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SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

OUR NEW "VICES"
RUBY A. BLACK

THE GIFT OF BELLS
CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

BRIDES OF YESTERYEAR

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Cover Design: Udolpha Sarah Phillips wearing the wedding dress of her great-great-grandmother, Katherine Rosana. (For detailed description, see Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics, page 110.)

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Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr.
PRESIDENT GENERAL, NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
In my first words of greeting to you as President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I wish to thank all members for their confidence in me. For all of those officers whom you recently elected, I express appreciation. With them and for them I pledge to you an earnest effort to advance the objects of the National Society in a manner worthy of its best traditions.

At the beginning of a new Administration, as one contemplates duties and obligations that will arise from activities that reach to the ends of the earth, it is natural to think of that other beginning, back in 1890, when fifteen women, with the wife of the President of the United States as their leader, laid the foundations that have made our development possible. Women's ventures outside the home were then new. These founders were without the inspiration that their success has given us. As we start our work together, let us gratefully acknowledge our debt to their courage and their faith. Let us remember that "all climbing to great places is by a winding stair."

In October, 1940, the Daughters of the American Revolution will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the National Society. The final annual meeting under the officers recently elected will be the fiftieth Continental Congress. This Jubilee should mean much both to the physical and spiritual well being of the Society. It is fitting that throughout these three years members enter into a united effort to gain from the Golden Jubilee an inspiration for greater service in long years to come.

In nearly every Chapter there has been a lingering desire that, at some opportune time, a cherished hope may become a reality. The opportune time is now. Let each and every Chapter, according to its means and numbers, decide upon an anniversary project and plan for its completion by the time of the fiftieth Continental Congress. Choose carefully and plan wisely, that the benefits of our Jubilee may reach beyond our own membership to bless our fellow citizens.

With this general goal in mind, adapt your detailed plan to individual conditions. Do not attempt more than your Chapter can reasonably expect to accomplish at the same time that it meets its other obligations. Consider the permanency of your service: perhaps a fund for the purchase of one book of history annually for your local library that you may aid in "the general diffusion of knowledge" in your community; possibly a
granite bench at an important historic spot where weary travelers pause, and pausing, rest awhile. It may be an avenue of trees through which in years to come your town’s people may bless you for their sweet shade.

The National Society should also have its anniversary project. The fulfilment of the first object of the National Society, “the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution” can be accomplished only when an adequate historical library of the period of the American Revolution supplements the splendid genealogical library now maintained by the National Society. Rare documents offered to the Society must be declined because we have no place to house them. Recently two National Officers in preparing historical addresses found it necessary to seek data upon a great phase of the American Revolution in libraries other than our own. The Society may well be proud of its genealogical library, but its activities are handicapped because it lacks historical data upon the Revolution itself. At its first meeting, the new Executive Committee voted to recommend to the National Board of Management that the special Jubilee project of the National Society be the building of a Document Room in the basement of Memorial Continental Hall and the creation of a library upon the history of the Revolutionary period.

The next three years should become the inspiration for putting our house in order. The National Society should install a budget system which is now possible as a result of foundations laid in the previous administration. The Society should provide an endowment of the two schools which it owns, for the maintenance of those buildings previously presented. The schools should be freed from the uncertainties of sporadic effort. There are countless other projects of internal administration logically falling under the work of different offices and committees which will contribute to a program that will round out the activities of the National Society to a state of perfection worthy of a Golden Jubilee.

Lastly come the intangibles. The principles. The ideals. No greater service can be performed by the Daughters of the American Revolution during the next three years than for each member to renew her faith in America and to bear witness to this faith in the American System.

America has its imperfections, but, in spite of these, it still offers the greatest measure of individual liberty, and under it her citizenry may enjoy greater privileges than under any other government yet devised.

“*The heights by great men scaled and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards through the night.*”

Against our Jubilee, we have work to do.
Caroline Lavinia Harrison

WIFE OF PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON, AND FIRST PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY DANIEL HUNTINGTON, PRESENTED TO THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
The history of bells is so old that nobody knows its beginning. They are mentioned in Exodus as hanging on the robes of priests. And in pagan literature, the sound of the bell is supposed to drive away the evil spirits and to summon the good spirits. Bells are mentioned in the oldest legends which may concern our own country. In Europe for hundreds of years, men told of land lying hidden beneath the waves in the western seas "on the way to a continent." That land bore varying names, Ys, Lyn, Llion, Lyonesse, Atlantis, Antilles. But almost always the stories ended with
BRONZE CHURCH BELL FROM SAN BLAS, MEXICO, DECORATED WITH CALVARY CROSS IN RELIEF

the words: “Sometimes the bells of the Lost Land can be heard sounding softly beneath the water.” Actually, however, one great gift of the Old World to the New was the gift of bells.1

When Columbus first touched the shores of the West Indies, the natives heard a new sound. At first this probably came only from small tinkling bells which were brought as an article in trade, and which delighted the red men. But the missionary friars arrived on the heels of the discoverers and often with them, and the sound of their bells calling the faithful to prayer was soon heard in the land. It impressed the hearers greatly, and sometimes they spoke of it as the voice of the white man’s god.

Bells for the friars were brought willingly enough across the ocean, for the presence of a consecrated bell was thought to insure the ship against shipwreck. There was an old saying too, that the carrying of

1 Pre-European history, the archaeologists tell us, reveals that some crude bells were found in the Southern continent. None was discovered in North America.
such a bell predicted success in a land journey.

Probably the oldest story concerning a European church bell in the Western world refers to some early Spaniards who had come to Yucatan to settle among the Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza. The Indians did not welcome the newcomers, who were eager to make slaves of the red men. So, secretly, the Indians planned to get rid of them. They made a great circle about the camp, a circle that gradually grew smaller and smaller.

The Spaniards had a small church bell, and every morning this bell called the soldiers together for Mass. The Indians soon learned to know that as long as the bell tolled, it was safe to relax their close watchfulness of the camp, for during that time the Spaniards were at prayer.

After the bell ceased, the white men left the camp in various parties to obtain food, and while they were gone the Indians would attack the few who were remaining at the camp. As most of these were ill and weak with hunger, the attacks were quite successful.

One morning the Spaniards going forth to find food were met by a great number of Indians and forced back. The circle was closing in. Any food supply was now entirely cut off.

That night the Indians heard the bell ringing on and on in the Spaniards' camp. It meant, they decided, that the strangers were all praying to their gods. So, as they had done in the past, the Indians relaxed their vigilance, stretched out on their straw mats and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, a column of starving Spaniards were stealing away from the camp, in a desperate dash for the coast. Behind them the bell kept on ringing, sometimes in a very fury, sometimes in a slow tolling. Even after the sun rose the bell could be heard.

As the hours passed and the bell kept sounding, the Indians became more and more perplexed. Finally one Indian braver than the others slipped out of hiding and reached the palisades of the camp, and peered inside. Not a single Spaniard was to be seen. But even as he looked the bell rang again.

Then in the shadow he saw a dog—one of the Spaniards' dogs. The rope which had fastened him was tied to the bell's clapper. When the Spaniards left the camp they placed food, perhaps the last they had, just beyond the dog's reach. And it was his frantic efforts to obtain that food which kept the churchbell ringing and the "evil spirits" at bay.

The first mention of bells in our own northern land is told in the records of the Spanish explorations from Mexico. For when the negro Stephen, preceded Friar Marcos northward looking for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, he wore small bells and feathers on the bracelets about his legs and arms. And when Coronado followed with all his gorgeous train, he listened to the story of a Quiviran Indian whom the Spaniards found captive in one of the pueblo towns of the southwest.

In his country, Quivira, the Indian declared, there was a land of much treasure. The chieftain of that place slept in the afternoons, the storyteller went on,—no doubt keeping his eyes on a tinkling bell which may have been given him by the Spaniards—under a tree hung with golden bells which made pretty music in the wind.

The Indian's tale made pretty music, too, and much to the Spaniards' liking—a tree hung with golden bells! They journeyed farther and farther into the country, hoping to find it.

By the end of the sixteenth century, settlers were following the explorers, and Santa Fé became their headquarters. It was the headquarters for missionary activity, also, and to the missions men brought church bells by ox-team, some from Spain, some cast in Mexico and yet others in Peru.

According to legend the bell in the old church at Santa Fé is the oldest bell in the United States. An almost obliterated date appears to be 1356, and the story goes that the bell was cast in Spain at the time of the Moorish invasion.

Saint Joseph was the patron saint of the Spanish community then being besieged, and the people imploring his aid, cast the bell in his honor. All of them brought their gold and silver treasures, and melted them down for the bell, which was three inches thick. And the Spaniards were triumphant.
What more natural than that such a bell be sent in a Spanish galleon to the New World where the dangers were great, the enemies many? Along its side is the inscription—San José, mego por nosotros—Saint Joseph, pray for us. And today about the restored church of San Miguel grow many hollyhocks, which the New Mexicans call, Saint Joseph’s rod. Perchance these are a sign and a symbol.

Through shadowy night and burning day
They carried the bell of San José;
Copper and silver, iron and gold,
Clear as the sunlight the music tolled
When in the tower of San Miguel
The gray-robed friars placed their Spanish bell.
Across the mesa, across the plain
To the purple mountains and back again,
Positive song of an ancient bell:
‘Tis well—‘tis well,
It still—is well.
The Indians learned of the white man's God, 
Then the Spaniards passed; the very sod 
Became to its conquerors alien land, 
And only the bell could understand. 
The ancient bell of San José 
Gave carillon to another day; 
'Tis well—'tis well, 
It still—is well.²

The bells of the missions were of copper, 
brass, of silver and iron; and sometimes 
with a touch of gold, which was supposed 
to lend beauty to the tone. One mission has 
a set of bells, beautiful to look at, swinging 
in the arches, but no music ever sounds 
from their throats, for they are dummy 
bells, carved from wood. 
The Tumacacori Mission, in what is now 
Arizona, possessed an especially fine set of 
Spanish bells. When in the middle of the 
eighteenth century, according to the story, 
this Jesuit mission was ordered turned over 
to the Franciscans, the Jesuits at the Tuma-
cacori buried their bells, hoping to return 
some day and regain possession of them. 
The hiding place is not known, but if one 
hears a beautiful sound in the vicinity of 
the mission it is said that it is the ringing 
of the lost bells of the Tumacacori.

Deep and far is the stillness, 
Then, sudden, a golden sound— 
Spanish bells, calling, calling, 
Calling from under the ground.

The music is soft and faltering, 
The echo is sweet and long, 
The Ave of the Tumacacori— 
The bells with the golden song.

There is also a romantic tale often repeated 
concerning the bells of the San José Mission 
in Texas: ³

Teresa, a maid of old Castile, waited in 
Spain for the return of her fiancé Don 
Luis Angel de Leon, who had gone adventur-
ing in the New World. Under Teresa's 
dress hung the cross her lover had given 
her, his ring was upon her finger. 

On a particular day she went forth to the 
merrymaking which attended the ceremony 
of the casting of a bell destined for the 
same far-away mission where Don Luis was 
garrisoned. 

² By special permission of St. Nicholas. 
³ This same legend is told of San Gabriela Mission in Cali-
     fornia, and both bear a striking and singular resemblance to 
     the story which Mrs. Shreve tells in this same issue in fiction 
     form.

There was teasing and laughter, and 
many of the Spanish ladies flirted a little 
with their fans shielding their faces, while 
scarlet roses fell, not always by accident, 
from white fingers. But Teresa stood apart 
and fingered the cross, thinking of her 
lover, and of the day he should return. 

Then into the throng suddenly galloped 
a courier, bringing news that had just 
lately reached a Spanish port: Don Luis 
had been killed by an Indian arrow and 
had been buried in the mission churchyard, 
nean which the bell-to-be was destined to be 
hung. 

Straight and still stood Teresa after hear-
ing the news. Then another sound came to 
her ears, the bubbling of the metal in the 
cauldron. Into her eyes flashed a sudden 
light. She would send a message to Don 
Luis, a message he should hear as he slept 
in that grave in a strange land. She knew 
because she loved him that he would receive 
that message. So into the cauldron she 
cast his ring, into the bubbling metal his 
cross, the most precious things she pos-
sessed.

Teresa had come with her shining ring, 
The ring of Don Leon, 
While hidden upon her bosom lay 
His cross that was seen by none. 

They were casting the bells in Old Castile, 
Bells for the San José, 
Would her lover hear their chiming notes, 
In that strange New World, and pray? 

They were casting the bells when Teresa cried, 
"Don Luis is dead!" 
A courier flashed from a whirl of dust, 
"The Lady speaks true," he said. 

Then into the metal's molten heart, 
She flung the ring and chain, 
"Don Luis Angel de Leon, 
Here is my heart again." 

And over the grave by the San José 
Where sleeps the conquistador, 
Teresa's love in the Angelus 
Sounds forever more.⁴

So did Teresa send her message in the 
bell across the sea to the grave of her lover. 
It is said that the sound of the bells of the 
San José Mission in Texas is very sweet 
and beautiful, and that the music from a 
certain bell lingers on the air long after the 
reverberations from the others have ceased. 

⁴ The above poem is quoted by special permission of the 
Franciscan Herald.
Bells ringing in North America—bells among the Spanish missions of El Camino Real in California; and bells in the little English, Dutch, Swedish, German, Scotch hamlets scattered along the eastern coast, even to the King's Highway in Delaware. Bells hung on oak and juniper trees in California, and on hickory and pine of the east; bells in Moorish towers and towers of Christopher Wren; in Indian pueblos on the desert, or beside Indian wigwams on eastern rivers. Probably the first bell in the east was in Jamestown. For it is mentioned that when the survivors of the shipwrecked group of English colonists who had spent some months in the Bermudas,
arrived at Jamestown in the boats they had fashioned during those months that the much-grieved Governor first visiting the rude church of logs roofed with sedge and earth, "caused the Bell to be rung." At the call everyone "repayred to Church."

In New England towns before there were bells, people were called together "by drum, by flag, or by the conch-shell." But soon bells were coming in from England. They were cast for the most part from Whitechapel Foundry in London, or from Rudhall at Gloucester. A bell is said to have been at Cambridge in 1631, one at Hingham in 1633, at Salem by 1638.

New England has its bell legends, too. One is that when the inhabitants of Deerfield were either massacred or taken captive, the Indians carried away with them a bell, which by its constant ringing as they stumbled along, frightened the red men. So in order to still its accusing voice, they buried it somewhere on the way, and no one knows the place to this day. But there is no record that Deerfield possessed a bell at this time, and as bells were considered very important, the legend must remain definitely a legend.

After these experiences with the Indians, some of the bells were purposely stilled, for the Indians had learned to associate their ringing with the fact that the settlers would soon be gathered at church and their homes empty and unprotected. Calls to worship, therefore, during these times of anxiety, were often announced by the warlike beating on the drum.

At Indian Island on the Penobscot, a church was built in early times, which replaced a wigwam as a place of worship. This church had a bell, which tradition says, the Indians buried when they started on the warpath, lest its voice recall them to the new ways.

The first chimes in North America were said to be those of Christ's Church in Boston; the second, those of Christ's Church, Philadelphia. The latter are declared to have been "the pride of Philadelphia." Saint Peter's Church in Philadelphia had two bells, which were the oldest in that city, dating back to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. The first bell was said to have hung originally in a forked tree.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, possessed a bell, which had been taken from the French Cathedral in Louisburg, Cape Breton, in 1745.

Queen Anne is responsible for the sending of several bells to the American "missions," in the last part of the Seventeenth Century and the early part of the Eighteenth Century. Trinity Church at Newport, Rhode Island, was among the churches or missions so favored, while the bell she presented to the Dutch Reformed Church at Kingston, New York, gave so much pleasure that it was used to announce the hours of meals for the farmers in the neighborhood.

The first Dutch Reformed Church in New York City was said to have had a bell, while the old Dutch Church at Albany rang curfew every evening at eight.

For all Americans, however, there is that bell of all bells, the Liberty Bell. This bell, ordered for the Province of Pennsylvania to hang in the State House at Philadelphia was a bell of prophecy. It was ordered, it now appears, to celebrate the golden anniversary of the granting, by the Quaker William Penn to the people of Pennsylvania, the Charter of Privileges, or the Charter of Liberties, as it was more popularly known. That charter embodied the principle of liberty of conscience, and provided that although the Governor of the Province should be appointed by the proprietor, an assembly was to be chosen by the people. The charter remained the fundamental law for Pennsylvania and Delaware until the bell, designed to celebrate its golden jubilee, rang in the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The inscription, which was to prove prophetic for the land as a whole, was: "Proclaim Liberty through all the land unto the inhabitants thereof."

The bell was sent from England. Now in ancient books of bell lore there is found the statement that for a bell to crack is considered an omen of good fortune. If that is accepted as truth, then the "Liberty Bell" as it came to be called, was thrice blessed. For no sooner was it hung in Philadelphia than it cracked, and was recast twice by two men in that city, one named "Pass" from the Isle of Malta, and a Mr. Stowe.

\[^{5}\text{So called at that time because matters of state were transacted there.}\]
The Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, and adopted the Declaration of Independence. And at noon on July 8, 1776, that Declaration was proclaimed by the great bell—Liberty, not only for the Province of Pennsylvania, but for the land. The chimes of Christ Church and the bells of Saint Peter’s took up the refrain, the bells of Germantown echoed it, until the whole eastern seaboard rang with the challenge—liberty, throughout the land!

Bells? You say, bells!  
Why bother with bells  
When the British are coming?  
When everyone tells  
That all through the province  
The news like a humming  
Of bees newly hiving  
Is spreading despair.

But down from their towers,  
To a sweating and straining  
And groaning of men,  
And the carts’ low complaining  
Come the chimes of Christ Church  
And the bells of Saint Peter’s,  
And the great bell that hung  
On the hall of the city,  
On its side the word “Liberty,”  
And that word on its tongue.

Ahead lies a year  
Of silence for bells,  
For America, fear.  
For as bells through a furnace  
Must pass to their ringing  
So through Valley Forge  
Will come the clear singing,  
And out of defeat a nation will rise  
With joy in its throat, with a light in its eyes.

Bells? You say bells!  
They’ll be back to the city,  
As our forefathers planned  
Like a blossoming flower  
They will sway in the breeze,  
They will call from each tower,  
Liberty, Liberty  
Throughout the land!

The Proclamation Bell hung in its place for a year. And then as the British under General Howe were announced as marching on toward Philadelphia, the great bells of Philadelphia were taken from their towers, loaded on wagons, and guarded by American soldiers, sent northward for safekeeping.

Seven of the bells of Christ Church were there, and the two from Saint Peter’s. In a diary of that year is recorded:

“All ye bells in ye city are certainly taken away.”

Slowly the Continentals marched northward, convoying not only the bells but the military stores. They were marching toward the horrors of Valley Forge, and the depths of despair. It is hoped that some among them knew that old saying that a consecrated bell predicted success to the venture, when carried on a land journey. For surely the bell was consecrated when it rang forth the Declaration of Independence. The bell of prophecy had that day prophesied in independence yet to be born through the very suffering of which Valley Forge was a part.

A city of stillness, a city of silence waited the coming of General Howe. The story was spread that the bells had been sunk in the Delaware River, but the truth of the matter was that the Liberty Bell was hidden under the floor of Zion’s Reformed Church at Allentown, Pennsylvania, for the cart carrying it had broken down at that point on its journey.

For more than a year the bells were gone, but when the British withdrew to New York, the bells promptly came home—and their music was welcomed in the city. The Independence Bell, as it was long called, went on ringing for many years, but in the 1830’s it was cracked while it tolled for the removal of the body of Chief Justice Marshall, being taken from Pennsylvania to his native state, Virginia. So the last clear note of the Independence Bell sounded in honor of the nation’s first President.

Pennsylvania claims yet six other liberty bells, which sounded out the Declaration on the same date. These are from York, Lancaster, Easton, Reading, Chester and Allentown. Among these the Easton and Allentown bells are especially interesting, for they were cast by Mathias Tommerop, a Dane, “who sang as he worked.” His foundry was in the cellar of the Moravian Brethren House at Bethlehem. He also cast the “Independence Bell of Bethlehem,” so named because it was cast in the month of July, 1776. And that bell brings back the echo of America’s first bells, for Tommerop could not get the clear tone for the bell which he wanted. Finally a purse of Spanish dollars was brought him, and it was this silver which gave the tone the bell-maker desired.
But we must return for a moment to the Easton bell. Of that bell it is said, that while the Independence Bell at Philadelphia was Quaker in inception and sentiment, and the Liberty Bell at Easton was a product of Moravian hands, both bells had incorporated in them the opposition to armed resistance, and yet both bells rang in the Revolution. But it was the bell at Easton, a century and a half later, which on November 11, 1918, summoned the nations of the earth to lay down their arms, in what was hoped would be perpetual peace!

Now as to other makers of bells in this land. A Colonel Hobart, said to be a deserter from the British Army, apparently started one of the first bell foundries in New England. And bells, it is believed, from his foundry went as far as the Spanish Missions then existing in the Southwest.

But among the early founders of bells in America is one person to whom such a calling seems particularly appropriate. And that person was Paul Revere. Not only did he summon men to duty on a certain April night which history has never forgotten, but he has been calling them ever since. For in the foundry which he established in Massachusetts there is a record of 398 bells being sent forth in his lifetime, bells with a beautiful tone. They went to towns and churches, to sugar plantations in Cuba and Puerto Rico. They include one for the ship Eliza, one for the Navy Department, one for the State of New Hampshire, one for Harvard College and one for “The Parish of Clapboard Trees.” Even to this day Paul Revere bells are being newly brought to light, and their identity checked with the old records.6

This is only a brief review of some of the bells in America’s history. But if one who loves history listens with the inner ear, the ear of the soul, he can almost hear them—bells cast in Spain, in Mexico, and Peru, in France, in New England, in the City of Brotherly Love, and in the basement of a Moravian building at Bethlehem, by a Viking who sang at his work. In the story, too, one glimpses so many of those composite elements which go to make our country a land of real liberty.

Memories shared
Like homing herds,
Thud out of the past
And their bells are words.

The dust will rise
At the sound of their feet,
And cloud the eyes,
But the bells are sweet.

They who have called them—
Talking low—
Ancient herdsmen,
Soon will go.

Follow the memories
Over the hill,
And the ringing of bells
Forever be still.

6 One such bell newly discovered at Tuscaloosa was reported in the March issue of the National Historical Magazine.

CHIMES OF CHRIST CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA
Up the slit-like streets, mounting sharply toward the hills beyond the city, surged a gay procession. Family groups emerged from slate-roofed cottages shining in the metallic light; neighbors paused to exchange friendly greetings. But the tolling bell warned them not to tarry too long. This was Sunday morning, and all Barcelona was on its way to Mass.

But young Tony, the son of Boregas, the carter, needed no such warning. His bare feet hurried over the cobbled flagging and...
he looked neither to right nor to left as he wound in and out among the simple townsfolk. His small fist tightly clenched within his trousers pocket, and the light of conquest in his eyes, this twelve-year-old boy paid no heed to those of his playmates whom he overtook on the way.

"Hi, Tony!" called young Pietro who owned a row-boat. "Come with us. We are going out on the water."

The entreaty, at any other time so welcome, fell on deaf ears. For Tony was intent on more important things today. This was the day of days for him; the day for which he, Tony, the humble carter's son, had looked forward through months that seemed without end. All winter long the widow Raphael had let him make her fires, carry the wood and draw the water from the little spring which bubbled forth at the foot of the hill beyond her big house. No matter how heavy the burden of wood, nor how his little back ached under the frequent loads, Tony was spurred on by the thought of the reward that would come to him at the breaking of spring.

"Five bright florins I will pay," the widow Raphael promised, "if you carry the wood and water into my house all winter."

The widow Raphael was rich and could pay well for her work. Many sought her patronage and Tony became the envy of the village lads when she chose him for her chore-boy. But it was not easy to drag the heavy pails of water up hill through the snow and sleet of winter when one's hands grew so numb with cold that Tony often wondered whether they were still attached to his arms.

"Five bright florins I will pay," the words of the widow Raphael kept his heart warm even when his hands and feet almost froze and kept him trudging steadily with armloads of wood and heavy pails of icy water.

"Five florins!" he rejoiced. "Then I can buy the shoes and the blue coat. I will be as good as the rest. They won't call me 'Poor Tony' any more, just because my papa is a carter and has so many children in his house."

At last the reward was his and the five coveted, shining florins lay snug within his small fist.

"Today the priest will bless it for me," he thought, and he hurried past the others toward the village church. "And tomorrow I will buy the new shoes and the coat like Pietro's." It was good to have five florins to buy things for himself.

Mass seemed endless to the boy waiting to ask a special blessing upon his precious earnings. At last the service was over, the rest of the parish were preparing to leave and he might approach the altar to kneel for his blessing.

"Wait a minute, my children." The priest's words stopped him. "We have yet work to do. The fires are burning in the foundry of Paula Ruelas. They are waiting for us at the casting of a bell to be sent to Fra Serra for one of his missions in New Spain. Come with me. Let us bless it together."

And so Tony watched the famous Ruelas, bell-maker of Barcelona, preparing to pour molten metal into a pair of perfect molds to form the castings of the mission bell. He saw the master, Ruelas, stir the shining liquid in the giant crucible.

The lad's fascinated gaze followed the motion of the great ladles which skimmed the dross and tossed it upon the heap of slag.

"Beautiful!" he heard Ruelas exclaim. "The blend is perfect. If now we only had a bit of silver to sweeten it."

"Holy Father," Tony's shy voice addressed the priest at his side. "How would he sweeten it with silver?"

"My son," came the gentle answer. "It is said that a bit of silver tossed into the crucible at the moment of pouring, so sweetens the metal of the casting, that forever the bell which is so cast will sing out with a rare sweet tone."

At these words, the boy's hand which hitherto had not left the pocket wherein he clutched tight his precious money, was
slowly withdrawn. Timidly he extended it toward the priest. In his outstretched palm there lay a bright, new florin.

"Take it, Father, for the bell. To make it sweeter," said the boy.

"Bless you, Tony! The blessing of the Holy Father be on you and your gift," spoke the priest, tossing the silver coin. It fell, hissed as it struck the hot liquid and was lost in the seething, bubbling mass.

" 'Tis said, Tony," continued the priest, "that when he who gives the silver for the casting, gives what he has earned at great cost, there will be added sweetness for the bell and great glory to the giver."

"Then take all," exclaimed Tony, following his words by throwing the remaining coins into the frothing cauldron.

"And take me, Father," he implored, casting himself prostrate and clutching the priest's robe. "Take me and teach me of thy wisdom, that I may go out among men, to show them the light as thou hast shown me."

With one hand on the boy's head, the other outstretched toward the master craftsman, Ruelas, the priest repeated the benediction for fruitful labor.

Beside the rough-hewn altar of the new little mission church, young Father Miguel waited with bowed head for the last stragglers to shuffle into their allotted places. Nervously he fumbled with his breviary, his moving lips busied in prayer.

Overhead the "Ave Maria Sanctissima" continued its mellow call to service. The clear silver tones of the mission bell rang out over the broad expanse of fertile valley and was echoed back by Mother Mountain.

And while the "Ave Maria" toned its message far across the green acres of New Spain, Father Miguel of the mission parish consecrated himself anew. He prayed for wisdom with which to instruct this simple peasant folk; prayed for some sign, however trivial, to prove to his inner self that his efforts were not in vain.

Earnestly his soul cried out for the consolation of that "Voice from Heaven" that saints of old were wont to hear; for a symbol to restore faith in himself.

"For their sakes, O Father," he prayed, "that I may give them the best this frail body of mine can offer in love and service, if it be Thy will. Amen!"

The little group gathering before him represented years of sacrifice, privation and toil by the young mission priest. In a new land, under the inspiration and guidance of Fra Serra, his beloved leader, he labored long and patiently in drought, pestilence and sorrow. His unfailing courage and sympathy endeared him to the natives in this peaceful valley of New Spain. And in return for his devotion to them, what more could they give the Padre than some of their own labor, felling trees in the forest and building of the logs a proper shrine to the White Father about whom he taught.

And so, they built this crude church and for the first time were gathered in it to pray.

The bell overhead tolled on—"Clang, clang, Ave Maria, clang, clang," while within the little chapel a handful of whites—traders and seamen—and a score of native Indians—men, women and children—waited. Waited and watched the little white Father who stood with bowed head before them.

Slowly the priest raised his eyes, and with hands lifted in benediction, began the litany of the Mass. He looked neither right nor left as he chanted, but straight ahead as though searching for something beyond the walls of this humble American Mission.

"Ave Maria, ora pro nobis . . ." the faithful group prayed.

But though the priest's lips uttered the words of the service, his eyes no longer saw the humble congregation to whom he ministered. Instead, he saw an eager little boy in far-off Barcelona, hurrying to church to receive the holy Father's blessing for work well done. He felt again the thrill of watching the master bell-maker prepare the casting of a Mission bell; his own hesitation, overcome by the passionate de-
sire to serve and caught up into the great moment of exaltation when he threw his precious silver into the seething cauldron of metal. He heard the hiss of new metal and echoing through it the faint overtones of the bell which had only just ceased its silvery toll above him.

Father Miguel looked down upon the worshipping group. Tenderly he lifted the chalice for the holy blessing upon his precious flock. He raised his eyes toward the heavens from whence came his own benediction.

"Te Deum . . ." the priest intoned, and the little parish timidly mouthed the strange responses. The words meant little, but the Padre had taught them, and his wish was their desire.

"Sancta Maria . . .," the gentle voice continued, while his face glowed with a new light—the light of triumph mixed with reverence. Again he felt the great moment of exaltation which seized the boy when he flung his little hoard of silver into the cauldron of Paula Ruelas, the bell-maker of Barcelona. And with that exaltation, there poured through him a new strength to carry the burdens which might be thrust upon him in this strange new wilderness.

The chanting ceased. The last words of the benediction were said. Again the "Ave Maria" chimed its clear message to the world. Each stroke of the bell was freighted with new hope and courage for the priest of San Gabriel.

With a brief word to each, Father Miguel dismissed his worshippers. They would have lingered a while with the good Father after this first service. But he was impatient to be alone.

Alone with his great joy, the precious sacrament, which he must hug close to his heart. He had been given the answer to his prayer, the sign for which he had so earnestly asked. No longer would doubts assail him; he was sure now. The "Voice from Heaven" had spoken to him, Father Miguel, far out in the American wilderness, as it had of old, to the blessed Saints.

The "Ave Maria" had given him the message in tones of purest silver: tones that could come only from such silver as he had so painfully earned when he was a boy in Barcelona—little Tony, the carter's son.

Grateful tears welled up suddenly. They streamed down his face half blinding him as he stumbled up the crude steps to the bell-tower. It was dark in the tower, but he needed no light to guide him as he groped his way along the beam from which the great bell hung. He needed no light to see. He knew, before his reverent hands caressed the holy bell, and a light that was not of earth, blazed out the words engraved upon its face—" A . . me fecit, Paula Ruelas, Barcelona, 1759." Ave Maria Sanctissima.
To My Daughter

Within the mirrors of your radiant eyes
I see envisioned all the hopes and fears,
The constancy of purpose through long years,
Of men and women, who 'neath alien skies
Transmuted wilderness to Paradise.
They spent no time in vain regrets or tears;
But, as the watchful mariner who steers
His unknown course by planets as they rise
Until the harbor lights his eyes engage,
So these, your forbears, toiled o'er land and sea,
And did their part in writing History's page.
In you they have found immortality;
Accept the challenge of your heritage
And face the years before you, fearlessly.

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNten
Brides of Yesteryear

FROM AN OLD GODEY PRINT
THE eight new Vice Presidents General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, chosen at the April Congress, present to the society a wide variety of talents and accomplishments, interests, and backgrounds.

They come from the West and the East, the South and the North.

They are mothers and grandmothers. They include musicians and business women, a public official, a churchwoman, and writers.

Their hobbies cover a wide range—genealogy, gardens, horsemanship, forestry, literature, minerals, handicrafts, music, history, and travel.

They are all, of course, descended from soldiers, but their ancestors were also statesmen, clergymen, pioneers, businessmen, professional men, and planters.
In one thing only are they alike: Their deep interest and constant labor in the activities of the D. A. R. It is interesting, too, to note that most of them are ardent workers for the approved schools and the junior citizenship clubs. They look forward to the younger generation as well as backward to their ancestors.

Enchanting, slender, gentle in appearance, Mrs. Clarence Henry Adams (Eugenia Hale McFarlane) is the daughter of "Silver Pioneers" of Colorado. Though she was educated in Denver and has spent her married life there, she was born in Central City, and lived there until she was eleven years old. This was a flamboyant boom town until Colorado ceased to be a major silver producer. It was the citizens of Central City who laid a silver sidewalk for President Grant to walk upon when he visited them, and who erected the resplendent Teller Hotel, where the elegance of the Victorian era still reigns and the furniture and draperies have been carefully preserved.

Mrs. Adams's father, William O. McFarlane, built the famous Central City Theater, a handsome structure, designed without pillars, and containing a beautiful painted ceiling. For a long time after the boom
had passed, the old theater stood shuttered and empty. Now it has been meticulously restored, the grime of years removed from the painted ceiling, and a replica provided of the glittering chandelier which lighted the stage when Patti, Booth, and Modjeska trod its boards. This replica now sheds its light on Lilian Gish, languishing in Camille, Walter Huston declaiming in Othello, and on many other famous stars appearing in famous parts; for Central City is gloriously alive again and spectators come from every part of the world to see the revivals enacted in the playhouse which Mr. McFarlane built.

Mrs. Adams's interest in patriotic societies has been confined exclusively to the Daughters of the American Revolution, to which she has belonged for twenty-five years, her Revolutionary ancestor having been Colonel John Hale. She has held several state offices, the latest and most important being that of State Regent. Her chief ambition in this capacity was to have a Junior American Citizen Club in every chapter under her jurisdiction. To say she achieved her ambition is to minimize her accomplishment, for there are now thirty-nine or forty of these clubs to thirty-six chapters in Colorado. (There were only seven Junior Clubs when she began.) She does not permit herself many avocations, but her idea of real fun is to ride horseback.

Mrs. Val Taylor (Mary Terrell) is a real Alabama product, for she grew up there and was educated at the Alabama College for Women. She is also an ardent horseback rider, and she too has served as State Regent and in several other state capacities. It was during her regency that four buildings were dedicated and completed at the Kate Duncan Smith School, which constitutes her chief interest in the Society. She had eleven ancestors in the Revolution, among them Captain Peter Terrell and Captain James H. Huston. She belongs to the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede, and she has also served as President of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs.

It is natural, in thinking of Mrs. Taylor, to think of flowers and especially of peonies. She is a famous gardener and she always brings enough of her own peonies with her when she comes to Washington to decorate the table at the Alabama State dinner and to carry at the sessions of Congress. Other hobbies include knitting, quilt-making, and needle-point; so it is evident that she has the "growing hand" not only as far as gardening is concerned but in much that provides for the adornment of her home.

Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham (Sally Moss Smith) is the daughter of a clergyman and the wife of a clergyman, and confesses that she lives "in a manse instead of a mansion"! She is tall and slender, with blue eyes and a beautiful complexion; but
though she does not look in the least like a "blue stocking," she is essentially a student, spending summer after summer at the University of Virginia in order to enlarge her knowledge on literature and the romantic points. Genealogy, which she considers a living subject rather than a matter of dry research, is another topic of absorbing interest to her; and so, as it happens, is forestry. She has correlated the results of her research in an original and creative way; for she is the author of an illustrated brochure, entitled "Virginia's Historic Trees," and of a descriptive article, "Susurrus," a verbal epitome of the brochure. These were followed by another historical sketch for which she chose the title of the old folk song, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" and recently she has written about her travels in England and Scotland. Her friends say that she is particularly gifted in the delicate art of letter-writing.

Mrs. Rowbotham has been a member of the National Society for thirty years, serving Virginia in several state capacities, the latest that of State Regent, as is so generally the case with our Vice Presidents General. Many of her ancestors were prominent during the Colonial and Revolutionary Periods, among them Colonel John George and Colonel William Churchill; and she belongs to a large number of patriotic, civic, and cultural societies. She has done devoted work for all of these but she has not permitted herself to take any of them too seriously. "Don't you get tired of seeing cohorts of D.A.R.?” she asked her hotel maid, who had admired her flowers, during the course of the recent Congress. "No," the maid replied, "I've been seeing them for five years, and they get better looking all the time!” It is easy to understand how Mrs. Rowbotham herself could have inspired this tribute.

Mrs. Chester Samuel McMartin (Grace Noble) of Arizona has combined enthusiasm with executive ability during the thirty-eight years of her service to the Society, culminating in her work as State Regent. Her Revolutionary ancestor was Captain David Noble of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and her first correspondence with your present editor took place seventeen years ago when "The Career of David Noble" was published, and Grace Noble McMartin wrote to Frances Parkinson Keyes to find out whether there had been any special reason for the choice of her hero's name, which as it happened there had not—through one of those strange coincidences which occur with surprising frequency, fact had formed the basis of fiction; and in this instance it also formed the basis for a delightful association.

Mrs. McMartin is an Iowan by birth and was for several years a teacher. The acquisition of antiques is her great avocation and she admits that she finds it extremely difficult to pass an antique shop. In her beau-
beautiful Spanish-American house of which we are privileged to print a picture in our Department of Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics, are many treasured pieces of early American furniture which she has inherited and assembled and that enhance the charming setting of a very charming lady.

Mrs. Robert Keene Arnold (Hattie May Hansford) of Versailles, Kentucky, was born at Harrodsburg, and like her mother before her, graduated from Daughters College. She is descended from Thomas Owsley and all her state work has proven her worthy of her proud heritage. While Chairman of Real Daughters she found one of these old ladies, hitherto undiscovered, at Louisa. At the time of her election to National Office, she was State Chairman of Approved Schools. As the first Vice President General from Kentucky since 1926, she serves an especially warm welcome.

Mrs. Harper Donelson Sheppard (Henrietta Dawson Ayres) of Pennsylvania, was born in Virginia and educated in Baltimore at St. Alfonso’s, specializing in music, which has always been one of her major interests. Her formal education was supplemented with private tuition given by her father, a distinguished scholar whose name appears on four tablets at William and Mary College, of which he is an alumnus. Richard Wright, a colonial ancestor of hers, was half owner of the original Mount Vernon grant; and Lieutenant William Bayne, her Revolutionary ancestor, was a cousin of the man bearing the same name, whose thrilling rescue of Francis Scott Key became historic. Her activities in the National Society have been so manifold that a complete roster of them would cover pages; she has instigated the or-

Mrs. Robert Keene Arnold

Mrs. Harper Donelson Sheppard
Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig (Alice Beck Balaguer) is a successful career woman whose first efforts toward self expression took her from the charmed circle of Charleston society into the business world.

Mrs. Sheppard is annually elected vestryman of the Episcopal Church in the town where she lives. Music is her chief interest, in addition to genealogy and history. She owns a large library of English and American works on history. She has visited Europe five times, representing the Daughters of 1812 when the Door of Unity between England and America was opened at Prieston House, built prior to the time of Henry VIII. This door had long been walled up, and beneath it were buried two American sailors who were wounded in the Battle of Plymouth Bay, and who subsequently died in St. Andrews Hospital. When the door was reopened, their remains were re-interred with proper ceremonies in the cemetery at Plymouth, notables of England and the United States participating. Mrs. Sheppard also represented the Colonial Dames at the Cowes Memorial commemorating the sailing of the Ark and the Dove. She has served as first vice president of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, and is a member of the Magna Carta Society.

Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig (Alice Beck Balaguer) is a successful career woman whose first efforts toward self expression took her from the charmed circle of Charleston society into the business world.
One of her Revolutionary ancestors was General William Fishburne of South Carolina, who first took up arms at the age of sixteen and eventually served on Anthony Wayne’s staff at the capture of Stony Point. Another was Charles Pinckney, a signer of the Constitution. Her paternal grandfather went to Charleston from Barcelona when he was only thirteen years old; and while managing the family cotton business kept books in five languages and spoke seven fluently! A French strain no less distinguished than this Spanish heritage came to the young girl through her mother, who was descended from the Huguenot Henry de Saussure.

Alice Balaguer attended the famous St. Cecelia balls as a matter of course; but her attendance at a business college represented a progressive gesture on her part. However, glamour surrounded her career from the outset, for she served as secretary to E. H. Sothern, the famous Shakespearian actor, and to several other distinguished men, one of whom—Charles Carroll Haig—she eventually married. Her knowledge of the theater, gained through her association with Sothern, enabled her to assist efficiently with the work of the junior theater in Washington; and her daughter, Harriett Haig Green, has acted in several plays, including “Little Women” and “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.” Rather reluctantly, Mrs. Haig has now given up secretarial work, and serves as soprano soloist at the First Baptist Church in Washington, after years in the chorus of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, of which she is a member. She has also sung frequently on the radio, giving weekly programs for six months over one station in Washington. In her spare time she reads books and magazines devoted to history and travel; but she lets her husband do the gardening!

Another business woman who is also a public official, became a vice president general when Mrs. Victor Abbot Binford (Marcia Reed) was elected. Mrs. Binford who is a Smith College graduate, is town tax collector and town treasurer of Roxbury, her Maine home, and is president of a corporation engaged in wood-turning. Her hobby, and indeed, that of her whole family, is the collection of minerals, of which she has many fine specimens. She has another hobby, too—her garden and her garden club.

Mrs. Binford’s Revolutionary ancestor was Sergeant James Goff, the family being early settlers of Lewiston. She herself was born in Roxbury in the house where she still lives, which was built in 1821 by her great grandfather, Oliver Richards, and which has never been out of the family since. It is the second oldest frame building in the town.

Mrs. Binford was an organizing member of the Amariscoggin Chapter, in Rumford, and has risen by successive stages to her present position. During her term as Vice Regent of Maine, she established the annual publication of a State Yearbook, and has continued to serve as the editor. Under her direction, in 1936, the Maine Daughters compiled and published a cook book to complete the purchase of the Maine bell at Valley Forge, which was dedicated in April, 1937. This fund also financed the procurement of the Maine book plate and a D. A. R. flag for state use. During her three years as state radio chairman, Mrs. Binford inaugurated a series of fifteen-minute monthly broadcasts from Portland, which has continued ever since. She also served as northern division vice chairman of the National Radio Committee from 1929 to 1935.

These, then, are the collective virtues of the D. A. R.’s eight new “vices”—a consuming interest in civic and patriotic affairs and in history, both family and national; executive ability and unremitting energy; business skill and social grace. We may well be proud of them all!
HAVE you a hobby? If you haven't, and want to get away from yourself, your business, or conditions in general, just mount the old-time proverbial "Hobby Horse" and take a ride for yourself.

Now, I believe that almost everyone has the desire within his soul to be a collector of something, depending of course upon the individual and upon the reasons for the interest he has in anything that might be made a hobby.

It is an acknowledged fact that most of us collect haphazardly without any effort on our part to become intelligently informed. We grow into this "hobby business" without realizing that it is becoming "an obsession," and the first thing we know we have been "taken in" by one who perceives quickly that we are not informed, and he or she being an apt salesman or saleswoman speedily sells to us an article that is not bona fide, and of which we will be very sorry to be the possessor when we arrive home and look it over calmly!

It is then that we come to the sudden realization that collecting should be a matter of education; for only in becoming intelligently informed can we learn to differentiate between the old and the new, the good and the bad, the real and the reproduced. Last but not least, if we do
not learn to use intelligent discrimination, we will find that our hobby is a very poor financial investment—some more so than others—depending upon that which we collect.

The question is asked over and over again—Is the passion for old things a worthwhile obsession? We know that this hobby of collecting “antiques” is intriguing and one which will consume our time and our money! When the antique bug bites, one has to acknowledge that it has a very definite hold on one’s mind and heart, and certainly has a way of loosening the purse strings to a very alarming degree at times. It is conceded to be one of the most popular hobbies of today.

To one who antiques for the love of it and for the love of beautiful old things I extend the hand of friendship. I say there is a sort of kindred spirit twixt you and me, if you love the old gems. These gems certainly show us that our ancestors loved beauty and color and texture and harmony as much, if not more than, we do today.

You may collect old pewter and have a great fondness for old china—the beautiful old Delft pottery and tiles of which there are beautiful specimens in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. You may think there is nothing so lovely as your old luster, priceless now, and your Wedgwood which still bears the art of dignity and reverence.

Some of our friends desire the old brasses and other metals; others collect hooked rugs and the lovely and very costly needle-point, as well as the yellowed, mellowed old laces. The old Sheffield silver is more attractive to others, and they have collections that are of the greatest value, while a collection of Copenhagen porcelain stands in a class by itself. Priceless!

Collections of stamps rate now as a definite business, and not only interest the young but the old as well. Organizations have been formed of an international nature, and one small stamp brings a price quite beyond the imagination of anyone not interested. Maps have long been in favor and are being used as wall decorations; and the work is beautifully done.

Old lamps and lanterns are collected by

“WESTWARD HO” PATTERN. PAIR OF TALL COMPOTES AND AN OVAL ONE
many, and rare examples of candle molds of the last century are being searched for by real collectors who seek for odd numbers of tubes and the variations in form. The collections of old bottles include every conceivable type from pill bottles to all sizes of bottles in animal forms.

However, no matter where I go or whose "collection" I see, I come home perfectly satisfied, with only admiration, certainly no envy, within my soul, for about my own collection of "old glass" there is to me a fascination and beauty that possesses me as nothing else does. Many people ask me why I have such a large collection of glass and what I am going to do with it. I answer thus: "I collect it because I love it, because I see in every piece some 'touch of the hand' out of the past, and I am going to keep it — well — as long as I may be permitted to — and while I have it in my possession, I want others to enjoy it as I do."

A number of years ago in one of the books on "old glass," I came across the expression, the "Spirit of the Hand-made." Somehow, that thought stays with me when I am "casting about" for pieces of lovely old glass to add to my collection. I have allowed the thought of the "Spirit of the Hand-made" to pervade my entire collection through all these years. That thought prevails eternally with me and oftentimes is the deciding factor in the choice of a piece of glass.

The so-called "pleasing irregularities" of the older glass lend the greatest charm and beauty to it. Crooked edges, irregular patterns, tilted tops, and crimped handles and feet that are all askew, are points I love to observe, for these "imperfections," as some people would call them, give me the satisfaction and assurance that these pieces are safeguarded by the "Spirit of the Hand-made."

Time and space forbid me to go into an extensive history of early glass-making. In the present day, glass is so commonplace with us that we very rarely stop to think or consider what life might be without it. When you stop to think of the main constituents or ingredients used in the making of glass — sand, soda, lime or lead, fused by heat into a transparent mass which we call glass — we know that a marvelous miracle has been performed!

In 1739, the making of glass in America may be said to have begun in earnest. Caspar Wistar and his son, Richard, brought four experts in glass-making over to this country from Rotterdam, and they settled in south New Jersey in a place they named Wistarburch. In 1769, Richard Wistar advertised his "most sort of bottles"
in all sizes imaginable. His slogan was: “All glass American made, and Americans ought also encourage her own manufacture.” Wistar is given credit for the clear and colored glass, sometimes two or three colors whorled into very artistic patterns. The shades he used mostly were rich dark blue and the more delicate shades of soft yellow with a “shifting turquoise light” in it.

We have the interesting story of “Baron” Stiegel and his glass works at Manheim, Pennsylvania. The Stiegel blue at its best is the bluest blue in the world and the Stiegel amethyst is the most glorious violet. The Stiegel Glass Works were sold by the sheriff under the hammer in 1774, but if you possess a piece of Stiegel, you possess a rare treasure.

Most of our interest lies in the early Sandwich glass. I use the word, “our,” because my husband’s interest in the collection of glass has always been as keen as my own, and his close attention to details as to patterns and shapes has enabled us to add to our collection in a very systematic way, because he has traveled a great deal and has been able to pick up pieces which matched others of the same design in our collection.

When we speak of Sandwich glass, we naturally think of pressed glass, but it is an acknowledged and recorded fact that blown glass was the only kind made at the Boston and Sandwich glass works at first. During the first years of the making of the much heralded Sandwich glass splendid progress was made. We are told that the molten glass was of good quality and great brilliancy and had a ringing tone when struck. The glass varied in colors, designs, and patterns. Not even a record of the many patterns used is to be found anywhere. Tumblers were made by the thousands. (It is said that 500 tumblers were turned out during every five-hour shift, and that a collector might easily have 300 varieties of Sandwich salt cups and about as many hundred varieties of candlesticks.)

To the average collector I believe that the most desirable product from Sandwich is the colored glass, which first became popular in 1835, or just about 100 years ago. The beautiful shades of canary, the transparent purple, the apple green, and the opal, to say nothing of the blues and ambers, also the clear, tipped with an opalescent edge, and of course, I must not forget the old ruby, are the most sought after. Opaque glass or what we now call “milk glass” was produced very early at both Sandwich and Cambridge and became very popular. The English Bristol opaque glass was more of a solid white in opaqueness and was never streaked and cloudy in texture like the American-made opaque.

In 1887, an acute situation arose between the directors and the workers of the Sandwich Company, and during the heated discussions, the directors allowed the fires to go out, and with the fires the Sandwich Glass Works passed out of existence. This was in December, 1887, so the “Sandwich Glass period” dates from 1826 to 1887.

Some people would declare that they have the truly, “uncanny” power of identifying certain pieces of glass as those made by a particular glass house, and I believe that this is a very broad statement for anyone to make. I would qualify that statement by adding the word, “period.” When I speak of one of my petticoat Dolphin candlesticks as being Sandwich—yes, it is Sandwich—but which one of the
factories actually manufactured it I simply could not say, but I believe it to be definitely of the "Sandwich period." I do not feel, because of the fact that you cannot swear to the time and place of actual making, that it detracts from the beauty of our early American glass, nor does it detract from its color or design, nor does it lessen its rarity.

The following questions are asked me religiously:

1. Do you ever use any of your old glass?
2. How do you ever manage to keep it all clean?
3. Are you still adding to your collection?

To the first question I'll say—we use the old glass constantly. We have very little modern glass in our home. It would indeed become a burden if we were afraid to "milk glass" plate, "lattice" lace edge, decorated with cat-tails and blue and pink daisies

We have the milk glass plates in almost all of the sizes and in all of the patterns with very few exceptions. These open-edged milk glass plates are round and square, heartshaped and triangular, large and small, some decorated in raised figures; many of them came to me with designs in the centers very intricately made of old postage stamps. Ribbon had been run through the edges of these plates, and they were hung on the wall like these old-timed plaques. Our collection of milk glass is quite large, and besides the plates it consists of open-edged dishes and bowls, many "covered dishes"—the lids of which are in the form of a dog or a cat, the hand with the dove or the hand with the ring, the fox, the lion, and many others.

Some of the largest serving plates have very beautiful painted centers—the "Apple Blossom," the "Trumpet Vine," the "Blue and White Daisy and Cat-tail," and the "Moss Rose." A good many of these larger plates are Bristol. Compotes of all sizes, individual sauce dishes, pitchers, tumblers, goblets, and many of these open-edged milk glass dishes are duplicated in the old black glass of which I have a large number.

One amusing instance might be related here—Mr. Moss stopped off in one of the Eastern cities and made the rounds of any number of the shops. He stepped into one shop and inquired as to whether they had certain milk glass pieces for sale. The clerk in charge told him that they had nothing whatsoever at that time. She said, "Do you ever go to St. Louis?" and Mr. Moss quietly remarked that he did once in a while. She then said, "There's a woman who lives there by the name of Moss, who I understand has collected all of the milk glass there is to be collected, and I am sure..."
if you go there next time, you will be able
to get what you want from her.” This, of
course, was very much exaggerated, and
while we have several hundred pieces of
milk glass, we do know that there are many
more pieces to be had elsewhere.

In our collection, we have a complete
set of the “Lion” pattern glass and a com-
plete set of the “Westward Ho” with all
sizes of the covered compotes down to the
smallest individual sauce plate. In serv-
ing a luncheon for eight or twelve and
using nothing but the “Lion” glass or the
“Westward Ho,” I use the breadplates for
the service plates and the pickle dishes for
the salads. The “Westward Ho,” the
“Lion,” and the “Three Face,” are very
outstanding patterns. These patterns have
a great deal of dignity about them, and
when I hear people raving over the modern
glass of almost the same type, I point to
the “Westward Ho,” with the remark that
this modern glass is not so new after all.
The “Westward Ho” and the “Lion” are
made from a very clear glass with the de-
sign raised in a cloudy camphor glass or
as some would call it, “frosted glass.”
The compotes are both oval and round, and
on the “Westward Ho,” Tippecanoe, the
Indian, crouches on top in the place of
a knob. It was made to commemorate
the Gold Rush of ’49, “Westward Ho!”

There are three definite patterns of the
“Lion” glass: the “Lion Head,” the
“Crouched Lion,” and the “Lion Ram-
pant.” Our collection of “Rabbit and the
Cabbage Leaf” has grown very slowly.
We have only about thirty pieces of it, but
I think it is one of the most attractive pat-
terns ever made. Most of it is in the solid
camphor glass. The water pitcher in this
pattern is one of the most majestic pieces
we have. The top part of it is a very clear
glass held up by a base of enormous cab-
bage leaves in the camphor glass and a
massive handle, twisted.

We have added to a few pieces of opal-
escent “Hobnail,” a prize possession of
years ago, and at this time, we have a
choice collection of 250 pieces of this opal-
escent “Hobnail.” This collection consists
of water pitchers, large and small, and
other pitchers of different shapes, the
creams and sugars, butter dishes, pickle
dishes, lovely bowls, sauce dishes, tum-
blers, and finger bowls, large trays that
may be used for platters. By using the
open-edged milk glass plates for the serv-
ice plates, a very lovely table can be set
with an old lace cloth and this sparkling
old opalescent “Hobnail” glass.

My husband and I both have always
been very fond of the canary yellow, and
we have a collection of this particular
color, embracing a number of patterns of
the Sandwich period. The “Basket Weave”
is a very dainty pattern, and goblets and
trays of this pattern may be used with
others of the same color. The canary
“Hobnail” is another favorite of ours, and
PAIR OF INDIAN BOTTLES IN "CAMPHOR GLASS" OF THE BULL'S-EYE VARIETY

The canary "Daisy and Button" has a great brilliancy and easily shares honors with the older type of glass. We have about 350 pieces of the early American canary, and a table set for a luncheon for 12 guests, using a light green or a soft powder blue lace cloth, (or a cool green grass linen) is one of the most attractive tables imaginable.

It takes a good many years sometimes to complete a set, and this reminds me of a set of "patriotic plates" which I recently completed, but it was eight years constantly looking for this pattern, before I completed the set of twelve. They are about seven inches in diameter, have the American flag at the top, and the fleur-de-lis and an American eagle alternating around the plate. They are of the plain white milk glass.

Touching upon the different patterns of glass that we have found most interesting and for some reason more desirable than others, I would like to mention the following patterns: the "Reed" pattern in blue, also in opalescent canary and opalescent white; the "Cameo" pattern in red and white; and we are very fond of our rose-red opalescent "Hobnail"; the "Moon and the Star"; the "Horn of Plenty"; the "Ashburton"; the "Excelsior"; the "Petal and the Loop"; and the "Bell Flower." The old "Bell Flower" goblet is very heavy and has a deep-toned ring.

We also have pieces belonging to the rest of the "Ribbed group": the "Ribbed Grape," the "Ribbed Leaf," the "Ribbed Ivy," the "Ribbed Inverted Fern," the "Ribbed Acorn," and the "Ribbed Palm"; the "Horn of Plenty," which is very ornate and quite the opposite to the little old-fashioned "Wheat and Barley"; the "Gothic," the "Jacob's Ladder," the "Cathedral," the "Paneled Drape," the "Lincoln Drape," "Shell and Tassel," the "Ribbon," the "Jewel," "Cupid and Venus," "Psyche and Cupid," and the "Rose and the Snow."

We have a number of very lovely "Satin Overlay" bowls, and when you look at them, you are reminded of that very modern song, how "delicious and delovely," absolutely perfect as to coloring, as any work of art could possibly be! We enjoy a collection of several hundred goblets, mostly single patterns. Some we have in pairs, and I might add right here that we never use two goblets alike on the table at the same time.

Our collection of little Staffordshire dogs and little old cats with the funny faces, and the miniature lambs supposedly
prancing on the greens, adds greatly to our entire collection. Several choice pieces of old “Majolica” are included, and their attractive colors and designs would add a beautiful touch to any collection. My own collection of Staffordshire trinket boxes numbers about sixty, and they are really my prize possessions. Each one tells a little story to me of the few trinkets possessed by our little old grandmothers and dropped into these little receptacles each night before she laid her weary head upon her pillow, and the pieces that stood on the master’s table which held his old-fashioned timepiece also have a story to tell.

Some articles, and certain patterns are harder to find than others, and it is without a doubt fascinating and intriguing to hunt for the mate to some rare piece, of a pattern not very common—and what a thrill you have when you find it tucked away in some “off-the-beaten-path” place, where you would least expect to find it, very dirty and unattractive; but if you know what it is, you’ll take it home and scrub its beautiful “face” and gaze upon it with joy and pleasure.

They say that “comparisons are odious,” and I do not want to draw into my story one discordant note, and there are those who prefer the more modern glass, but I claim that the most attractive table that could ever be displayed, the loveliest in every respect, is the one set with our grandmother’s old glass, with all of its charm of color and quaint design, its everlasting grace, beauty, and simplicity.

And, my friends, if you want to get really close to the “Spirit of the Hand-made,” just spend a couple of days in one of these old glass works, where they are still making glass “by hand.” You will forget time and the outside world, and your interest in old glass will be doubled—nay—tripled, for the “Spirit of the Hand-made” is still with us, and while the old patterns have been discarded and many of the modern types made are elaborate and very “showy,” still the same cleverness, the same skill—the adroitness of touch, are here when put to use, and even though we are told that the “machine age” is with us, and likely to stay, we know that the human hand gives to art a touch of something—something of the desire to express individuality—a touch of the inner soul—that “something” that is of the real spirit that a machine made by man will never produce.

So, when I am searching for pieces of old glass to add to my collection, I am prone to look for a piece not so perfect but different, which shows me that the glass worker could not stay within the narrow limit of a mere mold or pattern, but was obliged to give vent to his own artistic ideas and desires, and express his own individuality, giving to a certain piece of common glass the real touch, and leaving stamped upon it, the “Spirit of the Hand-made.”

Note: I wish to make an acknowledgment of gratitude to Rhea Mansfield Knittle, M. Hudson Moore, and Ruth Webb Lee. Their books lie upon my desk, and much information has been gleaned therefrom.
SPRING in Tidewater, Virginia—in early 1660, deep forests, ever changing from pale greens to dark, great thickets of judas trees like pink clouds, here and there the snowy blossoms of the dogwood, signifying the legend that since the cross of the Christ was made of a dogwood tree, its size is ever destined to be small, the blossoms to have a crown for their center with the dark impression of His nail-prints marking their petals.

It was in a spring like this that a brave band of men, women and children set out to make their homes further west.

Rumor had it that Indian tribes in southwest Virginia were most thrifty and had many valuable beaver pelts to trade. To get these skins, the Dutch in Pennsylvania had supplied the Indians with a greater amount of ammunition than the Virginians had themselves. In order to retain some of their trade, the Assembly was petitioned for the right to trade in firearms with the native tribes and the Act of Assembly of March, 1658 repealing the law against the sale of firearms, recites:

“That the neighboring plantations both of English and forrainers do plentifully furnish the Indians with gunns, powder and shott, and do thereby draw from us trade of beaver to our great loss and their profit, and besides, the Indians being furnished with as much of both gunns and ammunication as they are able to purchase, It is en-
acted that every man may freely trade for gunns, powder and shott; it derogating nothing from our safety, and adding much to our advantage.”

In the quaint little Tidewater village life had become fairly secure for George Campbell and his wife Mary, when the rolling hills and mighty rivers of the Piedmont were a challenge to youth who were always striving for discovery of new lands, and now the incentive of a good trade in beaver furs.

With an optimism and courage born of the times Mary packed all the precious possessions that there would be space in the wagons for. One treasure could not be left behind—the little old glass lamp that Grandmother Lederer had given her on her wedding day. An exquisite slender thing which seemed to glow with its own thoughts of the past. This little green lamp had been handed down from one generation to another and cherished by each. The story goes that some traveler long ago had brought it home from the South for his bride with the legend that the exquisite chasing of silver leaves which banded its delicate bowl must be kept polished at all times or some dark misfortune would befall its owner. Cleaning and polishing this treasure had become a ritual with Mary and it was for no fear of misfortune that she held it gleaming bright each day but because it had become a very decided part of her life.

With the greatest care Mary wrapped the lamp in her old plaid shawl and put it in a little trunk.

The day came and the brave group bade goodbye to their first home in the new land and began the long journey through the deep forests where on either side spring had indeed put on her best outfit. Weeks after the weary ones came to a beautiful spot where a great river had cut its way through the blue hills of southwest Virginia. Here was once an Indian village and Indian farms—and being certain that the Indians know good lands the settlers began to build their homes.

Time passed and Mary and George were happy in their log house—the long room, the fieldstone chimney—the furnishings scanty but a spotless place with the center of interest and color the slender green glass lamp that was cleaned and polished in the morning and lighted at the coming of twilight. There could never have been anything but the most careful housekeeping, everything shone to keep pace with the wreath of silver leaves.

With passing years Mary’s daughter, tall and slender, with definite traits that show a background of ballrooms and powdered hair, married young Donelson who was sent west to survey new lands. With special charges for the dainty gift young Mary packed the lamp in another shawl and went westward with her young husband—full of hope.

The rugged hills of Tennessee greeted them and this couple established a home there—lowly no doubt but filled with love and culture. This girl had been taught from childhood that the green lamp was no trifle and though life became most difficult at times she was true to her heritage, never forgetting that the lamp stood for all that had been best for her.

This feeling was so instilled in the hearts of the children of this family that there was always a daughter or son in each branch of the family who kept and guarded the treasure well.

Years passed and one granddaughter, another Mary, made her home in the hills of North Carolina.

With the changing of time beautiful paved roads took the place of the winding footpaths of the hills. One day a car filled with well dressed women stopped to spend the night at a comfortable inn in the Great Smokies. On the mantel of the main sitting room, over a large fireplace, one of the women saw the little green lamp. The keeper of the inn told them how it had been handed down from one generation to another and how John Donelson, the last of the family had owned this inn but had died the previous year.

This woman, being tender and true, desired the lovely thing and bought it from the innkeeper.

Like all other owners of this bit of glass the kindly woman cared greatly for it, wrapped it well, packed it tightly and carried it to her home in a Carolina town.

While on her travels, she had learned that tucked away in the mountains of South Carolina there is a school which is being
supported by the Daughters of the American Revolution and that this school serves the boys and girls who live in the mountains and who do not have the opportunity for an education that most boys and girls have.

The more she learned about them the more desirous she became to help them. Then the thought came to her—what better way could she perpetuate the memory of our brave pioneer women, their love of values, and their traditions—and what better way to aid an unfortunate child than to use the lovely antique for a fund?

Then another spring came, this one in Carolina. The snowy dogwood and pink judas trees, descendants of long ago, were found along the roadside but to be broken in great armfuls and carried into a large hotel for decorations in the ballroom where a bridge tournament was to be held for the purpose of raising funds for Tamassee, the School for mountain boys and girls.

A benefit tournament is, in general, a thing of duty but this was a very particular occasion for the news had spread far and wide that on this day an article of ancient origin would be auctioned off to the highest bidder. There is something about the auction of antiques that is far more appealing to one’s nature than bridge tournaments. So, when the hour arrived for the assembling of the players the ballroom was crowded to its capacity and the domestics of the hotel found themselves breathless in supplying enough chairs and tables for so large a gathering. For blocks around all parking space was taken, for, not only had all card players of the town attended, but so many had come from neighboring towns and villages. Such is the nature of persons who have been bitten by a small insect known as the auctionbee.

After the tournament—many of which became endurance tests—the hour came for the arrival of the one who had become a real personage in this community, the auctioneer—his auction days an institution.

He told the story of the little lamp, then the bidding began, first, at a low figure for there is a certain class of us who never fail the auctioneer, each hoping that someday something will be “knocked down” to us at a bargain—we were all there. Then more and more enthusiastic the crowd grew, some bidding breathlessly for the love of something old, others for the pure love of beauty. Up, up, the offers flew from one voice to another until finally Mary’s wedding gift was bought by a lovely lady who saw it and loved it, not because it was a wanted thing but because it spoke to her of spirits unconquerable.

The story does not end for with no delay the goodly sum made that day was sent to the mountain school and now a sweet, small child is given the opportunity of going on and on.

How far reaching we may not know—the blessing of that shining band of silver leaves!

ALL STATES HALL, TAMASSEE D. A. R. SCHOOL, TAMASSEE, S. C.
Round an old-fashioned house,
Down an old-fashioned lane,
Red roses are twining
Their beauty again,
While mallows flaunt bonnets
And four-o'clocks run
With gay portulaca
To pose in the sun.

But through the old house
Drifts a silence so still,
Not even an echo
Creeps under the sill.
No voices are calling,
The past tiptoes by
And leaves it with memories,
Muted and shy.

Yet over its shoulder
As time slips away,
An old-fashioned myrtle
And soft shadows play.
Serene and complaisant,
As finished dreams are,
It waits for the dusk
And the touch of a star.
The Year's at the Spring

IV—New Castle and Old Wick

EVELYN DIXON DILLARD

This is the fourth and last of a series of articles in which we have been following Spring north through the media of old houses and old gardens.

For enchanting qualities that linger long after the visit has ended, the little town of New Castle on the Delaware holds one of the top positions among historic spots of the Nation. To sojourn there for but one brief day—as thousands will be doing this summer, while Delaware celebrates her 300th birthday—is to come face to face with some of the most romantic pages of the Story of America.

Along the cobblestone streets of New Castle, the ghost of old Peter Stuyvesant must proudly wander at night—in approval of the mellow livableness that three centuries have brought to the town, which he laid out in 1651 and called New Amstel. The streets run just as the stern Dutchman planned them and are today the same as they were in the early seventeenth century. Surrounding the town—to give it the “green belt” so praised by modern city planners—are more than a thousand acres of common farm and pasture land. This same harmonious and charming planning is carried over into every New Castle residence and gives the visitor a renewed respect for the thought and foresight of many early builders.

“From what angle do you wish to see the town—the Dutch, the Swedish, or the English?” Mrs. Anne Read Rodney Zanvier asked me at the beginning of my recent visit. Try to imagine a town with three such dimensions and to them add the dimension of timelessness, plus priceless old buildings that have never known the industrial touch, and you begin to have an idea of what to expect in New Castle.

No New Castle home is considered old until it has passed the second century mark. “Don’t look at my house,” Mrs. Zanvier exclaimed. “It’s not even 100 years old!”

It was Mrs. Zanvier—descendant of George Read, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence—who conceived the idea of holding “open house” in New Castle once a year as a means of raising money to save historic Immanuel Church. That was twelve years ago and there was much opposition to so new an idea. Today, however, the annual “Day in Old New Castle”—held some time during the latter part of May—is an event in which the whole town joins with delight.

Inhabitants of this little city dress for the day in Colonial costume, just like the residents of Natchez, Mississippi, which we visited in my first article; and everyone with valuable heirlooms such as sets of china, silver, books, puts them on display. And rare is the New Castle home with nothing special to offer!

In Mrs. Zanvier’s home, for instance, the New Castle visitor on Colonial day will find the table set with Canton china brought to the new country in sailing vessels, and many gorgeous pieces of silver. On the walls in the home will be found a framed letter written by General George Washington to George Read concerning “two unhappy female fugitives” said to be at New Castle in 1793. Also on the wall will be found an Indian treaty written by William Penn, who first stepped onto American soil at a spot just across the street and only a few steps from Mrs. Zanvier’s front door.

Since New Castle was for many years the colonial capital of Delaware and the county seat of Delaware County until only 50 years ago, it still possesses a magnificent courthouse, a sheriff’s home, and a town hall. In the spacious old courthouse today is a tea room, but a magistrate’s court held from time to time in the left wing serves to keep alive the claim that this building...
is the oldest continuously used chamber of justice in the United States.

The central section of the old courthouse is pure Georgian. The terrace on which the structure is set has a balustrade of wrought iron grillwork and the whole effect is one of impressive dignity. In this old building the struggle between Lord Baltimore and William Penn for possession of the territory surrounding the town took place.

Architects have estimated that the central part of the old structure was standing when William Penn came ashore with the first Quakers to reach this country.

On the Green, which is dominated at one end by the courthouse buildings, stands at the other end old Immanuel Church. Its spire rises above everything else in town and in its churchyard are gravestones bearing epitaphs written in Latin. Though
the parish of the church dates back to 1689, the building was not begun until 1703. Built in the shape of a cross, the church was placed without relation to Stuyvesant's street lines—in accord with the ancient practice of having the congregation face the altar eastward. This out-of-line position gives the church a quaint, aloof position. A classic epitaph in the old churchyard was written by Benjamin Franklin and signed by him. It is one of the few by-line epitaphs of the nation!

Standing near Immanuel Church is a long two-story building erected in 1789 as
a "seminary of learning." This is the structure which is now being restored by visiting-day money. A low garden wall along the Green, judicious planting, and the great trees that frame the view of the school, as well as its closeness to the churchyard wall, now soften any sternness the building may have had for the early scholars.

A small brick dwelling recently purchased for restoration purposes is the town's chief architectural claim to a Dutch ancestry that rivalled that of New Amsterdam. The low pent eaves of the house overhang the street and give it a storybook appearance. Records of 1704 indicate the house was standing then. Chance has preserved it as the "little Dutch house."

Although many architecturally noted houses still stand in New Castle, the most magnificent of them is the Read House, which was built in 1801 for the son of the Signer. In style, the Read House is late Georgian. It is profusely decorated, has an imposing façade, and extensive gardens. Its doorway is generously designed and vies with a symmetrical Palladian window as the chief attraction of the house. All ceilings are 13 feet high and are bordered by friezes of various elaborate designs. The fireplaces in the three large rooms on the first floor are the most striking features of the interior, being embellished by richly veined marble facings and framed in woodwork of handsome design.

The Amstel House, which is now a museum, was so named but a few years ago, as a means of keeping alive the first name of the little city. It is a well-preserved and dignified mansion of the early 18th century and was the dwelling place of Nicholas Van Dyke, Governor of Delaware.

In Amstel House George Washington once attended a wedding—for New Castle ranked with Alexandria in Virginia and with old Georgetown as a cultural center of colonial times, and the families of all three were well known to each other. There was much visiting back and forth between them.

The New Castle women who are filling Amstel House with museum pieces have many notable attractions in their collection. Especially appealing to the eye are the costumes being preserved in a special room on the third floor and the unusual collection of Colonial dolls and toys.

Like Alexandria and Georgetown, New Castle is becoming "stylish" again—but as yet the change in its tempo is scarcely noticeable. As the old town is "discovered," and it is inevitable that it must be—let us hope that it will keep all its mellowness and charm, letting none of its attractiveness go as it receives new residents. It is too perfect to spoil by changes, and one has the feeling that because of the perfection of its planning it will be able to withstand the "modern" onrush better than many of the other little towns located near large cities.

Continuing northward from New Castle, rushing ahead of summer, we come to the old Wick House in Morristown, New Jersey. And with a description of the old Wick garden we will close our series. For the year is no longer at the spring—June has overtaken us!

The garden is a combination of fruit-flower-herb-vegetable affair and is representative in every respect of a farmer's garden as it would have been in 1750. Restored and built up by the National Park Service as part of the Morristown National Historical Park project, the Wick garden is of the style in use during the colonial period between 1675 and 1775, "built partly for ornament and partly for convenience."

Horticulturists of the nation were called into service to secure the "herbs and simples," the fruit trees, the berry bushes, and the flowers of the colonial period. Wormwood, tansy, chamomile, lavender cotton, hyssop, coriander—all the "simples" of which one has read are there, ready for preparation into the homemade remedies which our ancestors used so lavishly. Periwinkle, marigold, hollyhocks, sweet briar rose—all the old-fashioned flowers are there, too, including the old-fashioned peony which appears in an American portrait painted in 1732 and the sunflower, which was cultivated in America before the coming of the white man. It is a lovely spot in which to linger as spring deepens into summer—to "smell sweet scents, and dream sweet dreams." And—since "parting is such sweet sorrow"—to let us take leave of each other here, to meet again, if not tomorrow, at least next year!
IN SPITE of the competition of cherry blossoms, garden pilgrimages, newspaper editors, school children and tourists, the Daughters of the American Revolution held the spotlight in Washington last month. I always look forward to this pilgrimage because it brings back many old friends, so that my annual tea for the Michigan Daughters and their friends is almost like "Old Home Week." I started serving the "Vandenberg brand" of doughnuts at my first tea eight years ago, and the one year they were omitted there came a genuine call for repetition. Our State Regent, Mrs. W. C. Geagley, laughingly said that the 130 who came were lured by my promise to serve them. There has been such a demand for my recipe, which isn't a secret at all, that I am giving it herewith.

And while I am talking about food, I will tell you of some popular sandwich fillings which seemed to make such a hit at the tea:

**Mashed Potato Doughnuts a la Vandenberg**

**Plain**

- 3 eggs
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 2 cups warm, mashed potatoes
- 3 tbsp. melted butter
- ½ cup sour milk in which ½ tsp. soda has been mixed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- ¼ rounded tsp. powdered nutmeg
- 4 cups Gold Medal flour; 1 more cup for rolling out doughnuts. Measure before sifting

For frying use one half Crisco and one half Wesson Oil. This makes about 40 medium sized doughnuts.

**Directions.**—Beat the three eggs and add the sugar. Beat in the potatoes and the butter, and keep beating until very light. Add the milk and soda. Sift the four cups of flour with the baking powder and nutmeg and add slowly to the above mixture. Take out just enough of the dough to
handle easily on the board and estimate how much of the extra cup of flour to use for the rolling out. Be careful that the dough is not too sticky or else you will have difficulty in getting the doughnuts off the board. Only experience can teach you the oil temperature necessary for the frying. Drop a tiny piece of dough into the oil and if it rises immediately to the top, the oil is the right temperature. The minute the doughnuts look a little burned as they come to the top of the oil, your grease is too hot. It is much easier to use a wire tray a little smaller than your iron kettle which I have found is far more satisfactory than any other kind of utensil for frying. In making the doughnuts into shapes of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades for tea, you will have to keep them moving all the time in the fat, constantly turning them over. They should always be drained on brown paper, preferably twice. These doughnuts should never show any signs of the oil soaking in; they should be very light and fluffy, especially when warm. In a stone jar they will keep for almost a week.

Another little trick we have learned is to fill a large salt shaker with powdered sugar which we sprinkle on very lightly just before serving.

Chocolate Doughnuts

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup cold mashed potatoes
¼ cup sour milk—mixed with
½ tsp. soda
2 tbsp. shortening
1 tsp. salt
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla
2½ cups Gold Medal Flour. Measure before sifting
2 squares unsweetened chocolate


"FILLING SANDWICHES"

Crab Flake
1 lb. crab flakes minced very fine
2 drops garlic juice
3 pieces of celery chopped fine
Salt to taste

Mix with dressing made of portions of mayonnaise, Miracle Whip and Durkee’s.

Chicken
Finely diced chicken meat
2 drops garlic juice
Salt and pepper

Mix with same dressing as used for crab flake sandwich.

Cream Cheese and Chives
Philadelphia cream cheese (thinned with cream)
Chives—chopped very fine
Salt

Spread on bread and roll in curls. Stick sprig of watercress in end.

Egg
16 hard-boiled eggs chopped fine
¼ cup tartar sauce
Mayonnaise

Mix above ingredients and spread on bread. Sprinkle with minced parsley.

Frankfurter Whirls
¼ cup butter
¼ cup minced parsley
1 tsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. horseradish
1 rounding tsp. grated onion
1 tbsp. cream cheese

Boil and skin frankfurters. Mix above mixture and spread the length of the bread and roll with frankfurter in the center. Allow to stand in ice box several hours before slicing to serve.

My hometown Daughters from Grand Rapids, Michigan, arrived in full force and—as always, faithful, loyal, dear Mrs. De-dos Blodgett who now lives here—having been away for several years during convention time, she made up for it this year by giving two beautiful affairs. A dinner in honor of Mrs. William A. Becker and Mrs. Henry Robert, Jr., and a tea for Mrs. Grace Lincoln Hall Brosseau who registers from Connecticut, Illinois, and Michigan; but we of Michigan claim her! We were particularly happy this year to have a candidate for national office in our former State Regent, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, who was also an honor guest at Mrs. Blodgett’s dinner.

I must tell you about her dinner table that evening! It was simply a dream—all white flowers. At each place was a bud vase filled with a white rose, lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern, which we took home as a memento of this happy occasion.

Anyone who has enjoyed Mrs. Blodgett’s lavish hospitality knows that she is famous for both the quality and quantity of the food she serves. My tea paled into insignificance beside her groaning tea table with its three kinds of ice cream, chicken salad, ham, sandwiches and cakes of every known description, fruit punch, tea and coffee.

I am always sorry that I cannot “clean my slate” of other obligations for the week of the Convention so that I could take in more of the functions!

Long years ago the great Edmund Burke said, “There are Three Estates in Parlia-
ment, but in the Reporters' gallery yonder, sits a Fourth Estate more important far than they all."

Maybe there are those in Washington who think that the power of the Press is dwindling, but the fact remains that this group of men and women are powerful in their influence, brilliant and tremendously entertaining. The story of the long struggle newspaper women have undergone to obtain recognition, I leave to such gifted authors as your Editor, Frances Parkinson Keyes, who tells it in her "Washington Kaleidoscope," and to Ishbell Ross who tells it in "Ladies of the Press." But my life here has been so broadened by my splendid friendships with the newspaper women that I felt you, too, might be interested in a brief history of their club.

It celebrates its nineteenth birthday this year and, as in the beginning is composed only of women actively engaged in newspaper writing, in which they must have been employed for two years before becoming eligible. Five hardy souls met and drafted the first rules. Twenty-seven joined the first years, thirteen of whom are still members of a group that now numbers
more than one hundred. All these years luncheons have been held once a week in various “ports of call.” Now the club seems to have more or less settled at the Willard Hotel though it has never had any rooms of its own. The custom of having distinguished guests at these luncheons has grown with the years until now they entertain almost every visitor of note.

The “Stunt” idea now a great source of fame, was “born” in 1927 at a party given by their beloved “godmother,” Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, former National Republican Vice Chairman. She suggested impromptu stunts which went over so well that the following year they were made a part of a banquet program. At first rather amateurish they have become better and better each year, as more time and thought have been put into the preparation. I have seen eight and must say that they are reaching the professional state. As these get more professional, the lines become a little more biting, quite like the Gridiron’s and it always seems to be the Administration that gets the roughest “breaks.” Invitations to this party are eagerly sought and highly prized, and the guest list reads like a roster from the hall of fame.

Five hundred women sat down at the banquet this year. During the dinner, the scintillating President, Doris Fleeson, Mrs. John O’Donnell, correspondent of the New York Daily News, whose tongue is as clever as her pen, introduced the Club’s honor guests with appropriate remarks! Among them were:

Miss Willa Roberts, Editor of the Woman’s Home Companion, beautifully “turned out”, originator of cellophane patterns, said to have refused an offer of $25,000 a year in Hollywood.

Miss Mabel Boardman, permanent Secretary of the National Red Cross for over thirty years and the one who conceived its present status as an arm of the Government.

Dr. Anna Goodrich, Dean Emeritus of the Yale University School of Nursing.

Dr. Florence Sabin, noted anatomist.

Miss Theresa Helburn, Board of Directors of the Theatre Guild.

Miss Helen Hokinson, cartoonist for the New Yorker.

Dr. Maud Slye, Director of the Cancer Laboratory of the Sprague Memorial Institute, University of Chicago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawes, well-known American designer.

Miss Mary Lewis, Vice President of Best and Company, New York City.

Miss Mary McBride (Mary Dean to the radio), making phenomenal money at her writing and radio work, a real dear of a person.

Besides these honor guests of the club who sat at the head table were scattered women of note all through the gathering. I saw Molly Dewson, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Miss Margaret Le Hand (the famous “Missy”), Mrs. Heywood Broun (in velvet pajamas and Chinese coat), Nancy Cook, Antoinette Donnelly (who spent the weekend with me), Genevieve Forbes Herrick (a former President of the Club), Mrs. Blair Bannister (Assistant Treasurer of the United States), Emma Bugbee, Mary Anderson, Dolly Gann, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and so on indefinitely. Even after this party was over at twelve, we went on to another at the magnificent home of Mr. Eugene Meyer, owner of the Washington Post (Mrs. Meyer is also a member and writer of note).

The Club members write and enact their own skits and “nice work if you can get it, or she was happy till she met him and Vice Versa,” was the “Very Moving Picture” of this year’s party, starring the great lovers, Franklin De Layno and Miss Lotta Business. “The public’s demanding a love scene between you two, and we’re going to fight it out if it takes till 1940,” yelled the “producer”!

Franklin complained that all Lotta did was to sit around and play “monopoly,” while she retaliated, “You’ve left me nothing to sit around on; everywhere I look there is nothing but tax, tax, tax.”

Another very funny episode centered about a parody on “The Women”—a beauty parlor scene with Bess Furman, formerly of the Associated Press, having her hair shampooed in one booth and Ruby Black (of the United Press and one of your contributors), under a hair dryer. Naturally the conversation was conducted in screams. It revolved between a Democrat arguing with a Republican as to whether a First Lady should use lipstick and rouge and have her hair bobbed. The argument grew so tense over the shade of the lipstick that the Beauty Operator had to call the White House to settle the trouble.

All of this was rather daring, for the honor guest of the evening is always the
First Lady who now is an active member of the club. But no one enjoyed the jokes more than she, and at the close when she made her little speech, “off the record,” she came back at the girls with great glee—it was a give and take affair which everyone seemed to enjoy.

Next day Doris Fleeson was host for a big afternoon affair at which some of the stunts were repeated for the benefit of the masculine guests. At a party on Sunday evening, Miss Corinna Mura who had sung at the Vice President and Mrs. Garner’s dinner for the President, gave us the joy of her presence as well as her gorgeous voice, accompanying herself on a guitar in a most disarming and entertaining way.

Maybe you might be interested in the menu for the luncheon I had on Sunday for a group of the visitors . . .

I. Alligator pear stuffed with fresh crab flakes, Russian dressing. Hot cheese cakes served with this course.

II. Chicken mousse, fresh mushrooms, small turnips, stuffed with peas on a bed of shredded carrots; browned potato balls. Whole wheat muffins. My “pineapple tree”, which is the green top of a pineapple with red cherries stuck on the tips. Around this center, slices of fresh pineapple are placed, with pickled peaches, minted pears and dates to add to the taste and the picture!

III. Almond ice-box cake, one of the “specialties of the house”!

And so to another chapter! Dr. Ricardo Alfaro, in his story last month, gave you such a vivid picture of the pioneers of Pan Americanism that I felt a postscript dealing with the actual celebration this year would be timely.

Dr. William Manger, the councillor of the Pan American Union, revealed to me a world of interesting facts in connection with the growth of this movement which had its inception in 1890. The actual celebration of April 14, as Pan American Day, dates back to an idea of the Brazilian Ambassador’s at that time, His Excellency Gurgel de Amaral. Many people are more
and more coming to think that Pan American Day should be the greatest political holiday of the year, especially for the New World. The increased interest during these eight years has been like a rising tide. Dr. Manger said that this year over six thousand requests had been received for literature to help arrange appropriate programs. The Pan American Women’s League of America has become active all over the country and arranged particularly appropriate programs this year in both Miami and San Francisco. His Excellency, the Cuban Ambassador, Dr. Pedro Martinez Fraga, spoke at a program in New York, held at the McMillan Theater of Columbia University, where the local school children presented a special program.

As you probably know, the President delivered a special message which was broadcast progressively throughout this Continent in English, Portuguese and Spanish—a direct appeal for American solidarity. He warned the world that “the twenty-one American Republics will jointly resist any aggression coming from outside our Hemisphere”—portentous words!

But to me the high spot of all these celebrations was the thirty minutes intra-American School program which was broadcast over the Columbia School of the Air. A fortunate difference in time made it possible for our school children to arrange their fifteen minute program at 2:30 P. M. and then listen to the 3:30 program from Buenos Aires! Senior and Junior high school children from Washington presented a greeting in Spanish with Latin-American singing—the schools of the South returning their message in English with American music. As you may well realize this entailed a tremendous amount of long-time planning and was a very difficult engineering feat in itself.

These programs were just a few of the hundreds given all over this part of the world.

With the famous 7th Buenos Aires Peace Conference scarcely off the front page, plans are under way for a Convention of the 21 Republics at Lima, Peru next December. When you think that an annual exchange of 420 teachers and 840 students was just one of the results of the Buenos Aires Conference, you can readily realize how all this planning is bringing our countries closer and closer together.

Dr. L. S. Rowe, the Director General of the Pan American Union, in his message to you last month spoke of the beautiful neighbor building to Memorial Continental Hall. The Pan American Building is a “gem” of architecture—a marble palace of noble design. In 1907, this magnificent building was made possible through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie who gave $850,000, the rest of the million necessary for its construction being contributed by the member governments.

Most Washingtonians think of the Pan American Union only as a playtime palace, where they go to hear beautiful concerts, or once in a while to dance and dine, but its place in the picture is far more utilitarian. It has come to be the great clearing house of information for all of the American nations and serves as a common administrative agency of the Union of the 21 Republics. The Columbus Memorial Library of 90,000 volumes is constantly in use. A complete collection of official documents of the 21 Republics is also to be found here. The Bulletin of the Union is published monthly in English, Spanish and Portuguese and is a complete report of trade, commerce, treaties and statistics of general interest to the countries involved. It is supported by annual contributions from all the countries with amounts in proportion to population.

In the grounds at the rear is a beautiful formal garden with a pool. It is under these beautiful surroundings that the outdoor summer concerts are given. Just beyond is Dr. Rowe’s own headquarters—a charming little house built to fit in with the atmosphere. Dr. Rowe, by the way, has been Director General of the Union since 1920 and it is through his sympathy and devotion to true Americanism that so much progress has been made toward uniting the Americas.

Most of us have hobbies and mine seems always to have been “GIRLS,” for ever since college days, I have in some way or other been associated with girls’ activities. This month I have had a renewal of those ties at the National Conservation Rally of
Camp Fire Girls, on whose National Board I am a rather absentee member. A picnic and tree-planting ceremony in the grounds of the picturesque Joaquin Miller cabin located in the very heart of Rock Creek Park, started off their three-day rally. It was one of those pre-summer days of which we have had a good many this spring, so that a few of the more daring even waded in the creek. About one hundred girls from all over the United States, wearing the regulation white middy, blue skirt and red tie, scampered up and down the rocks and ate their lunches on the banks of the creek. When I arrived with over one hundred doughnuts which I had baked that morning, I was almost mobbed by the hungry picnickers.

The theme of the Conservation Plan is to span the years—the beginning being centered about the planting of twenty trees sent from all parts of the United States and passed upon by the Park Service as being suitable to this climate. Mr. August Hanson who has planned most of the Park planting, had already grouped the trees, some of which had been planted around the cabin, and the flowering varieties along the creek. Dogwood from Battle Creek and Detroit, Michigan; Reading, Pennsylvania, and Bethesda, Maryland. A tulip-poplar from Huntington, West Virginia. A nut-tree from Walla Walla, Washington; two white pines all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota. A shiny blue-stemmed holly from Seattle, Washington; etc. The “key” tree, around which the ceremony was conducted, was brought by the delegation from Cleveland, Ohio, which had the largest number of girls present. Five young women from widespread areas made fitting little speeches, grouped about this tree, at the base of which a bronze plaque was placed with the inscription, “this and neighboring trees brought from all parts of the country have been planted in memory of Dr. Luther Gulick, first President of Camp Fire.”
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

WHEN she was eighteen and he was sixteen, Sally Cary met George Washington at an Assembly Ball, and he fell in love with her. He was a dependent upon his brother Lawrence, with no prospects, and Colonel Wilson Cary refused to allow him to propose marriage to Sally. But Sally herself did not know of her father's refusal, and all her interest centered upon Washington. A young French widow, Germaine Beauvais, comes to Ceelys and remains as Sally's guest for more than a year. George, determined to accomplish some act that will make Colonel Cary change his mind, accepts an offer made by Lord Fairfax to survey the nobleman's western lands beyond the Blue Ridge mountains. He and the young cousin of Lord Fairfax, George William Fairfax, leave in the early winter for the mountains, and the summer brings an invitation from George William Fairfax, leave in the early winter for the mountains, and the summer brings an invitation from George William Fairfax's sister Hannah for Sally and Germaine to visit at Belvoir, the home of the Fairfax family. Once there, Lord Fairfax tells Sally that he has sent for the boys to come home on a vacation, Sally, having made up her mind to let George Washington know how she feels toward him, and to break the reserve that he has built up between them. But, when the expected visitors return, George Washington does not come. Then, Sally listens to the wooing of George William Fairfax and tells him that she will give her answer in a month's time.

Her decision is hastened by the financial complications in which a distant relative becomes involved, and the need for a large amount of money to release this young man from the debtor's prison in London is imminent. Of this difficulty Mr. Fairfax knows nothing, but part of the settlement that he makes upon Sally satisfies the obligations. Sally therefore accepts George William Fairfax.

They are married at Ceelys.

Washington, returning from his surveying mission, stops at Greenway Court for his mail and finds a letter from his mother telling him the news of the wedding. He ponders through the night, reconstructing his aims and his life with strict adherence to the line of duty as he sees it.

He is offered the post of Public Surveyor for the Commonwealth of Virginia and accepts it. His mother, who has always managed to stop his taking any public post, agrees to this as it is in the line of peace. She is very much opposed to warlike affiliations.

Sally is living at Belvoir now, the wife of George William Fairfax and the frequent social contact is difficult for both of them. Meantime, the French are determined to drive the English out of the Ohio Territory and are influencing the Indians to fight with them. It is a logical step, therefore, for the House of Burgesses in 1751, to ask George Washington to resign his position as Public Surveyor and accept the post of Military Inspector of the Virginia frontier with the rank of Major. His mother raises a strong protest but he considers that his duty to the public is stronger than his duty to her and he accepts the call.

Sally Fairfax is alarmed for his safety, but his departure is delayed by . . .
Lawrence Washington took a turn for the worse before his brother got away and George stopped in at Belvoir to tell the Fairfaxes that he and Lawrence were going to the Barbadoes for the winter. “He hopes that the climate there will set him up again. He will spend the winter at least. John is coming to look after the place and I shall return as soon as I see that he is comfortable and then go on to the frontier.”

George was speaking to Sally. He had found, too late to retreat, that she was alone in the house and they were having tea on the terrace. “I dread to have you go back to the frontier,” she said in a low voice. “There is less danger now than there was before. Then, I had only a few woodsmen with me. Now I will have part of the Virginia Militia.” He smiled at her reassuringly.

Her eyes did not look less troubled, but she let the conversation drift into safer channels and presently she walked with him through the garden and across the little footbridge and went to see if she could help Ann with the arrangements for Lawrence’s departure. Ann could not go with her husband, for she expected a baby within another month. She planned to join him later.

Sally did not see George again until January. The months between were filled with anxiety for Ann’s baby was very delicate and the letters from the Barbadoes were discouraging. The climate there suited Lawrence; he felt better as long as he lay quietly about in the sun, but the slightest exertion brought on hemorrhages. Each letter about his condition revealed some fresh cause for anxiety, and when the tidings came that George had contracted smallpox, even though his was a slight case, his mother’s heart grieved afresh.

That Lawrence was dying, George knew when he entered the room. But he said, with an attempt at lightness: “Well, old man, so you came to me before I could get back to you!” “Had a bad attack the day you left. I want to die at Mount Vernon. Get me back there, will you, George?” Then, as his brother nodded, “I’ll rest more easily now that I’ve got you again. Let Ann come in and then leave us alone, will you?” He was able, by Sunday, to be put on board a private vessel owned by Thomas Nelson of Yorktown, who had been a friend of many years. It would take them through the Bay into the Potomac and land them directly at the Mount Vernon wharf. Without Sally the little group would have
been desolate. George thought he had never loved her so well nor admired her so greatly as for the effort she was making to brighten the trip, and when Lawrence finally lay on his own bed in the house that he had built for his bride, he said feebly to his brother, “Thank Sally for the last happy boat ride I will ever take on the old Potomac.”

Three days later, George stood looking down at his tiny niece crying in her cradle and thought of her as the only vestige that remained to him of his dearly loved brother. Within a week he had lost that thread of life also.

Ann in her flowing black dress walked arm in arm with him as they came back the second time from the private burying ground under the spreading trees. At the foot of the stairs she paused, looking straight into his grief-stricken face.

“I am your guest,” she said, “and I must not encroach upon your hospitality.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Did you forget that you are the master of Mount Vernon?”

“I had not thought of it,” George answered. “It is your home, the same as before.”

“Never the same as before,” she answered, and went up the staircase.

Responsibility fell heavily upon him in the weeks that followed. He arranged to settle an annuity upon his sister-in-law, and of her free will she elected to make her home in England. His mother was with him often, but Ferry Farm needed her attention as the spring came on. Matters on the frontier were daily becoming more acute and he knew he must fulfill his obligation to the House of Burgesses. The only solution for the care of the plantation was that he should leave his brother, John, in charge of it, and John was quite too young to assume such a burden. In this emergency, George conferred with Mr. William Fairfax, who promised to help the younger boy with advice from his vast store of wisdom and experience.

One morning, when the rain fell heavily and George’s heart was weighted with anxiety, he rode westward to join the companies of militia already stationed beyond the Blue Ridge, and with him on the long ride went the memory of the harassed look in the brown eyes of Sally Fairfax.

She lived quietly that summer, entertaining little on account of their deep mourning. Betty Cary, slender and lovely, was with her most of the time and young Brian Fairfax beamed her to whatever house she might ride for the afternoon. Sarah Carlyle, missing her eldest sister, came frequently to Belvoir. Nancy Gist spent several weeks with them, to the enlivenment of George William, who complained that Sally had lost all of her spirit and the house was dead as a tomb. It seemed to Sally, when she gave it enough thought to let it trouble her, that George William was developing into a fountain head of complaints; the ill-temper that had been under control when he was young was fast becoming his predominating trait. Sally had little respite from it, for Lord Fairfax went to Greenway Lodge during the hot weather, and there was no one else to whom she could turn.

“It’s listlessness that troubles you, old dear,” Nancy Gist told her. “You’re alert enough when the mail comes in.”

And she was alert enough to deny this accusation vehemently.

The mail brought her an occasional letter from the frontier, a letter very discreet and inadequate. More news came by way of Sarah Carlyle, however, for her husband was sending supplies through to the troops and George wrote him frequently: The French were building a chain of connecting forts from Montreal to Riviere aux Boeufs in Pennsylvania; Governor Lord Dinwiddie had sent Major Washington to the nearest French fort with a summons ordering the Commander to withdraw from the territory of the English King. The journey was certain to be full of dangers, for without doubt the Indians of the section of the country through which George must pass were in the pay of the French.

When Sarah Carlyle brought this momentous news, Sally sank to the depths of despair. She remembered then all the remarks that Germaine had made about the anxiety of women after a battle. George was leaving in November from the settlements with Christopher Gist, two other traders and two woodsmen. The next run-
ner brought the news to Major Carlyle that the little party had reached the last outpost, that the Monongahela River was running so high that it could not be passed and they would have to go in canoes around the Forks of the Ohio.

Many a night Sally spent in wakefulness, recalling those other nights of the year when he had gone surveying. But then she had been alone to toss to and fro in her bed; now she must always consider the presence of George William beside her, deep in his comfortable sleep. Then, she had been able to light her candle and find solace in a book; now, she could get no such relief without making an explanation. She did not know the great rivers of the western country, but in the spring she and George William went on a visit to the Haywards in Philadelphia and she saw the ice jammed between the granite walls of the Susquehanna River. Not for months could she forget the dangers of the piling floes; nor for months did she know that the broad open lands on the banks of the Ohio forbade such a congestion.

The visit in Philadelphia did her good. It was her first sight of a city larger than Williamsburg and she marvelled at the brick houses with their marble steps, set side by side along the cobbled streets, with crooked lanes dividing them at intervals. Sedan chairs, passing, came so close that when their occupants stopped to converse, traffic was blocked. It was even more congested than Fredericksburg, where the heavy coaches relayed on their journey along the highway that George Mason had sponsored. In Philadelphia, certain avenues had to be kept for coaches and others for sedan chairs. The shops were delightful and more than once she and Marcia Hayward blocked the street by having their bearers stop before a show window that they might have an intimate view of the merchandise displayed there.

Mr. Franklin, who was as prominent a Quaker as the Haywards and went to the same Meeting, came to dinner and Sally enjoyed the publisher and author of *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin, who attended the same Friends' Meeting to which the Haywards belonged, came to dine with them. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, utterly unconscious of his years, which were mounting toward fifty. The dinner was gay with brilliant conversation in which George William shared ably, for Mr. Franklin's humor and dry, quiet sarcasm entranced him. Sally envied Franklin's use of clever anecdotes to point his arguments. He discussed his ideas on swimming; his enthusiasm for cold water and fresh air; and his little tales connected with the publishing of *Poor Richard's Almanack* were most entertaining.

On the whole, the visit added to her discontent. She began to wish for a companionship with George William such as she saw between Marcia and David Hayward—perhaps for a boy as bright and interesting as theirs—and then, when she came home again, she saw that the same kind of a friendship existed between Sarah and John Carlyle. The Fairfaxes stopped for dinner in Alexandria as they came home and Sarah told her the latest news, as she always made a point of telling it without waiting for Sally to ask her.

"George has come back and his report to Governor Dinwiddie has been published in the *Virginia Gazette*. He thinks that the French mean to make aggressive warfare this spring and summer. The Council has raised two companies of soldiers to go to the frontier and the Governor has sent him back to the Forks of the Ohio to finish the fort that he started last fall. The colony
of New York is sending money but Pennsylvania refuses to help . . . and Pennsylvania will be benefited far more than New York.”

“Is George well?”
“I did not see him. But John says he looks splendid. He has been made Colonel and John says the uniform becomes him.”

“What are his plans?”
“He told John he had left Captain Trent in charge of the fort, which they are calling Necessity, and he is on his way back there now. There is no later news.”

In May, Charles Carroll, riding up from Annapolis, stopped at Belvoir to tell them that Governor Sharpe of Maryland had had a letter and he had one also.

“Trent had to evacuate before George got there,” Carroll told them, “and now George is going on thirty-seven miles to raise another fort and await orders . . . at least, that is what he wrote the Governor. He told me that there is much dissatisfaction among the men and officers because they are underpaid and the officers will resign as soon as others are sent to take their places. He is discouraged over everything.”

Did she dare write him, Sally wondered . . . a letter full of encouragement and praise for his achievement, such as it was? She hesitated for a few days and then she sent it, with one from Major Carlyle.

But of this method the cautious Major did not approve and the next week, when they were all gathered one night over the card table at Belvoir, Sarah said:

“The western mail rides tomorrow from Alexandria. George William, I know that George Washington is very lonely. Why don’t you and Sally set up a correspondence with him? You are closer to his home than any of the rest of us.”

“Father writes him,” answered George William, leading his card.

“Of course. But Father probably gives him details about the place and the way John is running it. What George needs is county gossip, news of old friends . . . you can send him that. I know he will appreciate it.”

In the morning Mr. Fairfax said to his wife:

“Are your letters ready for the western post?”

When she gave him a large and expansive missive sealed with his coat-of-arms, he gave his twisted smile.

Nancy Gist came again that summer and brought real news.

“Kate Spotswood has divorced her husband!”

“How shocking!” exclaimed Ann Mason.

“That took courage,” cried Betsy Cocke.

“She is very unwise,” added Sarah Carlyle.

They were in the Belvoir garden. Sally sat silent.

“She is very sensible,” advocated Nancy.

“If I wasn’t in love with my husband, I’d divorce him in a minute.”

“What are people saying?” asked Sally Fairfax.

“Oh, the whole Commonwealth is up in arms; they prophesy that she won’t be received this winter by the Governor at the Palace balls, but when you consider who she is, she’s perfectly safe.”

“But she isn’t a Spotswood any more; that was what made her famous.”

“Her personality will carry her through,” said Nancy.

“It will be quite a hurdle to jump. I admire her courage. I couldn’t do it though.”

“They do say,” continued Nancy, “that some of the people of the Lower James, that is the older people, won’t invite her to their homes, but that wouldn’t bother Kate Spotswood, not as long as the young men stick around.”

A day or so later, Sally announced at table that she was going to visit the Amblers in Yorktown.

“Hannah wants to come and visit you, Father, and she won’t mind if I’m not here. It will be like old times for her to have you and George William to herself.”

“Yes?” queried George William.

“I am going alone,” Sally answered calmly and rose from the breakfast table.

The peace and happiness surrounding the little family at Yorktown was beyond Sally’s fondest expectation. Care fell away from her. In Mary’s charming stone house young life flowed, the gayness of Sally’s girlhood was repeated without the large responsibility, for Edward Ambler was reading law and the cares of the planter did not touch him. After spending a week
there, Sally went to the home of her sister Anne Nicholas to see the same life repeated on a larger scale, for Robert Nicholas was coming into the political life of the Commonwealth. Then, with another week at Ceelys, she had made the round of her visits.

Everyone she met disapproved of the action of Kate Spotswood. And everyone was saddened by the accident that had killed Elizabeth Carter Byrd. “Now there,” said the happy ladies, “was a case where they never should have married. They were unfitted to be together. But just because Kate Spotswood is gay and her husband is serious gives no just cause for going to such extremes.”

Sally stopped for the night at Naylor’s Hole. Everyone was excited. Marvelous news from the frontier.

“What!” cried Sally, not waiting to take off her bonnet. “Oh, William, do not make me wait for the news.”

“The paper says,” began William while Betsy and Bowler Cocke watched the flushed face of the woman, “that George was at Forte Necessity with three hundred men and the French from Fort Duquesne attacked him with nine hundred men. He fought them all day. Then the French, under a flag of truce, asked for a parley. George had lost twelve men and he had no more food. He arranged that the English walk out, with all the honors of war, drums beating, and agreed that none should be taken prisoners; they came out with colors flying, carrying all their ammunition with them and sent back for their baggage.”

“This will create a big stir in Paris,” the men agreed.

At dinner they talked of nothing else. That night Sally slept deeply.

XIII

A letter from overseas awaited Sally on her return to Belvoir.

“You will not be surprised, dear Sally, to learn that I am married,” wrote Germaine Beauvais, “my only regret is that my husband is not an American. His name is Sir Philip Durfree and we are living in Bath . . . living most happily. But, of course, having once been connected with the army, I could never entirely withdraw from it and my husband is on reserve call in the English regiments. He is Irish by birth and when he was young he commanded the Irish regiment of which he is now Colonel. Sir Philip is about twenty years older than I.

“There is talk all around us in army circles—and as you know, many retired officers live in Bath—that before long, some of the regiments will be withdrawn from Ireland and sent over to help in your frontier wars. I am longing for Sir Philip to take active command and then I will see you again. Diane asks every day for her ‘Aunt Sally’ and I share with her the desire to be near you.

“If I do not come to you, perhaps some day you may come to me. Surely you should see old England, and especially old Bath!”

“How is Mr. Washington?”

George William could not complain about her lack of brightness that night. She sparkled.

“It does you good to get away from home,” he said rather dourly.

Mr. Fairfax discussed at length the fine work of their neighbor at Fort Necessity and George William, while he did not join the acclamations, was at least gracious enough to say nothing derogatory. Yet, so Sally thought, that might be out of consideration for George’s brother, Warner Washington, who was visiting them.

By the last of September George was at home again, enjoying the entertainments showered on him by his neighbors and flushing with embarrassment when he was made the toast of a dinner. All of his friends were horrified when, in October, he resigned his commission. Even George William protested.

“What did you do it for, George, when you are so well started?”

“The Militia is being reorganized . . . split up into ten companies with a captain for each company. The King has put Governor Sharpe in command with Colonel Fitzhugh second and, if I stay in, I must be demoted from the position of Colonel to that of Captain. I can’t see the necessity for going backward. There’s another point to this . . . every colonial officer ranks lower than the lowest ranking officer in the
King's service and I cannot see justice in that either."

He took an interest again in social life, chiefly because it was forced upon him. On all sides Sally heard of the eligibility of Mr. Washington as expressed by fond mothers with marriageable daughters. Even her father spoke of him with respect. No longer was he a "poor farmer." Now he was "Colonel Washington of Mount Vernon." Every time such a remark came to her notice, a little of the bitterness in her heart welled up and spilled over. There were many evenings in which she was free to think it over, for George William was entertaining lavishly both at home and at the coffee house in Alexandria where the parties lasted through the night, the stakes at cards ran high, and the drinking was heavy.

Sarah Carlyle often looked at Sally anxiously, wondering how much the younger woman knew, and John became more and more solicitous. But, however much it troubled her, she never let George William's father suspect the cause of his absence. Her mind was eased considerably when Lord Fairfax decided to spend the winter with them. He also was a frequenter of the Tavern and while he was present, George William would be guarded. The old nobleman had a way of never giving direct information but she knew that her husband, when he was unable to get home, was safe at the Fairfax House in Alexandria.

When the middle of January rolled around, they all knew that General Braddock, with eleven hundred troops from Ireland, was on the high seas, coming to the assistance of the English colonials. He would be in the Roads sometime in February. Where would he make his headquarters? Rivalry sprang into being overnight. All up and down the rivers the quest for social sponsorship quivered across the plantations. The eligibility of Colonel Washington of Mount Vernon faded into the background.

"Even I have a chance now," Nancy Gist cried, (never having admitted but once her interest in a certain adventurous explorer). "The Commonwealth will be overrun with unmarried officers, and the red coat is very charming."

When he entered the Roads before the crowds that jammed the wharves at Hampton, General Braddock dispatched his messenger to the upper country, swung his warships into Chesapeake Bay and headed for the mouth of the Potomac River. His bands played the national airs of Great Britain, his ships dipped their flags, he returned the salutes of the forts with proper gunfire, but he sailed up the northern river toward Alexandria.

Sarah Carlyle was in a fervor; the messenger had said: "The General requests the use of the largest house in Alexandria!" She sent near and far for help. Tomorrow he would land! Her house must be ready for the General and his staff; she must open the festivities with a ball that first night in his honor. For one night, at least, Sarah Carlyle would be the leading lady in Virginia. General Braddock had seen fit to pass by the Governor and his Lady and to crave their hospitality.

The ladies of the Northern Neck rallied around her. From Belvoir, from Mount Airy, from Sabine Hall, from Slavington, even from Annapolis, they came. They sent her fine wines, cakes and pastries of their own making, luxurious tidbits from their imported stores. Private hothouses gave up large purple grapes, pears of a deep pink, even the luscious orange colored peaches with which they were experimenting. All day long chaises and coaches kept arriving, depositing on the lawn of Carlyle House girls and young men dressed in their gayest colors. The weather was most propitious for such a gathering. Buds were already beginning to show on the trees; the day was warm for the last of February.

"Here's another case of cigars," called Sally Fairfax, who had been one of the first to get there.

Lucy Lee had come up from Dumfries. She was arranging a great bowl of lilacs and her face was the tint of their delicate buds.

"Sarah," she cried, "Anne Carter has just brought a whole coachful of daffodils. We will simply have to get more jars to put them in. Where can we go? The whole supply of the town is exhausted."
Sarah sat down on the lowest step of the winged staircase.

“There’s nothing to use but the wine kegs,” she said wearily, “and then I don’t know what you’ll do with the wine.”

Additional negroes were sent to act as waiters. Each coach brought its quota. Across the front of the house and on the wharves the boys were decorating with the colors of Great Britain; flags were flying from every available spot. Warner Washington superintended the waxing of the ball-room floor while Hannah arranged the palms that would shield the orchestra.

“Where is George?” asked Sally as though she suddenly missed him.

“George is at Williamsburg,” Warner told her grimly, “trying to get a commission out of Dinwiddie. Do you think he’d be part of a thing like this? He’d as soon fight Indians as dance the minuet. But he won’t fight them unless he can do it with what he considers is his dignity. He’ll be back at Mount Vernon to-night, so maybe he will come up for a minuet with you, Sister Sally.”

She was indignant.

“He is right to demand what he wants. You do not appreciate what he did at Fort Necessity.”

“Oh, don’t we, Sister Sally! Go to it, my dear, you’re prettier than you have been in a long time!”

She swept away from him, wishing that her color would not rise at the slightest provocation.

“There are the Masons!” called someone at the door, and Anne rushed in.

“Are we too late to help you, Sarah? I came as fast as I could. George was in Williamsburg with Mr. Washington. I brought Mammy to help with the cooking, and a couple of boys who can make themselves useful generally. What can I do myself?” she demanded.

“The frigates are rounding the point,” said Mr. Mason. “Yes . . . yes . . . don’t mob me! Washington is coming but he won’t be here until to-night. He’s nearly dead. We rode at top speed. No, Sally, he didn’t get his commission. Dinwiddie can’t give it . . . afraid of starting a precedent. No colonial officer was ever before commissioned in the red coats. It’s up to the King.”

The warships were coming up the river, firing in salute. Even the Maryland shore was banked with people; handkerchiefs were waving, bright flags rippling, faintly and then more distinctly came the music from the bands on the frigates. Slowly they came, swinging in as close as possible to the wharf, the sun flaming against the red uniforms of the soldiers lining the gunwales. Above the cheering came the grating sound of the slipping anchor chains, the clank of rigging as the sails dropped to the decks. Within a few minutes the long boats had been lowered, filling the river with brilliantly coated men.

Sally Fairfax stood beside Sarah Carlyle on the veranda, watching intently. Lord Fairfax, the Major and other colonists had gone to meet General Braddock. George William was already on the wharf. The girls watched the heavily set old General climb the steps that would bring him to them. With him came a young officer; around him were gathered the dark-coated men of the Colony, making background for the red and gold trappings of the officers. In a moment, the members of his staff had mingled with the crowd.

“My wife, Mrs. Carlyle, General Braddock; Captain Orme. Mrs. Fairfax, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Henry Lee . . .” so the Major made the rounds of the women gathered on the veranda. They curtsied deeply.

The hollow eyes of the old man swept the group.

“By gad, Sir,” he said, “had His Majesty known what his Colony could offer, he would have come himself.”

He entered the house and the cup of cheer was passed freely. For the rest of the afternoon, the longboats went back and forth, carrying the eleven hundred men of the regiments. By nightfall every house in Alexandria overflowed with soldiers billeted within its walls. Sally walked to Fairfax House for dinner and to dress for the ball. To get a sedan chair through the streets would have been impossible.

Captain Orme, the aide-de-camp, set up headquarters in the library. The arrangements Sarah Carlyle had made pleased him; he expressed his appreciation and Sarah responded graciously.

“My husband and I will go over to Fair-
fax House to-night after the ball and leave you here,” she said.

“The General wishes his staff quartered here but does not want to upset your home,” replied the aide. “We will be on the march within a week. Can you grant us hospitality for that length of time?”

“Gladly,” she answered.

George came to Fairfax House while they were still at dinner. He would not talk about his disappointment but Sally knew by his manner that it had gone deeply with him. However, as he came down the staircase, he outshone the other men gathered in the hall. His powdered hair added to his dignity; his velvet coat was a deep yellow, lined with satin of a pale blue; his waistcoat of white satin was embroidered in the same shade of chrome. Deep lace softened his large hands as it fell below his cuffs and the strength of his features was modified by folds of the same lace at his throat. His knee breeches of white satin were caught by silver buckles, duplicated on his shoes. As he put his long military cloak about his shoulders, he asked:

“Do we walk?”

“You could not get a chair in Alexandria to-night for love nor money,” Lord Fairfax answered him. “George, you are a sight for the gods!”

George gave his arm to Sally and they went out into the night.

“I know how you feel,” she told him, “and I think you cover your disappoint-
honor to one of your membership. Mr. Washington, will you come forward?"

George stood under the lights that glowed from the many candelabred chandelier. Raising his face, he looked past the General, into the starlike countenance of Sally Fairfax, above him.

"Mr. Washington . . . for admirable service in the campaign at Fort Necessity, His Majesty, King George the Second, grants you a commission in the Royal Forces, as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief." General Braddock took a roll of parchment from the hands of Captain Orme and passed it to Mr. Washington. George's face was covered by a deep flush, the shaking of his hand was apparent. He stood at attention before the Commander but he could not speak.

Captain Orme signaled the leader of the band. They struck into the chord of The British Grenadiers, and when the last note of martial music died, the room rang with cheers.

Sally could no longer stay. Tears were streaming down her face as she sought the dressing-room.

XIV

In spite of Captain Orme's optimistic statement to Mrs. Carlyle that the regiments would be on the march within two weeks, the preparations consumed a much longer time, for the Colony had not been given sufficient warning of the arrival of the British troops, especially since Parliament had decreed that the expense of the campaign must be borne by the Colonies.

Promises of money poured in from the other Colonies without any tangible accompaniment of cash, but Mr. Benjamin Franklin offered to supply the wagons and relay supplies as the soldiers marched, taking his chances on repayment. The new aide-de-camp was very busy. Washington knew how serious this business of Indian fighting was, for only the year before he had attempted to protect three hundred miles of frontier with a scattered force of seven hundred men. He chafed under the delay and was continually harassed by the attitude of General Braddock, who kept reiterating that at the first sight of his perfectly trained troops the Indians would scatter like frightened partridges.

But even the General was stirred into haste when a band of raiding Indians swept down from the mountains to within sixty miles of Philadelphia and marauded a village. The few settlers who escaped this slaughter took the mutilated remains of their dead and laid them at the door of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. These Indians, they reported, had been under French command.

Eventually the regiments were ready for the march. Nancy Hunt opened her George Town house and Washington's friends gathered there to watch the departure.

In the intervening weeks after the ball at Carlyle House, George had deliberately avoided Sally. He felt that already he had spoken words which had better been left unsaid; he did not wish to answer the questions he knew she would ask concerning his welfare, and he heartily regretted the stories he had told her of the earlier experience.

But she came, with her husband, the Carlyles and Warner and Hannah Washington, to George Town. The regiments waited in the street beyond the high garden wall while the commanding general and his staff finished breakfast. Sally said good-bye to George in that lovely garden where the lilac bushes were dropping their faded blossoms and the songs of the birds mingled with the clank of swords and spurs, with the rolling of the drums. She had pulled her cape about her hastily and the hood, falling back, left her hair to glisten under the rays of the sun.

"There is no 'if' about it, George. You must come back. I cannot give up this friendship."

"A man is not always satisfied with friendship. It would be best, perhaps, if I do not return."

"I wish that we had spoken long ago the words we cannot utter now..." Her emotion was intense, her eyes dark with feeling.

"That is the regret of my life."

She sought gropingly for consolation.

"There is so much that is fine in a friendship like ours. Can we not let it rest at that?"

"We will have to; you are the one to make the change and it is too great a sacrifice for you to consider."
She ignored the subtle meaning of his thought.

“For my sake you will be careful . . . ”

He looked at her intensely. . . . “Yes,” he said and kissed her lightly on the forehead. From beyond the wall came the ruffle of the drums, the sharp commands of the officers. He opened the wall-gate and was gone. She sat down on a seat that surrounded the elm tree. A moment later, George William found her there.

“Come up on the veranda and watch the troops march past,” he said, looking at her shrewdly.

She went with him without speaking and stood, leaning against a column, while the men marched in columns of four out upon the western road. At the top of the hill, Washington turned and waved his hat.

On the last day of March a runner brought back his letters; tomorrow they were marching from Fort Cumberland to attack the French at Fort Duquesne. It was a march of one hundred and fifty miles; those at home must not worry for he could send mail only spasmodically and even then, there was no way of knowing that the runner could get through.

The weeks rolled on, increasing the tension at Belvoir.

Then a letter arrived for John Washington, who came over immediately to share it with the Fairfaxes. The march had taken twenty-one days instead of the estimated ten. There had been difficulty with General Braddock, who insisted upon building bridges across streams that could easily have been forded; petty details filled the General’s mind. George was ill of a fever and Dr. James Craik, the regimental surgeon, had forced him to drop to the rear so that he might rest in a wagon. Hugh Mercer was among the Virginia militiamen and his presence helped. No letters from home had reached him. This time Sally was writing to him openly; if George William objected, it did not matter. But she wondered what had become of her correspondence.

Then, quite suddenly the anxious watchers along the Potomac knew that it was all over; the battle had been fought. Augustine Washington of Wakefield had a letter, even before the official report reached Williamsburg. He sent it post-haste to his step-mother who was waiting at Mount Vernon.

The tactics of the French, under the guidance of the Indian warriors, had out-manuevered the mass fighting of the British and General Braddock was dead. Madam Washington sent a messenger to Belvoir and Sally, with Lord Fairfax, went over immediately. George William rode to Gadsby’s for more news and Mr. William Fairfax, weakened by a severe attack of pneumonia, stayed at Belvoir.

They waited tensely for the messenger. When he came, he was John Alton, the indentured white servant who had accompanied George.

“Tell me first, how is my son?” Madam Washington demanded.

“Mr. George is better, but not able to ride, Madam,” Alton answered. “He fought all day beside the General, and he rallied the Virginia militia for their last stand, after General Braddock was killed. He was too sick then to do any more and they sent him back to the wagon-train. He’s coming home. The General’s man, Bishop, is taking care of him. The General gave Bishop and his brown horse to Mr. George. I’ve got to get on with these dispatches to Colonel Fitzhugh, Madam Washington.”

But she sent the man to his quarters, for he was spent with weariness, and relayed the dispatches by another servant. Then calmly, without the least suggestion of pride in her voice, Madam Washington read aloud the report that Captain Orme had sent her of the rally her son had made, thus saving the lives of the home soldiers. When she finished, she spoke directly to Sally:

“Now you have evidence of my opposition to his entering the army. Why must he suffer for the stupid mistakes of another man?”

Sally nodded. Lord Fairfax rose with difficulty, his face gray in the candlelight.

“As the years pass, Madam, your son will have many opportunities to prove his good judgment,” he said. “Few men will suffer through his mistakes. He possesses that power of executive thought that belongs to a commander.”

“He can apply those same qualities to his farming.”

The soft night fell about the old man and the young woman as they walked from
the landing through the gardens at Belvoir. Sally had become very fond of Lord Fairfax; she knew that he held a deep understanding of people.

"Cousin Thomas," she began. "Is life always futile?"

"Not always. Just in spots. You have to be old to see it as a whole. Madam Washington thinks the dreams of youth are futile."

"Mine have been."

"You have a long stretch of the race still to run," he answered.

"But to what goal does it lead? If happiness is the aim, I have cheated myself out of the best part of it."

He was silent until they reached the sundial. Then, leaning against it, he answered her.

"You were not entirely responsible for that. I suppose, as Madam Washington said, we are mostly the victims of the mistakes of other men. Sally, there is something that you should have known for this long time. George went once to Ceelys... do you remember that summer before you came to Belvoir for the first visit?"

"Yes... I remember!"

"He went to ask your father if he might marry you."

"But he did not do it!"

"Yes, he did. Colonel Cary refused him because of George’s dependence upon Lawrence, and because he was nothing!"

Her fingers traced the lettering on the dial, bright in the moonlight.

"It was a mistake in Colonel Cary’s judgment," Lord Fairfax went on. "You should not let it spoil your life. After all, your father had some reason for his argument. George had nothing and my cousin is a wealthy man."

"But George had an immense personality even then, and every possibility. Couldn’t father see that?"

"It was at that point, my dear, that his foresight failed."

Lights flickering from the open doorway of the house tipped the pointer of the sundial with gold; the fragrance of the roses enveloped them. Overhead the stars shone, soft and clear, and the moon rode high. Sally asked quietly:

"Does George William know this?"

"Yes," said Lord Fairfax steadily.

"George William knew from the day that your father refused Washington."

She raised her face and her eyes were soft and clear as the night sky; tints of the roses shaded her cheeks.

"Thank you for telling me, Sir," she said and passed within the portals of the house.

She stood looking about the room that she shared with George William; then, quietly she picked up her belongings and stepped down the hall to the little guest-chamber at the end of the corridor. Bolting the door, she sat long by the window that overlooked Mount Vernon. From this moment onward, she resolved she would be gay, so gay that perhaps George William would no longer want her for his wife. She would do nothing of course to injure either the Fairfax family or her own, but no longer would she allow George William to play the part of the injured party. From the very beginning he had known that his friend loved her, and she herself had told George William that she held no love for him. He would have been a finer man had he made the sacrifice which would have given George a chance.

When she rose in the morning, she knew that her gesture of defiance had been useless, for George William had spent the night at Gadsby’s. Lord Fairfax rode to Alexandria without seeing her.

When George Washington returned, Dr. Craik was with him.

"No long rides in the saddle for many weeks," he ordered. "Let your brother continue to be responsible for Mount Vernon. You’ve earned a vacation."

"But I must go to Boston," George protested, "to see if I cannot get this distressing order rescinded—I mean the order reducing the commissions of all colonial officers, and I need to consult with the military headquarters in Boston."

"Not now. When you are better, we will consider it."

Everyone liked this young Scottish physician who was spending his time looking around the country with the idea of resigning from the military service and setting up a practice in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

For a week George was complacent. Then, the fever gone, he felt able to make
the long journey. But he waited, as he told Sally when she came to sit with him of an afternoon . . .

"Until the Assembly acts on this military question."

The Assembly acted by making him commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia. When she heard this, Sally made no secret of her pride, and George William no secret of his disdain. The breech was widening between them; they exchanged but the barest of conversation. It was therefore with much surprise to her and something of a shock when he announced pleasantly one morning:

"I am leaving you for a short time."

"Yes?" said Sally, turning the pages of a letter from Germaine Durfree which had just come in by L'esprit de la Mer. "Remember me to all the friends you meet along the way."

"I shall meet no friends. Sally, give me your attention for a moment. I merit that, at least."

She looked up, startled.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"When Montcalm returns, I shall go with him to England. L'esprit de la Mer sails at once and I am riding down today to take passage on her."

A thought surged through Sally's mind. Could it be possible that he was making the decision easier for her? Was he willing now to discuss the problem of their marriage? But his next words disillusioned her.

"Whether you will it or not," he said, "I am going to present to the British Parliament my claim to the baronet of Cameron. It takes years to investigate a collateral claim. When and if the inevitable happens, I wish to be in the position to make you Lady Fairfax."

She knew then that he would never release her, but her pride rescued her. She dropped her angry glance to the letter and answered indifferently:

"Just as you please."

Before nightfall he was gone from Belvoir. All restraint was now gone to the winds. She did not tell Washington the reason for her change in manner and he, laying it to sympathy, revelled in it. As they sat together in the Mount Vernon garden, he told her of his plans for improving

the militia and read aloud to her from books on discipline. Lord Fairfax asked her what they were reading and when she told him he laughed and asked:

"Does it interest you?"

"At any moment now, I expect to be appointed aide-de-camp," she retorted gaily.

Suddenly one morning, George had gone to Boston, leaving a note for her: "I took Bishop, and all the outriders beside my riding-horse, lest you worry if I went alone!" Dr. Craik stormed and fussed; and Madam Washington expressed the tart wish that the Assembly would appoint a guard over George. He had gone on a thousand mile journey.

Sally knew he was meeting interesting people, for he wrote her of them, especially of Miss Mary Phillipse—"who has a mind like yours, my friend, keen and alert and well-posted on current affairs." She was much relieved when the next letter told her that Mr. Roger Morris was interested in Miss Phillipse. She heard of him next through Marcia Hayward, with whom George stayed on his return journey.

"George looks frightful," Marcia wrote. "His friends should take better care of him. He walks with the greatest difficulty. Richard delights him, and to the boy George is the greatest man on earth. I heard Richard ask him for a commission in the army. 'You shall have it, if I ever have an army!' said George. This, to my son, who has been raised so carefully in the Quaker ways of peace. George says to tell thee he will be at home within a fortnight. If he is not better, I will send David with him."

Sally was frightened when she saw him; his mother scolded out her worry. Dr. Craik's verdict was that he should stay in bed until he was well again.

"You did yourself such harm that it may take you a year to get over it. Let the women take care of you, and the army can go to the dogs!"

George capitulated. He could fight a war, he said, but not one waged by women. He moved into the chamber used by Ann and Lawrence in the old days and gave himself up to comfort.

When at last he was able to sit in the hot sunshine of the garden, Sally came to sit with him every afternoon; Lord Fairfax made it a habit to drop in to discuss poli-
tics. Sally was no quiet listener. With Cousin Thomas to urge her on, she could express views that were as logical as those of any man. The neighbors, coming in often and daily finding Mrs. Fairfax there started a soft flow of gossip. Of this George knew nothing until Hugh Mercer braved his probable wrath and told him about it; then his reasonableness astonished Mercer.

"Mrs. Fairfax quiets my nervousness, and reinforces my spirit by her animation," he said, "but I must put her on her guard now that Fairfax has gone abroad."

However, the days drifted past and he did not warn her. He talked more and more about his plans for Mount Vernon, for his aim was to make this estate as great as Gunstan Hall.

George Mason owned nearly a thousand slaves now and the care of them was his first consideration. Only with proper food, decent housing and good care in sickness could these men and women work at the peak of their efficiency. They erected all the out-buildings, made the furniture for the big house, built the coaches and the galleys, ran the blacksmith shops and the showmaking lathes, spun the wool from the flock of sheep that grazed on the lawns and wove the yarn into fabric for garments; they raised the corn and wheat and ground it into meal at the mill on the creek. They cared for the breeding of Mason’s fine horses, cattle, hogs and sheep and did the butchering for the winter supplies. More than half of the slaves worked in the tobacco fields, and when the crop was ready for shipment to the London market, they loaded it onto ships that Mason owned. On the return journey, these vessels came laden with merchandise that Mason sold to the traders and shipped over the long trail westward in heavy wagons built on his estate. They were drawn by ten to sixteen heavy horses raised on the different plantations and taken as far as the Great Meadows. Once there, the cargo was loaded on flatboats to be sold up and down the Ohio River or traded for rich fur pelts that brought high prices in London.

When Washington heard the cries of teamsters on the road and watched the caravans pass, he envied these men who were bound for the Wilderness and for the great adventure.

At times like these, he could talk to Sally and find surcease. Her mental activity led him into other channels. She roused his interest in colonial politics and, since his views had been broadened by contact with the men of Boston and New York, he began to ponder on the problems of merchandising, the possibility of trade with other countries than England. But most of all he thought of enriching his lands. For the peace of a real home, for the companionship of a wife, he would gladly have sacrificed the remainder of his years.

So, he said to Sarah Fairfax: "Come often. A house without a woman in it is a graceless bit of architecture."

Gradually he recovered his health and before the autumn came, he was able to be about again. Now, when there was no reason for Sally to come too often and alone to Mount Vernon, he knew that he must warn her. With this in mind, he set out one rainy afternoon, after he had seen the Belvoir coach pass on the road toward Alexandria, hoping that he would find her alone.

She was sitting by a window in the cheerful drawing-room where a bright fire blazed on the hearth, and the tea service was set out for one person. He saw at once that she had been crying.

"Come in, George," she said as she opened the long window. "I was just about to go over to see you. You should not be out in the rain."
"What is the matter?" he asked.
"Nothing serious. I got a letter this morning from England. It brought back much of the bitterness I went through before George William sailed. Bryan, or some kind neighbor must have written him. He writes that I am endangering my reputation and thereby ruining his!" She laughed bitterly. "He urges me to be more circumspect. I suppose he can drink himself to death as readily in London as he can at Gadsby's, but for me there is not that means of escape. The whole tone of his recent letters has been one of the uselessness of his returning, for Parliament will not recognize his claim at the present time. To think he can throw me the sop of a title!"

George stood at the window, twisting the tassel of the curtain. His expression was thoughtful.
"Perhaps we have been unwise, Sally."
"You too!" But he refused to recognize the bitter tone.
"My dear, I am thinking of you..."
She interrupted him. "You men are always thinking of the women! I get so eternally weary of it all. All my life, I've wanted to do something on my own initiative, but I am so guarded, so hedged around by a thousand miserable traditions... I will not endure it for another minute!"

George crossed the room to the fireplace, leaned his elbows on the mantle shelf and gazed into the heart of the flames. His face was quiet but she felt the force of a great emotion.
"What will you do?" he asked. Suddenly she rose and went to where he stood. He turned quickly to face her and her voice came, clear and deep... "Let us go away together! You are unhappy too. Let us go to the West Indies and live the rest of our lives in happiness. It means freedom. It means life for you and me!"

She laid her hands upon his shoulders and he covered them with his own. As on that distant night in the garden at Ceelys, he was instantly on fire at her touch. Then his head cleared. He slipped from her arms and walked again to the window where the raindrops beat a sharp tattoo against the pane. Presently, from the depths of the room, she spoke to him, and her voice was full of tears:
"I suppose you will say... it is not possible!"
"In a saner moment, Sally, you know that to be true." His voice cut through the twilight that was creeping about them. Only the light of the fire gleamed through.
"Say something to me," she cried, sharply, unable to endure longer the high-tension of the long pause. "To see you, day after day; to know we love each other. It is terrible to leave it unexpressed."

But he remained silent. If only she would not speak again until he could bring his emotions under control! But her voice came again through the soft dusk.
"Neither one of us can go away from here for any length of time, George. How can we go on living, side by side?"
Still no response.
"George," she said, softly, "are you never going to answer me?"
He turned. The heavy framework of the chair in which she was seated seemed to overpower her slender figure.
"Come over here by the window," he said in a low voice. When she came he brushed back the hair from her wide forehead with a lover's touch and held her tenderly against the fading light. Beyond them the gray waters of the Potomac beat against the wind which drove the storm against the window in sheets of silver, slanting rain.
"We cannot go away together," he said quietly, "because you are the wife of George William Fairfax and because I am in the employ of the Commonwealth of Virginia. We will never speak of this again and we will see less of one another. I know that you love me and that your feeling will never change. You know that you have your own place in my heart forever."

He placed his lips against her forehead. She felt a little blast of chill air; then the window was gently closed. The room was empty of his presence. The only sound was that of the constant falling of the rain. She rested her forehead against the cold glass and watched him walk through the garden to that spot where his horse was tethered. Head low against the driving wind, he rode away.

(To be continued)
Raise our glorious Flag today.
Its stripes of the dawning,
And stars of the heaven display
On this Its natal morning.
Pledge loyalty,
As we with pride behold
The gracious, shining folds
Waving in sovereignty.

Raise our glorious Flag today.
Come, all cooperate
With earnest purpose that we may
Its teachings, perpetuate.
Pledge loyalty,
And good citizens live
Who highest service give
To our loved Country.

Raise our glorious Flag today.
And may Its story read
Of betterment from day to day
Of ideals and of deeds.
Pledge loyalty,
And pray God's guiding hand
May lead our own, dear Land
Throughout futurity.
What's In a Name

PAUL R. KERCHENDORFER

The Story of William Driver who first called our Flag, “Old Glory”

“As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length as we’re wanting you to,
Who gave you that name with the ring of the same
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?”

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The sailor yields to none in his love for his country’s flag. It is significant therefore that Captain William Driver, the man who gave our flag its endearing sobriquet, “Old Glory,” was one of these men who go down to the sea in ships.

He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on St. Patrick’s Day in 1803, the year that the Louisiana Purchase threw wide a new road for the “March of a strong nation’s swift increase.” In that epoch-making era, Salem’s famous sailing ships circled the globe, and vessels from Europe, Asia and Africa anchored at her wharves. It was a hardy and adventurous age, and hardy and adventurous men trod the decks of the ships whose slender spars made a delicate forest line along the water front.

In that vigorous and kaleidoscopic atmosphere William Driver passed his childhood and grew to maturity. His earliest memories were of creaking riggings and the tangy smell of tar, salt water and fresh canvas. As a child he roamed the wharves, with each breath he absorbed strange foreign sights and odors, mingled with the clash of anchor chains, and the inspiring swing of roaring American chanties, as the great ships spread their sails and rode out with the tide.

When the boy was “13 1/2” he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He was small for his years and had to climb upon a candle box in order to reach his short arm over the bellows pole. His fragile arms ached and his shoulders bent wearily beneath the weight of the iron bars he lifted. The radiance went out of his small, vivid face during those months, and at night when he crawled into bed he was too achingly weary to sleep. But Vulcan’s fire and smoke could not smother the irresistible call of the sea! Each moment of freedom vouchsafed the small fire-tender, he was off like a bird in flight for the wharves. There he listened in spellbound ecstasy while sailors told a thousand tales of derring-do on raging waters. In those precious hours, so swift in passing, yet life-long in their influence upon his character, William Driver achieved an uncanny mental maturity. He developed an adult consciousness of the power of the deep, and of its hold upon those it chooses for its own. To him in his young time there came reverence for the great never-to-be-disregarded laws of the sea. These basic things so saturated his heart and mind that they became the very warp and woof of his nature, fitting and fibering him for the years that were to come; years of tremendous service to his country and his kind, when hundreds of human lives rested upon his power to think straight, and his courageous ability to keep intact the laws of the sea.

From his childhood William’s small hands had beaten impotently against parental authority, as he begged ceaselessly for permission to go to sea. His mother, realizing that coming as he did from two long lines of mariners, to keep him on land in a blacksmith’s shop would be to break his heart, relented and said that he might go. And in his fourteenth year William Driver
sailed away from Salem on the brig, *China*, whose destination was Leghorn.

During the next few years William Driver's career in his chosen calling was a vital part of that epoch-making period in American history. He traveled upward like a rocket, and was a ship's officer when but eighteen. He sailed from Salem on ship after ship, and on each voyage he performed some outstanding service. At one time he spent a fortnight at the pumps of a ship whose canvas had been blown away. Upon another occasion, during the worst winter storm of his career, he was obliged to heave overboard his only stove filled with fire, which had capsized where there were but two-inch boards between it and 600 kegs of powder!

During a later voyage he became dissatisfied with the entries made by the captain in the log. He seized the log book, left the ship, and made his way back to Salem where he laid them before the owners and explained what he had done. The owners of the fleet recognized his honesty and ability and courage, and promoted him steadily until he was Trading Officer. In that position he showed rare business ability, and his genial nature so endeared him to the natives of Haiti that they showed him their carefully guarded treasure—a fat sea-slug that thrived upon their coral reefs. He was told that the Chinese regarded it as a delectable tid-bit and that if properly preserved, it would sell for many bright beads. Driver, with the help of the natives and some escaped pirates collected, cured, and sold, all that the natives could gather! He sold them for enough money to buy all the gewgaws the natives wished, and had a substantial sum of money to turn over to his ship's owners.

This voyage with its amusing and surprising results, won Driver the command of the ship, the *Charles Daggett*. He was but twenty-one and the sea-faring folk of Salem were proud of him and his brilliant record. They knew that like all sailors he adored the flag. So his mother and the women of Salem made him a great banner. In her book, "The True Story of Old Glory," his daughter, Mrs. Roland, says the flag was originally 24 feet by 12 feet. As it broke from the masthead, of his ship, and lifted its stars and stripes skyward, the young Master Mariner watched it with his heart in his clear eyes.

"There she flies, boys!" he shouted. "We'll call her Old Glory!" Straight from the heart of as brave an American sailor as ever trod the bridge of his ship, the words winged their way; and from that moment until today, wherever our Flag flies above American heads, in American hearts it is cherished as—"Old Glory."

It was on this, his ninth voyage, that Captain Driver added a page of high romance to maritime history. His ship touched at Taheita, where he found the little colony from Pitcairn Island. These people were the descendants of the mutineers of the ship Bounty, and had been removed from their home because the island was becoming too small to accommodate them. There were 69 of these people, and they were ill and heartbroken with homesickness. They begged the young Captain of the *Charles Daggett* to take them back to their coral reefs. That they had no money to pay him, troubled them as little as it did Captain Driver. He knew that to take them would be to crowd his ship uncomfortably; that he would have to go 1400 miles off his course, and would be thrown eighteen days behind his schedule. He risked losing command of his ship, the insurance on his cargo, and there was serious danger of his vessel being wrecked on the coral reefs around Pitcairn Island. Despite these dismal possibilities the youthful Master Mariner took the entire colony of 69 souls on board, bag and baggage, and sailed blithely away with them to their home. He landed his odd passengers safe and sound on their beloved island, with not a single mishap, and not a single word of censure from the owners of the *Charles Daggett*!

Captain Driver had carried the original Old Glory around the world twice. When
it was not flying from the masthead of his ship, it was packed in a camphor-wood sea chest. After he went to Nashville his beloved banner was always displayed on Washington’s birthday, the Fourth of July, and St. Patrick’s Day which was his own natal day. The flag was suspended from a rope stretched across the street by means of pulleys, one fastened outside his attic window and the other in a locust tree. In a letter written years later his son Henry, tells that it was his job as a small boy, to shinny up the locust tree and thread the rope through the pulley.

In 1837 Captain Driver retired from the sea and followed his brother to Tennessee, settling in the beautiful capital city, Nashville. Strong, rugged and sturdy as the American White Oak, the Captain was at the same time a vastly tender, wise and lovable man. The Southerners respected and liked him; then they took him to their hearts and loved him. When the dark sixties came, the friendship between the man from the North and the men of the South held fast. Captain Driver was a Unionist and with his usual honesty and sincerity, stated his principles without fear. This required courage for he was in the very heart of the Old South, and the men who loved him as if he had been their brother, were all clad in Confederate gray! But the sailor man was true to his own Flag.

With the opening of the war, and the forming of the long lines of gray-clad soldiers, the famous Flag that had once aroused songs of praise as it swung across the street, was no longer the object of devotion. Captain Driver felt that his Old Glory might be in danger, and tried to plan some way to conceal it. His daughter, Mrs. Roland, tells how she and her mother, under the direction of her father, installed a new series of stars upon the great banner, to the number of 34. This arrangement left a small space in the lower right-hand corner of the blue field, so the old sailor man, with his own hand, sewed in an anchor, which is still visible on the old flag that is now cherished in the National Museum.

After the stars were in their places, the flag was folded with care by Mrs. Roland and her mother and Captain Driver left the room with it over his arm. Mrs. Roland states that that night, according to a letter written by Mary Baily to her sister Patience, Captain Driver came to their father’s house with the banner. Mr. Baily was a staunch Unionist, and together they spread out the huge banner, and folding it double lengthwise, doubled it twice and the Baily girls sewed the corners. It was then placed between two quilts and the girls stitched it securely in place.

When the Federal forces took Nashville in 1862, Captain Driver’s request that Old Glory be hoisted on the Capitol dome, was accepted. Mrs. Roland states that her father appeared that day at the sewing room door, his face radiant, as he cried:

“Mary Jane, bring me the scissors, and help me rip this quilt to let Old Glory have an airing!” Removing the flag from its covers he bore it in his arms to the State House. With his own hands he hoisted it above the dome.

After the war, there came busy, useful years to Captain Driver, living happily among his friends in the old Southern city sitting so quietly among its surrounding hills. He died in Nashville on March 3, 1886, and was buried in the city cemetery which is one of the loveliest spots in the South. The Master Mariner of Old Salem sleeps beneath Tennessee blue-grass, with tall, semi-tropic trees casting shadows across his grave. On all sides of him, encompassing him about, are the resting places of men of the Old South who called him friend; men who wore the gray for four long devastating years, but who, through both war and reconstruction, loved and trusted this man of the northland as if he had been their brother.

Captain Driver’s monument was made from his own design, and its simple inscriptions give the record of a life that was truly great because it was greatly lived. These brief inscriptions end with his words—“His Ship, his Country and his Flag, Old Glory.”
The Daughters Celebrate the Sesquicentennial

Madeleine Preble Scharf
Executive Secretary National Defense Through Patriotic Education

In recognition of the outstanding work already accomplished by the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Hon. Sol Bloom, Director General of the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission, at the recent D. A. R. Congress, presented the retiring President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, with a distinguished service medal.

The members of the D. A. R. Sesquicentennial Committee, appointed by Mrs. Becker in May 1936, are Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Mrs. John Laidlaw Buel, Mrs. Oscar Coblentz, Mrs. William B. Reid and Mrs. Paul Scharf. The work was organized by the Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education under the direction of Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson. For several years the September issue of the National Defense News has been devoted to Constitution Day celebration material, and September 17, 1937 was no exception to this rule. Information regarding material available from the Sesquicentennial Commission was
augmented by that gathered and prepared by the committee. And a wonderful variety of material it is!

Upon a recent visit to the office, Mr. Bloom expressed his amazement at such a beautiful and extensive display and exclaimed, "What is this doing here? It should be where everyone can see it!" He was assured that it would be seen by women from all over the country during the weeks just ahead, and he was also promised a picture for his own use. The picture was therefore taken and its detail is so perfect that it is presented here to aid in the selection of materials to be used during the remaining months of the celebration.

In the upper center of the large display board is a printed copy of the text of the Constitution itself, published by the Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education for use in schools and libraries. Covering part of the text is the smallest copy of Howard Chandler Christy’s poster, The Signing; to the left is the medium size of the same poster and there is a still larger one. To the extreme right is another Christy poster, We the People or the Spirit of the Constitution; and lower down is a small copy of the certificate presented for outstanding contribution of service; in the lower center is the Proclamation by the President of the United States, setting forth the time and purpose of the celebration. The large diorama to the right of the table incorporates the two posters and is a beautiful display piece when lighted.

Mrs. Sisson is pointing out the “Father of his Country” as he presided at the time of the signing of our historic document. On the board are also various booklets and pamphlets all relating to the Constitution and covering many phases of its study. The photographer found it necessary to leave out of the picture the standard three-leaf shrine which stands at the left of the board. On its pages are the exact replicas of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; also the pictures and signatures of the signers. The leaves may be lifted out and used for separate study. A number of these shrines have been presented to schools.

According to the Sesquicentennial Commission, no organization has made as great an educational contribution to the celebration, furnishing material to thousands anxious to participate. Literature from the National Defense Office has been sent to citizenship training classes, state fairs, C.C.C. Camps, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, W. P. A. groups and others, as well as to other committees of the D. A. R. who depend upon this committee for educational material in the furtherance of their work—Americanism, Junior American Citizens and the Correct Use of the Flag.

A truly thrilling experience was that of recently attending a Camp Fire Girls’ evening devoted to a program on the Constitution. The material had been sent from this office, but their skill in its use, while parents and friends formed the audience, was a rare exhibit. In proof of how little we know of the far-reaching effect of a simple act, came a letter from the Field Secretary asking these girls to write off their parts so that they might be used in the camp programs this summer. Needless to say, fresh material was immediately shipped with pledges of full cooperation.

Inexpensive copies of the Constitution have been printed to meet the demand; letters received from school children ask for “the whole book” and contain many other requests that are often most interesting. The leaflet Amending the Constitution has been revised to date; a small poster The Preamble to the Constitution makes a companion piece to the Pledge of Allegiance, the latter not our own; a booklet of short treatises on Government and the Constitution is a noteworthy contribution. The companion set of the Constitution and the Catechism on the Constitution continue in popularity. The Constitution Speaks, written by Lucia Ramsey Maxwell, for the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE was reprinted with the author’s enthusiastic permission and makes a most attractive sheet.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear it realistically recited at the recent Congress by little Miss Raymona Wiegand will not soon forget the sense of responsibility she impressed. The Makers of the Constitution, the work of one chapter chairman, is an admirable D. A. R. contribution as is A Brief Study of the Constitution, pre-
pared by another member. The Committee’s new leaflet presenting the Declaration of Independence, a number of new citizenship leaflets and copies of fine addresses are also made available to the public. Miss Hazel Nielson, Educational Director of the Sesquicentennial Commission, has responded most generously to requests to speak at many meetings.

The response of the membership of the Society has been enthusiastic and extensive. Each state makes a special celebration of the date of its entrance into the Union, the original thirteen commemorating the day they ratified the Constitution. Cooperation with other community groups have made these celebrations more effective. Schools and colleges have been notable participants; one high school wrote a magnificent pageant and presented it with the aid of the local D. A. R. Another high school centered its English and History study of the year around the Constitution, truly presenting a unified picture of that document’s relation to the life of the people.

Plays and pageants have had an enjoyable place on many state programs. A number of short selected plays were sent from this office to encourage this activity. Prizes for essays and scrapbooks have been numerous. In several of these the committee has been asked to act as judges. One essay showing very fine understanding and appreciation, written by a young negro student, has been mimeographed for distribution.

The Story of the Constitution and study kits have been distributed by the hundreds by many chapters; one chapter placing 1700 copies of the Story of the Constitution.

Radio broadcasts, window displays, study groups and public meetings have created widespread interest in the document Mr. Gladstone called, “the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.”

Teas and luncheons, tree-plantings and banquets, costume parties and mass meetings have all celebrated the fact that for one hundred fifty years the Constitution of the United States has guarded the liberties of the citizens of the United States. The entire program of the recent Congress centered around “Our Heritage.” We go forward with this celebration to its close on April 30, 1939, the date commemorating the inauguration of the first President of the United States and the birth of the Republic.

![Illustration](image-url)
Important Announcement

Edith Roberts Ramsburgh, for many years Genealogical Editor of this Magazine, died just as the May issue was going to press. It has made the Editor very happy to learn that before Mrs. Ramsburgh’s death, she knew of the tribute to her work which appeared on page 85 of the April issue.

With the passing of Mrs. Ramsburgh, it has seemed best both to the President General and to the Editor, to consolidate the Genealogical Service and the Genealogical Extension Service, combining the outstanding features of both. Hence there will hereafter be only one genealogical department in the Magazine, which will be in charge of Mrs. Lue Reynolds Spencer, former Registrar General of the National Society, who still pursues her valuable activities as Reference Consultant. This department will continue to carry queries and answers, Bible records, and data concerning War pensions and family associations; and brief articles germane to these arresting subjects, which serve to illumine and animate them, will be used in connection with them. Beginning in July, a new sub-department devoted to Heraldry will also be added. This will be under the capable supervision of Dr. Jean Stephenson, a well-known authority on the subject, who for the past three years has been National Chairman of the important Committee on Genealogical Records. This sub-department will be illustrated, and will present the fascinating subject of Heraldry comprehensively, with due regard both for traditional treatment and for modern requirements.

The Editor is happy to announce this impending expansion, and believes that the Genealogical Department, in its enlarged form, will be a source of pleasure and profit to vast numbers of our readers.

Genealogical Extension Service

In Genealogical research these five points are the keynotes: Who? Where? When? What? Why?

Fix definitely in mind Whom you are looking for in each consecutive generation; Where as to county and state they were located; When they were there, When they arrived and their successive migrations if any. If family records or published Genealogies fail to give this, the county histories, Census records, wills, deeds, marriage, church and town records may contain the desired information. The Census of 1790, of which there are twelve of the thirteen original states available, is a good anchor from which to trace both ways. Then after you have secured the above data in each generation, (never neglect the sketches of human interest as you progress), you are ready to ask What you have found in the sum total of your Genealogical Journey and to ask the question Why. Perhaps it is for the purpose of joining patriotic societies with lineage requirements or, better still, just the satisfaction of knowing who you are and from whence you came. You have been careful to record your references or sources of information. You will now take an interest in knowing of the social, political, economic, cultural, and spiritual conditions that your ancestors experienced. You can thus go back from
the airplane and the automobile of today through the horse and buggy days to the covered wagon, the ox cart, the horseback with the pillion or even when with ax and gun on his shoulder the sturdy ancestor fought his way to progress and the ever elusive prosperity. So Genealogy is not just names and dates but a subject which is limitless in its possibilities and interest. Our Genealogical Extension Service is designed to help you in the compilation of such records and will make available to you the information that is to be found here in Washington. Prior issues of this Magazine will explain this service in detail.

Almanac of 1774

From William and Mary Quarterly Vol. 5 P. 200 (1897) we find a most valuable reference to a list published by Purdie & Dixon's Virginia Almanac for 1774 entitled "A List of Parishes, and the Ministers in Them." This simplifies the research in Virginia by showing the counties wherein the Parishes were located.

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War Pensions

THOMAS KINCHELOE was born October 8, 1761, in Fairfax County, Va., his father (no name given) moved to Fauquier Co. when declarant was 1 year old, where he resided during the Revolutionary War, after which he moved to Nelson Co., Ky., thence to Breckenridge Co., Ky., where he has lived about 32 years.

He enlisted July 1777 or 1778, served 2 years as a recruiting sergeant in Capt. Peter Grant’s Va. Company, was discharged at Fauquier Court House, Va.

Feb. 1, 1781, he enlisted and served 4 months as an orderly sergeant under the following officers with the Va. Troops.
Captains: John Clum and John Edems (not clear)
Colonels: Armistead Churchill and Elias Edmunds.

July 1, 1781 he enlisted and served 3 months in Capt. William Grigsby Co.; Col. Brent’s Va. Regt., was discharged owing to sickness and 2 of his messmates were permitted to assist him home. Shortly after this Cornwallis was taken.

He was in a skirmish at Yorktown.

Thomas Kincheloe died November 10, 1845.

Union Co., Ky., June 13, 1833, Henry F. Floyd, born Sept. 1, 1761, declares that he served with Thomas Kincheloe in 1781 under Capt. Grigsby for 3 months.

May 22, 1833, William Young, of Muhlenburg Co., Ky., aged 78 years, declares that during the Revolutionary War he lived in Fauquier Co., Va., and was in the Northern Army when Thomas Kincheloe was serving in Capt. Peter Grant’s Va. Co.

April 27, 1833, Barney Miller, of Breckenridge Co., Ky., born Sept. 15, 1764, was in the Revolutionary Army in the early part of 1781 until the fall of that year and frequently heard of a sergeant named Kincheloe, who belonged to the same division of the army but not in the same Company, said Sergeant Kincheloe was very swift in races, “and was a good deal talked about his races with other men.”

There are no further family data on file.


Application for pension Dec. 17, 1849.
Age, born April 18, 1779. Residence at date of application, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Nancy Kincheloe declares that she is the widow of Thomas Kincheloe, who was a recruiting and orderly sergeant during the Revolutionary War with the Virginia Troops, and a W. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832.

She was married to Thomas Kincheloe December 2, 1794, her name before said marriage was Nancy Edwards.

Family Record

Thomas Kincheloe married August 24, 1780, Hannah Robinson, who was born August 24, 1762, and died November 10, 1791. He then married December 2, 1794, Nancy Edwards, who was born April 18, 1779.

Children of Thomas and Hannah Kincheloe:
William, born July 12, 1781; married October 13, 1799.
Joseph, born June 2, 1783; married March 5, 1805.
Peggy, born August 24, 1785; married February 5, 1809.
Richard Purkins, who died Aug. 23, 1809.

She died Jan. 20, 1813.

Molly, born August 24, 1787; died Aug. 24, 1791.
Caty, born August 24, 1789; died August 24, 1792.
Infant male child born dead November 1, 1791.

Children of Thomas and Nancey Kincheloe:
John, born May 8, 1796; died August 18, 1817.
Philip, born February 4, 1798; married October 9, 1823, by Rev. B. W. Johnson, to Caroline Stith.
Queries and Answers

Queries are numbered and published in the order filed. These should contain not more than 60 words besides name and address of the sender.

Volunteer answers are solicited. Give name and address and number of the query answered.

QUERIES


(a) DOUGHTY.—Wanted parentage of Lucy Doughty who was born at Harpswell, Me., Aug. 16, 1768, & mar. Jan. 16, 1792, Jonathan Beal, Jr.


(c) BEAL.—Wanted maiden name & parentage of Mary Beal, wife of Zaccheus Beal, Sr., of Kittery & Bowdoinham, Maine. He died at Bowdoinham in 1772.—Miss Carmeta J. Appleby, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

16100. RANKIN.—David Rankin, the emigrant to America, who lived near Winchester, Va. (his will is on file there), had sons William, Hugh, David & dau. Barbara. What became of the son Hugh & his wife Jane? William settled at Washington, Pa. David went to Cynthiana, Ky. Who were Hugh & Jane’s children?

(a) PETERSON.—Wanted parentage of Margaret Peterson, who mar. abt. 1795 Abraham Stuckey either in Berkeley Co., W. Va. or Washington Co., Md. The Stuckey family lived near Martinsburg, W. Va. & Hagerstown, Md. Simon Stuckey was Abraham’s father.

(b) GRIER.—Wanted maiden name of the wife of Henry Grier who came from Fayette Co., Pa. abt. 1800 to Belmont Co., Ohio. Was first settler of Barnesville, Ohio.

—Mrs. Maudie Post Rankin, 416 East St., Washington Court House, Ohio.


(a) MOLING - BIVINS - SINGLETON.—Edward (or Edwin) Moling mar. — Bivins probably in Md. They had a child, Singleton Bivins Moling, b. Sept. 20, 1821 & other children. The “Singleton” was the maiden name of one of the grandmothers— which one? Would like all possible information, dates of birth, mar., death & place of birth of these three families.

(b) FRANCIS.—Joseph Francis b. 1742 mar. abt. 1768 Elizabeth —— & they were living in Frederick Co., Md. in 1776. Elizabeth was killed by lightning & by 1790 Joseph had mar. Margaret Taylor & was living in Va. Children of the first wife included Elizabeth b. 1770 who mar. Wm. Lewis & Hester who mar. Abraham Lewis. Of the 2d wife’s children, Margaret b. 1790 mar. John Henry Wayman & removed to
Boone Co., Ind. & Abraham md. Phebe Taylor in Botetourt Co., Va., whence the family moved 1800-1804. They, too, went to Boone Co., Ind. Joseph had, in all 17 children. Wanted parentage & all available infor. of Joseph, Elizabeth —, & Margaret Taylor; John Henry Wayman (b. 1790 in Md.) & Wm. & Abraham Lewis who were brothers.


(b) CASTO.—Catherine Casto b. 1758 in Cumberland Co. or Old Gloucester Co., N. J., mar. abt. 1783 to Jonathan Harris, b. 1763. Would like date & place of their mar. & ances. of Catherine Casto. Tradition says—Jonathan Harris ran away & became a Major fifer in Rev. (but do not know to which state he went). Would like proof of his service. He was always referred to as Major Harris.

(e) INGERSOLL.—Elinor Ingersoll b. 1772/3 Egg Harbor, N. J., md. abt. 1795 to Joel Harris of Cumberland Co., N. J. Elinor was a dau. of Benj. Ingersoll & had bros., John b. abt. 1770; Benj.; Daniel & sisters, Judith, Jane, & Rebecca. Would like Bible records or some authentic proof of her ancestry.—Mrs. Lura M. Dickson, Montezuma, Iowa.

**BIBLE RECORDS**

_Bible Record of the Davis Family, copied by Bonnie McCoy Dugat from the Bible at the home of the late Julia Clark, Selma, Alabama._

Thomas J. Davis and Lurana F. Davis was married the 21st of Nov., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty two.

Thomas W. Davis and Dorothy Elizabeth Bryan was married 30th July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty six.

Thomas J. Davis, son of Thomas Davis and Elizabeth was born the 11th of Oct., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and one.

Lurana F. Davis, wife of Thomas J. Davis was born Oct. the 19th in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and six.

Charles Washington Davis was born 27th of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty five.

Edward Jefferson Davis was born Sept. 4th, 1848, Baptised by Rev. Wm. E. Doty March 25th, 1849.

Thomas Wiley Davis son of Thomas J. Davis and Lurana F. Davis was born the 8th of Sept., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty four.

William Perkins Davis was born the 10th of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty six.

Jefferson Lafayette Davis was born the 30th of Jan., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty nine.

John Harkins Davis was born the 25th of Sept. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred thirty one.

Nancy Walker Davis was born Oct. 23, 1833.

David Wall Davis born Feb. 16, 1836.

Sarah Elizabeth Davis born Jan. 11, 1839.

George Vilcher Davis born Sept. 26, 1842.

John Harkins Davis lived to be nine months and twenty seven days and he departed this life.

George Vilcher Davis departed this life Oct. 3, 1843.

Nancy Horton Davis wife of William Perkins departed this life 26th of June 1839.

Alley Walker departed this life 1st of May 1845.

Sarah Elizabeth Davis departed this life the 10th day of Sept. 1845.

Charles Washington Davis died Aug. 13 A.D. 1849, aged 4 years, 3 mo.

Thomas Jefferson Davis, A.D. 1849, Aged 47 years, 11 mo., 14 days.

Edward Jefferson Davis died August 27, A.D. 1849, aged 11 mo. 14 days.

Lurana F. Davis died at Jacksonville, Ala., March 24, 1884.

Thomas Wiley Davis, 13th of June A.D. 1852, aged 27 years, 9 mo., 5 days.
Bryan Walker Davis died Oct. 12, 1850.
Aged 63 years, 4 mo., 23 days.
Thomas Jefferson Davis died Dec. 10, A.D. 1850 aged 2 years, 1 mo.
Nancy Catherine Davis, 17th Dec. A.D. 1851, aged 9 days.
I do solemnly swear that this is a true and accurate copy of the family record in
the Bellsen Family Bible owned by Alonzo Bellsen of Schenectady, N. Y.
(signed) BONNIE MCCOY DUGAT.
Sworn and subscribed before me this 28th day of Sept. 1933. (Signed) ELVA J. HANN. Notary
Public, Hidalgo Co., Texas.

Vedder Bellsen departed this life in the year of our Lord 1784 on the 17th night
of April, aged 63 years, being the son of
Joseph Bellsen.
Lewis Morris married Clarisa Billsen
Jan. 31st, 1818, by Cyrus Stebbins.
Catherine Morris daughter of Clary and
Lewis, born Jan. 27th, 1819
Cornelius Bulson departed this life Oct.
18th, 1824.
John Bellsen son of Vedder Bellsen born
July 12th, 1851.
Died Sept. 15, 1916. Married Julia Van
de Bogert July 4, 1870.
John Billsen married to Angelity Vrooman
March 31, 1798.
John Billsen son of Cornelius Billsen
born Feb. 28, 1769.
Angelity Billsen wife of John Billsen
born Nov. 14, 1770.
Aary Billsen daughter of John Billsen
born April 28, 1779.
Nancy Billsen born May 24, 1801.
Cornelius Billsen born June 24, 1804.
Catherine Billsen born April 5, 1809.
John Billsen born April 8, 1812.

Hannah Billsen wife of Cornelius Billsen
died 23rd of May in the year of our Lord
18— (too dim to read.)
Pearson’s First Settlers of Schenectady
says: “Joseph Bellsen born Feb. 10, 1774,
died August 7, 1843, married April 4, 1801
to Alida Vedder born Sept. 12, 1777.”

**Family Associations**

Wing Family Association, Caroline E.
Wing Parker, Secretary, Acushnet Station,
New Bedford, Massachusetts.
Hostetter Family Association, Frank G.
Moyer, Secretary, Palmyra, Pennsylvania.
Huber Family Association, Elizabeth H.
Brubacher, Secretary, Lancaster, R. D. No.
1, Pennsylvania.
Huyett Family Association, Robert H.
Huyett, Secretary, Mohnton, Pennsylvania.
Kauffman Family Association, Charles F.
Kauffman, 826 Florida Street, York, Penn-
sylvania.
Keen Family Association, Ida Walton,
Secretary, Andrews Bridge, Lancaster
County, Pennsylvania.
Keene Family Association, Carl Book,
Strasburg, Pennsylvania.
Keller Family Association, E. G. Wenger,
Kemper-Kilhefner Family Association,
Elva Kilhefner, Secretary, Ephrata, Penn-
sylvania.

**In Memoriam**

Miss Catherine Brittin Barlow of Washington, D. C., died on April 1,
1938. Her death is recorded with sincere regret. Miss Barlow served the
National Society as Curator General from 1915 to 1920.
The National Society records with sorrow the death on April 12, 1938,
of Mrs. Susanna Watson Ward. Mrs. Ward served the National Society as
Vice President General from 1936 to 1938, and the State Society as Regent
from 1932 to 1935.
"True law is right reason conformably to nature, universal, unchangeable, eternal, whose commands urge us to duty and whose prohibitions restrain us from evil.”  
—Cicero.

WELL, the 47th Continental Congress has come and gone,—is “past history” now,—and so are the “early morning talks on points of parliamentary procedure.” The interest evinced was very gratifying indeed, and your Parliamentarian certainly appreciated the fact that “8:00 o’clock in the Board Room each morning,” spelled intense interest and desire for knowledge and also a fine spirit of cooperation!

As I told you during Congress, I found it was necessary to prescribe “certain requirements” hereafter, and unless these requirements are complied with, I will not be able to answer your questions nor give you my opinion regarding your Chapter problems.

One requirement will be that all questions regarding your Chapter problems, must be accompanied by a copy of your own Chapter By-Laws. Expressions like, “our Chapter By-Law is something like this,” does not convince me that I have a right to render an opinion on any problem, no matter how simple it is, unless I have the copy of the By-Laws before me—for “something like this” is more than likely, your own interpretation, and the construction you have placed upon your By-Laws is, in many cases, not correct.

Another requirement, which I hope the Chapters will be willing to meet, will be that you enclose postage for the return of your By-Laws, if you want them returned. When Chapters are revising their By-Laws the postage is sometimes nine cents, and in several instances has been as much as twelve cents. For the return of your By-Laws when corrected, and a note enclosed, the postage amounts to the same as it did when you sent them to me, and at the present time the postage bill is mounting, and it seems fair to ask Chapters to remit postage for the return of your corrected By-Laws. Also requests for “answer by air mail,” should be accompanied by proper air mail postage. Telegrams will always be sent “collect.”

In time, I hope to have a very complete, if possible, file of all State By-Laws. Will Chapters and State Societies kindly send me their Year Books? I will appreciate this cooperation very much indeed.

There were quite a number of questions in the “Question Box” placed upon the table each morning during the “early morning talks,” and as I promised to do so—I will answer these questions first—and while I may not answer them all this time, I will continue to take them—each in turn until they have all been answered.

Ques. 1. When recommendations of the Board are read at meetings, may the Chair say “are there any objections?—Hearing none the Chair accepts the recommendation.”?

Ans. That depends upon what it is your Board is recommending. If it is a simple matter which does not need to be discussed and is not of any great moment, then the Chair may use that request for “general consent” (see R. R. O. P. P., page 87), but if the Board recommends some measure which means the expenditure of money or is a “dividing question” which should be discussed, then I think the Chair should allow the matter to come to the Chapter by a Motion that “the Chapter accepts the Recommendation of the Board”—(Seconded), and it is then ready for discussion. Matters of any importance at all should be brought to the Chapter for discussion and vote of approval.

Ques. 2. Has the Regent the right to be ex-officio a member of all Committees including the Nominating Committee?

Ans. No. The Regent should never be a member of the Nominating Committee (see page 495, Roberts Parliamentary Law).

Ques. 3. Is it necessary for the President to leave the Chair during an annual election of officers—when she is a candidate?

Ans. No, certainly not!

Ques. 4. Are the members of the Nominating Committee “in line” for office?

Ans. Do you mean to ask the question as to whether the Nominating Committee has a
right to nominate themselves for office? That being the question, the answer is Yes, they have the right according to Roberts' Parliamentary Law, page 466.

Ques. 5. Should Chapters elect their officers for three years, the same as State and National?

Ans. The National By-Laws, Article 11, page 9, provide for officers of the National Society being elected by ballot every third year. The National By-Laws do not stipulate the length of the term of a State officer. "State officers shall be elected, and By-Laws shall be adopted which do not conflict with the National Constitution and By-Laws of the N. S. D. A. R." (See Article X, Section 1). An amendment was presented at the recent Congress (April 1938), providing for a three year term for State officers but it was (lost) voted down, and therefore will not be made a part of our Article X. Until such an amendment is adopted, stipulating "a three year term," the States may continue to decide the question for themselves as to the length of a term of office for all State Officers, including the State Regent and the State Vice-Regent. The Chapters may do the same, for the National Society, in Article IX, Section 4, allows the Chapters "to adopt rules for the transaction of its business, provided said Rules do not conflict with the National Constitution and By-Laws of the N. S. D. A. R." The National By-Laws do not stipulate a three year term for Chapter officers and State Societies do not have the authority to legislate for Chapters in this matter.

Ques. 6. Does the Chapter Parliamentarian attend Chapter Board meetings, if so—does she have a vote or is she there only in an advisory capacity?

Ans. She is only there in an advisory capacity. The duties of a Parliamentarian should be defined in Chapter and State By-Laws. When a Parliamentarian accepts the appointment she should be well versed in Parliamentary Law and should be thoroughly acquainted with the duties that are hers. A Parliamentarian never presides, she never "rules," she does not have a vote, she should never be a member of a Board, nor serve in any capacity that makes it necessary for her to "take sides" in matters upon which her opinion as Parliamentarian may be desired afterward. Until a Parliamentarian has read carefully pages 296-299, also 308, 323, 324, 325 and 326 of Roberts' Parliamentary Law, she should not accept the appointment as Parliamentarian, for it is far better to have no guide than to have one who does not know her job and whose advice will not be respected.

(Notes: I have several questions asked pertaining to the duties of Parliamentarian and they are all answered in this one answer.)

Ques. 7. Can a Chapter impeach a "well known trouble maker," or does it have to be handled by the National Society?

Ans. If you will turn to page 23 of your National By-Laws, Article XI, will explain how "a member who conducts herself in a way calculated to disturb the harmony of the National Society etc.,"—may be disciplined. A Chapter has no right to discipline a member, nor to "expel a member," nor to (as was expressed in the note) "put a member out" of the Chapter, for the National Ruling in Article XI clearly legislates for the disciplining of a member or of a Chapter.

Ques. 8. Is it possible for a member of a Society to hold more than one office at a time?

Ans. Yes, unless a provision in your By-Laws stipulates that a member may not hold more than one office at a time. However it is generally understood that no member is to hold two offices such as President and Treasurer. See page 475 of Roberts' Parliamentary Law.

Ques. 9. If in amending the By-Laws, the amendment presented affected officers only recently elected, what would be the result if no provision was made by motion or resolution to protect these officers at the time the amendment was adopted?

Ans. The amendment in that particular case would take effect immediately upon its adoption and the officers you refer to are immediately legislated out of office.

With grateful appreciation for your continued interest and cooperation, I am, Faithfully yours,

Arlene N. Moss,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss.)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

There is a widespread demand for copies of Mrs. Moss' Parliamentary Procedure articles in pamphlet form.

The Editor is happy to announce that such copies are available, and that they may be obtained by communicating directly with her office, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. The price of these pamphlets is 15c apiece, with a ten per cent discount for orders of twenty-five or more.

It is always a risk to revisit a spot which one has found supremely beautiful; inevitably, some of the glamour has gone the second time. In like measure, there is a risk in reading some subsequent work of an author whose first book has been largely hailed as a masterpiece. The last decade has produced no more poignant and exquisite writing than that which embellishes the first part of "Anthony Adverse"; the tragic and tumultuous love story with which it opens, and the tale of the solitary child, confined in a convent garden, with which it continues, are both perfect of their kind; and the entire book pulsates of vitality and rings with romance.

None of this, and nothing similar to it, can be said of "Action at Aquila." It is an ably written novel, with an amiable middle-aged colonel, named Nathaniel Franklin, whose stock phrase is, "Never mind about that!" and a gentle English widow, named Elizabeth Crittenden, whose good breeding never deserts her, as the central characters. Eventually they decide to marry, and the reader gathers that esteem and affection exist between them. But they are certainly not figures of romance. Neither is Flossie, the fourteen year-old mountain girl, who "gets into trouble" with Mrs. Crittenden’s nephew, Paul, nor Margaret, Mrs. Crittenden’s daughter, who is more spiritually drawn to Farfar, an illiterate protege of the colonel. Indeed, nothing remotely resembling a real love scene occurs in the book and there are only two scenes of any kind which are really arresting: the action at Aquila from which the book takes its name, and the episode at the desecrated and deserted hotel. The minor characters are convincing and there are moments when they appear appealing; but for all that, they never really wring the reader’s heart or set him on a cresting wave, even in the case of the two doctors, Hotzmaier and Wilson, who are outstanding.

Originality of phrase is a pleasing characteristic of the novel. "The demise of corpulent calves and the silencing of volatile turkeys marked his course southward as he rode down the valley," the author says of his hero’s progress. Some wise maxims are given fresh significance. We are reminded that "more battles have been lost by fatigue than won by forethought." . . . "LaTouche specialized in forlorn hope," we are also told. "‘Christ help the foremost!’ was his motto, and he always led his own men."

If "Action at Aquila" had preceded "Anthony Adverse" it would certainly have been hailed as promising and the promise would have been more than fulfilled. But as it is, the reader is conscious of a considerable letdown, especially if he has been told beforehand—as was this reviewer—that "Action at Aquila" interprets the northern scene during the Civil War in a manner comparable to that in which "Gone with the Wind" interprets the southern scene. Comparisons are proverbially odious and in this case they are lamentable. Mr. Allen’s earlier epic deserves a place beside the saga of the south which Miss Mitchell wisely insists she will never try to duplicate. But the agreeable slight story which he has given us now cannot conceivably be placed in the same category.

F. P. K.


Not since reading "Bugles Blow No More" six months ago, has the present reviewer found any book so impossible to put
down as this one. Not that there is the slightest resemblance, except in sincerity of outlook and soundness of style, between that full-blooded, swift-paced romance of Richmond during the War Between the States, and this quiet convincing recital of a city dweller's return to an Ohio farm. But each is excellent of its kind, with an excellence that is hard to achieve and practically impossible to surpass and each has indescribable qualities of fascination.

Mr. Smart tells his own story, and tells it, as we have just said, remarkably well. Therefore it would be a mistake for the reviewer to disclose much of its contents, when such a treat awaits the prospective reader. "This book," he tells us in his preface, "is intended to be a picture of life on a farm in southern Ohio in the 1930's." It more than fulfills this intention. It is a faithful composite portrait of farm life as hundreds and thousands of men and women have experienced it from one end of the country to the other and from pioneering times to the present, and as they will continue to experience it in ages yet to come.

Mr. Smart's chapter headings are provocative. "Home"—"Production"—"Business"—"Principles"—"Reflections" and so on, he labels them; analyzes each with sagacity and humor deftly mixed, with frankness which is sometimes a little startling, with sense, alas! which belies its designation of common, with a slight whimsicality which has infinite charm, and with a realism which makes the reader see everything which the writer feels. Peggy, the "ally"—Mr. Smart's wife—James and Herbert, the hired men, Mr. Kinkaid, the man of substance who is the Smarts' tenant, the dogs, the chickens, the cattle, the sheep—especially the sheep—come so close to us that we feel we can put out our hands and touch them. When the old oak is cut down, we can hear it cracking as it falls, and our hearts are wrung with the emptiness of the air which was once laced by its branches.

"The life processes are slow," Mr. Smart reminds us in a moment of pessimism. "In about thirty years it no longer embarrasses you acutely to claim that you are a farmer. And then where are you? You are crippled with rheumatism and ruptures, the bank owns your farm, and your children want to go to medical school." But his moments of pessimism are few and far between. More frequently he remembers—and reminds his reader—not that the life processes are slow but that life on a farm, "is always going on." That is a better balance, the saner viewpoint. It is also wholesome to be reminded that "if you don't look beyond your own line fences before you are forty, you never will," and that "the quality of a farm is measured accurately and beyond appeal by the quality of the farmer."

Mr. Smart himself makes very light of the fact that there is no steam heat and no modern plumbing in the old stone house where he lives; but he describes resulting conditions so vividly that this reviewer suffered acutely from cold and other discomforts in reading certain passages, and devoutly hopes his book royalties will enable him to install both, and that she will hear about this promptly, in order that her own pangs may be assuaged! Because it is always comforting to find a kindred spirit, she probably would have been favorably disposed to the author of "R. F. D." from the moment that she read his frank confession, "I detest the radio, and except for the symphonies and chamber music, cannot listen to it for more than a moment without going berserk." But her feeling about it really goes far deeper than that. Not in mockery, as the man in Holy Writ is said to have exclaimed, "Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian!" but in sober earnest she feels like saying, "Almost thou persuadest me to go back to my own farm to live, not briefly and intermittently, but for all times." Mr. Smart is the first author who has ever made her feel that way.

F. P. K.


Although most histories relate the dramatic story of how Francis Scott Key wrote The Star-Spangled Banner on a British warship as he watched at daybreak for a glimpse of the young American flag flying
over old Fort McHenry, little else is popularly known concerning the man who gave us our national anthem.

In his biography of the song writer, therefore, Edward S. Delaplaine has performed a real service. Those who read his book will get a bigger thrill when they came face to face with the original Star-Spangled Banner in its case at the National Museum and also when they are reaching for the high notes of the song.

Opposition to the War of 1812, out of which the song came, is well presented by the author. Francis Scott Key was among the men who felt the war not only fool-hardy, but a shameful example of what party politics can accomplish. He wrote a letter of thanksgiving when the American troops were driven back from their attempted invasion of Canada. But the deep love he had for his impetuous country never wavered, and as the war continued he joined the army. He was with the troops which attempted to keep the British out of the capital city when they came to burn the White House.

Key wrote many poems and songs, but his real profession was the law. He was one of the real leaders of the American bar of those days. His first celebrated case was his appearance before Chief Justice Marshall for release of Aaron Burr’s messengers. Another more spectacular case was his defense of Sam Houston as he was tried in the national House of Representatives.

Deeply religious, Key never missed an opportunity to work for his church nor to do missionary work among his friends. Strangely enough, it was his religious teaching that attracted the doubting John Randolph to him and held the strange pair in strong friendship for many years. At one time, Key considered accepting an offer to become assistant rector of a thriving church.

The various forces that played on his character, his devotion to his large family, and the checkered political background of his time are well presented by Mr. Delaplaine, who is also the author of “The Life of Thomas Johnson.”

Christine Sadler.


Two years before California became the 31st State in the Union, William S. Clark, pioneer, built out into San Francisco Bay, the first wharf set on piles to be found on the Pacific coast, north of Panama. Previously all cargoes had been brought ashore on lighters. The day the first ship from New York docked at the new wharf on Clark’s Point, the price of goods fell 25 percent and real estate rose 100 percent.

William Clark’s daughter, Mrs. Jerome A. Hart has interpreted this bit of engineering as the starting point for the trade expansion which gradually made San Francisco a great seaport. As a background for her father’s ventures, the author presents a cross-section of California’s early history and the efforts of its citizens to prepare their territory for Statehood. The narrative lacks the smoothness which a stricter chronological arrangement would have promoted, but Mrs. Hart has made clear her sense of historical values.

The second part of the book is a compilation of historical records based on information gleaned from the tombstones in Laurel Hill cemetery which lies at the foot of San Francisco’s famous Lone Mountain. This burial ground, dedicated in 1854, contains 47,000 graves, according to the records. Mrs. Hart has copied innumerable headstone inscriptions, and gives briefly the life histories of many of the more important persons there interred.

Most of the men and women who helped build San Francisco and California, rest in Laurel Hill cemetery. Their number includes eleven United States senators, officers of the United States army and navy distinguished for their services in the Mexican and Civil Wars, many governors of California, and poets, painters and authors of many nationalities.

This record, which is apparently something of a protest against a possible plan to move the cemetery, will undoubtedly prove of great value to students of genealogy. And perhaps not a few searchers
will discover in Mrs. Hart's lists the name of some roving ancestor, long missing from the branches of the family tree.

The publishers say that this story of Lone Mountain, as the Laurel Hill cemetery was originally called, contains many facts not elsewhere available; certainly it shows an endless amount of painstaking digging in the annals of the West. The book is attractively bound and many of the illustrations were made from rare old prints.

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.


It would seem as though every act and incident in the life of George Washington from the cradle to the grave had been most completely and thoroughly covered by writers and historians, yet Katherine Mayo in her new book, General Washington's Dilemma, just off the press, has brought to light an episode to which but little attention has been paid.

At this distant day but little remembrance has been given to the bitter hostility that existed between the rebel colonists who followed General Washington's lead and the loyal colonists—those who preserved their devotion to their king. Outrage, and reprisal were almost the regular daily order. For various reasons this conflict reached the bitterest climax in Monmouth county, New Jersey, in 1782, when an American privateersman, Captain Jack Huddy was ruthlessly hanged by a band of loyalists, apparently without just cause. The friends of the murdered man were in furious revolt, demanding that Gen. Washington should at once cause a captive British officer of Huddy's rank, to be hanged in revenge.

General Washington's Council of officers agreed to this demand and from a group of thirteen British prisoners, Captain Charles Asgill, the handsome and popular young heir of one of England's greatest and proudest of English estates was chosen by lot, to be hanged in revenge for Captain Huddy's murder. In the great excitement of the time, it was overlooked that these thirteen officers had surrendered under terms which prohibited reprisals of any kind. Out of this grew "General Washington's Dilemma." He found himself without having foreseen the consequences committed to an act shown to be in direct violation of national honor.

The situation was productive of great agony of mind to the innocent young Asgill, his officers, his parents and family, and of the greatest distress and perturbation to the Commander in Chief. Katherine Mayo, who is the author of "Mother India," supports her story with a most impressive buttress of historical records and facts, and brings to light the conclusion in a most satisfactory manner. Unofficial and confidential correspondence was brought out, which, finally, through the young man's determined and gracious mother brought the French King and Queen into the picture. This is a worthy book, interestingly written, with perhaps a little overplay in the suffering of young Asgill and not enough appreciation of the distress of the great Commander in Chief at finding himself in a situation where he was helpless to act until a dillydallying Congress directed him.

It is another worthwhile contribution to our National Washingtoniana.

EDNA M. COLMAN.


"Lynchburg and Its Neighbors," dedicated to the Memory of Robert Davis Yancey, who was born September 15, 1855 and died January 3, 1931, is the work of a trained writer whose style is definite and at times a bit tart. She has given her anecdotal material a skillful touch and her book is distinguished by her cleverness in introducing long forgotten quotations. Personal reminiscences brighten her pages and books unfamiliar to the knowledge of the present generation but important to her subject are cited as source material. Possessed of a strong retentive memory she has drawn upon it for snatches of folk
songs, bits of verse and doggerel to help build up her historic picture.

Of great interest and historic value is her Civil War material on Lynchburg, through her arrangement and selection of which these chapters are presented in most vivid and entertaining style. It has exceptional social value as an intimate picture of the life of a single community of the south, before the war, during its continuance and in the days of reconstruction which followed. From every historical viewpoint the story is an invaluable contribution. Twenty-five plates, many from rare old prints, old photographs and family portraits, practically all of them of intense historic value, lend exceptional distinction to the book. Practically all of the material in the first part of the book seems to be a proper and fitting preface to the second part, devoted to concise and authoritative genealogies of 131 notable Virginia individuals and families.

Mrs. Rosa Faulkner Yancey, now deceased, was the daughter of John W. Faulkner and Rosa Adams Faulkner of Lynchburg, Va. Her husband, whose death occurred many years before her own, was a prominent Lynchburg attorney and former Commonwealth's attorney for the city. Her entire life was spent in Lynchburg. She was a writer of verse, some of her poems being included in William Stanley Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1927" and in the "Yearbook of American Poetry."

A member of one of her city's oldest and most distinguished families, she was deeply interested in world problems. Her home was a center of cultural interests and her influence extensive in intellectual circles. This book was completed within a few weeks of her death. Its presentation by this rare woman with her unusual knowledge of her city and its people is a matter of delight and congratulation to her own circle and its value from a historical standpoint must increase with the passage of time. The gratitude of her posterity and that of the 131 families and individuals she has perpetuated through this engaging and absorbing work, must also grow with the years.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

Other Books Received


KEGLEY'S VIRGINIA FRONTIER. F. B. Kegley. The Southwest Virginia Historical Society, Roanoke, Virginia. $10.00.


UNCOMMON SCOLD. The Story of Anne Royall. George Stuyvesant Jackson. Bruce Humphreys, Inc., Boston. $2.00.

Announcement

A most attractive 247 page booklet "West Virginia Historic and Scenic High-Way Markers" has been published by the State Road Commission of West Virginia (1937) in cooperation with the W. P. A. and the F. E. R. A. It is beautifully illustrated, maps and auto routes clearly outlined, historic markers with sketch and location of each are given together with much data of historic and genealogical value. This booklet will cause many a traveler and research worker to "Go to the Wonderland of the Eastern States." Let's see America first!

Important Notice

The Library of Congress desires to borrow letters written by the late John Sherman, so that copies may be added to the collection of Sherman papers. Loans of letters are particularly desired at this time, because a biography of Senator Sherman is under preparation at the Library.
Feature of the Month—Flags

Flag Day, was chosen by members of Monument Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Minneapolis, Minnesota, for a special commemoration of the chapter's civic gift to the City of Minneapolis twenty-one years ago—the great endowed flagstaff in Gateway Park.

The story of the flagstaff, one of three in the world which are endowed, shows to no small degree the zeal of the group of women comprising the chapter's membership in 1916, who, impelled by the desire to arouse a special feeling of patriotism in the minds of Minneapolis citizens, determined to carry through the proposal of one of their number for erection of this great staff, and to make provision for its perpetual care.

It took the women but one year to raise the needed sum of five thousand dollars through various projects, and to have the monument erected and duly dedicated, this latter ceremony taking place on July 4, 1917.

Five clubs of "Junior American Citizens" sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution of Pueblo, Colorado, recently presented a new flag to the Thatcher school, following a patriotic program.

Verse

Rose Jasper Nickell of the Llano Estacado Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Amarillo, Texas, has contributed the following poem:

Our Flag

We greet you, symbol of our land,
In Freedom's birth unfurled;
Through storm and stress you bravely stand
A beacon to the world.

A glory that can never fade,
Triumphant over wrong,
The courage which your Red bespeaks,
Today stands firm and strong.

The truth of your exalted Blue
Is still our country's goal;
The purity of your own White,
Reborn within each soul.

We greet you, Flag, our own dear Flag
Afloat on land and sea,
To star's and Stripes, beloved, revered,
We pledge life's loyalty.

Dedication of Markers

A plaque has recently been unveiled to the memory of Eliza Spalding Warren, first white child born west of the Rocky Mountains to reach maturity, by the Linn Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Albany, Oregon.

St. Leger Cowley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Lincoln, Nebraska, has dedicated a marker to ancestors of its members who rendered service in the Revolu-
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BRONZE MARKER RECENTLY DEDICATED BY THE THOMAS NELSON CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., OF ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, AND DESCENDANTS OF JOHN HOUGH, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER. THE MARKER COMMEMORATES GEORGE WASHINGTON’S VISIT IN 1788 TO “CORBY HALL,” THE HOME OF JOHN HOUGH, WHO WAS A FELLOW SURVEYOR WITH WASHINGTON FOR LORD FAIRFAX, AND HAS BEEN PLACED OUTSIDE THE HOME WHICH WAS ERECTED IN 1744, NEAR WATERTOWN, LOUDOUN COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Revolutionary War. It is located in one of the city parks. The dedication ceremony was attended by many notable members of the National Society. Miss Adah Tucker, a member of the local chapter, presented the boulder on which the marker is placed.

The Adam Holliday Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, has placed a handsome bronze tablet on the wall of the Krelitz block on Allegheny Street, marking the historic spot where Adam Holliday, founder of the town, drove the first stake which resulted in the growth of a progressive community.

The tablet bears the following inscription:

“Adam Holliday and his brother William in 1768, traveling west from Lancaster county, stopped on this spot and Adam, driving a stake into the ground remarked, ‘Whoever is alive 100 years from now will see a tolerable sized town here, and this will be near about the center of it.’”

An electric pipe organ has been placed in Memorial Continental Hall by the retiring State Regent of Kansas, Mrs. Loren E. Rex, and the Kansas Daughters of the American Revolution, as a tribute of appreciation to Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, of Independence, Kansas, Honorary President General of the National Society. The organ was recently dedicated and played for the first time when a memorial service to departed members was held at the start of the Continental Congress.

Becker Boy and Girl

The Alexander Hamilton Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Franklin, Indiana, has selected Miss Miriam E. Lee and Chester Williams, both of Franklin and both Alva Neal High School seniors, to be sponsored by the chapter during the last half of their final year in school.

Mrs. Isaac T. Bice, regent of the local organization, and a committee cooperating with the Franklin school faculty, made the selections.

Both the youths are engaged in college preparatory courses at Alva Neal, and each plans to engage in further school work at the completion of the high school course.

“What We Do”

A condensation of the splendid booklet, “What the Daughters Do” by May Erwin Talmadge, retiring Recording Secretary General, has been submitted by Hazel A.


WHAT WE DO

We help and encourage the foreign-born to attain citizenship and become good Americans.

We wholly support two mountain schools for underprivileged children, and contribute to fifteen other approved schools.

We help to preserve natural resources and natural beauty; and to conserve human life and happiness by contributing to the needy.

We teach and encourage respect to the United States Flag and the observance of correct flag usage.

We seek to preserve the sanctity of our National Constitution, and by means of patriotic education to counteract the many subversive influences and dangerous "isms" which seek to undermine the stability of our democracy.

We mark and preserve historic spots; we search for, copy and preserve unpublished records pertaining to our country's history or to the genealogical history of American families.

We concern ourselves with the proper education, along truly American lines, of our youth of all classes, knowing that in the youth of today lies the strength of our nation tomorrow.

WHY DO WE DO THESE THINGS?

Because they are in accord with the "Objects" stated in the constitution of our Society;

Because they are based on the principles for which our ancestors fought in the War of the American Revolution;

Because by maintaining and strengthening these principles we can best aid in preserving our democracy and in "securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

Magna Carta Day

The International Magna Carta Day Association, Inc., was organized in 1907, to emphasize the common political heritage of the English-speaking peoples; their political harmony of thought and purpose; their championship of civil and religious liberty and common devotion to popular government.

Magna Carta Day is now widely observed annually as INTERDEPENDENCE DAY, the churches cooperating on Magna Carta Sunday, the third Sunday in every June.

Citizenship Club

The George Pearis Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Pearisburg, Virginia, is sponsoring a citizenship club which has been named for Judge Martin Williams, a citizen who rendered material aid to the county schools. The club has engaged in many worthwhile activities for the furtherance of good citizenship.

The Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Indianapolis, Indiana, recently conducted an essay contest in the Home Economics Department of seven high schools in Indianapolis. A pin was given for the best essay from each high school, and a grand prize of a picture of Betsy Ross making the flag was given to the department of the high school entering the best essay of all. The winner of the prize was Miss Dorothea Mack of the Shortridge High School. We herewith print her essay in full:
What Homemaking Means To Me

The making of a house into a home where all who live within have rest, comfort, beauty, peace and security is a real experience.

Whenever I speak of my home I seem to sense a feeling of warmth and comfort in the word itself. There are five of us who have shared in the experience of making that home. There is mother, who has provided comfort, sympathy, grace and atmosphere as only a mother can. There is father, who has given us a background of peace and security. He always welcomes our friends to our home, and he is equally interested in our contact with the church. Then my sisters and I are perhaps the foundation for our home, because it is for us that father and mother built this home. We in turn share in the making of our home. In it there seems to be a living interest. At the dinner table in the evening my sisters and I relate our school day experiences to the family. Before we know it, we are all exchanging ideas and opinions. Mother and father add interesting experiences they have had in their day's work. It is fun for all of us because we have been separated during the day and this is what we have looked forward to, our getting together in the evening around the dinner table.

After dinner is over, and the dishes are done, we gather in the living room. There the lamps shed a soft, strong glow and the feel of a wood fire is grateful. Our chairs are pulled up; the radio is turned low; the evening paper, the mending basket and school-books are spread out. A home feeling of encircling warmth and living interest makes us all feel secure.

Privacy is a part of our home life; each one has a place where he can be alone and indulge his desires. Consideration for the others, rest when we are tired, consolation when we are discouraged, beauty as far as possible in our financial circumstances, are the experiences we share. Father and mother have their own budget, considerably more complex than ours; and my sisters and I budget our money too. Spending what we earn and what father gives us has already trained us to try to make every penny count.

Father and mother as our leaders, and we their children, have made our house, which was once a house with nobody in it, into a house with somebody in it. With them managing the difficult problems, we have made our house a home.

I have not mentioned the physical side of housekeeping. We all share in the work. My sisters and I budget our time so that mother may have time of her own and at the same time the house be still running smoothly.

By doing this we have realized that our part of homemaking is small in comparison with what mother and father provide for us. We realize that this quotation from Louisa Alcott sums up our own homemaking experience.

“I am glad to have discovered how much is lovely as well as useful, that the word housekeeper means. The mere providing of bed, meals, etc., is a very small part of the work. The homemaking, the comfort, the sympathy, the grace, and atmosphere that a true woman can provide is a noble part, and embraces all that is helpful for soul as well as body.”

Dorothea Mack.
THE Thirty-second State Conference of the Mississippi State Society Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Gulfport March 10-12 at the Markham Hotel, entertained by the Gulf Coast Chapter.

An Executive Board meeting and luncheon and also the State Officers' Club banquet were held on Thursday preceding the formal opening of the Conference that evening.

A large assemblage of delegates and interested friends were present for the colorful and delightful program. After the bugler, Jack Dodge, sounded the Assembly Call, the beautiful young pages entered forming an aisle through which a procession of the State Officers marched to the rostrum. The Conference was called to order by the State Regent, Mrs. William Kennedy Herrin, Jr., the Invocation was given by Rev. J. N. Brown, and then followed the Pledge to the Flag, The American's Creed, and the singing of “America” by the audience. Addresses of welcome from the Mayor of Gulfport, Mr. J. N. Milner, and the hostess regent, Mrs. Hanun Gardner, were graciously responded to by Mrs. Percy Quin.

Mrs. Gardner then presented the beloved State Regent, Dixie Herrin, who in a few words brought a message of enthusiasm and loyalty. Greetings from Founders and Patriots of America by Mrs. W. K. Herrin, State President; from Colonial Dames of America by Mrs. Walter Sillers, State Vice-Regent; from United Daughters of Confederacy by Mrs. A. K. McInnis, State President; and from American Legion Auxiliary by Miss Marian Henry, State President, were all enjoyed. All other distinguished guests were also presented to the Conference by the Regent.

After the reports of the Program and the Rules Committee Chairmen, Mrs. H. C. Ogden, Vice-Regent, took the chair and presided while the chapter regents read their reports of the valuable work done and the progress made during the year. Mizpah Benediction concluded the evening session and the colors were retired. A brilliant Pages Ball was given in the Crystal Ballroom of the Markham—the first time that such an event had been given in Mississippi for the lovely girls attending Conference, Mrs. Janie Parker, chairman, left nothing undone to make the dance an unforgettable occasion.

Friday morning session was eagerly anticipated for everyone knew that Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, had arrived to be the honored guest of the Conference. The usual processional, devotional by the Chaplain, and other opening exercises, were held, and then Mrs. Becker spoke briefly, expressing her pleasure in coming again to Mississippi. Minutes were read and greetings from a distance were read by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. G. Hughes. All state officers and state chairmen gave reports of their year’s work.

At noon a banquet at The Great Southern Hotel was served to two hundred and fifty guests. The tables were decorated with lovely Tung Tree blossoms and pansies, a most unusual and intriguing color scheme. Mrs. Harry Ogden was introduced as the charming toastmistress and she announced the theme, “Mississippi in Fact and Fiction.” Mrs. J. C. Holton of Jackson told a hundred interesting facts about our state and then Mrs. Ogden told in verse many fanciful and amusing incidents concerning the prominent guests attending the Conference. Mrs. Becker expressed her pleasure in a brief delightful message. Drives along the scenic Gulf Coast, the playground of the state, were arranged, and at four o'clock there was an elaborate tea at Gulf Park College, honoring the President General, the State Regent, and the entire Conference. A banquet at the Markham Hotel at seven that night honoring the President General and the State Regent was presided over by
the Regent of Gulf Coast Chapter, Mrs. Hanun Gardner. Girls from Gulf Park College entertained the guests with a floor show, and as a culmination to the enjoyable occasion gifts of Shearwater Pottery and satin glass were presented by the hostess chapter to the two honorees.

The evening session was opened in the usual manner. It was an open meeting featuring an address by the President General. Training our young people in true American principles, instilling in them an appreciation of the basic virtues, teaching them to be modern pioneers—these were her appeals to the Mississippi Daughters as she impressed upon her listeners her conviction that American democracy must be preserved by American womanhood. Miss Lois Smith of Gulf Park College sang several selections and thrilled the audience with her charm and beautiful voice. At the conclusion of the program she sang "The End of a Perfect Day" and Mrs. Herrin was presented a handsome silver aspic bowl from her cabinet as a token of the love and appreciation they feel for her.

Saturday morning was the concluding session of the Conference. Financial plans for purchasing Rosalie, beautiful ante-bellum home in Natchez, for a state D. A. R. shrine, were again presented. The highlight of the entire Conference came when enthusiastic pledges were made and more than a thousand dollars was subscribed in a few minutes. Dixie's beautiful dream is about to become a marvelous reality.

Mrs. Percy Quin of McComb and Natchez was unanimously elected State Regent and Mrs. Hanun Gardner of Gulfport was also the unanimous choice for Vice-Regent. They are brilliant and gifted women under whose wise regime Mississippi is assured continued development in D. A. R. activities. Mrs. Robert Henry of Jackson was endorsed as a candidate for Vice President General in 1939. Mrs. Herrin was made Honorary Regent of Mississippi and Mrs. Harry Ogden Honorary Vice-Regent.

An impressive memorial service was conducted by the Chaplain, Mrs. B. F. Cameron, for the members who have passed on during the year. Last came the installation of the new Regent and Vice-Regent and both Mrs. Quin and Mrs. Gardner spoke feelingly of their appreciation of the honor bestowed upon them and pledged their loyalty and best service. Mrs. Herrin bade farewell to the society with whom she had been lovingly associated for three years, and then with the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again", the Thirty-second State Conference in Mississippi was adjourned.

MRS. JAMES F. HUMBER.
A report of the General Nathanael Greene Homestead Association and also of the General Nathanael Greene Memorial Association was given.

The work of restoring this historic shrine, where Nathanael Greene and Catherine Littlefield spent the first months of their happy married life, has progressed this past year.

The library has been furnished by the Catherine Littlefield Greene Chapter with period furniture, including General Greene’s own desk.

During the noon recess, luncheon was served and an informal reception to State Officers followed.

At the afternoon session interesting reports were given by the State Chairmen of National Committees.

Upon the completion of the committee reports, Mrs. Samuel P. Tabor presented the retiring State Regent, Mrs. McCrillis, with a silver vase, as an affectionate token of love and esteem from the chairmen of both special and national committees.

Mrs. McCrillis expressed her appreciation at receiving such a beautiful gift, which would always be a reminder of their kindness and loyalty.

Miss Alice Casey, Leader, presented a group of children from the George and Martha Washington Club of the Junior American Citizens, sponsored by the S.A.R.-D.A.R. Junior Assembly.

Thirteen members of this Club gave a demonstration of a meeting as they conduct it, pledging allegiance to the Flag and reciting the American’s Creed.

Miss Evelyn F. Adams, Junior State President of the C.A.R., was introduced and read a paper of their activities, and was followed by an accordion solo, played by Elizabeth Louise Waters, a member of Desire Hopkins Angell Society C.A.R.

On the morning of the second day, March 17th, at the sound of the Bugle Call, the State Regent and Chapter Regents entered the ball room of the Narragansett Hotel in the procession and occupied seats on the platform.

The first part of the morning was devoted to the Chapter Regents’ reports.

Following these, the State Vice Regent, Mrs. Edwin A. Farnell, addressed the retiring State Regent, and presented her with a beautiful silver tray, a gift from the members of the State Board of Management, with their love and affection.

Mrs. McCrillis expressed her heartfelt thanks for this beautiful gift.

At noon an impressive Memorial Service was conducted by the State Chaplain and State Registrar.

White carnations were placed in a large cross, each paying a tribute to the D.A.R. members who have passed away during the year.

At the adjournment of the Conference, the floral piece was placed upon the grave of Mrs. George H. Fowler, State Regent, 1923-1926. Mrs. Fowler was a member of Pawtucket Chapter.

At 12.15 P. M. the State Regent declared a recess, at which time luncheon was served.

Before being seated, all joined in singing the Doxology.

The afternoon session was called to order by the State Regent.

A report of the Junior Assembly S.A.R.-D.A.R., written by the President, Edwin A. Farnell, Jr., was read by Miss Edna Bliss.

The Stephen Hopkins Club, Junior American Citizens, sponsored by Moswancicut Chapter, gave a demonstration of how they conduct their meetings. The President of the Club is Miss Betty Steer.

At the end of this report and demonstration the State Regent said her heart was filled with affection and joy at the work the chapters are doing with the young people and she asked them to continue it, with increased interest through the coming year.

Prof. Jarvis M. Morse, Professor of American History at Brown University, came to us as the speaker of the afternoon, his subject being, “The Constitution”.

The State Regent presented Miss Eleanor Paulson of Cranston High School as the best girl citizen selected by the Good Citizenship Committee to go to Washington to attend Continental Congress in April.

She also presented Miss Nancy Caroll, winner of the special Essay prize, offered by Mrs. Arthur M. McCrillis.

The Conference endorsed the candidacy of Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr. and her cabinet as candidates for National Officers at Congress, 1938.

Our retiring State Regent, Mrs. Arthur M. McCrillis, was made an Honorary State Regent.

This being election year, the State Regent
presented the newly elected State officers, and wished them a happy and successful three years.

Mrs. John T. Gardner, State Treasurer, a member of Esek Hopkins Chapter was elected State Regent and Mrs. T. Frederick Chase, Regent of Gaspee Chapter was elected State Vice Regent.

After singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" and the retiring of the Colors, the State Regent declared the 44th Annual State Conference adjourned.

ISABEL A. MATTESON,
State Recording Secretary, R.I.D.A.R.

ILLINOIS

"YOUTH and Tomorrow" was the theme of the 42nd Annual State Conference of Illinois held at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago on March 16-18 inclusive. The General Chairman, Mrs. William C. Fox and her co-workers, all members of the four hostess chapters: Chicago, Kaskaskia, General Henry Dearborn and Dewalt Mechlin, deserved all the credit and praise they received for arranging every detail which made the largest State Conference ever held in Illinois a complete success.

The State Regent, Mrs. Jacob Fredrich Zimmerman, presided most efficiently at all sessions; these sessions enhanced by the presence, throughout the Conference, of our gracious and inspiring President General, Mrs. William A. Becker. We were also privileged to have with us neighboring State Regents and Vice-Presidents General as well as many ex-National and State Officers. Of course we were proud to have our own Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue, Historian General and Mrs. Vinton E. Sisson, National Chairman of National Defense through Patriotic Education, whom the Conference unanimously and enthusiastically endorsed for Librarian General.

Probably the most thrilling session, as well as the most spectacular, was the evening of the first day when 319 PAR girls were the guests of the assemblage. As these girls were led to the seats reserved for them by the State Chairman of this Committee, Mrs. G. E. Harbert, and their President, Miss Jane Gryce of Minneapolis, the applause was unceasing and almost as great when the Mothers of these girls were asked to stand. Mrs. Becker gave the address of the evening which emphasized the theme of the Conference. She later drew the name of Miss Betty Rhoads of Edwardsville, who will make the pilgrimage to Washington with the girls chosen from the other states. To entertain these splendid citizens of tomorrow, Fred Eastman's "America's Unfinished Battles", a pageant, was presented by a cast of 86 under the direction of the State Chaplain, Mrs. Philip Mathisen. The only "cloud in the sky" was the absence, due to illness, of the National Chairman of the Good Citizenship Committee, Mrs. Raymond Kimbell, who is a member of the Illinois Society.

The second day was given over to the reports of the various State Chairmen, all of whom reported much work done and splendid cooperation on the part of all Daughters. The day was climaxed with a banquet in the Grand Ball Room of Stevens at which time the S.A.R., their wives, the D.A.R. and their husbands heard Merle Thorpe, Editor of Nation's Business, speak on "Where to America." He was enthusiastically received.

During the Conference, Mr. Frank J. Bowman, husband of the late Mrs. Bowman, appeared and presented the State with a diamond studded State Regent's pin on which was inscribed: "Presented to the Illinois Organization, N.S.D.A.R., by Frank J. Bowman in memory of his wife, Anna May Bowman, Illinois State Regent 1925-27." The pin was graciously received by Mrs. Zimmerman, after which it was placed on her shoulder by the President General who paid a loving tribute to Mrs. Bowman, whom she had known and with whom she had worked in the Society.

The new State Officers were elected and presented at Friday's session. They were: Vice-Regent, Mrs. Fred Sapp of Ottawa; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clyde A. Hornbuckle of Cairo; Treasurer, Mrs. John R. Fornof of Streator; Librarian, Mrs. J. Clinton Searle of Rock Island. Mrs. David J. Peffers of Aurora was endorsed as a candidate for Vice-President General in 1939.

Honored guests at the Conference were: Mrs. Keene Arnold, State Regent of Kentucky; Mrs. William Schlosser, State Re-
gent of Indiana; Mrs. William H. Pouch, National President of the C.A.R.; Mrs. G. B. Averill, Vice President General from Wisconsin; Mrs. Eli Dixson, Vice President General from Illinois; Mrs. Arthur O'Neill, National President of the Daughters of 1812; Mrs. G. N. Davidson, Vice President General of the Daughters of the Colonists; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, ex-Vice President General from Kansas; and our own ex-Vice Presidents General including Mrs. Frank Bahnsen, now of California, who has not been able to be with us for some time, and our ex-State Regents.

It was the pleasure of the Conference to recognize a new Chapter, The Peter Meyer Chapter of Assumption and to greet its Regent, Mrs. Thomas P. Myers.

The invitation for the 43rd Annual Conference to be held in Danville in 1939 with the Governor Bradford, Barbara Standish, Alliance and Madam Racheal Edgar Chapters as Hostesses was accepted.

The Conference was adjourned with a feeling of deep satisfaction for outlined work which had been accomplished; much had been done for the Approved Schools which is a favorite project of the Illinois Society; the Lincoln Monument fund was completed; and the Americanism and the National Defense Committees had done much to further America and its ideals. We regret the loss of 119 members by death this last year and the Memorial Exercises in their honor were impressive and most fitting; but "Youth and Tomorrow" is ever our hope and so we turn to the rising sun of tomorrow with a happy sigh for the setting sun of today.

Mae M. Maury,  
(Mrs. Thomas Edward Maury),  
State Recording Secretary.

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At the sound of the Bugle Call, National and State Officers and Guests of Honor, escorted by Pages, proceeded to their seats. Acting State Regent, Mrs. J. Warren Perkins, called the conference to order.

A warm welcome was extended to the delegates by Mrs. William M. Muschert, Regent of General Washington Chapter, and Chairman of the Conference Committee.

Mrs. Willard I. Kimm brought greetings from the New Jersey Society Children of the American Revolution.

We were honored by the presence of the Governor of New Jersey, Hon. A. Harry Moore, who said he thought it most fitting that the Daughters of the American Revolution should hold their meeting in the State Capital. He urged the Daughters to continue to uphold the principles of their forefathers, "those people, who regarded obstacles, only as something to be overcome," adding "Look around you and see what burdens really are, and then thank God every day for America."

Reports of State Officers and State Chairmen showed a record of splendid accomplishments along all lines of D. A. R. work. Mrs. Horace K. Corbin, Chairman of Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, announced that Miss Wahnetta Young, of Sussex had been selected as New Jersey's Good Citizenship Pilgrim, the winner of the trip to Washington. Twenty-five girls who had been outstanding in their respective schools were present and received medals. Mrs. Corbin, later, conducted them on a tour of the State Capitol.

An impressive Memorial service, conducted by Miss Agnes W. Storer assisted by the Pages and Mrs. Alice Hurlburt Berman, soloist, concluded the morning session.

In the afternoon, Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent of South Carolina, brought greetings from her State and told of the work at Tamassee and its needs. At the close of her remarks, it was voted to raise $2,700 for the purchase of the "Little Grey Cottage" as a Memorial to our late Regent, Miss Mabel Clay who passed away in June, 1937.

Another Guest of Honor, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., Treasurer General and Chairman of Buildings and Grounds Committee, told of the detail work connected with her
office and of the shrewd business methods that were employed in order to make the annual per capita dues of one dollar cover expenses.

Mrs. Archibald C. Forman, Chairman of Girl Home Makers Committee, awarded a scholarship in the New Jersey College for Women, to Miss Hilda Groschopp for outstanding work in the Home Economics Course in the Butler High School.

Mrs. Alfred G. Mayor, Regent of Princeton Chapter, gave the Conference a surprise when she presented the Princeton Junior Drum and Bugle Corps. These boys and girls, in striking uniform and filled with enthusiasm, delighted the audience with their musical selections.

Included among the Guests of Honor at the banquet in the ball room of the Stacy Trent Hotel on Thursday evening were our own Mrs. William J. Ward, Vice President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., Treasurer General, Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent of South Carolina, Mrs. Charles C. Haig, Regent of the District of Columbia, Mrs. Walter S. Williams, State Regent of Delaware, Mrs. Willard Steele, ex-Regent of Tennessee, Mrs. Willard I. Kimm, State Director of the Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. C. Edward Murray, ex-Vice President General.

Music and impersonations of “The First Ladies of the White House,” presented by General Washington Chapter afforded very delightful entertainment.

On Friday morning, a telegram was received from the President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, bearing greetings and expressions of regret that she was unable to attend the Conference.

Reports of Regents and Chairmen were heard and a vote taken on the Revision of the By-Laws.

The following officers were elected to serve for the coming three years: Regent, Mrs. J. Warren Perkins; Vice Regent, Mrs. Raymond C. Goodfellow; Chaplain, Mrs. John Foster McMillan; Recording Secretary, Mrs. William D. Lippincott; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Milton O. Lange; Treasurer, Mrs. William L. Boice; Registrar, Mrs. Edward F. Randolph; Historian, Mrs. Ralph S. Decker; Librarian, Mrs. Frank R. Ward.

After the singing of America and the Benediction pronounced by Rev. Frederic M. Adams, Dean of Trinity Cathedral, the Colors were retired and the Conference adjourned.

EMMA C. JOHNSON,
State Historian.

MINNESOTA

THe forty-third annual State Conference of the Minnesota Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis, March 21, 22, 23, 24, 1938, with the Minneapolis Regents Unit, hostess and Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury, State Regent, presiding.

The State Officers Club held a pre-convention dinner meeting at the Curtis Hotel on Sunday evening.

Registration began Monday morning and the State Board of Management met at 10 o’clock. Amid colorful spring flowers and grouped flags the State Conference was formally convened with the traditional processional at one o’clock, led by the State Regent, Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury.

Miss Grace Longfellow, State Chaplain, gave the invocation and Mrs. J. D. McMartin led in the pledge to the flag. Mrs. F. E. Olney, Conference Chairman, and Mayor George E. Leach welcomed the women to the conference and to Minneapolis.

Reports of State Officers and State Chairmen of Committees brought to the Daughters assembled reports of many activities, real accomplishments and an outstanding record of deeds well done. At the close of the afternoon session, Mrs. E. W. Wichman sang “Courage,” the words by Amelia Earhart. The assembly rose and stood in silent tribute to Miss Earhart.

Conference re-convened that evening at seven o’clock with the processional. The assemblage sang the Star-Spangled Banner and repeated in unison the objects of the National Society, D. A. R. Many patriotic organizations brought cordial greetings to the Conference. Mrs. Eli Dixon, Vice-President General from Illinois, and Mrs. Samuel J. Campbell, Honorary State Regent from Illinois, were presented and extended cordial greetings and brought inspiring messages to Minnesota Daughters. The reports of the Minneapolis Regents
Unit, given by Mrs. F. E. Olney, and the St. Paul Regents Unit, given by Miss Celia M. Cutter showed many accomplishments. The report of the District meetings given by Mrs. Clyde Robbins, showed increased interest in all corners of the state. Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury in her annual message to the Minnesota Daughters emphasized and urged the members to adopt the theme “Individual Responsibility” for the coming year and to guard their priceless heritage of freedom with renewed endeavor. The Minneapolis D. A. R. Ensemble sang several groups of delightful songs and Colonial Chapter, presented “An Epoch in American History” showing the making of the Constitution.

Tuesday morning four round tables were conducted, Parliamentary Law by Mrs. K. E. Mo, National Defense by Mrs. J. L. Smith, American Indians by Miss Kern Bayliss and District Meetings by Mrs. Clyde Robbins. The Conference re-convened with Mrs. Wm. A. Becker, President General and Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch, Organizing Secretary General and Mrs. E. G. Bartling, State Historian of South Dakota as honored guests. The St. Cloud Junior High Chorus sponsored by the St. Cloud Chapter, D. A. R. sang a group of early Minnesota folk songs during the morning session. Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch brought cordial greetings and inspiring messages to the Daughters assembled. Mrs. Becker broadcast over two radio stations and was honored at the Chapter Regents’ luncheon at noon. Brief verbal reports by Chapter Regents showed increased Chapter accomplishments. Conference business was continued in the afternoon and an Epoch in American History, “The Ordinance of 1787” and the “Trek to the Northwest Territory” was re-enacted by two pupils from Maria Sanford Junior High. “Yankee Doodle Comes to Town” a clever musical sketch was given by Miss Louise Chapman.

A brilliant reception preceded the conference dinner, Tuesday evening. Nearly five hundred guests, including thirty-six Good Citizenship Pilgrims sat down to a delicious banquet in the Nicollet Hotel ball room. The invocation was pronounced by Dr. Wm. H. Boddy. The West High a Cappella Choir of seventy-two members presented a delightful group of songs under the direction of Peter D. Tkach. The address of the evening was given by the President General, Mrs. Wm. A. Becker, who urged the return to standards based on religion to combat communistic and fascistic tendencies and to serve as a deterrent to war. She said that American democracy must be preserved by the women of our Nation by making our homes the training centers for youth so that they may go forth trained to meet the new frontiers for achievement which will challenge the courage and foresight of those upon whose shoulders shall soon rest the destiny of our country and our democracy. Mrs. Becker spoke directly to the Good Citizenship Pilgrims as they were formally presented. From a large bouquet of jonquils Mrs. Becker selected three jonquils, upon which were tied tiny rolls of paper with the names of the girls, Miss Helen Marion of Owatonna won the coveted trip to Washington in April and Miss Lydia Stebner and Miss Ruth Blumel were chosen as alternates.

Wednesday morning, Mrs. Becker conducted a round table on the many phases of D. A. R activities which was most enthusiastically attended, with a business session following. At twelve o’clock a beautiful memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain, Miss Grace Longfellow assisted by Mrs. Charles LeFuege, State Treasurer and Mrs. H. W. Hurlbut, State Registrar. Appropriate music was sung by the Minneapolis D. A. R. Ensemble during this “Hour of Remembrance.” Pages attired in white placed a flower for each of our departed members.

Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch was honored guest and speaker at the C. A. R luncheon at one o’clock, the program was presented by the State Chaplain, Miss Grace Longfellow assisted by Mrs. Charles LeFuege, State Treasurer and Mrs. H. W. Hurlbut, State Registrar. Appropriate music was sung by the Minneapolis D. A. R. Ensemble during this “Hour of Remembrance.” Pages attired in white placed a flower for each of our departed members.

State Conference business was completed and the usual resolutions adopted during the afternoon. The newly elected State Officers were presented and were welcomed by the retiring officers. Mrs. Duxbury, State Regent, presented to her retiring officers, lovely floral corsages and a reception followed.

Inspired and enthused by the presence of many National Officers, the largest at-
tendance on record, the Minnesota Daughters brought their conference to a close with a delightful reception in honor of Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch at the home of Mrs. Melvin Lee, on Wednesday evening.

Thursday found the Daughters in session at the annual meeting of the Sibley House Association. Reports of officers and chairmen of committees and election of officers consumed the morning session. At noon a luncheon was given to honor the new officers of the D. A. R. and Sibley House Association, a delightful group of songs were sung by Adair McRae Roberts.

Enthusiastic plans were made for the opening of the three historic houses at Mendota owned and maintained by Minnesota Daughters. In preserving Sibley and Faribault Houses and the Sibley Tea House, Minnesota again has done outstanding work in the Preservation of Historic Spots.

FAE J. ROBBINS,
(Mrs. Clyde Robbins),
State Historian.

SOUTH DAKOTA

MRS. WILLIAM A. BECKER, retiring President General, and Mrs. William H. Pouch, President General of the Children of the American Revolution and Organizing Secretary General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, honored the twenty-fifth annual state conference of the South Dakota state organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution by attending the conference held at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, March 23-25, with Mary Chilton Chapter of Sioux Falls as hostess chapter.

Mrs. J. B. Vaughn, State Regent, presided over the board meeting on the evening of the 23rd. Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch arrived in the morning of the 24th from Minneapolis, where they had attended the Minnesota conference. A round table discussion during the morning session was conducted by Mrs. Becker. Mrs. Pouch spoke on the meaning of the junior membership preceding the round table discussion. The state officers read their reports during this session also.

Members of the Junior Group of the Mary Chilton Chapter were hostesses at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch, and other honored guests were Mrs. J. B. Vaughn, Mrs. MacDonald Greene, and Mrs. Mark Wheeler. Mrs. A. C. Thompson, chairman of the local group, presided at the luncheon, and Mrs. Astor Blauvelt, a member of Mary Chilton Chapter and the "mother-sponsor" of the group, acted as toastmistress. Mrs. Pouch addressed the Junior delegation on the work and projects of the various groups in the states.

The afternoon session was preceded by a radio broadcast by Mrs. Becker. Reports of the chapter regents were read. Mrs. Roy David Burns gave a splendid address on the constitution, using for her title, "The Constitution—A Second Revolution." A reception for the honored guests followed the session.

At the banquet in the evening of the 24th, Mrs. Becker addressed the group, taking for her subject, "Youth." Mrs. Pouch spoke briefly on the work of the Children of the American Revolution and urged that more societies for children whose parents are members either of the Daughters or Sons of the American Revolution, be formed.

Mrs. E. P. Rothrock, past state regent, extended greetings from all the past regents, Miss Lerna Veling addressed the group, taking as her subject "Twentieth Birthday as a State Organization," and Mr. Jay B. Allen, state president of the Sons of the American Revolution welcomed the honored guests and members.

The morning session of the 25th was centered around the endowment fund, which is unique in South Dakota. The Good Citizenship Pilgrim for this year, Miss Margaret Jameson, was present, and was presented to Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Pouch.

Tribute to the departed members was paid at noon of the 25th, when a memorial hour was held.

All state officers were reelected for the coming year with the exception of the Chaplain. Miss Helen Miner of Yankton, was elected to this post.

Brookings was selected as the meeting place for the state conference of the South Dakota organization of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in March, 1939.

(Miss) MARY HAWLEY PERRY,
State Press Chairman.
THE Fortieth Kansas D. A. R. Conference was held in Pittsburg, March 29, 30 and 31st in the Besse Hotel.

At 8:30 A. M., March 29th, Registration began. Three hundred were expected, but owing to a cyclone twenty miles distant only about half that number attended Conference. Almost one hundred dollars was given by Kansas D. A. R. members to the Dana Chapter at Columbus where the storm occurred, for the sufferers.

At ten o'clock the State Board meeting was held.

At 12:30 the State Regents luncheon honoring Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch, N. Y., C. A. R. directors and children was held in the Arabian Room of the Hotel Besse.

After the formal Processional, Pledge of Allegiance, and the singing of America the Beautiful, the State Regent, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, pronounced the Fortieth Kansas D. A. R. Conference in session. The Mayor of Pittsburg, Rev. Phillip Schmidt and Mrs. G. W. Weede, Regent of Oceanic Hopkins Chapter, Pittsburg, welcomed the Conference to Pittsburg. Mrs. Rex gave the response. Then followed an original C. A. R. play "Granny's History Class", written by Mrs. H. G. Shelly and directed by Miss Geraldine Shelly, Senior President, a member of the Randolph Loving Chapter at Wichita, was presented, honoring Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch of New York, the Sesquicentennial of the framing of the U. S. Constitution and the Centennial of Shawnee Mission, an old Indian Mission in Kansas over a hundred years old.

This was the first time in twenty-four years that Kansas has held an organization, known as the C. A. R. State Conference. Only local societies functioned before. Mrs. Pouch's presence was a great incentive for the following C. A. R. workers: Mrs. F. H. Cron, El Dorado; Mrs. Robert Kirkwood, Wichita; Mrs. Harry Harris, El Dorado; Miss Marie Sellars, Wellington; Miss Mercedes Stratford, El Dorado.

The Kansas D. A. R. with Colorado D. A. R. voted to purchase figurines for Surrender Room at Yorktown and will also contribute to the Kansas Valley Forge Bells. March 29th the State Officers gave their reports, they were as follows:

State Regent, Mrs. L. E. Rex, Wichita.
Vice Regent, Miss Marion Seelye, Abilene.
Chaplain, Miss Kate B. Miles, Salina.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. T. Cronkhite, Wichita.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. S. Laird, Madison.
Treasurer, Mrs. Dorothy Houghton, Wichita.
Registrar, Mrs. A. J. Berger, Arkansas City.
Historian, Mrs. J. W. King, Ottawa.
Librarian, Mrs. F. H. Dickenson, Pittsburg.
Reporter, Mrs. John C. Reese, Newton.

The same officers were reelected with the exception of Miss Miles, who could no longer serve. Mrs. Walter T. Chaney, Topeka, was elected in her place. Mrs. Dickenson was elected Registrar and Mrs. Dorothy B. Shrewder of Ashland, who presented a very fine map of Kansas History pertaining to Shawnee Mission, was elected Librarian.

At 6:30 the Hostess Chapter's dinner honoring Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch, Distinguished Guests and State Officers at College Annex, was followed by an evening of enjoyment in the Music Hall at Kansas State Teachers College. Mrs. Rex introduced her distinguished guests and they brought greetings. Mrs. Wm. H. Pouch of New York, was the principal speaker, Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner was an inspired speaker for Junior Citizens, of Detroit, Mich. Mrs. Avery Turner, Amarillo, Texas, talked on Conservation. Mrs. Clarence Adams spoke of her work in Colorado. Mrs. Samuel Campbell brought greetings from Illinois. The Conference enjoyed these honored women, who were the guests of Mrs. Rex throughout the Conference.

Others on the program were Rev. A. B. Miller, invocation; College President, W. A. Brandenburg; Mrs. A. Staneart Graham led the singing and the Guard of Honor, Boy Scouts. A reception followed.

Mrs. A. J. Berger, State Registrar had the new directories ready for distribution and announced that the Kansas D. A. R. History would soon be off the press. Kansas
has 2304 members at present. 660 joined during the regime of Mrs. Rex. Last year Kansas had a net gain of 12 members and this year a net gain of 38 members. Five new chapters were organized during the time Mrs. Rex held office. The chapters are Jane Dean Coffey, Coffeyville; Randolph Loving, Wichita; Smoky Hill, Ellsworth; Jonathan Gilbert, LaCrosse; Martha Loving Ferrell, Wichita.

Miss Marion Seelye, the State Chairman of Good Citizenship Pilgrimage announced the Kansas winner, Miss Opal Lobb of McLouth. Miss Seelye will accompany Miss Lobb to Washington and be confirmed as the new State Regent.

March 30 at four o’clock the Memorial Service was conducted in the First Presbyterian Church. The call to remembrance for the thirty-two departed members of this year was given by Mrs. Rex. Voice trio, Mrs. Charles DuBois, Mrs. Fred Wilson and Mrs. Robert Dorsey furnished the music. Miss Kate Miles gave the scripture and prayer. Calla lilies were placed in a blue pottery vase by two of the pages as the name of each departed member was read.

In the Collegiate Room at 6:30 a banquet was held honoring Mrs. Guernsey. She was the main speaker. She gave reminiscences of her experience over thirty-three years in D. A. R. work. Mrs. Guernsey praised the splendid work that Mrs. Rex has done as State Regent. She has given time and money to place Kansas D. A. R. on the active list.

Mrs. V. E. Summers who was born at Shawnee Mission gave Personal Reminiscences of this historic place. Mrs. J. W. Kirkpatrick, El Dorado and Miss Grace Meeker, Ottawa, former State Regents, brought greetings. On the last morning the State Officers held a breakfast. Mrs. R. B. Campbell, Wichita, was elected President.

The Sesquicentennial candle was lighted by Miss Geraldine Shelly, Wichita and was extinguished by little Sarah Shrewder, Ashland, the fifth generation of her family to live in Kansas.

The Fortyeth Kansas Conference closed at noon March 31, with sunny Kansas skies smiling down on Pittsburg and the Oceanic Hopkins Chapter, seemingly in grateful appreciation of the lovely Conference they had given the Kansas D. A. R.

CORNIS REESE,
Reporter.

MICHIGAN

THE Thirty-eighth Annual Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution of the State of Michigan was held March 30, 31, and April 1, in Lansing, the capital of Michigan. There was a notable increase in attendance over last year, the registration numbering nearly three hundred and fifty members. This can be attributed to several facts—first, it was the first conference, conducted by Mrs. William C. Geagley, State Regent, and member of the Lansing Chapter; second, she was exceedingly fortunate in procuring excellent speakers, among them, our National President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, and the world traveler, author and editor of our own NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Mrs. Becker chose as the topic of her address "Our Heritage of Freedom," while Mrs. Keyes gave a humorous and enlightening talk about "Washington." The day following these two splendid addresses Mrs. Keyes gave an inspiring talk about our Magazine.

Those attending Conference also had the privilege of hearing Dr. Randolph G. Adams, Director of William L. Clements Library, Ann Arbor, Cameron Beck, Director of the New York Stock Exchange Institute, whose address was entitled "Leadership for Tomorrow," and Dr. Lowell S. Selling, Director of the Psychopathic Clinic, Recorder's Court, Detroit.

From about a hundred and twelve girls throughout the state of Michigan, Beth Eileen Marcus, a seventeen-year-old girl from Holland, was chosen to represent Michigan on the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage to Washington.

The keynote which sounded again and again through the Conference emphasized our responsibility in the training and teaching of our young people, who are the builders of tomorrow.

AVIS THOMPSON, Chairman
JANET GAULT, Vice Chairman
The Story of the Pledge of Allegiance to the American Flag

By a National Vice Chairman

Correct Use of the Flag, D. A. R.

"I pledge Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible with Liberty and Justice for all."

The story of the origin of these wonderful words should be of interest to every loyal American Citizen.

The following was given in an Annual Report by the National Vice Chairman of Correct Use of the Flag, in State Conference, Daughters of the American Revolution, Denver, Colorado, April 22, 1938:

The outstanding achievement of my three years regime, that is most gratifying to myself and others, is after diligent search I found beyond a doubt who wrote the Oath of Allegiance to the Flag.

In the little town of Cherryvale, Kansas, about forty years ago a very patriotic woman, Mrs. Homer Hendrick, a Daughter of the American Revolution, wishing to instill patriotism into the school, offered a prize to the pupil writing the best Oath of Allegiance to the National Flag.

Frank Bellamy, a twelve year old boy in the grade school, won the prize.

When President McKinley asked that a new Oath of Allegiance be written, out of the hundreds submitted the honor again fell to Frank Bellamy.

When the Spanish American War came Frank was a young man. He heard the call and enlisted under the Flag whose ideals inspired him to write his words of allegiance.

When he returned from the Philippines he was broken in health, having contracted tuberculosis and only lived a short time. He died in the home of a sister in Denver, Colorado, and is buried in Fairview Cemetery, Cherryvale, Kansas. His grave is marked with a Government Stone—Veteran of Spanish American War.

May we in repeating the Oath of Allegiance to the Flag remember the writer who gave his life for his country.

Respectfully submitted,

Lillian Rowell Warren,
Fort Morgan Chapter,
Fort Morgan, Colorado.

Vouched for by—

Mr. Homer Hendrick, husband of Mrs. Lillian Hendrick, deceased, present and past Postmaster of Cherryvale, Kansas.
Junior

The High-Lights of the 47th Congress

WELL, the Juniors feel they made all of them.
First, our Tuesday afternoon meeting was called to order in Continental Memorial Hall by our Assembly Chairman, Florence Harris. Mrs. Pouch led us in prayer and opened the meeting by introducing Deane VanLandingham, National Chairman of Junior Groups. Both Florence and Deane gave their reports and they sounded most official.

Mrs. Keyes awarded the prizes to the Story Contest winners. Janice Craft Woodin first, Virginia Sellers and Elsie Sallee, second and Edra Dahlon, third.

Mrs. Keyes announced that she was in the market for all the usable material Juniors cared to send in.

Mrs. Becker visited us and awarded the prize for the largest increase in new members and that went to Louisa St. Claire Chapter in Detroit.

We had the reports of Helen Scott, Chairman of the Magazine; Esther France’s report showed that 195 Juniors had registered at the Congress; Marianne Boyd reported that our bazaar had been a decided success financially, and well patronized by many regents inquiring about the forming of Jr. Groups. The Scrapbook and Program contest was won by the Juniors of Louisa St. Claire and second prize went to the Charlotte North Carolina Juniors. A report of the news sheet “Echoes of Junior D.A.R.’s” was given by the editor, Peggy Blowers.

A motion was read from the Juniors attending the Midwest Regional Conference moving that all Juniors participate in a scholarship project. OUR OWN FUND, called the Helen H. Pouch Scholarship, to be used by girls in either Crossnore or Tamassee. The girls welcomed this opportunity to show their unity and in no time at all had pledged one hundred and twenty-seven dollars in the names of their various groups. Again we felt the truth of Mrs. Becker’s words when she said to us “Your enthusiasm is your main force”. The Hall rocked with enthusiasm and each girl left with the deep inner satisfaction that she had contributed to the grand success of the afternoon.

Our other public appearance was on Thursday when two hundred fifty of us marched into Constitution Hall all in white, and formed the background for the President’s appearance and speech. Truly it was an impressive sight to see these fine young women come in, knowing that they carried in their hearts and subscribed to the ideals and traditions of the Daughters of the American Revolution, that they would uphold them and pass them on to their children—and so we march on!

PEGGY BLOWERS,
Editor of the “Echoes”.

Report of the Chairman, Junior Page, National Historic Magazine

Madam President General; Madam Junior Director; National Officers; Madam Chairman and Juniors:

One of our aims and ambitions at our Junior Assembly last year, that we might have a regular Junior page in the Magazine of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has become a reality, thanks to the interest and cooperation of our President General, Mrs. William A. Becker.
Our new editor of the magazine, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, has been most generous in the space given the Juniors, and since she has been in charge of the magazine, our Junior news has been listed as a regular department each month we have had two or three full pages.

In the eleven issues from June 1937 to April, 1938, the Junior D. A. R. have had twenty-two full pages and five cuts. These have included news of twenty-seven Junior groups, three Junior regional meetings, Junior announcements, and the minutes of the meeting of the director and assistant directors of the National Junior Membership Committee.

Since the November issue, thanks again to the interest of Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Keyes, our page has each month carried a reproduction of the Junior Poster.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Keyes, we have had a Junior story contest. The winning story is in the April magazine and others will appear in later issues.

It has been a pleasure to have had correspondence with Juniors all over the country about material for the magazine, and I wish to thank all the groups who have sent in news items and articles. I would like to ask for my successor that each Group appoint a chairman to be responsible for sending material to the chairman of the Junior page.

HELEN M. SCOTT,
Chairman for Junior Page,
National Historical Magazine.

Junior Assembly

The second annual Junior Assembly of the Junior D. A. R. was held on Tuesday, April 19, 1938, in Memorial Continental Hall with Mrs. Frank L. Harris of Racine, Wisconsin, chairman of the Committee for the 1938 Junior Assembly, presiding.

Mrs. William H. Pouch, National Director for Junior Membership, welcomed the Juniors and friends. Mrs. Pouch, or Aunt Helen, as she is fondly called by many of the Juniors, was an inspiration as always.

Miss Deane VanLandingham, of Charlotte, N. C., chairman of the National Junior Membership Committee, was introduced and spoke of Junior Membership.

Mrs. William A. Becker, President General, and Mrs. Wm. Russell Magna, Honorary President General, extended greetings to the Juniors.

Reports were given by several vice-chairmen of the National Junior Membership Committee.

The officers of the 1938 Junior Assembly Committee gave their reports, special interest was shown in the report of Mrs. Edmund A. Blowers of Detroit, Michigan, Editor of the "Junior Echoes," the newsheet published by the Junior Assembly Committee.

Prizes were presented for membership gains, Junior American Citizens Clubs, scrap books, post card sales, and Junior story contest. The last were presented by Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, Editor of the National Historical Magazine, and a rising vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Keyes for the space allowed the Juniors in the Magazine.

A recommendation was read from the Chicago Junior Regional Conference that the Junior Assembly adopt one project in which all Junior Groups could be interested, and that this project be a scholarship fund for Approved Schools to be known as "The Helena Pouch Junior Groups Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools" in memory of Mrs. Pouch's daughter. This recommendation was enthusiastically and unanimously adopted. Pledges and contributions for the fund started to come in immediately. Within a few minutes, $123.00 was pledged from 22 Junior Groups and states, as a nucleus.

The Junior Assembly Committee for 1939 were announced as follows:

Chairman—Miss Dorothy Evans, Oak Park, Ill.
Honorary Chairman—Mrs. Frank L. Harris, Racine, Wis.
Vice-Chairman—Mrs. John F. Boyd, Charlotte, N. C.
Vice-Chairman—Miss Priscilla M. Clough, West Roxbury, Mass.
Vice-Chairman—Miss Edra Dahlin, Cherokee, Iowa.
Vice-Chairman—Miss Amelia Hughes, Los Angeles, Calif.
Vice-Chairman—Miss Florence Smith, Chicago, Ill.
Recording Secretary—Miss Marian Lund, Buffalo, N. Y.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Helen S. Bunten, Washington, D. C.
Treasurer—Mrs. Latham B. Lambert, New Haven, Conn.
Editor of “Echoes”—Mrs. Edmund A. Blowers, Detroit, Mich.
Chr. Junior Page—Miss Helen M. Scott, Wilmington, Del.

Three hundred Juniors were registered at the Junior Registration Desk during Congress, representing ninety-four groups. Twenty-nine Junior Groups sent in articles for the Junior Bazaar, and $113.00 was cleared.

The Junior Assembly Committee for 1938 wishes to thank all Junior Groups who sent in Bazaar articles and scrapbooks.

Washington, D. C.

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, to Congress we will go and enjoy our first Junior Assembly. There are ten District of Columbia Junior Groups and under the capable leadership of Mrs. Roger Williams, we are working with enthusiasm.

Twenty of our Juniors served as Pages during the District of Columbia Conference held February 27 to March 1. For many of us, it was our first experience and it proved exhilarating.

A tea-dance was held at the Mayflower Hotel on January 29 from 4 to 6 o’clock. The D. A. R.’s sponsored their first D. A. R.-S. A. R. Junior Assembly. The reception line included Mrs. Carroll Haig, our State Regent; Mrs. Roger Williams, District Chairman of the Juniors; and Dr. Clifton Clark, President of the S. A. R.

Seventy women and eighty-five men danced to the tunes provided by a seven piece orchestra. Led by our vivacious Mrs. Haig, several Paul Jones introduced the younger people to one another. The table was beautifully laden with punch, attractive sandwiches and small cakes. Many distinguished guests came to greet us and delighted—stayed on until the end. The D. A. R.’s want to make this dance an annual affair. We Juniors heartily approve and look forward with pleasure to the next year and the social event for the Juniors of the D. A. R. and S. A. R.

HELEN F. EVERETT,
Emily Nelson Chapter.

Mrs. William H. Pouch, the retiring Junior Director, Miss Deane VanLandingham, the Chairman of the National Junior Membership Committee, and the members of the Committee for the 1938 Junior D. A. R. Assembly, wish to express their thanks to the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, for the use of Memorial Continental Hall on Tuesday, April 19, 1938 to hold their Junior Assembly. They also wish to extend sincere thanks to the Junior Groups that sent in scrapbooks and numerous articles for the Junior Bazaar.

They also wish to extend sincere thanks to Mrs. William A. Becker, Mrs. William Russell Magna, and Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes for their inspiring words at the Assembly.

They also wish to extend sincere thanks to the Junior Groups that sent in scrapbooks and numerous articles for the Junior Bazaar.

The Juniors who were Pages also would like to express thanks to Mrs. Carl Andrews, Regent of Aloha Chapter for the leis which the Pages wore on Thursday evening.
The Place of the Sunlight of God
or Daughters’ Daughter

EDRA D. DAHLIN

TWO hundred years ago in a southern mountain village in South Carolina inhabited by a tribe of Cherokee Indians, there lived a fire prophet, known far and wide for his power of healing and great wisdom. In his possession was a large ruby, graphically called by the Indians, the “Sunlight of God”, which gave the prophet influence and knowledge to aid those who came to him.

When the fire prophet died, so the legend goes, the tribal Indians obeyed his parting entreaty and buried him with the stone clasped to his breast. The knoll where the grave lay was called Tamassee, the Place of the Sunlight of God.

Two hundred years later, Tamassee, South Carolina, is a spot to which people come, over the mountains, seeking wisdom and advice as in days of yore. Today, the seekers of knowledge are not bronze skinned braves and squaws with sick papooses; today, they are white men, mountaineer folk, with their wives and children, coming, not to a single prophet, but to a whole collection of teachers. They are coming to Tamassee, which was established by the Daughters of the American Revolution, a school to which parents go by night and children go by day or board by the week, a school where, like the Cherokees, these people may better learn how to work, play and carry on the business of living to a fuller measure. As each finishes his term’s study at Tamassee, he “lights a torch”, figuratively speaking, to carry back to villagers who have not had the privilege of coming to this mountain center of culture.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have supported this school, by gift boxes and donations of money. The students do a great deal themselves, toward the upkeep of the school. Boarding pupils work together on a cooperative plan, and by working side by side, taking care of their own and their neighbors’ daily needs, have a much more closely knit friendship and a truer sense of social values. Here the students enjoy a movie every Saturday night, plays given and sometimes written by the students, games and athletics and a library, the largest within a radius of about 10 miles. Tamassee is now a co-educational school so there are Girl and Boy Scout organizations, which furnish a great deal of educational and social enjoyments to students.

In a simple home in the mountains lives the Freeman family. Mr. Freeman is section foreman on the Piedmont and Northern Railway. He and Mrs. Freeman have three daughters. Vivian, the oldest of these girls entered Tamassee’s seventh grade at the age of fourteen. Last May she graduated from the high school at nineteen years of age having had excellent training in general subjects with special work in home economics, sewing, cooking, meal planning and home management. She graduated from the school with a great deal of poise and a gracious manner, for manners and bearing are paramount among the worthwhile things taught at Tamassee. The students are given a fine education and, more important, an intelligent viewpoint so that they may appreciate and utilize what they have learned in an academic and cultural way.

Vivian loved Tamassee and was experiencing some regrets at leaving it when she was called in to the office to be confronted by Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent of South Carolina. Mrs. Marshall told the girl how she had made a trip to the Middle West and had visited the Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution.
Some of her stories of Tamassee brought a new glint to the eye of Mrs. Imogen B. Emery, State Regent of Iowa. An idea was born. A Tamassee girl was to have a four year college education. And, Mrs. Marshall told this mountain girl, “You are the one chosen by Tamassee teachers from the fifteen in your class.” Vivian walked on air for hours afterwards and lived in a world of dreams and plans throughout the entire summer.

At the State Conference last March in Des Moines, Iowa, Mrs. Emery met the young girls of the group at a breakfast. She explained the scholarship idea and asked their assistance. They all agreed that they would like to help and therein was formed the Iowa Junior Membership Group. Officers were elected from this original nucleus and they decided to take over the Tamassee girl as their own problem. These girls wouldn't get to know their “little sister” until fall and so they began anticipating the opening of school and making plans for her welfare and happiness when she arrived.

For the year of 1937-38 the State Budget is providing for her expenses and the Juniors are taking care of her wardrobe, spread boxes, cosmetics and the frivolous trifles that college girls dearly love. For the next three years, Juniors plan to continue with this phase of the program and also meet all financial expenditures by money given to them or earned by them. They have throughout the past year, all over the state, had benefit bridges, birthday barrels and rummage sales, all proceeds going to the Vivian fund.

September came and with it our Vivian Freeman. She is tall and slender, almost willowy in figure. She is active and alive and vital; she exudes enthusiasm and gratitude for all the joys of her life. Her hair is auburn, brushed back from her face and neck, and has that glisten that speaks of health and good grooming. Her eyes—are they brown or greenish gray? No matter. They sparkle as she tells the story of her birthday party, this past December. Nevada, Iowa, Chapter invited Vivian, Mrs. Emery and others to a dinner at the hotel. It was all very new and enthralling to Vivian. The final course was served—a beautifully decorated cake. Her eyes grew wide as she later related the story.

“They gave me the knife to cut my birthday cake. I tried to cut it but it was so hard! I thought, 'What kind of a cake is this?' And, do you know, it was ALL ICE CREAM!”

Vivian lives in Clara Barton Hall, a cooperative dormitory at Ames, Iowa, where she spends an average of one hour a day in dormitory work—cleaning halls or bathrooms, setting tables, helping prepare or serve meals, or washing dishes. She is registered for physics, zoology, English and applied art. Later, she will specialize in home economics and courses that will give her things her mountain people should have. The Juniors have her so well outfitted as to wardrobe that she has enough of some articles to last her for years to come. She possesses evening frocks and a pair of evening slippers, neither of which she has had time to wear as yet. And yes, a fur coat. It is not a new coat, but one that would gladden the heart of many a co-ed.

Though Vivian’s time is quite filled with studies and her dormitory work, she is having some social life and is learning how to dance and to skate. She has numbered among her friends some of the nicest boys and girls on the campus. She says, “I am so grateful to the Daughters of the American Revolution for all they are doing for me and I want to make them proud of me.” It is the organization’s and her hope that, when she is handed her diploma at Iowa State College, she will be able to go back to the Blue Ridges and “carry the torch” to her mountain people and Tamassee school, sharing with them all the knowledge and benefits of these, her four years as a “daughter” of the Iowa Daughters.

* * *

Submitted by Miss Edra D. Dahlin, Junior Member, Local and State Chairman of Iowa Junior Membership Group, address: 115 South 10th Street, Cherokee, Iowa.
ONE warm day in 1769, a tall, thin figure, wrapped in a long gown, and riding on a mule, traveled down the dusty road, some miles north of Baja California, and near the sea. He was Fra Junipero Serra, a Catholic priest, who had come from Mexico with a small company of men to convert the Indians, because there were at that time, no missionaries in the new land of California. Approaching the bay, near which is now San Diego, he saw “a beautiful valley, studded with trees, wild vines covered with grapes, and native roses as fair and as sweet as those of Castile.” He decided to build his first mission there.

Junipero Serra was a man of energy and action, and in a short time the San Diego Mission was completed—a rambling, high-walled church, made of great, brown adobe bricks, baked hard by the summer sun. We can go there today, and see the remains of the beautiful mission and garden that welcomed the Indians and called them to worship a hundred and fifty years ago.

From San Diego, Father Serra went northward to Monterey Bay. Here he decided to build another mission. Other priests and helpers joined him, and an expedition was organized in San Diego, which set sail in due time. The boats landed on the shore of Monterey Bay, and amid the ringing of chimes and the chanting of hymns, the second mission was founded. San Carlos, it was called, but is now known as Carmel Mission. With the priests came some Spanish soldiers, who built a fort and claimed the land in the name of the King of Spain. In time a settlement grew up there, and together with the fort, it became known as the Presidio of Monterey, and was the first capital of California.
San Carlos became the home mission of Father Serra. There he had his altar, and there he lived from time to time. But his great work was not yet done. Under his direction seven other missions were built. Serra was Father and president of them all, and from his home at San Carlos, he traveled afoot from one to the other many times in his long and useful life. The trails and dusty roadways which he slowly traversed are built now into a splendid broad boulevard, called “El Camino Real” of The King’s Highway.

From San Diego to San Francisco, the Indians came to know and love Junipero Serra. In their sickness and trouble he often visited them. At their festivals he shared their pleasures. He taught them to raise their own food, and to clothe themselves. He taught them the beauty and love of the Christian religion and many Indian mothers and fathers brought their little papooses, for him and the other fathers to bless and baptize.

But one sad day, Fra Junipero Serra died. It was a very unhappy day for the missions. Thousands of sorrowing natives followed his body to his grave. The work begun by Father Serra, of founding missions, was kept up by his followers. They established twelve more, beside the nine that Father Serra founded, the last at Solano, in 1823.

In 1821 the Mexican people rebelled against Spain, and won their independence. The Mexican government said that all the Mission fathers must go away. The priests thought, of course, that the Indians would keep right on with the work of the missions, even though they would not be there. But the Indians deserted the missions, and let all the beautiful gardens dry up and wither away, and then they went back to their old Indian customs, after so many years of helpful training.

ALLAN E. FITZPATRICK,
Junior President, Fort Stanwix Society,
C. A. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

MISSION SANTA CLARA DE ASIS, 1777
ALL the world loves a lover, and every woman who herself has been a bride thrills afresh at the sight of shimmering satin and lovely lace, arranged for the adornment of another. We are fortunate this month in being able to present not only a charming reproduction of a Godey print, but also two brides of our very own. The picture chosen to illustrate Bessie Schenck Buten's charming poem, "To My Daughter" was selected because it seemed so suitable for the general theme. It is actually a likeness of Mrs. Walter Scott Allen, Jr. (Leah Clapp), a member of the Junior Group, and a daughter of Mrs. John C. Clapp, past regent of Old Blake House Chapter, and Senior Councillor of the Dorchester, Massachusetts, Juniors. We are indebted to Miss Helen Scott, Chairman for the Junior Page, for bringing this delightful photograph to our attention.

The picture of Udolpha Sarah Phillips which beautifies our cover was kindly sent to us by Miss Phillips herself. She is a charter member of the Fort San Carlos Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of University City, Missouri, and she writes us concerning the priceless heirloom which she so proudly wears:

"The wedding dress is made of heavy ivory satin, with a full skirt which was originally worn over hoops, and a fitted bodice stayed and linen-lined. The sleeves are long and tight, trimmed with real lace, and a fichu of rose point covers the shoulders. From the waistline falls the train which sweeps the floor for about three feet. It formed the bridal attire of my great great-grandmother, Katherine Rosana, a member of the noble French House of Guise."

"Katherine Rosana was married in Baltimore to George W. Miller, son of Major Jacob Miller, who served in the Revolution as First Major of the Fourth Battalion of the Militia of Maryland. As a young girl she had been a sweetheart of Lafayette; and this early romance resulted in a life-long friendship. On his last visit to the United States, the Marquis was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Miller at their home on the southeast corner of Liberty and German Streets, Baltimore; and their son, Edward G. Miller, was his honorary bodyguard. At the conclusion of his visit, the General presented his host and hostess with a silver service containing thirty-two pieces which is still treasured by their descendants."

Miss Phillips is the author of a monologue entitled "Dream Colored Satin" which she has presented before several clubs and chapters to their great delight.

It is natural to think of bells in connection with brides, so both the short story entitled "Ave Maria" by Florence Dombey Shreve and the article entitled "The Gift of Bells" by Catherine Cate Coblentz...
seem especially appropriate for our June issue. In speaking at the recent dedication of the Texas Bell at Valley Forge, Miss Marion Mullins, State Regent of Texas, also briefly traced the history of bells, bringing her stirring speech to a close with the following remarks:

“In my own Southwest, which was settled by Spanish speaking people of the Roman Catholic faith, the mission bell was an inseparable part of every chapel. Even during the troubled years when metal was needed for defense, the mission bells were inviolate, judged to be of much greater service to all who heard to prayer than as instruments of destruction. Folklore has long since clothed the old bells in a glamorous web of romantic tales. Today when they ring out across the prairie the past speaks, bringing to life the love-lorn maid, the devout matron, the mighty warrior and the devout priest that presented and dedicated the bell to the cause of the true faith in a savage world. Later, with the development of the frontier to its present urban state, the ranch bell, the stock bell, the itinerant peddler's bell—these have marked the rhythm of Texas living. The bell, versatile, adaptable, commonplace and universally used, has been part of the pattern of our social life.

“It is particularly fitting that on this spot so fraught with meaning, so hallowed by the glory and sacrifice of our forebears, we should hang this splendid carillon. Inspiration touched the thinking of the person who chose for the group of bells the theme and title of Star-Spangled Banner National Peace Chime. Where but here could patriotic Americans place the National Peace Chime to the everlasting honor of their leader, George Washington, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Today, one hundred sixty years after Washington’s army with their blood consecrated the snowy ground of Valley Forge, we come, loyal Texas Daughters of the American Revolution, to hang this bell in the great carillon, that it may ring out in unison with all the others. We, who have planted American ideals on a frontier two thousand miles away, come back in gratitude to honor this shrine.

“We dedicate this Texas Bell in grateful memory of our forefathers who served the cause of American Independence. “We in 1938 hold as they did in 1776: ‘... that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men. ... And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honour.”

In this issue the series of articles by Evelyn Dixon Dillard entitled “The Year’s at the Spring” comes to a charming close with a description of the old Wick House in New Jersey. But much as we shall miss these monthly articles, in which history has been revealed to us through the media of old gardens and old houses, extending all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to Long Island Sound, we have a consolation prize in the shape of a new series which is just beginning. This is entitled “The Spirit of the Hand-made” and begins with an article by Arline B. N. Moss, our own Parliamentarian, in which she describes her matchless collection of early American glass. When your Editor went to St. Louis last autumn she had the great privilege of seeing this collection; and later on, Mrs. Moss, whose generosity is as remarkable as her genius, sent the Editor one of the specimens which she had most admired: a small dish in the shape of upturned hands, said to have been inspired by the form of Queen Elizabeth’s delicate fingers. This is a lovely legend and one to which we are glad to give credence; but as far as we are personally concerned, it was primarily of a prayer and secondarily of a poem, that these pure and perfect palms made us think. We hope to achieve both worthily because of the inspiration they have given us.

When Edith Harlan’s poem, “Flags in West Point Chapel,” came to the Editor’s desk, she knew instantly that she wished to accept this because of its exquisite form and poignant appeal; but she was all too well aware that she knew very little about the history of these flags, or the reason for their present location. She therefore asked our valued contributor, Edna M. Colman, who has a flair for such facts, to write a
brief résumé of them. Mrs. Colman replied as follows:

“As early as 1778, the safety and location of the Revolutionary battle Flags was a matter of legislative concern and action, but it was not until 1814 that a law was passed authorizing the President of the United States to preserve and display trophies of war. In 1848, the Secretary of War, William L. Marcy, declared, in speaking of the suitability of West Point for this purpose, ‘Among the considerations which render the Military Academy at West Point an appropriate depository of the trophies of the successful victories of our army in Mexico, is the admitted fact that the graduates of that institution contributed in an eminent degree to our unexampled career of success.’

“When the Ordnance Museum was opened in 1854, it had relics of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War, among them many Flags.

“Of the Flags surrendered by the British in the Revolution, long and patient search has revealed only the five from Cornwallis given by Congress to General Washington and left by him to his adopted son, Mrs. Washington’s grandson, George Washington Parke Custis. Mr. Custis gave these Flags to the War Department and on September 11, 1858, the Librarian of the War Department carried the three stands of colors with a letter from the Secretary of War, which designated the two stands of colors taken from the British army at Yorktown in the surrender of Cornwallis and also a United States Garrison Flag, which floated at Vera Cruz and Perota and was raised upon the Citadel of Mexico at the capture of the Capital of the Empire by Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, after a brilliant campaign. The Superintendent of the Military Academy arranged a most formal reception for these relics. The Battalion of Cadets as a Guard of Honor, received at the headquarters and escorted them to the Library where they were delivered to the Quartermaster of the Post. These memorable Flags were repaired about twenty-five years ago and are now in a hermetically sealed case in the chapel.”

Several times within the last few months the editor has been privileged to share with her readers a picture which some high official of the National Society had sent to her and which combined historic interest with artistic merit. Usually this has been a picture of the home of the official in question and this month we have another of this type: the lovely Spanish-American house of Mrs. Chester S. McMartin, one of our new Vice Presidents General at Phoenix, Arizona. We also have the picture of some historical buildings at Mendota, Minnesota, sent to us by Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury, former State Regent of Minnesota and now Historian General. Of these buildings, Mrs. Duxbury writes us:

“On the south shore of the Minnesota River, near its confluence with the Mississippi, stands the quaint hamlet of Mendota, Minnesota. There is preserved and used as a museum an old stone mansion built in 1835 by the first governor of the state, the Honorable Henry Hastings Sibley.

“Equally historic and handsome is the sandstone dwelling of Jean Baptiste Faribault, a fur trader who founded the first settlement in Dakota County in 1819. Faribault House is now maintained and opened to the public as an Indian museum.

“On the crest of the hill stands the brick house of Hypolite Dupuis, secretary to Governor Sibley. This structure has been converted into a delightful atmospheric Tea House, where thousands share good food and hospitality every summer.

“Three smaller buildings, coach house, manager’s cottage and the old smokehouse stand on this landscaped estate of approximately five acres.

“The Minnesota Daughters of the American Revolution have owned, maintained and cherished this historic spot for twenty-seven years.”

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