oregon, commemorating his notable career as one of three provisional governors of Oregon. The plaque was unveiled by Mrs. Sabina Morton, eldest living granddaughter of Gov-
The Willamette Chapter, N.S. D. A. R., of Portland, Oregon, has placed a marker at Milwaukie, Oregon, in honor of Father Peter John De Smet, American Jesuit Missionary to the Indians.

The Rogue River Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Grants Pass, Oregon, has marked the grave (in the old Kirby Cemetery) of Livia Stephens Briggs, daughter of Captain Ira Stephens and one of the few "Daughters of a Revolutionary Soldier" buried in Oregon. Miss Helen Floyd, member of the chapter and a great great granddaughter of Mrs. Briggs, unveiled the marker.

The Linn Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Albany, Oregon, has placed a marker to Rev. Thomas S. Kendall, D.D., whose father was a soldier in the Revolution from Pennsylvania. Rev. Kendall crossed the plains in 1845 with his motherless daughters, aged seven and nine. Representing the Associate Presbyterian Church he organized four congregations. He is buried on the site of the Oakville Church, established 1850.

The David Hill Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Hillsboro, Oregon, has dedicated the Philip Harris State Bridge at Farmington (Washington County), Oregon, by placing thereon a bronze plaque honoring the pioneers of 1845. Philip Harris built the first bridge across the Tualatin River, here, after owning and operating the first ferry—a number of logs chained together.

The Wauna Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Hood River, Oregon, has joined the Oregon State Society, Daughters of 1812, in marking the grave of Mrs. Martha Lusher Hawthorne, a real daughter of a soldier of the War of 1812 and a granddaughter and great-granddaughter of Revolutionary Soldiers.

The Yamhill Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of McMinnville, Oregon, has placed a marker on the site of Fort Yamhill and the old blockhouse, the late Dr. John B. Horner making the principal address.

The Crater Lake Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Medford, Oregon, has erected a monument, built of stones from the ruins of old Fort Lane, on the site of the fort at Polo, near Medford. Fort Lane was built in 1833-1854 and was occupied for three years by troops of the regular Army.

The Champoeg Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Newberg, Oregon, has erected a marker on the site of the first sawmill in the Oregon Country. This mill was one of several projects of the intrepid leader, Ewing Young, who came to Oregon in 1832. His activities in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, made for a spirit of independence among the early settlers, registered in the vote taken at Champoeg in 1843, which gave the Oregon Country to the United States.

The Multnomah Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., has placed a marker near the foot of Multnomah Falls on the Columbia River Highway, dedicating it to "Oregon Pioneers 1836-1859." This is one of many such markers placed by this Chapter throughout the State of Oregon.

The Poweshiek Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Grinnell, Iowa, under the direction of her Historian, Mrs. F. R. Porter, has marked the grave of a Daughter of a Revolutionary Soldier, Jane van Keuren (1813-1877), grandmother of Mrs. Nora Gordon, one of the members of the Chapter who presented the history at the marker. The bronze marker was given by the chapter. Services were held at the cemetery just north of Malcom, Iowa. Mrs. Sara Paine Hoffman, State Historian, was invited to assist in the program. This is the second
The Dorion Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Payette, Idaho, has dedicated a monument marking the site of Fort Wilson, built by the settlers of the Payette Valley during the Nez Perce Indian War of 1877.

Chapter Houses

The Rainier Chapter of Seattle, Washington, has modeled its Chapter house after Mount Vernon. The cornerstone of this beautiful building was laid by the Grand Master of the Masons in the State of Washington, during the chapter regency of Mrs. David W. Bowen, who was responsible for its successful completion. The House contains many articles of artistic and historic interest.

Floats

The float entered by the Uncompahgre Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Montrose, Colorado, won the first prize in a parade during a Disabled War Veterans Convention recently held in Montrose. This float depicted Early American Life and the characters represented included George and Martha Washington, Betsy Ross, John and Priscilla Alden and various Dutch and French Pioneers. A character representing an American Indian was dressed in garments which originally belonged to Queen Chipeta, Chief Ouray's Squaw. Between the festoons which surrounded the float were exact and authentic reproductions of the American Flag in various stages of its development.

Radio Programs

Miss Katherine Marshall of the Old York Chapter will broadcast from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, over station W.H.E.D. on January 28th at 3:15 P.M. She will speak on the “Historic Barrell Mansion of York.”

Mrs. William A. Becker

President General, N.S.D.A.R., will broadcast from New York City WJZ Network on February 9th at 2:15 P.M. She will describe her trip abroad and her presentation at the Court of St. James's in an interview with Miss Alma Kitchell, on whose program this feature will appear. The National Broadcasting Company has kindly consented to the attendance of members of the N.S.D.A.R. at this broadcast and it would facilitate arrangements if Mrs. Myrtle M. Lewis, Radio Chairman, Manhattan Chapter, could be advised beforehand how many would like to attend. A studio is available which will hold as many as fifteen hundred persons and invitations will be issued to those who care to take advantage of this opportunity who communicate with Mrs. Lewis.
The Thirty-Eighth State Conference of the Missouri Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, October 4-7, with the Cape Girardeau, Farmington, Jackson, Sikeston, Poplar Bluff, Hillsboro and DeSoto Chapters acting as hostesses.

Preceding the Conference the State Executive Board met at the Hotel Marquette for a business session. At the conclusion all members were guests at a beautiful luncheon given at the hotel by Mrs. H. W. Harris, State Chaplain.

On Monday evening the State Regent, Mrs. Henry Clay Chiles, State Officers, and the Regents of the Hostess Chapters, received the assembled members of the Missouri State Society at an informal reception held at the Cape Girardeau Country Club. Later in the same evening a beautiful ball was given in honor of the young women serving as pages to the Conference.

Tuesday morning was the official opening, conducted with impressive ceremony by the State Regent, Mrs. Chiles, who presided at all meetings, except upon "Regents' Night" when this honor is always extended to the Vice-Regent of the State. Following the welcoming addresses, and the presentation of the Hostess Regents, Honor Guests, and those holding distinguished offices in sister organizations, the remainder of the day was devoted to the reports of the State Officers and Chairmen of the various State Committees. It was most gratifying and inspiring to hear these reports and to know that the State of Missouri, under the capable leadership of our State Regent, was more than holding its own in all forms of D. A. R. work.

Tuesday evening was "Regents' Night" with Mrs. Francis Charles Becker, State Vice-Regent, presiding. Upon this occasion the majority of the Regents of our eighty-five Chapters appeared in person and gave reports for their respective Chapters covering the accomplishments during the year.

The outstanding feature of Wednesday morning's program was the beautiful Memorial Hour held in memory of those Daughters who during the past year have gone to their Heavenly reward. Mrs. H. W. Harris, State Chaplain, presided.

Following the luncheon held Wednesday at the Marquette Hotel, Mrs. Chiles conducted a "Round Table" discussion upon different phases of D. A. R. work. This proved to be very interesting and most helpful to the many needing information and assistance upon their various problems.

For the remainder of the afternoon the Members of the Conference were guests of our Hostess Chapters, who entertained with a delightful drive to all historic places and points of interest in and near Cape Girardeau, terminating at the Teachers College where they were entertained at a Tea in a most beautiful setting.

The Annual Conference Banquet was held at the Marquette Hotel on Wednesday evening, with our State Regent, Mrs. Chiles, presiding. This was termed a "Cotton Banquet" and the table decorations were both novel and effective, being of bitter-sweet and cotton. The speakers of the evening were Dr. W. J. Hamilton, whose address was termed "King Cotton," and Miss Margaret March-Mont of Washington, D. C., attached to the U. S. Forestry Service, who spoke on the preservation of our forests.

Thursday morning concluded the business of the Conference and at this time, the D. A. R.'s of Missouri officially sponsored the presentation of our Missouri State Flag to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. It is most interesting to note that this flag was designed by Mrs. Robert Oliver, a former State Regent, and was graciously presented on Navy Day by our present State Regent, Mrs. Chiles.

During the Conference, Missouri Daughters were honored in having as Honor Guests: Mrs. Eli Dixon, Vice-President General; Mrs. John Trigg Moss, National Parliamentarian; Mrs. Homer Fergus
Sloan, State Regent of Arkansas; and Mrs. Samuel Campbell, a former State Regent of Illinois.

With the passing of the usual courtesy resolutions our Thirty-Eighth Conference for the State of Missouri was adjourned.

ALICE KINYOUN HOUTS,
State Historian.

WEST VIRGINIA

The Thirty-second Annual State Conference of the West Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution convened in Parkersburg, October 12, 13 and 14, with James Wood Chapter, hostess, and Mrs. David E. French, State Regent, presiding. The opening session on Tuesday evening, October 12, was featured by an impressive and beautiful processional of pages, National and State Officers, and distinguished guests; music, addresses of welcome, and greetings from various organizations. Mrs. H. J. Smith, hostess regent, extended a cordial welcome on behalf of James Wood Chapter; other addresses of welcome were made by the Honorable H. R. DeBussey, Mayor of Parkersburg, Mr. Richard Harte, President of the State Board of Commerce, and Mr. James McCluer, Past State President of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Robert J. Reed, Curator General, extended greetings of the National Society, and the State Regent read an inspiring message from Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, which was received with enthusiastic applause. Greetings of state organizations were given by Mrs. Cyrus W. Hall, Sr., State President of the National Society, United States Daughters of 1812; Mrs. Bernard McClaugherty, State President of the Huguenot Society, Founders of Manakin in the Colony of Virginia; and Mrs. R. M. Thomason, President of West Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Greetings were also extended by Mrs. George DeBolt, Mrs. Waiteman H. Conaway, Mrs. Paul O. Reymann, and Mrs. Gory Hogg, Honorary State Regents, Mrs. Hogg also bringing greetings as State Director of the Children of the American Revolution.

The highlight of the program for the evening was the able and informative address by Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, National Chairman of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education, her topic being "The Road to Peace." Immediately following the close of the session, a reception was held in the parlors of the Chancellor Hotel, headquarters of the Conference.

Wednesday morning the State Regent called the Conference to order for the first business session which was featured by reports of State Officers, a talk on the D. A. R. Museum by the Curator General, Mrs. Robert J. Reed, and a report of the State Director of the C. A. R., Mrs. Gory Hogg. An impressive memorial service, for members who had passed away during the year, was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. John B. Garden, a special tribute being paid to the memory of Mrs. William Haines Smith, former State Regent and Vice-President General. At one o'clock, P. M., the State Officers' Club, with Mrs. Harry H. Byrer, President, presiding, held a delightful luncheon meeting, this being the tenth anniversary of the club; a National Defense luncheon was given in honor of Mrs. Sisson, also a luncheon for the pages of the Conference. The outstanding social event was the Annual Banquet, with its beautiful arrangement of floral decorations in a color scheme of gold and blue, given by James Wood Chapter on Wednesday evening, this being followed by a brilliant program of music and dramatic readings by well known artists.

The business sessions were continued on Thursday, consisting of reports of chapter regents and state chairmen, and the election of officers for the coming year. State Officers re-elected were: Regent, Mrs. David E. French; Vice-Regent, Mrs. W. H. S. White; Treasurer, Mrs. John H. Rownd; Registrar, Mrs. M. K. Malloy; Historian, Mrs. George H. Seims; new officers elected were Mrs. J. F. Holswade, Chaplain; Mrs. Benjamin F. Creech, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Merton Blair Gibbens, Librarian. Mrs. Thomas H. Scott was re-appointed Corresponding Secretary by the State Regent.

The Conference voted to establish a D. A. R. Memorial at the 4-H Camp at Jack-
son’s Mill, this to take the form of an outdoor stage of native stone in a natural amphitheater for plays and pageants, thereby expressing the interest of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Youth and the fine work of citizenship training of the boys and girls of West Virginia. The Conference endorsed the candidacy of Mrs. Henry M. Roberts, Jr., for President General, and the others on her ticket.

Distinguished visitors who addressed the Conference, in addition to Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, were Mrs. Loren E. Rex, State Regent of Kansas; Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner, National Chairman of the Committee on Junior American Citizens; and Mrs. Arthur J. O’Neill, President National of the National Society United States Daughters of 1812.

Marked by a large attendance, enthusiasm, harmonious effort, and constructive plans for the future, the Thirty-second Annual State Conference adjourned Thursday afternoon, after retiring the Colors, and singing “Blest Be The Tie That Binds.”

ROBERTA H. SCOTT,
State Corresponding Secretary.

CORRECTION OF ERROR

The Editor has been asked to correct an erroneous statement appearing in the Report of the Pennsylvania State Conference, published last month.

Mr. Harper D. Sheppard gave the water system and the handsome tower to the Kate Duncan Smith School at Grant, Alabama, but he did not give the electric plant.

✧ ✧ ✧

The Willow Tree

The willow tree is as a lovely maiden with garments soft and lacy;
She sways so gently and bends with her draperies as pliant to every mood.
Her wands, with the breeze, move delicately, softly.
Sometimes she is slow, sometimes swift—yet never ungracious.

In winter time the willow tree, stripped of her adornment, is still a woman
But sleeping peacefully.

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY.

✧ ✧ ✧

Heartsease

The food of the buffalo meat placed by the grave, the wise men know the dead do not need;
They know the dead tribesman needs not his horse slain for his spirit to ride upon.
The Indian mother who carries a cradle of black feathers for a year because it helps her departed little babe find its way alone on the other side,
The wise men know the feel of the cradle as the mother carries it along is Her comfort.

White woman often carries a cradle hid deep in her heart and pretends it not there.
But wise men know the food at the grave,
The tribesman’s horse slain for his spirit’s use
And the little cradle of black feathers carried a year is Heartsease, comfort for those who cannot cease Ministering.

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY.
Committee Reports

Report of the Approved School Committee

IN 1886 Dr. Henry A. Schauffler established The Schauffler Missionary Training School in Cleveland, Ohio, in order to train helpers for work among the Slavic peoples in America. The school has developed through the years under various names and leaders until 1931 when the right to grant B.S. degrees in Religious Education and Social Work was permitted by the State Board of Education. The name was changed in 1936 to Schauffler College of Religious and Social Work.

Here girls are trained to be social service and welfare workers, church and pastors' assistants, directors of religious education, missionaries, etc. As a part of their training the girls assist in the various local churches on Sunday, work under the Y. W. C. A. on various projects including club work and help with the classes in English and civics for the foreign-born. This practical experience is of great value to the girls after they graduate.

The student body consists of twelve percent foreign-born, fifteen percent of foreign parents, sixteen percent negro, one percent Indian and fifty-four percent American white parentage. Girls who cannot afford to pay all their expenses may work at the College (only student help is used) or in the city.

The Schauffler Choir is a well trained group which makes an annual spring tour in the interests of the college. An entire church service is conducted by these students in the parishes they visit. It also gives many programs at home. The attractive red and white choir robes are made at Marysville College, another approved school.

Fifty-six percent of the money needed at Schauffler has to be raised through gifts. Other needs at present are seven pairs ecru lace curtains measuring two yards when finished for the dining hall, table cloths size 2 1/2 x 3 feet, towels and single sheets.

Katharine Matthies,  
National Chairman.

Report of the Conservation Committee

FOR the past fifty years American conservation has had for one of its major objectives the creation of a system of public forests that would assure protection of the Nation's water sources and a permanent reserve of usable timber. This is being fulfilled.

Yellowstone National Park was established by Act of Congress in 1872. Yosemite was created in 1890, since which time the system has progressed steadily. Today we have 161 National Forests containing 170,000,000 acres, visited each year by 25,000,000 people, free of charge, for all kinds of recreation. These forests were first developed by the reservation of lands in the western states. Later the need of them was recognized in the East, when it was necessary to buy the lands, where only 20 per cent of the forests are located.

The income derived this past year from these forests was $1,000,000 over that of last year, from timber and grazing particularly, which profit is used for roads and schools. More than 1,500,000 big game animals range in these forests, 45,000 of which are set aside for their refuges. During the past twelve years big game animals have increased 140 per cent in number.

Man caused fires have been reduced more than 70 per cent for the annual average the past five years. The greatest reduction in the number was in the eastern states.

There are 127 National Parks and Monuments which are purely for recreation and education and never commercialized. They are of great diversity of outline and growth and kept in their natural condition. The ranger service has been professionalized and requires a college education. They are ranger naturalists and must give information about trees and plants. National Parks are wild life sanctuaries.

There are 1,000,000 acres of land in Texas lying within the big bend of the Rio Grande River, the proposed Big Bend National Park. The Federal Government has expended a quarter of a million dol-
lars in making roads, trails and bridges through it, by CCC boys. When the State finishes raising enough money to pay for this enormous plot, it will be presented to the Government as a National Park. Joined with 1,000,000 acres across the river in Mexico, it will be an International Park, the largest in our country. The terrain and plant life include the wonders of the world. No man has ever seen all of it because of its inaccessibility. The State paid for part of it but prices have been raised the past few years. Now the citizenry of Texas is subscribing to its purchase in $1.00 amounts.

There never has been such an era of conservation of natural resources. Our country has become aroused to its necessity. Conservation means the wise use of timber, not its entire preservation. We need it for the necessities of life. Reforestation is the word. Replace the waste and continue to plant some of the more than 1100 different kinds of trees in our country. Become conservation minded. Then we can feel we are safe from the losses by fire, insects and axe that are constantly taking their toll in our forests, as well as elsewhere. Let us plant trees and get ahead of these menaces!

MRS. AVERY TURNER,  
National Chairman.

Flag Lesson No. V

Special Occasions for Flag Displays

There are various special occasions when American citizens should know the correct method of displaying the National Flag. When statesmen die, when Memorial Day is observed throughout the nation, when statues are unveiled, when the Flag is used to cover a casket, and when special days call for special observances, we should know the proper and reverent way to display our Flag. On occasions like these, Flag display should never be omitted for lack of knowledge of proper etiquette.

These are the chief occasions and methods of Flag display which we should remember:

1. When statesmen or persons in public service die, it is correct to fly the Flag at half-staff. We must remember, however, that the Flag is first hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-staff position. Before the Flag is lowered for the day, it should be raised again to the peak. Half-staff means, of course, a point half-way between the top and bottom of the staff. When the Flag is displayed on a small staff (as in a procession of mourning), two streamers of black crepe may be attached to the spear-head of the staff.

2. On Memorial Day, May 30th, the Flag is properly displayed at half-staff from sunrise until noon and at full-staff from noon until sunset, symbolizing respect for the dead of the nation and the fact that the nation itself still lives on.

3. A Flag is often used in connection with the unveiling of a statue or monument, but it is never under any circumstances used as a covering for the statue. The Flag should be hoisted to the top of the staff as the statue is uncovered.

4. When the Flag is used to cover the casket of a person who has performed public service, the Flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The Flag, of course, is not lowered into the grave or allowed to touch the ground.

5. There are special days when the Flag should certainly be displayed by all civilians who own Flags. Particularly should we take pains to display it on Flag Day (June 14), Memorial Day (May 30), Independence Day (July 4), Armistice Day (November 11), Lincoln’s Birthday (February 12), and Washington’s Birthday (February 22). There are many other days of national importance on which the Flag may also be fittingly displayed.

6. If the Flag is used in a church service, it may be placed in the body of the church at the congregation’s right as they face the clergyman or if used in the chancel or on the platform (the better place for it to be), the Flag should be on the clergyman’s right as he faces the congregation.

These things are simple things and very easily remembered. I cannot refrain here from requesting again that each of you make a definite effort to own a Flag and
to display it correctly on special occasions. It is a sort of patriotic education, I believe, for passers-by to see Flags correctly displayed on lawns, public buildings, etc. The display of Flags cannot fail to engender a spirit of patriotism in the general public.

Sincerely,

VIVIAN L. SIGMON,
Chairman, Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

---

**Report of Junior American Citizens Committee**

The work among our Junior American Citizens continues to grow, and well it might, for this is one of the most vital pieces of constructive work which the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is doing today.

It is certain that in this day when we find lawlessness all about us, we should rededicate ourselves to the patriotic duty of upholding the customs and traditions upon which this nation is based.

One club in Illinois is doing unusual work. The Chapter Chairman secured a splendid letter from the Superintendent of Schools, giving her permission to take a newly organized club into every school room to conduct a meeting and demonstrate the value of these clubs, and said, "I shall be very glad to cooperate with you in every way possible in making these clubs a success."

The name, "Model Citizenship Club," was chosen by this group, and is indeed a model club. The other clubs endeavor to do their work equally well.

This chapter has chosen Junior American Citizens work as its special project for the year. The Illinois State Chairman was the guest speaker at our October meeting, when the objects of this Committee were explained. The members of the "Model Citizenship Club" were present and conducted a regular club meeting, which was an inspiration to all. One member read a paper about Paul Revere, and each answered roll call by expressing his or her idea of what a good American citizen should do or be. Through the generosity of a member of the D. A. R. they purchased a gavel and small flag to be used at their club meetings.

We, ourselves, can learn a great deal from these citizens of tomorrow. One youthful member said, "Every boy and girl should learn to be a good citizen because the boys and girls of today are the presidents and United States workers of the future. If we learn to be good citizens when we are young, as our club teaches us, this country, when it falls into our hands, will flourish and prosper. Good citizens are the best aids to a country's prosperity." Another said, "A good citizen does none of the things he shouldn't, and all of the things he should. He is always worthy of being imitated." A nine year old member said of our flag:

"I think that I shall never see,
A flag as pretty as our Country's.
Some people like flags of different hue,
But I'll still stick to my own Red, White,
and Blue."

Through these Junior American Citizens Clubs we are building for the highest type of manhood and womanhood. Perhaps there was never a time in the history of our great nation when the old adage that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" was truer than it is today. Every loyal D. A. R. should feel that her hands, along with all mothers in America, should rock that cradle, that we may maintain the highest idealism of patriotism for which our society stands.

MRS. CLARK B. MONTGOMERY,
National Vice-Chairman,
Illinois State Chairman,
Junior American Citizens Committee.

---

**Report of the National Defense Through Patriotic Education Committee**

YOUR National Chairman has included in the January issue of the National Defense News a questionnaire intended to aid committee chairmen in measuring and reporting their year's work. This news also contains a review of legislation of special concern to Daughters of the American Revolution. Of particular interest are articles on the status of neutrality and an immigration questionnaire.
Junior Membership

The Junior Membership symbol, pictured here is the first prize poster design drawn by Mrs. Charles H. Layng, who was the winner of the 1937 D. A. R. poster contest. This design has been reproduced on postcards which may be secured at the price of One Dollar ($1.00) per hundred, which covers both the cost of the cards themselves and the cost of postage. They should be ordered from Mrs. Charles H. Layng, National Chairman of the D. A. R. Junior Membership Poster Contest, 1417 East 22nd Street, Brooklyn, New York. A silver loving cup donated by Mrs. Layng will be awarded to the Junior D. A. R. member disposing of the greatest number of postcards before March first. This cup will be presented to the winner at the Junior D. A. R. Assembly held in Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., on April 19, 1938.

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Margaret B. Whiteford,
Regent “Golden Hill” Chapter,
New York.

The Junior Group of the Golden Hill Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., is bringing out a very attractive little pamphlet entitled “Ye Golden Hill Gazette.” Among the contributions in the December issue were some very engaging verses entitled “Progressively Speaking,” which were written by Edith Wilson Barber of the Richmond County Chapter Junior Group, N. S. D. A. R. We take pleasure in reprinting them:

The Junior Order of D. A. R.
Put over a party that was by far,
The most delightful in every way,
From cocktails onward
To salads and meats,
Ice cream and coffee,
Punch! Such treats!
The taste still lingers,
And bones and hose
Retain the effects of
My dancing toes!

The Junior Group of the Golden Hill Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., is bringing out a very attractive little pamphlet entitled “Ye Golden Hill Gazette.” Among the contributions in the December issue were some very engaging verses entitled “Progressively Speaking,” which were written by Edith Wilson Barber of the Richmond County Chapter Junior Group, N. S. D. A. R. We take pleasure in reprinting them:

The Junior Order of D. A. R.
Put over a party that was by far,
The most delightful in every way,
From cocktails onward
To salads and meats,
Ice cream and coffee,
Punch! Such treats!
The taste still lingers,
And bones and hose
Retain the effects of
My dancing toes!

The Junior Order of D. A. R.
Put over a party that was by far,
The most delightful in every way,
From cocktails onward
To salads and meats,
Ice cream and coffee,
Punch! Such treats!
The taste still lingers,
And bones and hose
Retain the effects of
My dancing toes!
Miss Frances I. Mayes is the Editor of “Ye Golden Hill Gazette.” She is to be congratulated on the makeup of her magazine.

Members of the Junior Group of the Portland Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Portland, Oregon, have assisted with arrangements for the first Regional Conference of Junior Chapters recently held in Portland. They have been instrumental in sending an underprivileged girl to a Scout Camp. And they have also published the first newspaper of its type in the Northwest.

Story Contest for Junior Page, D. A. R. Magazine

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, the Editor of the D. A. R. Magazine, has suggested that the Juniors might be interested in writing short stories to be used on the Junior Page. Mrs. Pouch, our National Director, has offered a prize of $10.00 to the Junior whose story Mrs. Keyes selects as the best. This story will be printed in the April issue of the Magazine, and the prize will be awarded during the Junior Assembly on April 19, 1938. Mrs. Keyes will pay $1.00 apiece for other stories submitted which she uses in the Magazine. Stories must not be more than 1500 words in length, and may be either fictional or factual but must be on a historical subject of the Revolutionary period or about Junior D. A. R. activities. Any Junior Member of the Daughters of the American Revolution may enter a story in this contest. All stories must be typed, double space, and two copies sent to Miss Helen M. Scott, Chairman, Junior Page, D. A. R. Magazine, 600 N. Franklin Street, Wilmington, Delaware, by February 10, 1938.

Regional Meeting, Chicago, Illinois

A REGIONAL Conference of the Junior members of the D. A. R. in the middle western states was held in Chicago on Saturday, November 13. The group gathered for luncheon in the English Room at Field’s and it was great fun to meet Juniors from other towns. Representatives came from Chicago, Evanston, Springfield, Sterling, Bloomington, Joliet, and Oak Park, Illinois, and from Milwaukee, Racine, Neenah, and Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

At the close of the luncheon, Mrs. Frank L. Harris introduced the state and chapter regents who were present and the girls were delighted that so many regents were able to be with them.

The chairman expressed the wish that plans might be made for another Junior Regional Conference to be held at the time of the Illinois State Conference next March. A motion prevailed that the Junior get-together be held on Saturday, March 19, and that the state chairmen of Junior Membership for Wisconsin and Illinois appoint a committee to make arrangements for it. It was also moved that a nominating committee be appointed to select candidates for the offices of Chairman, and of Corresponding and Recording Secretaries and that a committee be named to draw up a set of resolutions to be presented at the next meeting.

Mrs. Bronson of the Fort Dearborn Chapter, Mrs. Beth Smith of Milwaukee, Miss Florence Smith of Chicago, Miss Dorothy Evans of Oak Park, and Mrs. Lester Lamm of Racine, reported on the activities of their respective groups. These speakers invited questions from the floor. It was brought out that Juniors need not adopt new activities but may assume some of the duties and responsibilities of their own D. A. R. Chapters.

Mrs. Harris outlined the plans for the 1938 Junior D. A. R. Assembly in Washington and she made the prospect seem most attractive.

Florence M. Smith,
Secretary Pro-temp.

Jeptha Abbott Chapter, Ardmore, Pa.

The Jeptha Abbott Chapter is a Junior Chapter, not a Junior Group affiliated with a Senior Chapter. You can “stay in” but you can’t “get in” after 35. Last November, we celebrated our 8th birthday with 94 members. We have 17 active committees and a C. A. R. Society with 18 members who meet four times a year. We have sent representatives and pages to the National and State Conventions and to the Junior Conference in Atlantic City, at all
of which one or more of our members have had the honor to hold active and responsible positions.

During the Constitution Celebration, the Regent worked on both State and City Committees, through which the Chapter members maintained an Information Booth in Philadelphia for six weeks. Our Historian, Mrs. A. Giraud Foote, compiled a pamphlet containing short biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence ($0.25 per copy). Our Chapter assisted also at the Needlework Exhibit in November and the Bridge Party in January sponsored by the Philadelphia Society for the Preservation of Landmarks.

Some of our committee work follows almost in outline form and mentioning only the "highspots"—


RADIO—Bi-monthly programs (16), Station WFIL, October, 1936, to May, 1937. Programs consisted of music and prominent Philadelphians on Colonial topics. Supervised by Mrs. Albert W. Douglas, Chapter Chairman and State Vice-Chairman.

AMERICANISM—Medals and prizes given to Girl and Boy Scouts; essay contest, sponsored in the Ardmore Grammar School; entertainments held at the University Foreign Students Club and at Scott Centre.

NATIONAL DEFENSE—Letters written to Congressmen concerning various bills; distribution of Ripley's "Believe It or Not," now sold by the National Committee.

MAGAZINE—7 subscriptions.

100 FLAG CODES and 350 MANUALS distributed.

ELLIS ISLAND—Wool and clothes shipped.

GIRL HOME MAKERS—Cooking and sewing prizes given annually to Ardmore Grammar School, 6th grade; club of 18 year old girls started in West Manayunk (8 meetings).

CONSERVATION—Made, collected, and distributed, approximately 800 garments, tampons, toys, and magazines.

JUNIOR AMERICAN CITIZENS—Started to function this year and has 100 members in two clubs. Two other clubs are being formed.

APPROVED SCHOOLS—Tamassee—Annual scholarship $100.00, garments and toys; Kate Duncan Smith, triple window in Library, $70.00, garments and toys; Crossnore, 1937-1938 scholarship of a twin, $50.00; approximately 250 garments sent last year to schools and about 500 more since September, 1937.

In all, our expenditures and donations ran approximately $650.00, September, 1936, to September, 1937.

To raise money for our work, we give a dinner dance at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in November of each year, at which we net around $500.00.

ELIZABETH FURST KLUMPP, Regent.

Portland, Indiana Juniors

THE Wheel and Distaff, Junior organization of Mississinewa Chapter, D. A. R., at Portland, Indiana, celebrated its first year, December 10, with a lovely Christmas party at the home of Mrs. Richard Kessler, Mrs. Julia Starbuck being the assisting hostess. Miss Margurite Miller is president.

This organization was the third prize winner in the State of Indiana last year, it being the third chapter to organize in a specified length of time. Eight members comprised the first group. At its first birthday party, December 10, it celebrated with eighteen active members. This group of young ladies is making a very active chapter and is bringing to the Senior Society much honor, as well as enthusiasm. We hope at the close of 1938 to have twenty-five active members. They have their own printed year-books, and take charge of their own finances.

FERN PHIPPS SPRUNGER, Organizer and Sponsor.

Mrs. Helen K. Stuart, State Regent of Wisconsin, turned over the entire Wisconsin News Letter for the month of November to her Juniors.

Remember the Junior Slogan: A Junior Group in Every Chapter—A C. A. R. in Every Junior Group.
The Sarah Whitman Hooker House

CHARLES CHATFIELD GERTH

Sarah Whitman Hooker Society, West Hartford, Connecticut

HOUSES, like ladies in return for services, receive gifts and compliments from their admirers. So, in commemoration of their days of active service, the old clapboards of the Sarah Whitman Hooker House are graced by a bronze tablet, a gift from the D.A.R. chapter of the same name.

She stands in West Hartford, Connecticut, on the summit of old Four-mile Hill viewing the passing show. Perhaps the house and the old elm, which casts sheltering branches over the roof, commune together about their youthful days. The house was built of hand-hewn logs and wooden pegs by a Connecticut settler in the early part of the Eighteenth Century and some years later the tree, a mere sapling, was planted before the door-way by Bristol, a slave of Sarah Whitman Hooker.

We do not know who owned the house before Mrs. Hooker, but it changed hands several times, being sold in 1769 by Thomas Seymour to William Pitkin who, in turn, sold it to Abraham Sedgewick. In 1773 William Hart Hooker, Mrs. Hooker's husband, bought it from Sedgewick with twenty-two acres of land and for twenty years it was Mrs. Hooker's home.

The early part of these twenty years was an eventful and, as we imagine, not too happy time for Mrs. Hooker, for the great American Revolution broke out taking her husband forever from her. Mrs. Hooker herself played a small part in the Revolution, we are told, when two British officers, prisoners under Governor Trumbull's special supervision at Hartford, escaped to be brought back and stationed at Mrs. Hooker's home. For a year the officers were the prisoner-guests of Mrs. Hooker. In return for her kindness and consideration they presented her with a beautiful ring upon their departure.

In 1794 Mrs. Hooker's brother-in-law, Captain Charles Seymour bought the house, thus keeping it in that same family which played so important a part in settling Hartford, Connecticut, for Mrs. Hooker was descended from William Pantry, one of the wealthiest founders of Hartford; from Reverend Solomon Stoddard, for sixty years pastor of the church at Northampton, Massachusetts; and from the Reverend John Warham, first pastor of the Windsor Church. She herself had Hooker blood since she was a descendant of the Reverend Thomas Hooker and was the grand-niece of Mrs. Eunice Williams.

After her death, the house was run for a time as an inn under the name of "The
Sheaf of Wheat.” Many guests sought within its protecting walls rest and refreshment at the end of a day’s dusty journey and tradition has it that Washington and Lafayette were entertained there.

Such anecdotes do their part to retain the original atmosphere of the house as does the work of many modern craftsmen, for across the front of the grounds on which the house stands has been placed a picket fence to preserve the atmosphere of the original setting. As one enters the house there is a narrow hallway, characteristic of the Eighteenth Century dwelling with narrow stairs rising at the right. One walks on into a long room which stretches across the entire width of the building. Once that room was divided into two smaller rooms which were opened out to make the one charming living room. At one end, facing the rear of the house in what formerly was the kitchen, is a tremendous old fireplace which, when Mrs. Gerth, the present owner, bought the house, was boarded up. By delving beneath the covering there was found not only the big hearth with its crane and Dutch oven, but the charming panelling that surrounds the whole. Old cupboards, little ones and big ones, hand-wrought hardware, period-antique furniture, a spinning wheel—all these help to retain the atmosphere of an earlier day.

Throughout the house, the original floors with their wide boards have been kept except in this room and the front hall. Fine mantles and old panelling are there. Against the east wall of the house there was originally a shed. When Mrs. Gerth came into possession the shed had long ago disappeared but on the foundations that remained she has built a porch, surrounded by a picket fence, across which one may look out upon the twinkling lights of the city.

Two of Alexandria’s Old Churches

TALBOT SINCLAIR

Ann McCarty Ramsay Society, Alexandria, Virginia

A DRIVE of only fifteen minutes brings you from Washington, D. C., the Nation’s Capital, to the historic little city of Alexandria, with a history of nearly two hundred years closely linked with our Republic. As we enter the city by way of the George Washington Memorial Highway, we are at once attracted by the colonial architecture of its many old homes. What a wealth of memories would pass in review when one crossed the threshold if these old walls could only talk. Here leaders of political thought came to visit, many stayed at its old taverns and many consulted with the great Washington, living the life of a Virginia Planter at his home at Mt. Vernon, when he was not actively engaged in the defense of his Country.

Alexandria was distinctly Washington’s hometown. He was a familiar figure on the streets, which years before he had helped to lay out. Here he maintained a town house, received his mail, purchased his supplies and attended church.

In Colonial times the church played an important part in the affairs of the people and in the colonies. Two churches in Alexandria stand out in this respect and it is of these two I would write today. In Colonial Virginia, the Church of England was the predominant body and we find Christ Church being started in 1767, although it was not completed until 1773. Washington was one of the twelve vestrymen chosen for this parish in 1765 and he remained a communicant and con-
tributor until his death. When the church was completed, he purchased pew number 5 for the sum of 36 pounds 10 shillings.

The vestry books dating back to 1765 contain many interesting entries. The family Bible used by General Washington at Mt. Vernon is a treasured relic and used now on some important occasions.

Many years later, another Washington became a regular attendant at this old church. In 1892, Mrs. Eleanor Selden Washington Howard, daughter of John Augustine Washington, the last private owner of Mt. Vernon, went to Alexandria and established her home there. She continued her membership in this old church to the end and from its hallowed walls was held her funeral service.

During the Annual Convention of the Children of the American Revolution, in April 1937, a pilgrimage was made by the National Society where in honor of Mrs. Howard, National Vice President Presiding of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, a beautiful silver baptismal Ewer was presented to Christ Church. Mrs. Howard was an honored and valued member of the National Board for over thirty years and the National Society honored itself as well as Mrs. Howard in this beautiful gift. Fortunately, Mrs. Howard was able to be present and we shall always remember with love and affection her presence with us on this memorable occasion, sitting in the pew she had occupied for forty-five years, surrounded by the members of the C. A. R., the organization very dear to her heart. This silver Ewer followed in design the silver which since Colonial times has been used in Christ Church.

Old Alexandria was settled largely by Scotch Merchants and seafaring men to whom the Church of Scotland necessarily appealed and in 1774 we find the Old Presbyterian Meeting House ready for worship. It housed within its walls many prominent men of those days.

We note among the Revolutionary patriots buried there, the graves of Dr. James Craik, Surgeon General of the Continental Army; John Carlyle, Commissary of the Virginia Forces and Colonel Dennis Ramsay, who as acting Mayor of the Town delivered the farewell address to Washington when he left to become the first President of the United States.

The Unknown Soldier of the Revolutionary War, whose grave was discovered a few years ago, revealing the remains of a nameless soldier in the uniform of the Continental Army also lies in this sacred churchyard. A temporary marker was placed over his grave by the American Legion, post No. 24 of Alexandria; later permission was given the National Society, Children of the American Revolution to place the permanent tomb. During the term of Mrs. Josiah A. Van Orsdel, National President, the Society placed a beautiful white marble monument over the grave of this nameless soldier. Annually the National Society pays its homage there with short but impressive ceremonies.
MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.
As of December 1, 1937

Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., Treasurer General

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STATES</th>
<th>Number of Chapters</th>
<th>Membership as of December 1, 1937</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Chapter</td>
<td>At Large</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alabama</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>1,525 38 1,563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alaska</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>28 2 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arizona</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>306 7 313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arkansas</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>920 8 928</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>4,440 174 4,614</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canal Zone</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>39 0 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colorado</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>2,104 20 2,124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connecticut</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>5,577 35 5,612</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuba</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>44 0 44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delaware</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>233 0 233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>3,511 110 3,621</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florida</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>1,351 29 1,380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>4,055 24 4,079</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawaiian Islands</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>151 2 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>448 1 449</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>7,131 138 7,269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiana</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>4,944 44 4,988</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>4,080 42 4,122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>2,291 14 2,305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentucky</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>2,391 15 2,406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louisiana</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>953 12 965</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maine</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>2,081 8 2,089</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>1,496 28 1,524</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>6,441 93 6,534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>3,762 44 3,806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesota</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>2,206 16 2,222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mississippi</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>1,357 14 1,371</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>4,282 54 4,336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>527 5 532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebraska</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>1,893 20 1,913</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nevada</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>51 3 54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>2,099 9 2,108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Jersey</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>4,857 95 4,952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Mexico</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>334 1 335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>175</td>
<td>14,897 339 15,236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Carolina</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>2,510 29 2,539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Dakota</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>329 4 333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>118</td>
<td>7,470 80 7,550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oklahoma</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>1,344 8 1,352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>1,088 6 1,094</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>11,450 100 11,550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philippine Islands</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>38 1 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Puerto Rico</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>39 0 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhode Island</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>1,289 9 1,298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Carolina</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>2,049 20 2,069</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Dakota</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>351 3 354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>2,719 30 2,749</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Texas</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>3,666 59 3,725</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>208 2 210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vermont</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>1,627 7 1,634</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>3,751 74 3,825</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>1,771 22 1,793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Virginia</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>2,339 14 2,353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisconsin</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2,136 15 2,151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyoming</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>367 1 368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreign, China</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>41 1 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>63 1 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>76 1 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>13 1 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italy</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>24 1 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At Large</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>26 26 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTALS</strong></td>
<td>2,502</td>
<td>140,076 1,954 142,030</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Last month this department opened with the proud announcement that we would have a contribution from Dorothy Canfield. The contribution arrived, on schedule time, and the editor’s heart leaped with joy when she saw the registered envelope with Dorothy Canfield’s name and address in the upper left-hand corner. But when she opened the envelope her heart stopped leaping and stood still. For she had expected a story entitled “The Old Apple Tree”; and here, instead, was an article, “‘Or’ Into ‘And’.”

The title, of course, was a detail and the apple tree appeared in the contents, after all, safe and sound; and—also, of course—any contribution from Dorothy Canfield would be immensely welcome at any time, whether fiction or non-fiction. But the point was that we were about to go to press, and here we were without a short story for the February issue! Our modest budget doesn’t run to more than one a month, so we didn’t have another in reserve. But on the other hand, having promised our subscribers that there always shall be one, and having received the eager assurance of many that they look forward to this more than to anything else in the magazine, we couldn’t possibly let them down. So what were we to do? Who was there to whom we could appeal that would be both willing to rise to the occasion and capable of doing so?
The situation was complicated by the fact that the editor was in bed with bronchitis, coughing her head off, and making up the magazine with the diversified material that was to go in it spread all over her counterpane so that she had to be careful not to move—and not even to cough too hard!—for fear of disturbing it. But she turned to the trusty telephone and called up two well-known writers. Both of them said they would do what they could. Twenty-four hours later, one of them—Catherine Cate Coblentz—walked into your editor’s room with the first draft of an utterly charming story entitled “The Cream Cashmere.” (The editor fell in love with the title before she had so much as looked at the contents and then she fell in love with those!) In another twenty-four hours the completed story, revised and polished, was duly delivered to her! (Let me say in passing that the other author, Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, was almost as prompt and that her story will appear in an early issue.)

Perhaps only another writer can visualize the intensive strain, the terrific effort, that such an accomplishment represents. First of all, it represents research, for historical fiction, like other historical literature, must be carefully checked for accuracy. Second, it represents the physical hardship of sitting for hours on end in the same tiresome position, while drafting and typing are done. And third, it represents a frantic search for inspiration, which amateurs believe descends like manna from the clouds, but which authors know all too well must be dug like nuggets from the mine. It takes courage and determination as well as knowledge and talent to turn out material at top speed, to keep it sound, to make it beautiful. Catherine Cate Coblentz has all the requisite traits.

Readers of our magazine have already had the privilege of reading two of her exquisite sonnets: “In the New Found Land,” published in November, and “Gossip Along the Thames—1621,” published in December. A third sonnet, entitled “Audubon,” is scheduled for March, and other verses for future months. Mrs. Coblentz has written poetry for many of the leading periodicals in the country—Pictorial Review, American Scholar, House-
ning our first serial! It is the joint product of two friends—Gertrude Tucker and Pauline Hopkins—and it therefore seems especially fitting to announce it in a department which specializes in collaborators; for a smoother, more finished piece of collaboration than this it would be hard to find. The name of it is “The Lady of Belvoir” and it is a story of country life in Virginia during the second half of the eighteenth century, permeated with glamour and romance and replete with local color. The heroine is Sally Fairfax, the “Beauty” for whom the story is named, who has gone down in history as a great enchantress—probably one of the greatest that this country has ever produced. The hero—well, we’ll let you wait to find that out, unless you know enough history to guess for yourself. Suppose you test yourself, just for fun!

Oregon came forward with the same prodigality which Washington displayed, in the matter of cooperating with your editor to produce a magazine which should blazon its beauties to the world! It was heartbreaking not to be able to use immediately all of the splendid material sent in, but some of it we are keeping for future use, like choice tidbits after a party. A splendid article which we are especially sorry not to use just now is one entitled “Oregon,” by G. R. Hyslop, head of the Division of Plant Industries at Oregon State Agricultural College; but it arrived after an article with the same name and similar context by S. F. Sackett had already been set up. It is strange how often two persons, each unaware of what the other is doing, follow the same theme in literature or music simultaneously! Mr. Hyslop mentions one famous person in his article, however, who Mr. Sackett did not: Sacajawea, the Indian maiden who “led Lewis and Clark over snow-blanketed mountain passes, sear gray deserts, and through the magnificent caverns of the mighty Columbia to end their historic journey at the salt cans and winter camp in the dripping green rain forests on the Pacific shores at seaside.” I am glad that Mr. Hyslop gave us this vivid and poetic account of a momentous journey, for it was necessary to omit a caption on the picture of Sacajawea used as one of the illustrations of Dr. Howard’s “Oregon Creed” — captions would have marred the artistic effect of the beautiful “layout,” so the printer stood firmly against them! Mr. Hyslop’s description is better than any caption, and it is a pleasure to quote it here.

A caption was omitted from Mrs. Holt’s article, “The Oregon Trail,” for the same reason that none was used with the “Oregon Creed.” It should be recorded here, however, that Virginia Todd Holt (Mrs. Gilbert E. Holt) is the State Vice Regent of Oregon and that she is untiring in various phases of the National Society’s work.

The following poem written by Sam L. Simpson was first published in the Albany Democrat-Herald April 18, 1868. It has been submitted to us as appropriate for inclusion with the Oregon material by the Lynn Chapter D. A. R. to which we are indebted for calling our attention to it. The title is “Willamette.”

From the Cascades’ frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely River,
Softly calling to the sea,
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Spring’s green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning
Now thy roseate ripples dance
Golden then, when day, departing,
On thy waters trails his lance,
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Limpid volatile and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.
Translation—Madame Albert Le Brun has the honor to thank Madame Becker for sending her the magazine of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which she will read with much interest. She sends the assurance of her very high regards with the expression of the hope that Madame Becker has a pleasant memory of her stay in France.

We wish to thank all the readers who have been kind enough to write in, during the past month, either to one of the National Officers or to some member of our own staff, speaking of the magazine in terms of kindly praise. We are quoting only one letter, however, this month, and that comes from such a very important personage that we feel you will like to see exactly how it looks; so we are printing a facsimile of it. Your editor is especially pleased that Madame Le Brun wrote to your President-General so cordially about the magazine, for she herself has had the pleasure and honor of knowing the First Lady of France for several years, and has always found her the personification of graciousness. It is pleasant to think of our magazine lying on one of the beautiful old inlaid tables in a tapestried salon at the Elysee. So let us leave it there, in our mind’s eye, until another month!
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.
MRS. ROBERT HAMILTON GIBBES,
66 Ten Eyck Ave., Albany, N. Y.

MISS NANCY HUDSON HARRIS,
37 Saunders St., Allston, Mass.
MRS. THEODORE STRAWN,
Laurelhurst, DeLand, Fla.

MRS. JAMES H. Mc Donald,
Glencoe Hills, Washtenaw Rd.,
Ypsilanti, Mich.
MRS. ASA CLAY MESSENGER,
248 N. King St., Xenia, Ohio.

MRS. ZEBULON VANCE JUDD, 275 S. College, Auburn, Ala.
(Term of office expires 1939)

MISS EMELINE A. STREET,
259 Cannon St., New Haven, Conn.

MRS. MORTIMER PLATT,
1111 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

MRS. HAROLD THEODORE GRAVES,
625 Surfside Blvd., Miami Beach, Fla.

MRS. THOMAS J. MAULDIN,
Pickens, S. C.

MRS. J. HARRIS BAUGHMAN,
Tallahas, La.

(Term of office expires 1940)

MRS. FRANK M. DICK,
“Dunmovin,” Cambridge, Md.

MRS. ELMER H. WHITTAKER,
124 E. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

MRS. WM. HENRY BELK,
220 Hawthorne Lane, Charlotte, N. C.

MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH,
Memorial Continental Hall.

MRS. GEORGE BAXTER AVERILL, Jr., 2959 N. Frederick Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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. George Baxter Averill, Jr., 2959 N. Frederick Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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

Registrar General
MRS. LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Historian General
MRS. JULIAN G. GOODHUE,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Librarian General
MRS. LUTHER EUGENE TOLMEE,
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. MCMARTIN, 1820 Palomcroft 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 HAIG, 2656 15th St., NW., Washington.
MISS LILLIAN CHENOWETH, 1350 Meridian Place, N.W., Washington.

FLORIDA
MRS. E. M. BREVARD, 319 N. Monroe St., Tallahassee.
MISS MARY CHARISSA WELCH, 40 Thomaston St., Hartford.

GEORGIA
MRS. JOHN S. ADAMS, Belleview Road, Dublin.
MRS. WM. HARRISON HIGHTOWER, 709 Meridian Place, N.W., Washington.

HAWAII
MRS. RICHARD CLAY CHILES, 2171 Atherton Road, Honolulu.

IDAHO
MRS. WILLIAM WESLEY BROTHERS, 730 N. Garfield Ave., Pocatello.
MRS. THOMAS F. WARNER, 206 5th Ave., East, Twin Falls.

ILLINOIS
MRS. JACOB FREDRICH ZIMMERMAN, 11718 Main St., Harvey.
MRS. THAYER KINGSLEY MORROW, 215 Columbia Terrace, Peoria.

INDIANA
MRS. WM. H. SCHLOSSER, 99 No. Morse St., Franklin.
MRS. LAJAYE LAWN PORTER, 600 Ridge Ave., Green Castle.

IOWA
MRS. IMOGEN B. EMERY, 751 Higley Blvd., Cedar Rapids.
MRS. OTTO S. VON KROC, Eldora.

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

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

LOUISIANA
MRS. A. R. LACEY, 1818 Irving Place, Shreveport.
MRS. CHARLES M. FLOWER, 1105 No. First St., Monroe.

MAINE
MRS. VICTOR ABOTT BINFORD, Roxbury.
MRS. FRED C. MORGAN, 320 Main St., Saco.

MARYLAND
MRS. WILBUR BUNNELL BLAKESLEE, 222 St. Dunstans Rd., Homeland, Baltimore.
MRS. MAUD HOLT MAULSBY, 4503 Roland Avenue, Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS
MRS. FRANK LEON NASON, 10 Driftway, Scituate.
MISS ETHEL LANE HERSHEY, 134 South St., Hingham.

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

MINNESOTA
MRS. LELAND STANFORD DUXBURY, 1974 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis.

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

MISSOURI
MRS. HENRY CLAY CHILES, Lafayette Arms, Lexington.
MRS. FRANCIS CHARLES BECKER, 1712 Watson St., St. Charles.

MONTANA
MRS. W. A. Rahn, 113 Hawthorne St., Lewistown.
MRS. LEMUEL W. CROUCH, 2701 1st Ave., North, Great Falls.

NEBRASKA
MRS. REUBEN EDWARD KNIGHT, 907 Cheyenne Ave., Alliance.
MRS. GEORGE H. HOLDEMAN, 305 College Ave., York.

NEVADA
MRS. ELMER M. BOYNE, 624 Nixon Ave., Reno.
MRS. FREDERICK H. SIBLEY, 307 W. Sixth St., Reno.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
MRS. CARL S. HOSKINS, 2701 1st Ave., North, Great Falls.
MRS. MADELINE T. REYNOLDS, Dover.

NEW JERSEY
MRS. J. WARREN PERKINS (Acting), 907 Cheyenne Ave., Alliance.
MRS. GEORGE H. HOLDEMAN, 305 College Ave., York.

NEW MEXICO
MRS. ABRAHAM G. SHORTLE, 815 West Copper Ave., Albuquerque.
MRS. ROBERT K. BELL, Faywood.
National Board of Management—Continued

NEW YORK
MRS. WILLIAM HENRY CLAPP, Cohocton.
MRS. ARTHUR W. ARNOLD, 146 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. RAYMOND W. SHINNERS, 607 6th Ave., NW., Mandan.

OHIO
MRS. JOHN S. HEAUME, Hotel Heaume, Springfield.
MRS. JAMES F. DONAHUE, 2850 Chadbourne Road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland.

OKLAHOMA
MRS. EUGENE NORFLEET DAVIS, 107 E. Lane St., Raleigh.
MRS. CURTIS WAYNE SPENCER, 514 Princess St., Wilmington.

OREGON
MRS. WALTER C. FAIT, Fingal.
MRS. GILBERT E. HOLT, 225 River Drive, Pendleton.

PENNSYLVANIA
MRS. IRA R. SPRINGER, Main and Spring Streets, Middletown.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
MISS RUTH BRADLEY SHELDON, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.
MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila.

RHODE ISLAND
MRS. ARTHUR MILTON McCORMACK, 482 Lloyd Ave., Providence.

SOUTH CAROLINA
MRS. JOHN LOGAN MARSHALL, Clemson College.
MRS. WM. SUTHERLAND ALLAN, 5 Bennett St., Charleston.

SOUTH DAKOTA
MRS. JAMES BROWN VAUGHN, Castlewood.
MRS. MacDonald TAYLOR GREENE, 117 Frederick St., Harris.

TENNESSEE
MRS. RUTLEDGE SMITH, Hermitage Highway, Nashville.
MRS. JOHN DANIÉL, 2500 Salair Ave., Nashville.

TEXAS
MRS. MARION D. MULLINS, 1023 Cooper St., Ft. Worth.
MRS. J. D. SANDEFER, 2202 Hickory St., Abilene.

UTAH
MRS. W. E. FLEETWOOD, 1464 S. 14th East, Salt Lake City.
MRS. O. ALVIN PARMLEY, 730 25th St., Ogden.

VERMONT
MRS. C. LESLIE WITHERELL, Shoreham.
MRS. IRVIN G. CROSIER, 4 Bullock St., Brattleboro.

VIRGINIA
MRS. ARTHUR RANKWORTH, Bedford Ave., Altavista.
MRS. WILLIAM G. SCOTT, 122 Harrison St., Lynchburg.

WASHINGTON
MRS. FELAGUS M. WILLIAMS, 2667 Park Drive, Bellingham.
MRS. STARK SHERMAN, 700 University St., Walla Walla.

WEST VIRGINIA
MRS. DAVID E. FRENCH, 2126 Reid Avenue, Bluefield.
MRS. WILSON H. S. WHITE, Shepherdstown.

WISCONSIN
MRS. HELEN C. KIMBERLY STUART, 406 E. Wisconsin Ave., Neenah.
MRS. WILLIAM H. CUDWORTH, 2003 E. Bellevue Place, Milwaukee.

WYOMING
MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila.
MRS. WILBER K. MYLAR, 118 E. Pershing Blvd., Cheyenne.

HONORARY OFFICERS ELECTED FOR LIFE

Honorary Presidents General

MRS. GRACE L. H. BROSSEAU
MRS. LOWEL FLETCHER HOBART
MRS. HENRY BOURNE JOY
MRS. HOWARD L. HODGKINS
MRS. WILLIAM B. BURNEY

Honorary Vice- Presidents General

MRS. MABEL R. CARLSON
MRS. WILLIAM G. SCOTT
MRS. WILLIAM H. S. WHITE

MRS. ALVIN VALENTINE LANE, 1936
MRS. WILLIAM S. BURNEY, 1937
### National Committees, 1937-1938

#### NATIONAL CHAIRMEN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Committee</th>
<th>Chairperson</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>AMERICANISM</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. Horace M. Jones, 215 Pelham Rd., Germantown, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>APPROVED SCHOOLS</strong></td>
<td>Miss Katharine Matthies, 255 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CAROLINE E. HOLT SCHOLARSHIP FUND</strong></td>
<td>Miss Ruth Bradley Sheldon, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CONSERVATION [AMERICAN INDIANS]</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. AVERY TURNER, 1706 Polk St., Amarillo, Texas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Vice Chairman in Charge, Mrs. Richard Codman, Fair Oaks, Sacramento County, Calif.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CONSTITUTION HALL MEMORY</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. G. L. H. Brosseau, 485 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CORRECT USE OF THE FLAG</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. Martin L. Sigmon, Monticello, Ark.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>D. A. R. GOOD CITIZENSHIP PILGRIMAGE</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. Raymond G. Kimbell, 8910 Cicero Ave., Niles Center, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>D. A. R. MAGAZINE</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. WM. J. Ward, 58 Bellevue Ave., Summit, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>D. A. R. MANUAL FOR CITIZENSHIP</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. ROBERT J. REED, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>D. A. R. MUSEUM</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. JOSEPH C. FORNEY, 85 Spencer Ave., Lancaster, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>D. A. R. STUDENT LOAN FUND</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. SMITH H. STEINBIS, 590 East 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ELLIS ISLAND</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. FREDERICK G. JOHNSON, 4036 Strong St., Riverside, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FILING AND LENDING BUREAU</strong></td>
<td>Dr. JEAN STEPHENSON, The Conard, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GENEALOGICAL RECORDS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. LESTER S. DANIELS, 58 Lowden Ave., West Somerville, Mass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GIRL HOME MAKERS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. JULIAN G. GOODHUE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HISTORICAL RESEARCH</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. RALPH E. WISNER, 3730 Carter Ave., Detroit, Mich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>JUNIOR AMERICAN CITIZENS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. WALTER L. TOBEY, Fountain Square Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. LEON A. MCINTHER, 23 Georgian Road, Morristown, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MEMORIAL CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON LIAISON</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. VINTON EARL SISSON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MOTION PICTURE</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NATIONAL DEFENSE THROUGH PATRIOTIC EDUCATION</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. DEANE VAN LANDINGHAM, 2010 The Plaza, Charlotte, N. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NATIONAL MEMBERSHIP</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. JOSEPH E. PRYOR, 127 Whittredge Road, Summit, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PRESS RELATIONS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. HARRY K. DAUGHERTY, 315 W. Main St., Grove City, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>RADIO</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. JULIAN McCurry, Bradwell Hall, Athens, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>REAL DAUGHTERS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. Wm. A. BECKER, 77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ADVISORY</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. JULIUS Y. TALMADGE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CREDENTIALS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. LEON A. MCINTHER, 23 Georgian Road, Morristown, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INSIGNIA</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. FRANK HOWLAND PARCELLS, 409 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>RESOLUTIONS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. ROBERT J. JOHNSTON, Humboldt, Iowa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TRANSPORTATION</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. ANNE FLETCHER RUTLEDGE, Apt. 15, 269 1st Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Committee</th>
<th>Chairperson</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>EXECUTIVE</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. WM. A. BECKER, 77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AUDITING</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. JULIUS Y. TALMADGE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FINANCE</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. LEON A. MCINTHER, 23 Georgian Road, Morristown, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. HENRY M. ROBERT, Jr., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PRINTING</strong></td>
<td>Mrs. HENRY M. ROBERT, Jr., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ART CRITICS</strong></td>
<td>Miss ALINE E. SOLOMONS, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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.
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. JOHN LESTER BARR

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

The Approved Schools of the N. S. D. A. R.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School Name</th>
<th>City, State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AMERICAN INDIAN INSTITUTE</td>
<td>Mr. Robert M. Muir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE</td>
<td>Dr. C. S. McGown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berea College</td>
<td>Dr. William I. Hutchins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Berry Schools</td>
<td>Miss Martha Berry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue Ridge Industrial School</td>
<td>Dr. George P. Mayo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carr Creek Community Center, Inc.</td>
<td>Mr. W. T. Francis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossnore School</td>
<td>Dr. Mary Martin Sloop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hillside School</td>
<td>Mr. Lemuel Sanford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hindman Settlement School</td>
<td>Miss May Stone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Duncan Smith D. A. R. School</td>
<td>Mr. Wilson Evans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lincoln Memorial University</td>
<td>Dr. Stewart W. McClelland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryville College</td>
<td>Miss Clemmie I. Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montverde School</td>
<td>Mr. H. P. Carpenter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northland College</td>
<td>Dr. J. D. Brownell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine Mountain Settlement School</td>
<td>Mr. Glyn A. Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schaufler College</td>
<td>Dr. Raymond G. Clapp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tamasesee D. A. R. School</td>
<td>Mr. Ralph H. Cain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[ 104 ]
Every Modern Home
Should Have An Elevator

NO
HEART STRAIN
When You Ride


Sedgwick
RESIDENCE ELEVATORS
Also Dumb Waiters
Fuel Lifts • Trunk Lifts

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

LILA JAMES RONEY, F. G. B. S.
Genealogist
157 East 72nd Street, New York City
Papers for Patriotic Societies and Charts prepared Charges only for established records; no charge for preliminary investigation.
Reference, by permission: The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society

KENMORE GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT
Fredericksburg, Virginia.
Private index of Virginia Revolutionary Services, compiled from unlisted manuscript material. Let us prove your Revolutionary ancestor.
Write
KENMORE ASSOCIATION, Fredericksburg, Va.

TRACE YOUR ANCESTRY
Genealogies, local histories, and coats of arms are listed in our 185-page catalogue (No. 265), which will be sent for 10c in stamps. Write Dept. D.
GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP
18 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

ANNIN & CO.
OFFICIAL FLAG MAKERS
89 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Write for Catalogue of D. A. R. Flags; also makers of C. A. R. Flags

HISTORIC SITE MARKERS
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

RESEARCH WORK
done and articles written if desired at reasonable prices. Any mission in Washington undertaken. Address
MURRAY
3328 Runnymede Place Washington, D. C.

YOUR FAMILY
COAT OF ARMS!
Costs of arms and Crests of American Families searched and expertly emblazoned on quality parchment, size 11 x 14 inches, for only $9.50—unframed; handsomely framed to match colorings in the Arms, $12.00. (Postage extra for all outside orders.)

and executed by our staff of competent Genealogists and Heraldic Artists. Quotations for Heraldic Bookplates, Seals, and Stationery gladly sent upon request.
INTERNATIONAL HERALDIC BUREAU
"Perfection in Heraldry since 1910"
3 Walnut Street Rochester, N. Y.

FAMILY
FLAG CODE LEAFLETS
(In colors)

Due to the increased cost of production it has been necessary to increase the price of the Flag Code leaflets. Revised prices appear below:
Price List
$10.00 per 1000 codes
$8.00 per 500 codes
$6.00 per 250 codes
$5.00 per 100 codes
$4.00 per 50 codes
$3.50 per 25 codes
Any quantity under 100 will be charged for at a flat rate of two cents a code.

All orders should be sent to Treasurer General
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
LAST month I tried to describe a typical office day to you. This month I want to tell you about a few extra-office experiences.

For inevitably I am occasionally absent from Continental Hall. There were certain speaking engagements and writing commitments to which I was already obligated when I agreed to become your editor; and these, like all other obligations, must be conscientiously kept. But the magazine work goes forward just the same, for editors genuinely interested in makeup—their magazines, not their own!—can do it almost anywhere; and incidentally these extra-office excursions give your editor a chance to renew and achieve acquaintances among the members of our National Society, which otherwise she would not have.

For instance, her first speech, in the course of her recent travels, was at Hamilton, Ohio, before the Woman's City Club; and the evening after it was given, the officers of this club invited the officers of the John Reily Chapter to supper at the Y.W.C.A., which, in Hamilton, is an outstanding community center. Mrs. John S. Heaume, the State Regent, came down from Springfield for the occasion, and was a great addition to the party, besides making a charming picture with her sweet smile and silvery halo of hair. After supper we all gathered around the big fireplace in the lounge, where a cheerful fire was blazing, and talked about "cabbages and kings"—and incidentally, of course, about the magazine and what we could cooperate in doing to make it bigger and better.

My next speech was at Lake Erie College in Painesville, Ohio, and there, too, I found a warm welcome awaiting me from members of the National Society. An impromptu luncheon was quickly arranged by members of the New Connecticut Chapter in Painesville at Rider's Tavern, the famous and delightful old inn which for over a century has dispensed bountiful hospitality to man and beast—not to mention woman and child! It was a snowy, blowy day but none of us was conscious of it inside. And apparently no one was too conscious of it outside either, for members came flocking in from various outlying towns to meet with us!

After this came four speeches in and near Chicago; and as there were occasional free days between them, these offered all sorts of opportunities for contacts and conferences. I dined with Mrs. T. L. Ballard, State Magazine Chairman for Illinois; with Mrs. Jacob Fredrich Zimmerman, State Regent, and Mrs. William C. Fox, Vice Chairman of the Lincoln Monument Committee, as my fellow guests. I lunched with our Historian General, Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue, at the Palmer House; and twice I lunched at the Chicago Woman's Club, once as the guest of Mrs. Raymond G. Kimbell, the National Chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Committee, and once as the guest of Mrs. Winthrop Girling, a member of Glencoe Chapter. On both these occasions, half a dozen other prominent members were my fellow guests, among them Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Chairman of National Defense Through Patriotic Education, who asked me to spend the weekend with her at Winnetka; and though I was obliged to decline because by that time I was heading for Wichita, she has given me a "rain check" on the invitation!

At "The Rookery," the ancestral home of Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, State Regent of Kansas, twenty women gathered around a candle-lighted table, covered with one of the most exquisite embroidered cloths I have ever seen. (There was a big blue candle on the sideboard, too, which Mrs. Rex said was the "candle of friendship," and which she asked me to light.) Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, Honorary President General, was among the guests—as wise and witty as ever, and quite the life of the party. And what a party it was! The dinner was simply delicious from start to finish, but of all the tempting dishes, I think a combination of creamed chestnuts and brussels sprouts was the most irresistible. I am going to be a copy-cat as far as this is concerned!

I made a brief excursion north into Michigan, and at Benton Harbor spent the night with Mrs. Humphrey S. Gray, State Chairman of Real Daughters, and went to a dinner given by the Algonquin Chapter at the Hotel Whitcomb. And finally on the dreariest day of the whole winter, I believe, I went to Gary, Indiana. It is not often that weather depresses me, but I confess it did on this occasion. So when a big square box was handed me just before I went on the stage, it came at just the right moment to raise my drooping spirits; and when I opened it and found that it contained a corsage bouquet and a cordial message from the members of the Pottawatomie Chapter, my spirits simply soared.

My "own crowd" had remembered me! Like Marjorie Hillis, I had "Orchids on My Budget"!