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**Cover Design:** The White House covered with snow. From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood

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On either hand snow was so high
All we could see was turquoise sky;
Turquoise sky and white, white snow,
It seemed the strangest thing to go
In isolation mile on mile,
Unknowing that behind some pile
There lay a house or pasture bars,

While we in stillness heaped with stars,
Moved in a peace I cannot tell,
A silver hush so like a bell
It echoed music 'round that sled
Spiraled up and overhead,
And fell again on snow so high
The stillness linked it with the sky.
SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N. S. D. A R.

Saw a wood-chopping contest. Accurate blows, unbelievably quick, spaced to loosen thick splinters! The heavy beam fell into two parts in forty seconds. The slender chopper lifted his shoulders and walked away without apparent exhaustion. I wished that I could do that.

I saw a log-rolling contest. Two men dancing on a rolling log, each by superior speed or by a quick change of motion trying to throw the other off into the water. I wished that I could do that, not just because it was fun, not because I would enjoy the sudden ducking. I envied the alertness of eye, the co-ordination of mind and muscle, the physical endurance.

Over the radio I heard the doorman of an apartment house sing during an amateur hour. Asked what was his ambition, his answer was, in substance: “I spend all day opening doors of cars for other people. Some day I hope somebody will be opening car doors for me.” Here am I, for whom people open car doors “all day,” yet as he sang, I wished that I could sing as well as he. Each wanting what the other had. Was I wrong or was he?

With the new year, aspiration is bound to come, the wish that this year may be better than the last. Only with that hope can there be progress. As conditions exist, I shall never roll a log, I shall never chop a beam in forty seconds, I shall never sing as well as he. This realization should not deaden effort. Elizabeth Barrett Browning packed a philosophy of life into these lines:

"Let us be content in work,  
To do the things we can, and not presume  
To fret because it's little."

Perhaps our noblest New Year wish is to aspire to be just "I", but withal to be the best "I" of which we are individually capable.

"Sweeter than any song  
My songs that found no tongue;  
Nobler than any fact  
My wish that failed of act;  
Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.  
What matter, I or they?  
Mine or another’s day?  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made."

—J. G. Whittier.
Simply Superb

JOHN ALLEN MURRAY

A structural and social record of the “President’s House” which became the “White House”, which found its way—most opportunely!—to the editor’s desk, just as the current “official season” began.

Without a doubt, the White House stands foremost among American homes, recognized as the finest type of American architecture. It was conceived by George Washington as the official residence of the President, and by a young architect of exceptional gift in his day and times, as a home befitting the dignity of the executive head of the government and the foremost American citizen. Ever since then, in spite of successive changes, the building has maintained its distinctive individuality. But strangely enough, it was never intended to be white. It was first painted to overcome the porous effect of the sandstone from which it was built, and later to efface the hideous smoke scars left by the sack of the British. The color and the name which have made it famous throughout the world are both accidental!

As George Washington viewed its site, he stood among the fields of David Burns’ tobacco farm. The Potomac river then followed the curves of its shoreline, all but touching what was to become the White House grounds, and embracing a magnificent stretch of water on down beyond Alexandria. Seagoing vessels, river boats, and Chesapeake Bay sails made frequent passings, bound for Georgetown, at the head of navigation on the Potomac, or down the river with the commerce of that active seaport. But David Burns, an obstinate Scotchman, was reluctant to surrender his farm as the ground-plot for the President’s House in the grand scheme to establish the seat of government on the banks of the Potomac.

The Constitution of the United States having set forth that it be established
within an independent district ceded by states, Congress in 1790 allowed ten years in which to create a city. It was specified that prior to the first Monday in December 1800 all Federal offices should be removed to the new district. The President was authorized to appoint a Commission, whose herculean task it was, in this brief period, to transform a wilderness and some cleared farms into a city of sufficient magnitude as to dignify the Capital of the United States.

Burns was the last landowner to hold out against it. The President, himself, determined to appeal to his sense of furthering the plan.

"But for this opportunity, Mr. Burns," Washington said, "you might have died a poor tobacco-planter."

"An' had you not married the Widder Custis with all her niggers," he flashed back, "you would have been a land surveyor now, an' a mighty poor one at that."

He scorned the liberal terms offered him by the government for his land, yet upon Washington's second interview, Burns meanwhile had convinced himself that his land would be condemned and seized at a lower figure.

"Well, sir, what have you concluded to do?" the President asked him.

The answer was astonishing. "Whatever Your Excellency would have me," the old Scotchman replied.

The proposition to establish the seat of government within a district was largely Washington's idea. But once the Congress of the youthful Republic had saddled the undertaking onto a long suffering President, appeals to finance it were ignored. Nevertheless, Washington and the Commissioners he appointed, Daniel Carroll, a wealthy landowner of Maryland; Thomas Johnson, the first governor of that state, and Dr. David Stuart, of Virginia, started the magic city ten miles square.

The site of the Capitol, then known as Congress House, was chosen directly in its center. Sweeping west down from its elevation at a magnificent distance lay David Burns' tobacco farm, a mile and a fraction away. Peter Charles L'Enfant, a French
engineer, who served as a major in the Engineer Corps of the Continental Army, at the direction of the President and the Commissioners, lay out the avenues radiating from the site of Congress House. Apparently with no idea the view would ever be interrupted by a columned building housing the nation's Treasury, or the channel of the river so extensively altered, the symmetry of the lines he drew upon his map for Pennsylvania Avenue, suddenly expanded into Burns' sloping acres touched by the purling lap of the Potomac and a grand view of its waters. And there is where the President's House should rise — on an artistic line with Congress House.

Congress, sitting at Philadelphia, saw this map December 13, 1791, bewildered by the extended streets and avenues and squares and circles; parks, fountains and statuary, and read from George Washington, the President, that it was the plan for a "City that has been laid out in the District of ten miles square which was fixed upon for the Permanent Seat of the Government of the United States."

But better understood, and cause for criticism as a venture in wild extravagance was the scheme to build a house for the President. Dissension began in earnest the following March when there appeared in the country's leading newspapers an advertisement which invited the submission of plans. Such was the method, fostered by Thomas Jefferson, to eliminate personal favoritism and to assure selection of the finest design:

"Washington in the Territory of Columbia

A Premium

of 500 dollars or a medal of that value at the option of the party will be given by the Commissioners of the Federal Buildings to the person who before the fifteenth of July next shall produce to them the most approved plan, if adopted by them, for a president's house to be erected in this City. The site of the building if the artist will attend to it, will of course influence the aspect and outline of his plan and its destination will point to him the number, size, distribution of the apartments. It will be a recommendation of any plan if the Central part of it may be detached and erected for the present with the appearance of a complete whole and be capable of admitting the additional parts in the future, if they shall be wanting. Drawings will be expected of the ground plats, elevation of each front and sections through the building in such directions as may be necessary to explain the internal structure, and an estimate of the Cubic feet of brickwork composing the whole mass of the walls.

"The Commissioners

"March 14, 1792"

James Hoban's design was awarded the prize over nineteen others, even that submitted by a Mr. "AZ," whom it since has been determined was Thomas Jefferson, himself. Already Hoban had designed the State Capitol of South Carolina and some of the "great houses" of Charleston, so he modestly chose to accept the medal offered instead of cash. Yet he was only thirty-four years of age.

Not to associate this young man with the White House would be to ignore the creator of the most exquisite simplicity conceived for a public building. Many notable Old World structures have been suggested as his inspiration. The White House, it develops, is none of them. Yet true, perhaps, it is a composite of all those brought to mind, but it is more a mansion of Virginia plantations; as one distinguished critic has said, "designed on classic lines, modified by an English hand, at a time when French art furnished the world's models in interior detail." For Hoban was an Irishman, who so far back as his school days earned prizes for his architectural drawings, which duly impressed the most learned of that craft in Great Britain.

Hoban built against a constant lack of funds. While Congress was easily aroused to loud criticism, it provided little or nothing financially. Money trickled into construction sometimes through the sale of lots within the new Federal city, or was contributed at critical moments through the personal influence of Washington by the states of Maryland and Virginia. Notwithstanding the structure rose out of its foundations 170 feet in length and 85 feet in depth; a central building to which wings
might be added as had been suggested in the advertisement asking for plans. The brick walls in time mounted toward the eaves four feet thick, and faced with buff freestone from near-by Aquia Creek, the exterior was completed in the fall of 1798.

But not until Congress had talked about discontinuing work with the placing of the roof, and permitting Presidents to occupy rented houses until such time as it concluded the building should be finished. Yet Hoban persisted with reports to the Commissioners laying forth requirements in men and material, obsessed by his desire to surmount the bickerings of Congress and be permitted to proceed with the elegance of the interior, to which he now turned his attention. But work was halting.

The building had been painted white; the first white of the White House, to overcome the porous nature of the free-stone, and the scaffolding was torn away, leaving a vivid snow white building in contrast to red brick everywhere in Washington. Still, the interior was not finished. The great entrance hall, the State Dining Room to the West, the Library or Cabinet Room in the Southwest corner; what is now the Red Room, or Boudoir as it was then; the massive Oval Reception Room, the Family Dining Room, now the Green Room; the Public Audience Chamber, now the splendid and beautiful East Room; the second floor with its cross sections of walls, intended for bed rooms, and the basement for store rooms and pantries and kitchen; none of it was finished, some not plastered, some not floored. Its horrible incomplete condition crashed upon Congress with the arrival of 1800, the year in which the City of Washington was to become the seat of government.

It must have been with mingled pride and disappointment that George Washington and Martha Washington, under whose fostering care the building was born, viewed it for the last time. That previous autumn they had been able to come up from Mount Vernon and cross its unfinished portal into the great unfinished reception hall and sadly inspect its wretched incompleteness. That is the picture of it, little changed at Washington’s death so short a time afterwards that autumn.

The next fall, the President’s House—or as some preferred to call it, “The President’s Palace”—was first occupied by John Adams, the second President, and nursed through its earliest habitation by his cou-
rageous wife, Abigail, both of whom gracefully accepted its dreadful discomforts in keeping faith with a promise the President had made his friend and predecessor, to build a capital in fact as well as in name. Mrs. Adams found that virtually the only means of entering her new home was across the incomplete and floorless north portico. She climbed a wooden stairway to a frame platform hastily constructed over the abyss formed by the areaway. Her stout heart abided with her even when she wrote her now famous letter to her daughter telling of the distressing conditions she found:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of house and stables. The lighting the apartments from kitchen to parlors and chambers is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house. If they will put up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased * * * but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had because people cannot be found to cart it! The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished. The great unfinished audience room I make a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable, two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms for a common parlour, and one for a levee room. Upstairs, there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome
room now; but when completed it will be beautiful."

Winter closed in on the Virginia hills she loved to view; sail disappeared from the Potomac and there were twelve inches of ice upon its surface instead of the boats she so much enjoyed to see pass. The streets and avenues L'Enfant had made so beautiful on paper, "We shall make by frequent passing," she said; no doubt placing much dependence upon Washington's 3,000 population. Water fit to drink and in sufficient quantity to meet household needs was no closer than a spring nearly a mile away in what now is known as Franklin Square.

Nevertheless, within the building Mrs. Adams was establishing a semblance of order. She used the now famous Blue Room as a vestibule of sorts. The Red Room, the President's Antechamber, the adjoining Library and Cabinet Room, this much she made presentable, and shaped a dining room out of what was to become the Green Room. The house, she wrote, "is habitable by fires in every part, thirteen of which we are obliged to keep daily, or sleep in wet and damp places."

Borrowing some china, she held her first informal levee, though this scarcely appeased the clamor of Washington to see the interior of the President's Palace. To meet it, President Adams in 1801 inaugurated the custom of New Year's Day receptions, for this purpose using the comparatively small oval room on the second floor; now the President's private library.

The confusion which persists to this day over the main entrance to the White House, might be said to have its inception with the construction of the wooden walkway across the North portico, the chief access, and since then no less popular. The intended front, facing South, was yet to have added the beautiful semicircular portico. At the North portico four of the present ten huge Ionic columns were in place, these
against the wall. The great house stood as though in the center of David Burns tobacco field, bald and unadorned by either trees or shrubbery. Dump heaps of building rubbish strewed the grounds, abandoned brick kilns dotted it, and water holes, when not frozen, gave off unsavory odors.

The tastes of the President were the simplest, yet in promoting the popularity of the new Federal city, he gave exceptional dinners at which Mrs. Adams presided, no one ever in the White House more gracious; a primly attired First Lady, measured by later day costume. President Adams, making a concession to the prevailing demand for elegance, appeared at these dinners, a rotund florid man of medium height, wearing a richly embroidered coat, vivid knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes with huge silver buckles and powdered wig. He would have been gratified to receive a second term, like Washington, but the following March 4 found him bitter and disillusioned, refusing to “enact the captive chief in the possession of the victor.” In a high huff he entered his carriage before sunrise, turning his back on the President’s House at this hour rather than see Thomas Jefferson, his rival and successor, inaugurated.

To Jefferson that term “Palace” was odious. It besmacked of kings and queens with no place in his democratic vocabulary. But yet no one more highly appreciated things artistic, nor lived more royally, nor revelled in more comforts befitting a king. Hence, the dwelling place of the Presidents once more reverted officially to the designation, President’s House, first given it in the advertisement inviting designs.

It was at his direction that Benjamin H. Latrobe, an engineer of artistic attainments, undertook to complete the Capitol. Together they worked over plans to beautify the President’s House. Between them the building took on somewhat the appear-
ance of a completed home. Trees were planted, the first landscaping done, and Latrobe built the beautiful East and West terraces, finished the North Portico and a South Portico was built, the forerunner of the present lovely semi-circular one. The great Oval Drawing Room was finished and carpeted and furnished, but the famous East Room did not progress greatly beyond the drying room for clothes, to which use Mrs. Adams put it. Under Jefferson it contained among odds and ends of furniture, the kettles for washing the tumblers. And what with his wine bill of $8,000 at one fell swoop, there must have been many kettles.

The absence of bells, which so inconvenienced Mrs. Adams, to be sure, were installed by Jefferson, together with trick cupboards which opened at the touch of a spring. He chose to have his office at a distance from the central structure, and this was erected on the site of the present Executive Offices. At dinners there were never more than fourteen present in order that he might see all his guests at once, and it was July 4, 1801, his first public reception, that he established the fashion of handshaking instead of the stiff bow, which had been the practice of Washington and Adams.

Thus the widower Jefferson left his mark on the President's House, and thus in 1809 James Madison and his incomparable wife found it. Still a cold, barren place, it was wholly lacking in further feminine touch; in this regard, unprogressed beyond the delicate taste of Mrs. Adams, yielded eight years before to the care of Mr. Jefferson, who, faithful to the promise made his wife upon her deathbed, never remarried. But with thirty servants, an appropriation from Congress and an irresistible charm, the Glorious Dolly Madison made her new home a thing of beauty. So alluringly fascinating herself, that she outshone her brilliant husband, she made the President's House one of the delightful spots of the
globe. And thus it was through Madison's first term and into his second until the torch was put to it by the British, August 24, 1814.

Moreover, it is no wonder, with Dolly Madison's lavish dinners always sought after, that in spite of the open question as to whom she expected to entertain, the invading British found the table set for forty. Already the Capitol was in flames. From her window she had seen stragglers from the army sweep past in disordered retreat. Fires were starting everywhere in government buildings. The President was somewhere with the army, dead or captured, she did not know, even though notes from him had urged her to flee. The report came her own capture was imminent;
that she would be taken for exhibit in London. The Ever-Glorious Dolly, persuaded not to remain with old French John, the doorkeeper, to shoot it out with the British, stuffed state papers into boxes, ordered them to her carriage, and secured some silver. Ready then herself to flee, she thought of Washington’s portrait hanging in the State Dining Room. There was no time to unscrew it from the wall. She ordered the frame hacked with an ax. Thus the painting was removed, uncut; all other versions to the contrary. She did not roll it because old French John cautioned against cracking, and there it lay on the floor for a moment of indecision.

Mr. DePeyster and Mr. Barker, “two gentlemen from New York,” in flight to Virginia, dropped by and volunteered to carry it to safety by wagon. Mistress and doorkeeper the last to leave, flight was none too soon. Leading silently up Pennsylvania Avenue, fifty enemy sailors and marines surrounded the building, each carrying a long pole, an unlighted fireball at the end. Taking up his station, covering every window, torches now lighted, each man at a given command broke the glass as though by a single motion and hurled his firebrand through.

General Ross, the British commander-in-chief, himself was discovered in the great Oval Reception Room, which Mistress Madison, with the appropriation from Congress, had made all but a dream, gathering furniture to lay on a bonfire. But cheated of a precious piece of art, he was not denied the dinner, which the British officers devoured; then while flames raged, went to quench their thirst at a bar across the square.

The President and his wife, who had rejoined each other in Virginia, were back in Washington a few days later. Others who had also fled, gradually returned with their possessions. It was a tragic scene that greeted them. The beautiful new Congress House, just finished, was in ruins. All government buildings save the Patent Office had been destroyed. The smoke-scarred walls of the President’s House were crumbling. Its windows were empty and ghastly. Chimneys stretched crazily upward. The roof was entirely gone. Part of the beautiful balustrade had heated to lime and disappeared. Spirits were at a low ebb. It seemed as if the Federal city which had begun to appear as envisioned by George Washington could never rise again out of ashes as it had done out of a wilderness.

It was necessary for the President to exert his utmost influence to retain the seat of government on the banks of the Potomac. A political fight began in earnest to transfer it elsewhere, and while it raged Dolly Madison, more charming and gay than ever, dispensed hospitality in the lovely drawing room of the now famous Octagon House, which had become temporarily the dwelling place of the President.

James Hoban, then approaching his sixtieth year, was called upon to rebuild the President’s House. This time he had ample funds, Congress unstintingly providing for his work more than two-thirds the original cost of the building. And more than ever it took on the aspect of the great houses of Virginia plantations, so simple, so splendid in every graceful line; but try as he did, Hoban could not have it completed for the advent of the Monroes. The new President did not occupy it for six months following his inauguration, and even then some rooms were neither completed nor plastered; the floor of the great East Room was not yet laid and debris cluttered the lawn.

The building was never intended to be white, but once again scaffolding was raised to give it a coat of paint, this time to efface hideous smoke scars. The label White House, thus fixed, has endured through the decades. And the Code White House, if such its social formality can be called, had its inception with the Monroes. Its social life underwent a complete transformation in character from that of the easy going informality of the past. Formality became the keynote of the Monroes’ occupancy. During this administration was created the first formal code of social precedence, with official rank as a basis, which, with certain modifications, has been maintained unchanged ever since. The President’s House became the White House; and instead of being simply superb, it had become simply superb!
Sorrowful Spelling

WE bring our series of old correspondence temporarily to a close with the following letter which though originally penned as an expression of condolence, will now probably provoke more smiles than tears.

Sandisfield September 12th

Dear Afflicted Sister & frinds having an oppurtunity to Send a Letter to you by Mr. Aaron Prat who has informed me of the Death of your Dear Husban & two of your Dear Children wich was very havy news to me indeed this is a veary sollem providence & a Grate affliction for you to bear up under and could I Say a few words of Comfort to you wold be my Greatest wish. but it is God that has Afflicted you & I can direct you no where els he is able to Saport & Comfort you under all your Trials & will if you go to him—and put your trust in him he will be nearer and bitter than any Earthly Frind can be: my Dear Sister God is pasing before us in a veary Solem maner he is Calling away our Frinds by the Strok of death that are near and dear to us in Swift Succession one after another: three of our brothers are gon the way of all the earth never more to return may God Grant that we may be prepard to follow them: it is Likeley to me that you have heard of the death of our Dear brother Elisha he died on the evening of the 6th of March Last between 8 & 9 oclock he enjoyed a Comfortable health till the first of March when he was atacted violently with the plurisy & it made rappid advances till it terminated his earthly exist-ence: as to my own family we are as well as we have ben for this sun ears our children all ben married but two Cornish our third Son is no more it is all most three years since he died and Left a wife and two Little Children he Lived and died in York State about one hundred miles from here. O My Dear Sister you and I must Soan follow our Dear Frinds into the world of Spirrits and of what vast impor-tance it is that we Seek an intrust in Christ that we may be able to give up our accounts with joy and not with Grief: I Should be Glad to See you but it is not Likely that we Ever See each other again in this world but we Shall Soon meat in an other.

Give my respects to all your Family and inquiring Frinds

From your affectionate Brother

George Wilcox

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OLD STE. GENEVIEVE (1805)

Ste. Genevieve

"The Oldest Town in Missouri"

This article is the first of a series on places of outstanding historical interest, and "ties in" delightfully with this month's short story, "Never A Lover," the scene of which is laid in Ste. Genevieve.

ELIZABETH PALMER MILBANK

LOVERS of antiques, who include towns in their search for old and interesting things, should not overlook Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. "Old Ste. Genevieve," as it is called, may well be classed with Charleston, New Orleans and Santa Fe, and is perhaps as picturesque and interesting as any of them.

Ste. Genevieve is not only the oldest town in Missouri but is the oldest town in "Upper Louisiana" and celebrated its 200th birthday a number of years ago. No one knows when the first settlement in this section of the country was made. In 1720 Francois Renault, agent of the "Company of the West," came from San Domingo with 200 miners and 500 slaves to where Ste. Genevieve now is and took out a great deal of lead from the mines that were west of here, but he abandoned the mines and the settlement when the mines did not pay.

The first permanent settlers were French voyageurs who came here from Canada by way of the Great Lakes and the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. This first settlement was named Ste. Genevieve after the patron saint of the City of Paris, and the first authentic records of it were made in 1735.

The story of Ste. Genevieve is one of tragedy and romance. One of the greatest tragedies was the flood in 1784, still called by the inhabitants "L' Ann'ee des grande eaux," meaning the Year of the Great Waters. The French trading post had little in its favor for the pioneers except the possession of salt springs and the beautiful view of the Mississippi which presented such a smiling friendly face to the newcomers that built on its very banks. And then in 1784 the "Father of Waters" became a roaring, ranting, terrifying torrent and spread itself from bluff to bluff. The people fled to the hills and when the water receded a large part of their village was washed away. The
houses that remained were moved to the high ground on the site of the present town.

One of the curious things about the village of Ste. Genevieve originally was its “Le Grand Champ” or Big Field. It was laid out in 1735, contained 6000 acres, all enclosed by one fence and owned in common by the original settlers. It was laid off in strips of from one “arpent” (A French measure, in length about twelve rods) to two “arpents” in width, each strip reaching from the river to the hills, a distance of one mile. A greater part of this land was unharmed by the flood and is owned and cultivated today exactly as it was two hundred years ago, and is all under one fence as it was then. One of the most important elective offices of the town is the “Keeper of the Fence.” His duty is to see that the fence is kept in good order and he also has general supervision of the field and settles any trivial dispute that may arise.

One of the buildings moved from the old village to the new was the log Catholic church, the first church of any denomination in Upper Louisiana. It was placed upon a lot given to the church by a special grant from the King of Spain, for at that time all this part of the country was under Spanish Dominion. The old log church served until 1831 when a rock church was built upon the same site and it in turn was replaced by the present church, one of great beauty. In this church a wall of the rock church is built into one of its walls. Ninety per cent of the 2600 inhabitants of Ste. Genevieve are members of the Catholic church.

The quaint little town of Ste. Genevieve has been likened to a Currier and Ives picture of a “Village on the Mississippi,” painted and printed generations ago, and Longfellow’s description of the village of Grand Pre would in many ways fit the town of today.

It is a town of narrow streets, with sidewalks “made for two” and no more. The town square holds the courthouse and facing it is the cathedral. Age-old trees, elms, sycamores and pecans, form widespread canopies across the streets, and behind picket fences—miles of picket fences—are ancient green-shuttered houses. Many are 100 years old, some are much older. Every Ste. Genevieve woman has her front yard filled with flowers, mostly the same flowers that her grandmother raised, “pinies”; phlox; petunias; portulaca, with a background of lilacs and snowballs. It was ever so. A century ago and more, the flat-boat men, drifting down the Mississippi at night, knew when they were passing the village of Ste. Genevieve by the fragrance of its flower gardens wafted to them across the water.

In the gardens are many old fruit trees. In one is a pear tree where for 125 years children of the town on their way to school have leaped up to snatch the ripe fruit from its limbs that overhang the sidewalk.

Ste. Genevieve is one of the few towns in the United States that has faithfully preserved its pioneer architecture in any marked degree. But here is the Bolduc House, built in 1785 by Peter Bolduc, a descendant of Louis Bolduc who was Procureur du Roi in Quebec in 1765; the home of Vital St. Gem de Beauvais (1786), whose owner built the first grist mill west of the Mississippi; the Zeigler House, built in 1790, which was the first inn in Ste. Genevieve; “The Green Tree Tavern,” and many others. Here also is the first courthouse of Ste. Genevieve, which was the first brick house west of the Mississippi. Built over 130 years ago it is an outstanding example of sturdy pioneer construction.

The Ste. Genevieve Academy was incorporated as an academy by an act of the Governor of the Territory of Louisiana and was the first educational institution of higher learning west of the Mississippi. In 1862 it was closed on account of the Civil War.

These buildings are all in a remarkable state of preservation, giving to the town an atmosphere of mellowed age rivaled only by the old French quarter at New Orleans.

The original settlers of Ste. Genevieve were cultivators of the soil; voyageurs with barges and keel boats to the City of New Orleans, and traders of goods for furs, peltries and lead, the latter being the money of the country. They encountered many privations and passed through the ordeal of many adventures of a savage life and well deserve the appellation of the “Pioneers of the West.”

Many of the old customs still carry on. The bell still tolls in Ste. Genevieve when
a resident breathes his last, and on New Year’s Eve the townsfolk turn out in merry bands to sing greetings to their neighbors and cut high jinks at a ball.

Remarkable men and famous men have lived in Ste. Genevieve. One of the famous ones was John James Audubon. He and Ferdinand Rozier were in the mercantile business in Kentucky in 1810 but as Audubon spent most of his time in the forest chasing birds and sketching them, Rozier bought him out. Later both came to Ste. Genevieve. Rozier owned a store, became rich and the fine house he built still stands.

The house Audubon built and lived in was torn down a few years ago. He never became rich but his name is known and honored in every school in the world and a set of the original volumes of his sketches of birds in color is so rare and highly thought of that one has sold for $10,000.

Adjoining the town is an old cemetery which was part of the Spanish grant to the church of Ste. Genevieve, and was used up to 1883 as a burial ground. Monuments to many of the old pioneers, not only of Ste. Genevieve but of the whole western frontier, stand there to this day, slowly crumbling away, bravely facing the storms and rains of the years.

Ste. Genevieve was an old town when St. Louis was founded in 1764. Merchants of St. Louis used to come here to buy their goods at wholesale from the large warehouses on the river. Ferdinand Rozier, the biggest merchant, used to make trips to Philadelphia on horseback to buy goods that were shipped overland in wagons to Pittsburgh, Pa., and there loaded in boats and floated down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to this place.

One of the great enterprises of Ste. Genevieve was the “plank road.” It was built by an incorporated company in 1853 and cost $200,000.00. It was made of oak planks, sawed out by hand, and laid down side by side from Ste. Genevieve to the iron mines in Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, forty-two miles west of here. The iron ore from those mines was hauled by oxen over the plank road and shipped by river to the smelters in Pittsburgh, Pa. There were five toll gates along the road and a heavy traffic over it.

The touch of modernism in the town is a small museum and among the many relics of other days it contains a piece of the oaken plank from this old road, unearthed by workmen building a highway.
A MURMUR of approval rippled over the crowd of French villagers in the little old settlement of Ste. Genevieve one Sunday morning early in September of 1796, as they stood with their pastor before the church listening to the town crier’s announcements. Monsieur Antoine de Guire, the village inn-keeper, patted the hand of his daughter Marie Louise where it rested on his arm. A look of hopefulness spread over his face.

“Perhaps!” he said, meeting her brown eyes meaningfully.

The girl’s face lighted. She nodded, then turned from her father’s word back to the crier, anxious not to miss a syllable of the wonderful announcement.

The crier’s voice was loud and lusty. From his place on the church steps, his words in the native French rang out over the heads of the crowd. Even the wrong-doers, securely locked in the stocks on the public square of the first permanent white settlement west of the Mississippi in the Upper Louisiana Territory, listened intently to all he said.

This Sabbath morning his crying was of particular interest. Something inside of Marie Louise de Guire took wings at what he was saying:

“The aforesaid physician, Doctor Andre St. Aubin, with degrees in medicine from Paris and Vienna, sends word by the Indian runner from St. Louis that he will arrive in Ste. Genevieve on Friday of this coming week.”

There were other announcements that followed, but none of them were of so great import. Even as they dispersed, the crowd still buzzed with the wonderful news that they were to have a doctor of medicine among them again.
“It is six years since Doctor Lafont died,” one of them said.
“Yes, six years—since 1790. Six years without a doctor!” another replied.
“Six years!” Marie Louise de Guire echoed, still leaning on her father’s arm. She looked across the square to where her younger sister, Jeannette, stood surrounded by a group of stalwart young men of the village. She saw the red-cheeked, laughing girl make her choice of her admirers, and then go tripping down the street in the direction of the Green Tree Tavern on the arm of the handsome young farmer, Francois Lecomte.

Marie Louise was still watching Jeannette and Francois wistfully when Father de St. Pierre came up beside her and her father. The good priest took her hand, and nodded to her father and Monsieur Vignon with whom he was talking.

“Ah, my daughter,” said Father St. Pierre. “It was heartening news that the crier gave out after mass this morning!”

“Mais oui, mon Pere!” Marie Louise replied smiling. “I am told that Doctor St. Aubin is a very skillful surgeon,” Father St. Pierre went on. “Perhaps, when he has taken up his residence among us, you need no longer have the little lame foot. Perhaps, you will be the gayest dancer in the whole village!”

“Oh, Father, I pray!” Marie Louise said fervently, and her brown eyes that were like pansies lifted heavenward.

“And I will pray, too, my daughter,” the kind priest promised.

Marie Louise and her parent walked homeward slowly through the Sabbath sunshine. Monsieur de Guire’s eyes rested often on the lovely young girl. Sometimes they were sorrowful, but more often this morning they were hopeful.

“Monsieur Vignon suggested, too, that the young doctor might be able to help you,” he said. “Monsieur is a traveled man. He says he has known bones to be reset after even a much longer period. It may be possible!” He helped Marie Louise carefully over the little foot bridge that crossed the South Gabourie creek.

Marie Louise lifted her long skirts gracefully so that they might not dip down into the water. Her limp was scarcely discernible when she walked slowly, but she tired easily, and it was always a relief to her to be over the little bridge once more and near the Green Tree Tavern, which was home to her.

Her eyes sped ahead to the tavern, now, as she took her father’s arm again. Leaning against the gate, beneath the big tavern sign with its friendly spreading tree, were Jeannette and Francois Lecomte. Marie Louise watched enviously as Francois brushed a wild flower lightly across Jeannette’s pert little nose. She heard Jeannette laugh softly, and she could see the challenge in the tilt of her sister’s head.

She and her father were almost upon them, but they stopped suddenly. Francois had taken Jeannette into his arms and kissed her! Marie Louise and Monsieur de Guire stood stiffly a moment watching, not knowing whether to go on or to wait. Then Jeannette swung toward them laughing nervously, and flushed a bit with embarrassment. Francois’ face reddened, and his hands seemed in his way.

Monsieur de Guire cleared his throat, and put his left hand over Marie Louise’s white fingers where they rested on his arm. He bowed politely to his younger daughter and her suitor, then led Marie Louise past them through the gate and into the tavern.

“Jeannette is sixteen,” he said to Marie Louise as they mounted the steps to the wide front porch. “Soon she will marry!”

Marie Louise nodded and tried to smile to hide the sinking in her heart. Soon Jeannette would marry! Jeannette was sixteen. She, Marie Louise, was already eighteen, and no one in the village had asked to take her as his wife. No one ever would because she was lame; because she couldn’t dance like other girls of the village!

When Jeannette came in her father was seated in his favorite chair by the window in the big central room of the tavern. Marie Louise was tidying up about the desk in the far corner just under the stairway. She was humming an old French air softly.

Jeannette swung her hat by its ribbons as she stepped into the room. She turned toward her bed chamber, but Antoine de Guire stopped her.

“You and Francois will soon stand be-
fore Father de St. Pierre?” he asked, teasingly.

Jeannette laughed. “Francois!” she said. “I am only using Francois to make Pierre Dorlac jealous!”

Marie Louise stopped short in her dusting at the old desk. Pierre Dorlac belonged to Angelique Billeron! Jeannette was trying to win him from her; and she would, too, if she set her head to it! Pierre was the richest, most sought after young man in the village.

“Jeannette is a flirt!” Marie Louise tried to tell herself, distastefully. “It is not ladylike to try to steal another’s lover. She is not being fair to Francois!” And yet, she knew she envied her gay, heartless young sister.

Doctor St. Aubin was to come to Ste. Genevieve by keel-boat down the broad Mississippi from St. Louis. He had sent word ahead that he would put up at the Green Tree Tavern.

Marie Louise did not go with her father and the rest of the villagers to the river landing to greet him on the day of his arrival. The long walk would have tired her too much, and besides there were numberless last minute things to be done about the big Green Tree Tavern before the arrival of so important a guest.

The pretty lame girl stood watching from the tavern doorway as the company of friendly, courteous French villagers escorted the new doctor across the South Gabourie creek. They were led by her energetic little father, Antoine de Guire, who was followed by three or four slave boys who carried the doctor’s luggage. Marie Louise could hear the laughter of the crowd. She knew from the gaiety of their voices that they already liked the young doctor.

The Commandant and Father St. Pierre, in his long, black robe, walked to the right of the newcomer. From where Marie Louise stood she could see that the doctor was tall, and broad of shoulder, and that he was handsomer than any young man whom she had ever seen. And even from so far away, she could tell that Jeannette had already set her heart upon the tall physician; that no longer would any other young man in the village be of interest to her—not Francois, or even Pierre Dorlac!

For Jeannette walked to Doctor St. Aubin’s left, entirely eclipsing the Commandant and Father St. Pierre, clinging to the doctor’s arm, and smiling up into his face as though he were already her personal property.

After the crowd before the tavern had dispersed, Marie Louise flew in her limpity manner to make a cup of coffee for her father, and the doctor, and Father St. Pierre who had come in with them. When she went back with her tray into the big central room where she had left them, she found Jeannette seated in a chair drawn close beside the doctor.

“Pour a cup for me, please,” Jeannette, who never drank coffee, said in her haughtiest manner. Marie Louise’s fingers trembled with her resentment as she did her sister’s bidding.

When she had poured the coffee, Marie Louise retired to the kitchen, and sat at the window watching dully while old black Mammy Coco kneaded up the French coffee cakes that they would have for supper. She forgot to wonder if her father would inquire of Doctor St. Aubin if something might be done for her little crippled ankle. Instead, she wondered about the sharper, more intense hurt that she was experiencing about her heart.

That evening the villagers with the Commandant and his wife gathered at the back of the tavern for an open-air dance to honor the arrival of Doctor Andre St. Aubin. Marie Louise heard the sound of the fiddles and the guitars in the big open meadow even before she slipped her best dress down over her shoulders. She had helped Mammy Coco with the dishes because the old woman was not feeling well, and so she was late for the beginning of the dance. Not that it mattered, though, for Marie Louise could only sit on the sidelines and watch.

She saw Jeannette in the doctor’s arms swinging in a gay waltz while the fiddles sang out louder and louder. Time after time, Francois or Pierre or other of the young men tried to claim her, but Jeannette only laughed and shook her head, and clung the tighter to the guest of honor.

Marie Louise tried to imagine herself
in the doctor’s arms swinging across the green grasses, feeling her hands trembling in his, her eyes wide upon his own. At last, finding it too hard to choke back the tears, she gathered up her long petticoats, and limped quietly but hurriedly away, to drop in a sobbing heap behind the orchard wall.

When her tears had finally subsided, she sat wearily in the tall orchard grass, listening to the music from across the wall, letting her heart lift with the old French songs that had been handed down generation after generation. She found herself humming softly, carried away by the music. Without quite knowing it, she rose and held out her hands as though she were being taken as a partner. Then she put her strong right foot forward and took a waltz step across the darkened orchard. But the little lame foot caught in the grasses, and she tripped and fell forward.

But there was a pair of strong arms there to catch her! Marie Louise gasped in surprise and amazement as she felt herself caught against the broad, strong shoulders of a young man.

“You are too pretty to be dancing alone in the orchard!” the young man teased. Marie Louise looked up and her breath caught. It was Doctor Andre St. Aubin! “Oh!” she said with embarrassment. Doctor St. Aubin bent her back so that the moonlight fell upon her face. “Ah, it is our little coffee-maker!” he said. “Come! I thought that I was tired of the dancing. I came here to the orchard to be alone. But with a new partner I might find renewed energy for the waltz or the minuet.” He turned to lead her through the gate, but Marie Louise drew back.

“I—I cannot dance,” she said falteringly. He had paid so little attention to her that afternoon he had not noticed that she was lame! He had been so engrossed with Jeannette!


“All—except I,” Marie Louise admitted reluctantly. “I—I am lame. My ankle twisted and broke when I slipped on the little bridge that crosses the South Ga-
She slipped her foot into her soft doeskin moccasin and limped back into the kitchen without a word. She avoided Doctor St. Aubin more strenuously than ever from that day forward. Almost overnight it seemed, fall slipped down the river, and winter moved in its place. The wind whistled, the snow fell, and the mighty Mississippi was turned into a solid block of ice. Cumber- some sleighs replaced the light little wooden charrettes on the streets of Ste. Genevieve. Thanksgiving passed and Christmas. It was the day before the New Year.

An air of gaiety and anticipation hung over the Green Tree Tavern and everyone in it all through the day. Monsieur Antoine de Guire bustled about moving back the furniture in the big central room so the center of the floor would be cleared for dancing and peeping over Mammy Coco’s shoulder down into the heavy earthen bowls in which she was mixing dough for the sugar cookies.

“Have plenty of everything!” he told her. “Remember how hungry the young bucks always are!”

Mammy Coco nodded and showed her white teeth and the muscles in her black arms swelled as she worked the dough.

Marie Louise dusted the old desk and the chairs in the room in which they would receive their guests. Then she placed the candle in the front window ready to be lighted at dusk as a sign that La Guignolee, the masked band of male dancers, was expected and would be welcomed. Even Jeannette was busy in preparation for the gala evening. For hours she sat in her chamber sewing laces and ribbons on her new petticoats and she was a picture of loveliness as she appeared in the central room in her pretty new finery.

Doctor St. Aubin had been called to the home of Philippe La Grande late in the afternoon to attend a sick child, and had not yet returned. Jeannette walked from one window to another, looking out into the snow. Marie Louise knew that Jeannette was impatient for the young doctor to put in his appearance. She wanted him to be there for La Guignolee. She wanted him to see the young men of the village “making over her” as they always did after the song and dance on New Year’s Eve.

Marie Louise recalled how year after year she, the eldest daughter whose right it was to be feted on New Year’s Eve ac-
according to the old French custom of La Guignolee, had been overshadowed by her gay, lighthearted sister, whom the masked young men had danced about the floor, and toasted, and kissed in the gay, rollicking French manner. It would be the same this year. Marie Louise resigned herself to it as she lit the candle in the window.

And yet, she felt a strange little thrill of excitement as she heard the young men who came so silently burst into song suddenly on the wide front porch. Monsieur de Guire bustled to throw open the door to them. A handful of snowflakes blew in with them. As they entered their voices filled the room with the words of the old French song:

**Bonsoir le maitre et la maîtresse,**
**Good evening master, mistress, dear,**
**Et tout le monde du logis;**
**And every one that lives here, too;**
**Pour le dernier jour de l’année,**
**For the last day of the year,**
**La guignolee vous nous devez.**
**The Guignolee is to us due.**

The dancers in their gaudy costumes formed a circle around their leader and the fiddlers. As they sang to the accompaniment of the violins, the circle of masked young men shuffled around the room slowly, swaying from side to side.

Marie Louise moved back against the desk. She laughed at the ridiculous costumes of the young men. Some of them wore the long ruffled petticoats and knee length skirts of the women of the village, others were done up in the manner of the neighboring tribes of Indians, bear skins hung from the shoulders of some. All of them were masked, making it almost impossible to identify any one of them. The words of the old song were familiar to all of them:

**Si vous ne voulez rien a nous donner,**
**dites-nous le;**
**If nothing to us you are willing to give,**
**then let us know;**
**Nous vous demandons seulement la fille aînée;**
**We only ask that you to us your eldest daughter show;**
**Nous lui ferons faire bonne chère,**
**We will give her a pleasant time,**
**Et nous lui ferons chauffer les pieds,**
**And we will nicely chafe her feet,**
**Nous lui ferons faire bonne chère,**
**We will let her have a jolly time,**
**Et nous lui ferons chauffer les pieds,**
**And we will quickly warm her feet.**

The smile went off of Marie Louise’s face at the mention of her feet. Self-consciousness replaced it, and she withdrew still farther into the corner against the old desk.

Her heart twisted at the words that followed:

**Qu’elle ait toujours le cœur joyeux;**
**Tell her always to have a joyous heart,**
**point de tristesse!**
**never to grieve!**
**La fille qui n’a pas d’amant; comment vit-elle?**
**The girl that never had a lover, say, how does she live?**

Marie Louise dug her fingernails into the palms of her hands until they hurt. She fought back the tears as the singers went into the last verse of the song:

**E’est l’amour qui la reveille**
**Her thoughts of love keep her awake**
**Et qui l’empeche de dormir,**
**And do not allow her to sleep.**
**C’est l’amour qui la reveille**
**Her aimless love keeps her awake**
**Et qui l’empeche de dormir.**
**And chases away gentle sleep.**
Doctor St. Aubin had not yet returned from the home of Philippe La Grande when the leader, a very old man of the village, stepped forward to sing his solo:

En suppliant la compagnie
And now, good company, we pray
De vouloir bien nous excuser;
That you will kindly us excuse;
Si nous avons fait quelque folie,
If we have foolish been and gay,
C'était pour nous desennuyer.
It was to drive away the blues!

The dance was over with a long drawn out whining of the fiddles. The young men broke out of the circle. Some of them caught up goblets of wine, or fruit cake, or cookies, or Creole pralines. But most of them gathered around Jeannette, admiring her, catching her into young arms for a whirl about the room, pinching her pink cheeks lightly—kissing her!

But, because she was lame, no one paid any particular attention to Marie Louise. "It is unfair!" she told herself almost bitterly. "It is I who should have the kisses tonight. I am the eldest daughter. Not Jeannette!"

Then she remembered the words of La Guignolee: "The girl that never had a lover, say, how does she live?" She bit her trembling lip. "I—I can't bear it," she told herself. "I can't go on like this forever!"

To hide her grief and embarrassment at being ignored, she caught up a tray of the good things to eat that Mammy Coco had had brought in from the kitchen for the members of La Guignolee. She moved about the crowd with it, proffering the goodies to this one and to that.

"I mustn't be jealous of Jeannette!" she kept telling herself, over and over again. And yet, she was jealous of her pretty, popular sister.

After the wine and cakes had been served, Monsieur de Guire brought out two huge baskets filled with foodstuffs. The legs of a dressed turkey stuck out of one, a savory ham out of the other. There were preserves and pickles, loaves of crusty brown bread, cookies, and Creole pralines. The filled baskets were presented to the masked young villagers to be used as refreshments at the popular King's Ball to be held at the home of the Commandant later in the week.

"We will see you at the King's Ball!" some of the young men called to Jeannette fondly as they made ready to depart.

"If I draw one of the lucky beans when the cake is cut, I will make you my queen!" one of them promised.

Jeannette tossed her curly head and laughed. "Doctor St. Aubin may have something to say about that," she taunted.

Marie Louise had retired to lean again against the old desk. The fun of the evening was almost over at the tavern.

Most of the dancers had already moved out onto the porch when one of their number, a warlike person in an Indian robe and feathers, stepped out of the crowd toward the desk. He caught Marie Louise suddenly and fiercely into his long, hard arms and swung her out into the center of the room.

Marie Louise uttered a startled little cry, but there was no hope of resisting the strength of the masked young villager. He fairly lifted her from the floor as he whirled her about the room. Marie Louise felt no sensation whatever of her feet touching the rough floor boards. Her strong, masked partner spun her around and around as though she were a bit of down.

It was over in a brief, sweet moment. The Indian brave settled her to her feet again just at the doorway, kissed her lightly, and departed to catch up with his brothers who were already going down the snowy porch steps and out of the gate. Marie Louise stood breathless, looking after him.

"Well, of all things!" Jeannette said, surveying her in amazement. "Some young man must have gotten too much of Papa de Guire's ruby wine!"

But her words were wasted upon Marie Louise who still stood wide-eyed and happy in the spot where the tall Indian chieftain left her.

The next morning after the first mass on New Year's Day, Marie Louise heard Doctor St. Aubin tell her father that the evening before he had contracted with Philippe La Grande to buy from him the property between his place and the home of the Commandant.

"I shall erect a house and barn and slave
quarters, soon,” Doctor St. Aubin told Antoine de Guire.
Antoine nodded understandingly.
Marie Louise did not wait to hear more, but all through the week she wondered if the doctor had asked her father for the hand of his daughter Jeannette in marriage.

Early in the evening of the sixth day of January, Antoine de Guire and Marie Louise waited patiently in the big central room for Jeannette to complete her toilet. While they waited, Marie Louise thought of the young man who had whirled her about the room the night of La Guignolee, and she wondered if he would dance with her again at the King’s Ball.

At last, Jeannette came out of her chamber. “And where is the doctor?” she asked peevishly, looking about them.
“Mama Girard is poorly again,” Antoine de Guire told her. “The young doctor has gone ahead to have another look at her before the ball.”

Jeannette stamped her pretty foot. She bit her lips in vexation. “On New Year’s Eve he was not here for La Guignolee,” she said. “Now, I must go alone to the King’s Ball! I might have gone with Francois—or with Pierre Dorlac! But I supposed that the doctor ——.”

Antoine de Guire hurried Jeannette toward the door to put an end to her angry words. Marie Louise caught up her long black cape and limped after them. She took hold of her father’s arm as they descended the snow-covered steps and turned out of the gate.

“How well I remember the ball I drew one of the beans and chose your mother as my queen!” Antoine de Guire told his motherless girls as they crossed the South Gabourie.

They walked north the short distance to the Commandant’s abode. Lights flooded every window of the long, low house with its white-washed walls and wide covered verandas. Laughter from within sounded out across the snow. Antoine and his daughters entered and disposed of their wraps just as the Commandant’s wife put the knife into the beautifully decorated, three-tiered, pink and white cake that was customary at the King’s Ball.

A hush fell upon the house. Only the fluttering of ruffles on long, crisp petticoats broke the silence as the cake was passed to the young men of the village. All
feminine eyes turned eagerly toward the male members of the gathering.

Jacques Dufour, the blacksmith’s son, was the first of the group to discover one of the homely beans in his slice of the lovely pink and white party cake. He threw up his hand joyfully, and as quickly crossed the room to claim eager, blushing Cecile Denis. He drew her out into the center of the floor, and the fiddlers began plucking their strings in anticipation of the coming dance.

Somewhat withdrawn from the crowd of anxious young women, Marie Louise watched as Laurent Loisel crossed to claim Marianne de Cour as his queen. And then, she saw her sister Jeannette’s face light as handsome Doctor St. Aubin who had come in late held up one of the beans triumphantly.

Something about Marie Louise’s heart went cold as she saw him cross the floor. She withdrew still farther from the crowd. Her dark eyes closed painfully, unable to bear the sight of Doctor St. Aubin taking her sister as his queen. It would mean that he and Jeannette would surely be married in the spring!

But before she opened her eyes again, she felt someone tugging at her hands and drawing her across the floor. She drew back, but the gentleman holding her hands was as persistent as the Indian brave had been the night of La Guignolee.

It was Doctor St. Aubin! Marie Louise flushed with embarrassment as she met the surprised glances of those about her, and the hot, angry, jealous eyes of her younger sister Jeannette. Jeannette glared at Doctor St. Aubin, and then tossed her head spitefully as Francois Le Compte claimed her as his queen.

Marie Louise trembled with fright and excitement as the music struck up for the dance of the four kings and their queens. Her little lame foot felt as though it weighed more than a ton, but when she looked into Doctor St. Aubin’s eyes and felt her hands trembling in his, she somehow forgot her foot; and if she limped a bit or missed a step here and there in the dance, no one noticed for the beautiful joy reflected upon her face.

When the dance was finished, Marie Louise stood for a moment looking at Doctor Andre St. Aubin, unbelieving. Then, her pretty oval face lighted.

“It was you,” she cried softly, “who danced with me the night of La Guignolee! I realized it just now, remembering how you lifted me over the floor so lightly.”

“Yes,” Doctor St. Aubin admitted. “After I left Philippe La Grande’s house I joined the dancers here at the home of the Commandant. He furnished me with the Indian robes.”

Marie Louise’s eyes were like stars when she heard his words. Doctor St. Aubin reached out and took her hand again. Her white fingers lay in his palm like the quiet, folded wings of a bird.

Later that night he carried her through the snow to the Green Tree Tavern. Inside the tavern he dropped to his knees beside Marie Louise’s chair. Monsieur de Guire and Jeannette had not yet come in.

“I have bought the land from Philippe La Grande,” the earnest young physician said. “A doctor should have a home of his own—and a wife. Will you marry me, Marie Louise? I have loved you since the night in the orchard. You have never given me a chance to talk about it. But now, I will speak to your father and to Father de St. Pierre, if you will but say the word.” He caught her small trembling hands in his and brushed his lips across them.

Marie Louise looked at him startled. She had thought that he had merely been kind in dancing with her on New Year’s Eve and in choosing her as his queen. Now, he had asked her to marry him! Doctor St. Aubin, with degrees in medicine from Paris and Vienna, had asked her, Marie Louise de Guire, who had never had a lover, to become his wife!

She tried to make herself realize; but when she did realize she saw the impossibility of it. “But it would be unfair to tie you to a lame, awkward wife!” she protested.

“I—I will not complain,” the doctor told her, smiling and still holding her hands against his cheek. “And someday soon, I will take you to the hospital in Quebec, or to Paris, if necessary, ma chérie!” he promised.
WINTER MAGIC

ANNE ROBINSON

There is a madrigal, I know,
Threading these white pearls of snow,
While the cardinal in red
Spins new beauty overhead,
And one apple on a tree

Grips the bough tenaciously,
As a golden bauble tossed
In derision at Jack Frost.
Silence bides and yet I feel
Life so tense it cuts like steel.
The Spirit of the Hand-made

VII. Woodenware, Whittling, and Whatnot

Ella Shannon Bowles


In a moment of fun one of my friends said that the people she knew who were collecting objects connected with their ancestors' household life were thicker than the proverbial flies around a honey-pot. She added that the few acquaintances not catalogued in this bevy of collectors were reviving some form of old-time arts and
crafts. She spoke of collections of pewter, glass, and earthenware, but she did not mention one including the woodenware, which was the common table-service of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, nor did she refer to the craft of the popular pocket-knife. Enthusiastic souls who collect old wooden dishes, boxes and buckets do exist, however, and there are a number of craftsmen who are making more than regional reputation for themselves just by whittling wood.

To you the plates, bowls, shallow trays and trenchers with which your great-grandmothers set their long tables probably are grouped under one inclusive name—woodenware. To the antiquarian they are known by a euphonious, but almost obsolete, word—treen, which simply means anything wooden. Intriguing as the word is and stimulating as it may be in starting you on your way as a collector of this item of early Americana, let me warn you at once that you will find little of it in crossroads antique shops or farmhouse attics.

Comparatively little wooden tableware exists today. Much of it was just worn out by plain, old-fashioned elbow-grease, for it took constant scrubbing and scouring and vigorous scraping to keep those old bowls and plates clean. Moreover the Victorian housewives who had inherited treen from their grandmothers saw nothing “pretty” about it. So when pieces of woodenware cluttered up the cupboard shelves, they simply threw the dishes away or used them for kindling-wood. Another reason why it was not saved was because, from the small collector’s viewpoint, it lacked something of great importance—the pieces bore no makers’ names. So, unless the history of an object was known, or its age could be judged by its appearance, there was no way of dating it. Until very recently it was not considered worth saving or collecting.

In its day, treen was turned out in great quantities for any handy-man who could use a knife or a lathe could make it. Materials were right at hand and were his for the taking. The native close-grained woods, maple, walnut, cherry, and pungent apple-wood, furnished the best of “dish-timber.” Like many other farm tasks, “dish-making” was carried on when the muddy roads were impassable and the weather was too stormy for outside work.

Of all wooden dishes maple bowls, or burls, as they were called, have best withstood the wear and tear of the years. The
white men copied the Indians' method of making them and, as they walked through the forests, kept their eyes wide open for the right kind of maple, birch and white ash knots to use. The first step was to burn out the knot and then to scrape out the charred wood. The process was completed by further scraping and polishing. There also was another way of making wooden bowls. Large pieces of wood were blocked out and were whittled, dug, and rubbed down until dishes of the required size and depth were produced. Those old-fashioned wooden chopping-trays and bowls in which bushels of apples and tons of meat were chopped for mincemeat were manufactured in this way. So were the great wooden bread-bowls, now family heirlooms, in which hop-yeast sponge spent the night in the warmest corners of farm-house kitchens.

Wooden-ware, including all those buckets and containers used about the house and farm, has its own, almost forgotten vocabulary. As common as burls were the square and oblong trenchers, used in England as early as the sixteenth century, and frequently mentioned in literature. Made of poplar, they were sold in rural sections of Vermont and New Hampshire quite late in the nineteenth century. The farm women liked them because they did not dull knives and also found them useful for old people and children who might break the earthenware or dent the pewter.

And there the trencher commonly was seen
With its attendant ample platter treen
wrote J. Ward as late as 1828.

It was a usual custom for two people—children, friends, or a man and his wife—to eat together from one trencher, and in some places it was the custom for sweethearts to announce their engagement by sitting down in the midst of the girl's family with a trencher of food between them. It really was a very elegant household, indeed, which boasted of a trencher for each person.

Frequently the word noggin designated a low wooden bowl with handles. Again it meant a container which held about a gill of liquid, but sometimes the name was applied to a small tub which was made by sawing a keg in halves. The wooden rundlet, on the other hand, could be filled with eighteen gallons of wine before it overflowed. A piggin was a wooden pail with one long stave for a handle, though the name was also given to a long-handled wooden dipper. Farmers' families washed their faces in keelers set on wash benches in their kitchens while small keelers, placed on wooden racks, often held the milk. Lossets were flat dishes of wood. Some of the wooden plates were shallow as trays, and it is an open question whether or not others should be classified as deep plates or shallow bowls.

In the late seventeenth century, the homemade supply of tureen was supplemented by
maple trenchers and porridge-dishes imported from England. As time went on native manufacturers began to turn out woodenware to meet the increasing demand and a popular song “Come, Buy My Woodenware,” tells us that it was sold on the streets of the larger New England towns in 1799. In New Hampshire, wooden plates, bowls and mortars were made in Troy before the Revolutionary War and the manufacturing of wooden articles continued to be a town industry for many years. In 1817, Timothy Gillette and his son established a woodenware works at Henniker. They made bowls, plates, skimmers, and cups and saucers of ash and when they had enough on hand to make the trip worthwhile, the elder man filled two large leather pouches with the goods and rode around the countryside selling them.

Rindge was a real woodworking town and at one time was well known for the handmade clothespins which Richard Kimball produced with a knife and handsaw. Like Timothy Gillette, he carried his wares around the country on horseback.

Bandbox making started in New Hampshire in the town of Brookline in the eighteen-thirties and the business was kept up as long as bonnets were in style. The most famous bandboxes of New England were invented and manufactured by an East Jaffrey woman who was forced to support herself and her invalid mother. Hannah, or Hanna, Davis as she spelled her name, was the granddaughter of a certain handy-man and wooden clockmaker who came to the town in 1774. John Eaton was a real worker in wood and even his journal had covers of shaven bark, held together by leather thongs. In his accounts are references to the flax-wheels he made, and to the beach tubs, “cofens,” “exel-trees” and the “chese-prese” produced by his nimble fingers.

“Aunt Hannah” was the daughter of Peter Davis, another clockmaker and she inherited the manual dexterity of both her grandfather and her father. She had a fertile imagination, so when she became the family breadwinner, she thought of making the nailed wooden bandboxes which at the time served for trunks and traveling-cases.

The old-growth spruce she wanted for...
her boxes always was selected personally. Then, when she had “dickered” with the farmers for the trees, she hired them cut and drawn to her door. There the spruce logs were “bolted” and sliced with a machine of her own invention. It really was a heavy knife which required a man’s strength to work. Again she hired in her neighbors to cut the “scabbards.” The first narrow slices were used for cover bands or for small boxes but the larger “scabbards,” near the centers of the logs, were made into boxes as large as present-day suitcases.

While the spruce slices were still green, Aunt Hanna bent them into oval shapes and nailed the ends together. She cut the tops and bottoms from pine boards and applied them to the oval rims. Then she covered her boxes with gay wallpaper, lined them with newspapers. Inside she pasted her labels: Warranted Nailed Bandboxes Manufactured by Hanna Davis East Jaffrey N. H.

Sometimes Aunt Hannah disposed of her wares by bartering with merchants at her own door but usually she sought a wider market. It was her custom to pile her wares in a wagon covered with a cloth canopy like a prairie schooner which was drawn by a sturdy horse hired from a neighbor. Then she set out for the mills of Lowell and Manchester to contact her best customers, the mill-girls who were young ladies of fashion. At noon she halted her van before the mill doors, and disposed of her boxes by selling the larger ones for fifty cents and the smaller for twelve.

Hanna Davis Bandboxes are now collectors’ items. The Village Improvement Society of Jaffrey has gathered up a good collection of “Aunt Hannah’s” bandboxes and has supplemented it with stories about the cheerful busy woman who performed many kindly acts for her townspeople and whose memory is preserved in a window in the Baptist Church.

The Shakers were among the best known woodenware makers of New England. Their secular activities always have been closely related to their religion and the products of their workshops are of the finest and most painstaking workmanship. For more than half a century they made wooden dippers of ash and maple which, like their boxes and tubs, they often sold in nests of three. Other of their wooden products include pails, churns, applesauce buckets, chopping and mixing-bowls, dry measures and firkins.

The increase in ship-building after the Revolution and the extended trade with Europe, China and India stimulated artistic imagination and encouraged an interest in more elaborate forms of decoration. Men whose hands were trained to fine workmanship in the shipyards and who had confined their carving in the household to whittling oak and hickory door latches, now began to decorate furniture and those beautiful architectural details, found in many of the old houses in Portsmouth and other maritime New England towns.

Working in wood is not a lost industry in New Hampshire. Neither is it a lost craft, for there are a number of individuals like Suen Collins of Littleton, who have made distinguished places for themselves in
the realm of rural arts through their ability in whittling and carving. Wood-working in its various forms is also a major project of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts and some of its members produce beautiful furniture of native woods, hand-carved boxes and benches, wooden buckets of simple and dignified lines, and quaint folk-novelties which have been made "for the love of the working" and the artists' pride in completion as truly as they have for any remuneration received. With weaving, rug-making, and pottery-making, wood-working is taking on a new impetus and is an encouraging feature of the revival of handicraft which offers us the hope of competing equally with the products, handmade from start to finish, that came from the old workshops of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

New Year

Grace C. Marshall

The bravest thing I ever saw was a wee grass blade
Greenly braving the wind of a March morning!

Or was it the slender curve of a winter new moon
That followed the red, angry sun into a westering darkness?

But more courageous yet, I seen, is this tiny naked one—
The little New Year that we take into our scarred hands today!
On January 28th, 1932, the spectacular sale of the “Olive Branch” at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries in New York City excited tremendous interest not only in the collecting world but among Americans in general, as this historical document is considered by political authorities as next in importance to the Declaration of Independence. It was bought by Gabriel Wells, celebrated collector of Americana, for $53,000, the highest amount ever paid for an American manuscript; the highest previous price being $51,000 paid by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach at the Anderson Galleries in 1928 for an autograph of Button Gwinnett, that elusive signer of the Declaration whose rare signature is worth a dozen or so George Washingtons.

The Olive Branch, which preceded the Declaration of Independence by a year, was the final petition sent by the Second Continental Congress in 1775 to “the King’s Most Excellent Majesty”, George III, as a last effort to settle amicably the differences between the colonies and the mother country, although fighting already had occurred at Lexington and Concord and the shot had been fired at Bunker Hill which was “heard around the world.” It was signed by forty-six members of Congress, many of whom signed the Declaration the following year.

The king, however, refused to receive the document, and the petition which might have changed the course of history lapsed into oblivion until recently brought to public attention by the sale of the only signed copy in existence save the one which is preserved in the Public Record Office at London: the London copy containing three more signatures than the American document, which is accounted for by the fact that, as was customary in those days when travel by sea was more or less hazardous, extra copies of important manuscripts that were to be sent across seas were usually prepared and sent on different ships to avoid possible loss. This fact in regard to the Olive Branch is recorded by John Adams, who wrote: “A petition was sent yesterday by Mr. Richard Penn in one ship and a duplicate goes in another ship this day.”

The Olive Branch had been entrusted to Richard Penn, who, accompanied by Arthur Lee, presented it to Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for the Colonies. The king’s representative reported that “as His Majesty did not receive it upon the throne no answer would be given.” George III is on record as giving a general refusal to receive any communications from any Congress in America.

And somehow the petition came into the possession of the Fitzwilliam family, in whose ownership it has remained until recently discovered at Milton Hall near Peterborough, England, by George C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, by whose order it was sold in New York on January 28th. How the Olive Branch came into Fitzwilliam possession is a matter of speculation, the most likely suggestion being that Edmund Burke, the great Whig statesman and American sympathizer, bequeathed his papers to the second Earl Fitzwilliam, who had been his patron and friend, and the Olive Branch might well have been among them, as it is recorded that Burke who was then acting as Agent for New York was asked to be present with Penn and Lee when they delivered the petition to Lord Dartmouth on September 1, but he declined on the ground that he had no definite instructions from the colony of New York. That Burke saw Penn and read the petition is proven by his reference to the occurrence in a letter dated August 23rd, 1775, in which he states: “He presents a very decent and manly petition from Congress.” It is quite possible that Penn and Lee turned this second signed copy over to Burke. Another possibility is that the Olive Branch may have come to the second Earl Fitzwilliam through his uncle the Second Marquis of Rockingham, a well known Whig leader and advocate of conciliation with the colonies who was appointed Prime Minister after Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. So, it is likely that this paper was given to Rockingham whose properties were inherited by the Fitzwilliam family. On the back of the Olive Branch, stitched
with old blue tape, is written in the hand of Lord Fitzwilliam, who died in 1833 at the advanced age of eighty-five, the words: "Petition of American Congress to the King." It was his great-grandson, George C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, who discovered the old manuscript at Milton and returned it to the land from which it was sent with such hopefulness one hundred and fifty-seven years ago. Milton has been the home of the Fitzwilliam family since 1500, and parts of it still remain which were built by Sir William Fitzwilliam, friend of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey. Early in the 17th century the head of the family received a peerage and in 1716 a member of the family was elevated to an earldom.

The Olive Branch was written by John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, "the penman of the Revolution", who also was the scribe of the first petition to the King of 1774 and the Declaration of the Causes of Taking up Arms. The First Continental Congress met in 1774 and adopted a petition to the king wherein it blamed all the trouble on the ministers of George III and begged His Majesty for a change before it was too late. The king paid no attention to this petition and his indifference resulted in the defiance of the colonists at Lexington on April 19, 1775. The Second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia on May 10, 1775, and adopted a "Declaration of the Causes of Taking up Arms", which it addressed to the people of Great Britain.

The colonists did not want war. And they were not ready for independence. Only nine months before, George Washington himself had said that no thinking man in all North America desired independence. It was not yet assured that the colony of Georgia would join the revolt, and the business men of Philadelphia and New York were averse to the idea of war. What the colonists really hoped for was self-government while still maintaining allegiance to Great Britain. And the Olive Branch was the final gesture toward securing such concessions from the Crown that would insure harmonious relations between America and the mother country.

The Journals of Congress record that it was ordered engrossed and signed on July 8, 1775. Among the signers were a number of statesmen whose names were not affixed to the Declaration of Independence, but whose fame is just as great in the annals of American history. Patrick Henry, the orator of the Revolution; John Jay, first Chief Justice of the United States; Silas Deane, the first American diplomat; and Robert R. Livingston, who officiated at the first inaugural of George Washington as President, all signed the Olive Branch but not the Declaration.

At least seventeen members of Congress did not sign the Olive Branch and for various reasons. The American army was already in process of organization and Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania had joined the staff of General George Washington who had command of the army at Cambridge. General John Sullivan of New Hampshire, George Clinton and General Philip Schuyler of New York were engaged in military operations. Richard Caswell of North Carolina and Robert Goldsborough of Maryland were absent on official business. Peyton Randolph of Virginia was deterred by illness. Lyman Hall of Georgia was without authority, because his state's representation had not yet been properly accredited in Congress.

The three names affixed to the copy of the Olive Branch in the Public Record Office of London not included among the signatures of the American copy were Charles Humphrey, Henry Middleton and Edward Rutledge.

The signers of the Olive Branch were those men who were dealing with one of the greatest political problems of all times. They were bringing to the problem weighty consideration and sober judgment. Likewise, a steady determination—the determination to win for America self-dominion.

On June 10, 1775, John Adams of Massachusetts, delegate to Congress, wrote to his friend, Moses Gill, in Cambridge: "I find the general sense abroad is to prepare for a vigorous defensive war, but at the same time to keep open the door of reconciliation; to hold the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other. . . ."

The Olive Branch, however, failed of its purpose and the Declaration of Independence a year later has been called "the confession of failure—failure to solve the great problem of politics. . . ."
HAPPY NEW YEAR! It makes me happy to give you this greeting as I return to “Your Capital City—and Mine!” after my annual vacation, to find a calendar crowded, as always, with delightful events.

We had a new variety of visitor in Washington this fall. He spoke no English, but his smile was so ingratiating, and his manners so gallant, that in the course of a few short hours, “He CAME, He SAW, He CONQUERED”.

And he was a DICTATOR, not only the Army Chief of Cuba, but in reality the Cuban Government—Colonel Fulgencio Batista, the only Latin-American Dictator ever to be received by the United States.

An air of mystery and an undercurrent of excitement seemed to attend the arrival of the Strong Man of Cuba. And evidently a good deal of water had flowed under the bridge before the invitation had been extended by our Government through our Chief of Staff of the United States Army, Brigadier General Malin Craig.

And how did the United States receive him? I wish you could have been at the Union Station when the General arrived! A sixteen gun salute was his first greeting! The United States Army Band played Cuba’s national anthem, followed by the trumpeter’s salute. A Fort Myer’s Cavalry troop in the blue, red and white uniforms, led by the Commandant, Brigadier General Jonathan Wainwright, were just part of the troops which escorted him and his military entourage to the Cuban Embassy, where he and his wife were the guests of His Excellency, Dr. Pedro Martinez Fraga, Ambassador of Cuba.

Before we delve any further into the round of affairs that followed his arrival, you must know a bit about this extraordinary man who was born in a thatched hut
just thirty-seven years ago. By dint of great difficulty, he received enough schooling to become a stenographer. From that employment he entered the Army at the time of the Revolution against President Machado. In no time this lowly Army Sergeant who was evidently born to lead, had wrested the government from the hands of the President. Not only did he become a Colonel overnight but the Army's Chief, and most Cubans felt he had rescued the island from chaos.

Having abrogated the Platt Amendment early in the present administration, we did not interfere in Cuba's troubles at this time. But we had been lending a helping hand for many years, in fact we had been interested in this neighbor ever since we purchased the Louisiana Territory from Emperor Napoleon in 1803, during President Jefferson's Administration. The Monroe Doctrine added still further to our responsibilities until, you will recall, just forty years ago we went to war to free the island from Spain.

Economic relations have become closer with the years until now, when the island is in difficulties both as to foreign trade and local agriculture, we are naturally anxious to be of assistance, especially on the "sugar side".

It was very fitting that one of Colonel Batista's first acts was to lay a wreath of red and white carnations on the mast of the old U.S.S. Maine which marks the burial spot of its sailors in Arlington Cemetery. This was but a part of the Twentieth Armistice Day celebrations in which the Colonel participated. He was received by the President at the White House, and was the guest of honor at many affairs, climaxed by the reception at the Cuban Embassy.

And what a party! Even the invitations were impressive, with the words, "Uniforms and Decorations" in one corner, and the R.S.V.P. emphasizing the fact that the card of admission MUST be presented at the door. I don't know how many were invited but certainly a thousand came.

The Cuban Embassy's long tradition of lavish hospitality plus the Guest of Honor undoubtedly accounted for the unparalleled number of acceptances. (And, I'm told, an unbelievable number of other people tried every known means to "wangle" an invitation—here we frankly call them "gatecrashers".)

As we walked up those red-carpeted, broad marble stairs of the palatial Embassy, the scene was almost like a "Hollywood Stage Set", to quote Hope Ridings Miller of the Washington Post. Masses of red roses blanketed the balustrades and sides, with the enormous mirror at the top reflecting the whole picture. The receiving line of sixteen was almost staggering if one attempted to understand the Cuban names. Senorita Batista stood at the Ambassador's side and his sister acted as hostess. All of the ladies wore gorgeous corsages of purple orchids. (I just must tell you right here that even the powder-rooms were decorated with orchids!)

Even the diplomatic reception at the White House has never brought together such a colorful lot of uniforms and decorations. For at this party Rear Admirals, Brigadier Generals, Colonels and Captains were rubbing elbows with Ambassadors, Ministers and notables from all parts of the world. It was a simply dazzling sight! The women not to be outdone were wearing their very latest in hoop skirts, drop-shoulder, high hair and brilliant jewels.

Music seemed to be coming from every direction. We found the enormous ballroom filled with dancers enjoying the Cuban music from the La Conga, New York night club, rumbas and tangos predominating, the orchestra wearing their native costumes, with full white ruffled blouses, bright sashes and light satin trousers. It took us the better part of a half an hour to mull our way downstairs to the library where a special dancing floor had been laid. A forest of autumn leaves greeted the eye, the walls and ceilings being literally covered with the brilliant foliage, and wherever possible yellow and brown chrysanthemums were grouped to add to the glowing autumn effect.

And the BUFFETS! Two of them upstairs! Smaller ones seemingly at every turn! Little roasted pigs in front of a miniature house with a tiny fountain, the famous aroz con pollo, frijoles, bananas sliced very thin and fried—tasting like delicious potato chips, and many more intriguing looking dishes—that was the Cuban buffet. Quite in contrast was the French-
American one! Here was hot bouillon, turkey à la king, all kinds of cold sliced meats, green salads, molded paté de foies gras, sandwiches—everything to tempt the epicure—the same was true of the liquid refreshments.

Late in the evening, a famous Cuban singer, Senorita Graziella Parraga, accompanied herself on a guitar while singing Spanish and Latin-American songs. As someone said, "The Embassy staff did a super-theatre act in keeping the party moving smoothly," because, in spite of the crowd, it was perfectly evident that everybody was having a grand time. A candid cameraman seemed to be hiding behind every column; I'm told he was taking pictures for the Colonel.

Royalty could never have been accorded a more Lucullian entertainment and no one seemed to be enjoying it more than Colonel Batista.

Our Mary has turned serious again. She's back in her patriotic role of Liberty Loan days!

"It's been twenty years since I've spoken in Washington during those tragic days, and here I am, again seeing war-clouds," Miss Pickford told the members of the Women's National Press Club and guests at a recent luncheon in her honor. We who haven't seen her in a long time could scarcely believe our eyes—so appealingly young is she still. And the snappy black velvet, sable-trimmed suit revealed the same trim little-girl figure.

There was no doubt of her sincerity. Her eyes fairly blazed with the intensity of her emotions. I've never heard a more forceful appeal for national defense from a two hundred pound orator. Her announced subject, "America's Mutiny Against Madness," gives you an idea of her theme. "Stop playing the waiting game. Get your heads out of the sand," all this and much more from one long-famed for her interest in peace movements!
Thus, you see, the “Love and Lotions Lady” opened up as the champion of International Defense, but she ended by being just what she is—America’s Sweetheart. Questions popped at her from all directions, answered with almost alarming frankness. “How can you look as you do—just like a young girl, and talk about being here twenty years ago?”

“Time is the noise the clock makes and nothing else,” came back quick as a trigger.

But at the close of her prepared talk she frankly put on a pair of “un-beautiful” rimmed spectacles in order to read a quotation from Lincoln.

Mrs. Stanley Reed, the wife of Chief Justice Reed; Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of the Secretary of State; Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the Secretary of the Navy; newspaper women, old friends—all were greeted with the same genuine graciousness; there is not the slightest touch of vanity or egotism in her manner.

More power to her in this her latest role!

“As a fitting climax to the round of mid-winter festivities comes the Diplomatic Reception at the White House, always the most brilliant and colorful affair of the year. More than fifty countries are represented; the Cabinet, the members of the Foreign Relations Committees of the House and Senate, and many out-of-town notables and townspeople are also invited, bringing the guest list to well over a thousand. But you would be amazed at the smoothness with which this crowd is handled by the White House ushers and aids.

“The Marine Band strikes up ‘Hail to the Chief,’ and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt take their places in the time-honored Blue Room in front of a bank of palms. Promptly His Excellency, the English Ambassador, is announced. Then the procession continues right through the Diplomatic Corps, each member shaking hands with the President and his wife, and everyone on the side-lines straining to see this dazzling sight. For this is THE one event of...
the year where the men "outshine" the women, though the latter wear their most stunning gowns."

This, in part, is what I wrote about the Diplomatic Reception last year, and again I feel I should describe it to you in saying, "Happy New Year!" for this perennial event perennially remains THE great event on the Washington social calendar.

It has also long been the custom for certain prominent individuals to entertain at buffet suppers after the Diplomatic Reception, bringing together groups of distinguished men and women who have "come on" from the White House. Representative and Mrs. Sol Bloom of New York, and their brilliant daughter, Vera, are among those who regularly do this; so, for a long time, were the famous "Patton Sisters"; so were the Truxtun Beales, who, in the marvelous setting afforded by Decatur House, gave an unforgettable kind of party! The diplomats, resplendent in their gorgeous full-dress uniforms, the women in the loveliest of gowns, the hostess herself, one of the most regally beautiful women in Washington, placing the company in the atmosphere of mellowed age, with candlelight, with bowls of white roses everywhere, a delicious buffet. It is a lasting and delightful memory.

Decatur House stands majestically alone in the shadow of the White House, opposite old Lafayette Square, the social center of the early days—stands just as it was built by the Commodore in 1819, with the prize money awarded him for his heroic successes against the Barbary Pirates. Its only companions left are the Dolly Madison and Cameron Houses nearby. But, tragic to relate, Decatur House is facing destruction due to a chain of circumstances over which the present owner has no control.

Decatur House was the first private residence built on Lafayette Square after the White House, and is the last remaining example of the architectural genius of Benjamin H. Latrobe, who was the first professional, trained architect to practice in the United States, and who initiated the classic revival then sweeping England. Nowhere else will you find those brick-sealed windows, those straight, severe, imposing lines.

The house is a regular museum of historical treasures. A collection of Latrobe's paintings are here preserved. In another room are rare Chinese paintings. The only change since Decatur's candlelight days is the gas lighting installed by one of the occupants. But nothing so modern as electricity has ever been allowed; candlelight is still used to supplement the lighting from the quaint gas chandeliers. No rugs hide the beautifully inlaid floors, old rose brocade draperies gracefully drape the deep, high windows. The high ceilings were painted and gilded years ago—the paint has faded and the gilt dulled, but the effect is none the less beautiful. A portrait of President Grant hangs over the wide fireplace in the dining room. A splendid portrait of the Master of the house, and another depicting him as the twenty-five-year-old Lieutenant capturing the frigate Philadelphia, are two of the prize art treasures.

Henry Clay here first formulated the "Good Neighbor" policy toward South and Central America. "Tis said by the gossips that Secretary of State Van Buren paved the way to the Presidency through his entertaining in Decatur House for Washington's famous Peggy Eaton.

In 1836 Decatur House was sold to John Gadsby, of Alexandria Tavern fame, who in turn leased it to Joseph Gales, Howell Cobb, George M. Dalles (Vice President), and Senator Judah P. Benjamin from Louisiana, who became Secretary of State of the Confederacy, and was Vice President under Polk. At the close of the Civil War, it was purchased by General Edward Fitzgerald F. Beale of Virginia, grandson of the Commodore Truxton Beale of Miss O'Dea's story published in the October number of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE. It has since remained in the Beale family. General Beale won distinction in the Mexican War. He helped found the State of California and was appointed by President Grant as Minister to Austria-Hungary. His son, the late Truxtun Beale, was Minister to Persia and Greece, and it is his widow who now finds it necessary to dispose of the house. After having paid a huge inheritance tax on a present-day valuation of $300,000, she has had to pay enormous real estate taxes for three years. To the Naval Historical Society as her contribution she has offered to take $50,000 off the Treasury valuation, but up to date, this group has not succeeded in raising the money. It is
just barely possible that the Historical Division of the Interior Department might take it over, following an Act of Congress.

The Truxtun Beales through the years have been famous for their delightful parties. And they have been very generous in opening the home for philanthropic purposes. At such times a hostess was assigned to each room, a person well informed as to the history of the antiques therein. Everyone wandered at will from top to bottom of the house, from kitchen to parlor. In the large garden at the rear, a colored orchestra usually played old-time Southern melodies while we had tea. Colored mammys and girls wearing bright bandanas accentuated the old-time atmosphere.

As Miss O'Dea wrote, it was unfortunate that the older ship *Constellation* couldn't have been preserved as well as the *Constitution*, when the American school children pooled their pennies to save the latter from the scrap heap. But what about Decatur's home? Just because Uncle Sam's Big City has grown so large that the valuation placed on this grand old home makes it almost prohibitive as a private residence, why should it be scrapped? Is our country to lose the shrine of the author of the famous toast of April, 1816?

“Our Country, in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!”

As long as I am in a “Restoration mood,” let's do a little reminiscing about Gadsby's Tavern in Alexandria—the same Gadsby who owned Decatur House for a little while. I think you will be particularly interested because of the recent connection with your organization.

To really appreciate what a historical storehouse Alexandria is, let’s go back into a little of its history. In 1669 Governor Berkeley of Virginia granted to Robert Howson 6000 acres of land located on the Potomac River. Within a month this patent was purchased by John Alexander for 600 pounds of tobacco. In 1732, sixty-three years later, a group of Scotch merchants came seeking a suitable port for shipping tobacco. The deep waters of the Potomac at the mouth of Hunting Creek induced them to build a warehouse at West's Point. Around this point grew up the little hamlet of Belhaven. Rapidly it expanded into a town that in 1748 was incorporated by Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, John Carlyle, William Ramsay, and their associates. As it was founded on a land owned by the Alexanders, the name was changed to Alexandria. All tobacco grown within a wide area was brought here for shipping to foreign ports. Many hostelries were soon in operation. Homes of stately proportions were erected in or near the new metropolis. Young George Washington helped survey the first streets, the names of which honored both English and American patriots. And so Alexandria has gone down in history as Washington's home town. For here he maintained a town house, received his mail, purchased his supplies, and established the first public school.

Of all the taverns built, the only one that has lasted through the years is the famous Gadsby's. If you were anybody from 1752 to 1842, at some time or other you ate or danced at Gadsby's. There the King's Birthday was celebrated and later the President's. There Washington recruited his first command and bade farewell to the lads. There he danced with the beautiful and charming Sally Cary Fairfax. Even to this day, history, romance and mystery surround it. One can just see those pioneer fathers gathered around its hospitable board so ably managed by the English caterer, John Gadsby.

About the time Washington was helping survey the first streets, a meeting was called at the Tavern to discuss duties and tariffs upon the Potomac River commerce. Washington presided at the meeting which resulted in the adoption of the famous “Fairfax County Resolves,” the first protest against the royal injustice of that period. These resolutions were drawn up by George Mason of Gunston Hall, a member of the Town Council of Alexandria. They were adopted by the freeholders of Fairfax County and constitute the first written assertion of Colonial Rights. So in a way this meeting indirectly led to the Philadelphia Convention and the Constitution of the United States. Thus it was fitting that the first celebration of the adoption of the Federal Constitution should take place at the
Tavern on June 28, 1788, with Washington present.

These flourishing days of the Tavern lasted over a century, during which time it housed renowned political as well as military leaders, among them Lafayette, John Paul Jones and Baron deKalb. But at the beginning of the Civil War, it lapsed into a state of "coma" which resulted in almost complete disintegration.

But since John D. Rockefeller, with his work at Williamsburg, Virginia, has made the country more than ever Restoration-conscious, Alexandria’s citizens have taken up this work seriously. One of the first things the city did was to buy the wreck of Gadsby’s and turn it over to the American Legion Post for their headquarters, having previously agreed to help with the Restoration. This was in the form of a
Memorial to the heroes of the World War. At that time a supreme effort was made to interest people in helping restore Gadsby’s. Furniture was loaned from the historic collection in Michie’s Tavern, near Monticello. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt opened the celebration, and I was one of a crowd who followed her up and down stairs, into the “Pub”, the taproom, the kitchen, in fact into every corner of the place.

So this year when I again turned toward the city to join the crowd of pilgrims, it was a great disillusionment to see Gadsby’s quite bare except for the dining room and parlor. But I found that in the meantime the Alexandria Association for the Preservation of Antiques, joined by many other groups, has done valiant work towards saving the building. Unfortunately, long before this revival of interest, the interior of the famous old ballroom was taken over by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Naturally, the Museum will not return this prize in Colonial interiors.

However, here’s the news of special interest to you. The Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution have undertaken the task of duplicating the original walls, ceiling, orchestra, balcony, doorways, etc., and will furnish these parts in actual Colonial furniture of the period. The National and Alexandria Chapters of the Children of the American Revolution have already restored two rooms. One of these is supposed to be the one where a famous actress of those days, Ann Warren, died. She was stricken during a performance in the old Alexandria Theatre and succumbed after being carried to the Tavern. You will find her grave in the yard of old Christ Church, another spot that should not be missed when you are “pilgrimating”.

While we are roaming about in Alexandria, let’s go into one of those restored homes done by a person I am sure most of you know—Emily Newell Blair. “I just can’t stand living in a hotel any longer,” she said to me one day. “I’ve found a little gem of a place in Alexandria; you’ll just love it.”

And I did! Not only at the very warm housewarming she and her distinguished husband gave, but at several more intimate affairs where we “of the Press” and some good cronies gathered in her hospitable dining room on the ground floor.

My friendship with Emily Newell Blair is inextricably linked with Ruth Bryan Rohde, who introduced us several years ago.

It’s hard to realize how much this peppy, little, attractive, black-eyed woman has accomplished along her varied lines. She was a suffrage banner-carrier in the days when one had to be rather militant even to get an audience to listen. Later, when her husband went overseas, she came to Washington at the invitation of Carrie Chapman Catt to be Dr. Anna Howard Shaw’s assistant. Her “History of the Women’s Committee of the Council of National Defense” displayed her ability at writing to such an extent that it was printed by the government. Next, President Wilson appointed her the first woman Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee—a position she held until 1928. As Associate Editor of Good Housekeeping, you probably best remember her delightful book reviews, though she wrote along many other lines.

One day I was passing down the receiving line at the home of the Attorney General and his wife, Mrs. Homer Cummings. Receiving with her were all the wives of the Assistant Attorney Generals. Down at the foot of the line, I found Emily Newell Blair. I couldn’t help exclaiming, “What are you doing here?”—“My husband was just appointed an Assistant today.” And that was how the Blairs happened to come back to Washington to live. Rumors were rife at this time Emily would run for Congress from Missouri; instead was appointed to take the late Mrs. Harriman Rumsey’s place on the N.R.A. Board, after the tragic death of this brilliant woman—a position she held until the department was demobilized.

Another of her many outstanding accomplishments was in helping to found the very successful Women’s National Democratic Club. At last year’s celebration of the founding, she made an outstanding speech: “Make the club a place of tolerance, where minds may meet, where we may sometimes listen to things in which we may not believe, but a place to iron out our difficulties and hit the middle of the road.”

Her present major interest is in the work of the Oxford Movement about which she is writing a book.
B EFORE the autumn Karlsefni beached the dragon ships safely at Ericksfirth beside a trader from Norway already drawn up on the Greenland shore. The news of our return from Vineland spread through the Eastern Settlement so that all who could ride or walk came forth to welcome us, while Hran Ketilsson was brought down to the shores on the shoulders of a thrall, so anxious was the old man to see the boat from the New Land. He had been of old in Iceland when Eric the Red had returned to that country bearing news of land to the west, and he seemed to confuse the two events in his mind and he called Karlsefni thrice that day by the name of Eric.

Leif came with his men riding in haste to bid us to Brattahlid for the winter. Thorkels rode as usual at his side, saying not much but smiling most of the time.

Despite Leif's invitation Gudrid was minded to make but a short stay at Brattahlid, declaring that she desired to dwell for the winter in her father's house. We feasted, therefore, at Brattahlid and many were bid there to our welcoming. All that had happened in Vineland was told and Karlsefni related in detail how Thorhall the Hunter and his men had left us there to sail for Greenland.

At this account Leif tightened his lips and shook his head for he knew full well how dangerous such a journey was in a small boat. And though no report had as yet been heard concerning that boat, all in the hall hoped for the best. At least there had been no trace of wreckage on the shores which had been identified.
Something that had once been triumphant seemed to have gone forever from Leif’s bearing, and a shadow was continually upon the face of Lea, his mother. Against that shadow the ever-present smile of Thorkels seemed to batter in vain, like the wings of a bird against the closing fog.

So that we were glad when the morning came for us to go to Stoakkaness. Siegfred rode by Gudrid, and Harald was at my side, while Leif led the way with Karlsefni until we were in sight of the house. Then Leif turned and rode alone back to Brattahlid.

Good was it to be in our old home and when the daily tasks were done, good was it to walk with Harald along the fjord and the old familiar paths. Yet though I expected Harald to speak again of a betrothal between us, never did he so, until at last my patience was exhausted and I said full boldly:

“Is it that thy affections toward me have changed, Harald?”

“The sun changes not,” he answered, “nor the sea, Sigrid. Neither have I heard of the wind ceasing to blow. Also winter follows...”

“All this being true,” I interrupted, “verily I think the time has come that thou should’st approach Karlsefni or Leif or whosoever has charge of my affairs in order that the proper arrangements may be made between us.”

Then without looking at him I went on hastily, for I was minded to say what I intended quickly:

“I would that both the betrothal-ale and the bridal-ale be held this winter, Harald; and I would also that in place of lin-fee you promise to grant me a wish which I shall disclose to thee on our bridal night.”

Yet further would I have spoken but Harald threw himself down on the moss and laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks. Several times he tried to speak but could not for his laughter, but when he was able he looked at me as I stood staring down at him and said meekly,

“Is it that thou wilt pay mun for me and I shall bring thee a dower, Sigrid?”

Then did a flush mount my cheeks for I liked not to be made sport of in this fashion.

Whereupon Harald leaped to his feet and drew me gently to him as though I were a child, as indeed I did seem at the moment to myself. For now I realized how perverse I had been.

“Long have I waited,” said Harald gently, his fingers stroking the hair of my forehead, “and yet longer would I have kept silent ere I dared ask thee again concerning the matter thou hast broached, so fearful was I of thy answer. And full glad am I to have thee take the lead as thou hast done, nor shall any know of it save us twain. Thou knowest full well, Sigrid, that whatsoever thou wishest and so be it my power can grant it, right gladly will I yield it thee.”

Then Harald bent his head and his lips sought mine and sealed the promise fast upon them. Glad was I then that I was to be betrothed to Harald, and yet was I fearful.

For I had hidden much in my heart that autumn. From the day we came to Stoakkaness I had been more intent in hearing of what Freydis was doing and planning than I was in the wadmal weaving, until oft Gudrid would lose patience with me, saying that it were well did I interest myself in somewhat besides the tales of Freydis, that hitherto she had not marked me as one prone to listen to idle chatter.

True it was that I questioned everyone who had been to Gardar, and knew from their reports that Freydis was boasting of the riches of Vineland and of her own plans for the next summer. Many there were who passed by her house to talk with the two traders from Norway, those whose trading ship we had found at Ericksfirth when we arrived there from Vineland. The traders were brothers and were called Helgi and Finnbogi, and though I recall they were descended from an Icelandic family of the Eastfirths, I have forgotten who fathered them.

We were surprised enough that Freydis had overcome her miserliness and was scarce off the Vineland boat before she invited the brothers to Gardar for the winter, and would not take no for an answer, even though the brothers had already made their plans. But soon I suspected the reason,
for it was said that all the talk at Gardar was of the great riches to be had in Vineland. Before the first snow came it was rumored that the brothers had said they would fain obtain permission from Leif to sail to that place.

Then had Freydis replied, "That is a permission I can obtain and not you. For I, too, wish to sail to that country and take of its wealth. But I fear that Leif, my brother, will not permit that I sail alone, and my husband is, as you see, misshapen and of no great protection to me."

"However, this will I do. I will see Leif and tell him that you wish also to go to that land, and then will I purchase a ship and we shall sail at the same time. To such a plan can my brother have no objection, for in this fashion will we serve as protection each for the other."

This the brothers agreed to, and when I heard of that agreement, then had I spoken to Harald concerning our betrothal. For I had little doubt that the journey would come to pass. Always Freydis had shown that she was a determined person and I knew how enthralled she was with the riches of Vineland. I guessed, too, that she desired beyond all things to procure a cargo of her own which would rival and perchance outvalue that of Karlsefni, for by so doing would she satisfy her hatred of my sister.

But though I still continued to question many it was not until my betrothal-ale was being drunk at Stoakkaness that I heard the outcome of her visit to Leif. "Aye," answered Leif in response to my seeming-careless question as I held a beaker of mead toward him during the feasting, "Aye, Sigrid, I have given Freydis permission to go to Vineland when the summer comes, and to use my house there. But mark ye this, I have but loaned the house to her and her friends. I did not give it to her outright as she wished." And above the rim of the cup, Leif's eyes twinkled suddenly into mine.

This information stands out in my memory as the most portentous thing that occurred during my betrothal-ale, though afterward I was to recall the music that was in Harald's voice as he gave the betrothal oath in the presence of the guests. And I was to remember also the great sadness that veiled Siegfred's face at the moment the solemn words were uttered.

And though, as I had wished, the time between my betrothal to Harald and the bridal was to be short, yet did it seem long to me. For Harald went with Leif to Bratthlid after the feasting was over, to stay until the morn of our bridal.1 Without Harald near, more and more began I to dread that day because of the vow which I must tell him then, and the wish I should demand as lin-fee. And though I dreaded it, yet at the same time did I desire the telling to be over, for I had concealed my plan so long that I was impatient to bring it forth and see how it appeared to the others who were most concerned—to Harald and to Siegfred.

But time can neither be hastened by desire nor delayed by dread, so that I was astonished when the bridal morn was come and Gudrid stood holding the Tartary dress above my head, while Gisla Audensdattar placed the bridal linen for my hair on the great chest at my side.

"Art thou thinking of Vineland, my sister?" asked Gudrid as she combed my hair so that it lay like a mantle upon my shoulders and fell thickly below my waist.

I started then and the comb scratched my scalp so that Gudrid must need staunch the blood with cob-webs.

"Why sayest thou that, Gudrid?" I asked in dismay, thinking that she had read even my inmost thoughts.

"Thine eyes held such a far distant look I thought they must be seeing distant places, aye, one even as far removed as Vineland," answered Gudrid, bringing fresh webs for the wound.

Gisla grew pale as she watched and whispered that it was a bad omen for a scratch to bleed in this fashion.

The words in no wise comforted me, but Gudrid laughed and said that old-folk's prattle was not to be considered seriously. And at last she was able to arrange my hair to her satisfaction, and she put the linen upon my head and the golden crown.

While she was doing this I asked, "Dost thou desire to return to Vineland, Gudrid?"

1 If the marriage was to take place shortly after the betrothal, it was considered bad form for the young man to call upon his betrothed in the interval.
Gudrid shook her head, “Nay, little sister,” she said. “The days that I spent there were good ones for the most part and Vineland gave me a son strong and sturdy, and I hope the one I now bear in my body shall be like unto him. Yet, methinks my destiny was fulfilled in dwelling in that land, and that the future lies now with my children, and through them shall much that is good come to pass. Though it may be that all mothers are prone to think in such fashion,” she ended gently.

“But, Gudrid, dost thou not fear that evil will befall thee and thwart thy destiny, aye, and that of thy children since our mother’s cross is no longer shining upon thy bosom?” I asked.

A little shadow fell across Gudrid’s face as she answered, “Aye, Sigrid, sometimes I am foolish enough to think even so. Though it may be that in thus doing I am a poor Christian, for surely neither the goodness of the White Christ nor the guardianship of our mother is chained to a bauble which is but gold inset with a stone men have named precious. It is only—” she ended in a little rush, “that I wore the cross so long. . . .”

Yet from Gudrid’s words did I choose those which I sought and persuaded myself that in them did I have the final decision on that which I proposed to do. And with this feeling did I join Harald.

His robe was the same blue as the Tartary dress, his cloak, like mine, was scarlet, and the border of his cloak was embroidered with a vine of silver leaves, the clasp also was of silver leaves. As he lifted me on the horse, Harald whispered that never had I been so beautiful, and between Harald and Siegfred rode I forth to the church at Brattahlid.

For while there were other churches in Greenland now, yet had I chosen to be wed in the place where Gudrid had wed, both Thorstein and Karlsefni. For I felt that the spirits of the dead still thronged the churchyard and this was a time when I wished these spirits to aid me well in my undertaking.

Even as we knelt before the priest and received his words, so concerned was I with my thinking that Harald had to nudge me to rise, and the priest seeing my confusion made the sign of the cross for a second time above my head. And as he did this I was once more assured that my undertaking was blessed of heaven—doubly blessed.

As we passed through the churchyard I realized for the first time that I was wedded and that tomorrow I should wear the housekeys at my side. Such a little while, I thought, would I wear them thus, if all went well with my vow, and I lifted my head looking full anxiously at Harald.

He smiled and said in a low voice as though he answered the question in my eyes, “Aye, Sigrid, whatever it is, that will I grant thee.”

“Think not but that I shall hold thee to thy promise,” I said.

And Siegfred, who stood by the horse’s head waiting for me to mount, spoke, “Is it a promise where I may be included, Sigrid, my sister?”

“Aye,” I answered, “I thought ever to include thee, Siegfred, and of this shall I remind thee on the morrow.”

“It is well to be included in something,” replied Siegfred in a low voice as he looked toward the fjord. Harald pressed my hand and I knew that he too realized the passing of time seemed not to lessen but to deepen Siegfred’s sorrow, that the sight and the sound of the waters of the fjord brought always the memory of his lost love tossing there.

Between the twain rode I to Stoakkaness and the feasting and drinking sped past all too quickly for me. For now that the hour was nearly upon me greatly did I fear to reveal my vow.

Yet soon did Gudrid seek me out and the women lead me to the storehouse which had been emptied. And as I entered it seemed that all of Vineland was in this place, for the furs on the walls were Vineland furs, the floor was strewn deep with Greenland branches, but the odor which came from the sweet herbs scattered there was the odor of the Vineland herbs, those which Gudrid had dried and brought hither from the New Land. And Snorri had hung a garland of Vineland cones on one of the great posts of the bed.

I kept my eyes lowered discreetly when Harald came to the place and loud was the jesting of his companions at the swift color which flooded and receded from my cheeks.
Yet was it not, I knew, from modesty, but from excitement of that which I must say. For while Harald had ever been good and gentle with me, yet did I fear his wrath when I should hold him to his promise.

Good reason had I for that fear. For when we were alone and I told him which I had vowed and all I wished, then did he leap from the bed as though it were accursed and in his shift pace up and down the room like a crazed creature, protesting that though he had sworn a thousand oaths yet would he break them all before he would yield to such a mad wish of a foolish maid.

Looking upon him thus I saw a new Harald, one whom I had never known before, and suddenly I was affrighted of him and said meekly, "It is a vow I made, Harald, and you swore to honor it. Yet art thou my husband and if thou art now minded not to grant me this, then will I yield dutifully to thy judgment."

Harald sat down upon the bench and stared at me. And by the light of the fire saw I his lips twitch and break at last into a smile, albeit an unwilling one as he answered.

"Verily, Sigrid, I know not the woman I have married. For one moment thou art the tempest and the next thou art the south wind blowing in the springtime. And whatever I expect to find, that do I not meet with."

Then he laughed aloud as he had when I asked him to take up the questions pertaining to our betrothal. And much time spent we in planning how we should best carry out the vow I had made.

The next day left I to Harald the telling of our plans to Siegfred. And much difficulty did they have in persuading my twin, but in the end Siegfred yielded, for not only was he my brother, but there was also the blood-brotherhood between him and Harald, and he had no mind to let either of us go forth to danger without the protection his presence might supply.

As soon as opportunity offered that winter, therefore, Siegfred and Harald journeyed to Gardar and saw Freydis, offering to sail in her ship when she and the brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi, went to Vineland in the spring, adding that they would serve her well.

Freydis needed young men and strong for the gathering of the Vineland products, and though she was surprised at the offer, she was delighted to have these twain, for there were no stronger youths in Greenland for all their seeming slenderness. Though she remarked dryly that it seemed strange a bridegroom should leave his bride so soon, but perchance he had good reason for so doing, for never, declared Freydis, had she any use for the bride's sister and it was probable that the younger girl resembled Gudrid in more ways than one.

Harald and Siegfred had great difficulty in swallowing the insult. Yet did they say naught for they wished to ask a favor of Freydis. And when they did so, giving as a reason that they preferred solitude and desired to be allowed to ride in the afterboat, Freydis was nothing loath. For that would be an uncomfortable place and no hot food would be served there from the kettle.

Yet did it give her more space in the ship for the deceit which she was planning. So she agreed forthright to the matter and with no hesitation agreed also that in Vineland the twain might stay apart from the others and dwell in a cave they had found not far from Leif's house. — "So be it you conceal there naught of the wealth of the land to take away with you," she added.

That promise gave they willingly enough and the bargain was sealed, though both were loath to shake Freydis' hand.

When they told me of all that had happened and how naught had failed in our planning so far, diligently did I carry on my own preparations through the winter, while Siegfred continually used his tweezers with great care and kept all sign of a beard from his face. Many there were who paused at Stoakkaness who remarked upon our likeness to each other.

Oft did I wish that the vow I had made was fulfilled and did not hang over my head. Yet was I determined to do but this one thing as I willed. For this did I owe to Gudrid. After that I would choose naught else but a quiet life with Harald and Siegfred, for of course he would always remain with us.

The child Snorri was growing fast and the house at Stoakkaness rang with his
laughter, and so great was our happiness
that the winter passed as a swift dragon
through the water and spring was upon us
and the day for Freydis' departure was
almost at hand.

Then did I tell Gudrid that I thought not
to witness the departure of Harald and
Siegfred, but to go forth at once to the
home of Gisla Audensdattar and to remain
there for a season.

This my sister agreed would be wise, for
she knew it would be difficult for me to say
farewell to both my husband and brother
when the boat of Freydis' and that of the
brothers left for Vineland. Neither she nor
Karlsefni could understand the determina-
tion of Harald and Siegfred to make the
journey.

XVIII

Gisla welcomed me and made many
plans for my staying with her until long
after the departure of the boats. But as
the time for the sailing of the Vineland
boats drew closer, suddenly I told Gisla
that I had changed my mind and would,
after all, return to Stoakkaness to bid my
husband and brother farewell. So I
mounted my horse and instead of contin-
ing on the way to my father's house, met
Harald and Siegfred in a place we had
chosen. And there Siegfred cut my hair
to my shoulders and in the same fashion
which he wore his own.

Then clad I myself in kirtle and trousers
like in all ways to Siegfred's. And in the
darkness of that night we went to the boat
and I was hidden safely beneath the fur-
wrapped bundles on the afterboat.

Because I was worn out with excitement
and wearied from all I had been through
I fell asleep. When I woke I started up,
but a hand pressed me back, and I remem-
bered that I must stay hidden, save when
Siegfred took my place.

But I whispered, "Harald, Harald, why
is the boat rocking thus in the harbour—
is it that there is a great storm?"

He answered in a low voice, "Nay, Sig-
rid, it is that we are on our way as you
wished, to Vineland the Good. So wearied
were you that you knew not of our de-
parture."

A great joy came over me then at the
thought of thus beginning the journey
wherein I should fulfill my vow. And I
thought of the happiness that fulfillment
would bring to Gudrid. Then I nearly
cried aloud, for I wondered what she
would think when I failed to return from
Gisla's. Would she believe me drowned
in the fjord as Arnora had been?

So in my distress I must call again in
a stricken voice to Harald, "What will
Gudrid think, Harald mine? Alas, what
will Gudrid think?"

And he answered, "She will know the
truth, Sigrid, for I sent her the hair-
wrapped birchen leaf and a hidden word
by a thrall. He was to tell her that three
that were one could not be separated."

Then did I know a great thankfulness
to Harald my husband as I realized that
his wisdom was greater than mine. And I
vowed a second vow which was that never
again would I take my wilful way, but
would strive to learn obedience and serve
well that one whom I had wed. But first
must I carry out the vow which, likewise,
had been made on the sea. Perhaps, I
thought, it would be well to guard against
the spell of the waves and refrain after this
from pledging myself!

The covers above me were lifted and
Siegfred crept in beside me and laid him-
self down, saying, "Go forth now if you
wish, Sigrid, but forget not to walk freely
as I showed thee and not mince along as
though skirts were at thine ankles."

So crawled I out from my hiding place
and strode back and forth in the little space
of the afterboat, and nearly over the edge
of the boat itself, so concerned was I with
my striding!

Harald came by me soon and we sat to-
gether and talked as we ate our smoked
meat and drank some skyr. Fortunate it
was that I resembled my brother so closely,
for if any from the dragon boat had climbed
to its tail to mark us, they would have
thought not but that they were seeing Har-
ald and Siegfred.

Harald told me that while Freydis had
agreed with Helgi and Finnbogi to take
with her but thirty men and half-a-dozen
women, wives of some of the Greenlanders,
to match the number of men and women
the brothers carried in their ship, yet had
Freydis come down to the ship in the night-
time, shortly after I was hidden on the
afterboat and had hidden five men more than her share in the dragon boat, so that she would have more hands for the rowing and more to serve her in the new land than did the brothers.

I understood then why Freydis had been willing that Siegfred and Harald ride in the afterboat and it seemed to me that even in this deceit of Freydis', fate was aiding me.

The weather held good and despite its unseaworthiness the ship of Freydis crept on. We paused not at Helluland and Markland, save to replenish our water, but when we came to the Wonder-Beaches, we must needs stop long enough to seek for game as our food was exhausted. Harald shot a deer with branching horns there, and in no great time thereafter we came to the mouth of the river that led to Leif's house.

Helgi and Finnbogi and their men had seen our sail on the sea and were waiting for us at the mouth of the river. With delight they reported that the directions which Leif had given them had been so clear that they themselves had experienced no difficulty in finding either the river or the house. They were all established in the house now and waiting for Freydis and her men.

But Freydis fell into a rage and ordered the brothers to move out at once and build their own house, saying, "It was to me that Leif lent this house and not to you."

Then the men from her boat came on shore and gathered about her and Helgi saw that there were more of them than Freydis had agreed to take. Moreover, they came on shore armed and ready to fight, whereas the brothers' men had come forth weaponless to greet friends.

During this time I kept hidden, but I heard all that went on and great was the astonishment in Helgi's voice as he answered:

"I thought it was agreed between us that we should share and share alike in all matters. Therefore have we not gathered of the wealth of this land but have waited for your coming. Yet now do I realize that I am no match for you, for you are one who holds not to your promises, even though
they are hand-sealed and made before witnesses."

And I heard Finnbogi add, "If these crooked dealings continue it were better perhaps that we returned to our boat and set sail at once and empty-handed from this land."

But after conferring together the brothers moved out of Leif's house and set about cutting logs with which to build their own shelter, so that they might dwell in the land.

In the confusion that was on the shore Siegfred went to the cave and remained there and after a little I strode boldly forth by Harald's side and none remarked that it was not Siegfred passing among them.

Freydis was preparing to settle herself and the rest of her followers at once in the house of Leif. And on the morrow and the days that followed, while the brothers must cut down trees to build their hut and spend much of the good weather in thus preparing against the winter, Freydis ordered her men to gather grapes and vines and cut timber for her ship.

For she was minded to take as much wealth as possible with her from that land. The men were surprised at her energy and knew not how she proposed to carry so great a cargo to Greenland. It had been all the ship could do to keep afloat on the voyage to Vineland, and while there were those who thought it could be repaired somewhat, yet did Freydis show no inclination to do this. And when one dared ask her concerning it, she declared it would be a waste of time.

That autumn Freydis came not near the cave where we dwelt, nor did any of the others. For the cave was high on a cliff and difficult to reach and so hard did Freydis work both the men and the women who were with her, that they thought not to waste their energies and asked not the way to the retreat of Harald and Siegfred. Yet behind the cave where we dwelt was an inner one, concealed by a rock at its entrance, and in this it was planned, should I hide, sobeit we were disturbed, and trust thus to escape detection.

Grieved was I often at the exhaustion of Harald and Siegfred when they came to the cave at the day's end. For Freydis would have it that their axes be ringing with the others at dawn and that they cease not until dusk. Else, she declared, the twain must leave their hidden cave and come into Leif's house and dwell there with the others.

Yet in the dusk when Harald was not too tired to go with me I went by the light of the moon to that hill where the great pines stood, searching for the white rock under which I was certain Freydis had hidden the cross.

But though before I returned to Vineland I had been certain I could find it, seek though I did that autumn until it seemed that Harald and I had lifted every rock on that hill and as carefully replaced them so that Freydis might not know of the search, yet I found not the cross of our mother.

Though always when I went to that hillside it seemed that a gracious unseen presence was there and could I listen closely enough I might understand in my heart what message that presence had for me. Could I but understand, then would I know where to look for the cross and would be certain my hands would reach directly for the rock.

Naught had I to show for my search when the snow came like a shield on the land, for this was a hard winter like to the first we had known in Vineland.

But for that Freydis cared not. She had a fortune in trees cut and stacked ready for the loading. Many were the grapes, too, that were dried, and the vines twisted into ropes for her.

After the snow came Siegfred and Harald went not often on their skiis to the house of Freydis and only once did a group of men from there try to scale the cliff to our cave. They knew not the easier way which we used and Urd the Sure fell and broke his arm in two places, while an avalanche of snow nearly smothered his companions.

The men when they had dug themselves out declared that Harald and Siegfred might live as hermits or cliff birds if they chose. They would not risk their lives to visit them in the future. Their decision was most pleasing to us, though I doubt that had they discovered our secret and my identity would they have revealed it to Freydis.

As for Freydis she was glad to be rid of Harald and Siegfred, for their eyes, me-
thinks, were so clear and straightforward that she could not have long been otherwise than uncomfortable before their gaze. And while the three of us suffered somewhat in the cave from the winter’s cold, yet it was not beyond our endurance. I complained not in any way for it would not have been seemly as it was through my will that we had come back to Vineland.

Our fireplace of stones had a smoke vent in the roof of the cave and a certain amount of food had been given Harald from Freydis’ supply, while during the summer that had passed I had managed secretly to gather herbs and roots and grapes. I made porridge now of the slippery-tree bark and from the wild grain Siegfred had garnered beside the river.

Save that Siegfred grieved much for Arnora, great was the harmony and peace of that cave compared to the quarreling and discontent between the house of Leif where Freydis dwelt with her Greenlanders and the hut which the brothers Helgi and Finnbogi had built for their men nearby.

From the first there had been ill words flung between the two groups, and after the snow had fallen so that the men could work no longer but had time heavy for their tongues and hands, Helgi seeing that the enmity was increasing, proposed that the two houses have games to see which was the stronger, for in this manner he hoped to increase friendliness and good will.

But his intention came to worse than naught, for after the snow had been tramped down and a good place made for the racing and wrestling and the skin-pulling, the men of the brothers chanced to win most of the first contests.

Whereupon Freydis began jeering her men and telling them that the others won the contests by trickery and not by strength, until the Greenlanders for want of victories began to echo her words and believed ill of the men of the brothers.

“A poor lot are the Icelanders,” declared the men of Freydis one day, when he went in for some walrus rope for his snares. “They win the games unfairly and it is true, as Freydis declares, that when we return to Greenland they will boast of their strength and make a joke of us, so that we will be shamed before our kinfolk there.”

“It seems strange, methinks, that we were so fooled with them in Greenland,” replied Harald cautiously, “for then we all thought them most unusual men and were glad to be in their company.”

“Aye, we were fooled then,” replied the men of Freydis gruffly.

Harald noted that day that Freydis had a strained look about her mouth and that her eyes glinted. And sometimes when the others were talking and seeming to pay her no attention, she would draw her teeth back and give a strange sound. But if any spoke of it she laughed and said her throat troubled her.

It was plain that her men were uneasy in her presence and Harald said they seemed to fear her. She had however seemed more pleased than was usual to see Harald and urged him to stay longer at the house.

This he declined to do and Freydis said she would walk a way with him. She put on a wrap, not her wadmal garment but one fashioned from skins of the Vineland bears and before setting out she drank a cupful of red blood. 3

She walked not far and suddenly turned about and with no farewell went back to the house.

Harald liked not the appearance of Freydis nor the strange atmosphere of the house and he was glad to return to the cave. Fortunate it was, he declared, that the spring would soon be upon us.

“Then must I find the cross of my mother,” I said, “though I lift every stone on the hillside!”

Harald smiled and said naught.

But Siegfred looked up and a strange look was on his face, like to that I have often seen come upon Gudrid. “I think you will find it, Sigrid,” he said.

And in this, as in other things he said, did he speak true. For spring had scarce clothed the land in its first green than one night I had a strange dream and in it a woman wrapped in a blue mantle bent above my head and spoke, saying:

“Come, Sigrid, Siegfred. This is the day for journeying.” And I woke with a start

3 An individual tug-of-war waged to gain possession of an animal’s skin.

4 The skins of ferocious beasts and their blood was supposed to transmit their characteristics to one who wore the skins or drank of fresh blood.
believing that the woman of my dreaming was our mother.

So certain was I that she was guiding me that I dressed myself in kirtle and trousers as my brother and went forth from the cave. Down the hidden path I went, and though it was yet dark my feet were sure and slipped not on the stones.

And after I reached the glade I went swiftly, and because the shorter way to the hill of the pines led by the brothers' house, I turned in that direction.

As I drew near the house a woman stepped out of the wood ahead of me and so close was she that I could have reached out and touched her. For a moment in the darkness I thought I was seeing the woman of my dream, our mother herself and my heart beat mightily at the thought. But then the figure ahead of me made a curious sound, half-growl, half-whine in her throat, and I knew it was Freydis.

The dark would lessen soon, I thought and I drew behind the thick bushes at the end of the house to watch her, for I wondered why she should be abroad thus early.

The door of the brothers' house must have been ajar, for I saw Freydis enter and after a moment I heard the astonished voice of Finnbogi speaking.

"Wherefore are you come to this house?"

"Get up," answered Freydis, "and come outside. For I have somewhat to discuss with thee."

Her voice was strained and unnatural, but she was trying hard to make it honey-sweet. And she came outside and waited by the door.

Finnbogi grumbled but after a little he followed her and the two of them came and sat on a log lying on the ground near the wall of the house, close to the bushes where I was hidden.

"How do you like it here in Vineland?" asked Freydis of Finnbogi.

"The country is productive enough and there are plenty of good things in this land," answered Finnbogi. "When you told me of its wealth you told me true.

"The thing I do not like is the trouble between our two houses and the quarreling which continues day after day. I can see no reason for it and naught but ill ever comes from such feeling as has grown up between my followers and yours."

"Aye," declared Freydis. "I am of your mind and it is about this matter that I came."

"Then will you find me easy to talk to," answered Finnbogi. "That I promise you."

But he drew in his breath with astonishment when Freydis said, "This is the gist of the matter. I wish to depart from this land at once and return to Greenland. But I wish first to purchase your ship for it is larger than mine and I have a large cargo ready. Besides I have more men with me than have you to provide for."

Finnbogi pondered for a time and then he said, "The number of men you have with you is of your choosing. Yet it may be that we can come to an agreement. It is true that the ship in which you arrived is old and in need of repair. Yet have I some good carpenters with me and while it will take a time, still I am minded to consider your offer. I think that we can arrange matters between us.

"But this is an agreement to be talked over further and before witnesses. While if I do this thing, then shall I expect payment from you in the timber which you have cut. This is only fair and proper, for you possess far more than the supply I have gathered, because of your extra men and for other reasons which you know."

"Aye, things can be settled between us!" answered Freydis hoarsely, and she gave him her hand as though to seal the bargain.

Finnbogi rose to go into his house and Freydis turned toward her own. As soon as Finnbogi had closed the door I slipped through the dark after Freydis. I had marked the strangeness of her voice, and as she returned toward her house she paused now and then, laughed wildly and muttered to herself.

When she came by her door she sat down on a stump, took off her footgear and walked back and forth in her bare feet in the snow. Then she entered and I heard her groaning as she climbed into bed.

Her husband was wakened by her and cried out sharply, "Why art thou so cold and wet? Thy feet are like icicles."

Then Freydis began sobbing and crying and would not speak and I heard the others in the house stirring and knew that she had wakened all in the place.

And at last Freydis broke out through
her crying and moaning, saying, "Alas, alas, that thou should'st ask when it is too late! Would that I had never come to this accursed country!"

"Tell me what ails thee," demanded her husband, "so that I may right it insofar as it lies in my power!"

"Aye," answered Freydis, "I will tell thee. But as for righting it, thou art too crooked a stick and too careless of aught that concerns me, so that I must bear my shame in silence.

"Know this, thou crooked man, that I went to the brothers to try and buy their ship. For, as thou knowest, I have great wealth of timber and grapes ready for the carrying to Greenland. And theirs is the larger vessel which I need more than they.

"So I offered to buy their ship from them and give them fair purchase price for it. Whereupon the brothers roared with laughter and they and their men handled me so roughly that I shall never recover.

"And well do I know that thou, poor wretch, will neither avenge me nor do aught in any way becoming to a man. Were I in Greenland there were plenty to spring to my side. And now, shalt thou know that because thou art a coward I shall part forever from thee, weakling that thou art. And I shall tell all in Greenland what cowards these men with thee have been, and that they have failed in all that be, comes men, because of their great cowardliness."

So continued she in this fashion and her voice was now high and piercing, now low and filled with such woe and heartbreak, that I who had seen and heard all that had taken place, found myself for the moment persuaded of her words and grieving for Freydis.

Witchcraft it was she used and of a terrible sort, for I heard Freydis' husband speaking to the men and asking them if they would go with him to avenge the treatment of which Freydis told.

And I heard them answer "Aye," as in one voice, as they buckled on their armour. And their swords clashed and their shields rang as they took them from the wall.

In the early dawn they went in a body straight toward the house of the brothers, while the women who were with Freydis in the house stood in the door and laughed at their eagerness.

As soon as I could move without being seen I turned to run toward the cave, but scarce had I taken the path than I met Harald who had come forth with Siegfred seeking me, being frightened to find me gone.

"Freydis is bewitched," I gasped, "and is going to murder the brothers in their house."

Harald said naught then, but pointed toward the cave, and himself ran swiftly after Siegfred. For my twin was likewise seeking me.

And though I had vowed myself to be dutiful and obedient, yet did I that morning break my vow. For I went not toward the cave but followed after Harald, and great fear was in my heart.

Thus saw I the beginning of the awful deed that Freydis and the men of Freydis did in the land we had once called Vine-land the Good!

I saw them steal inside the dark house and bring forth the brothers and their men, whom they had bound with cords, giving them no chance to know what was to happen, and I heard the prisoners protesting at being thus dealt with. Though fear was in their voices, yet did they pretend they thought it a game of some sort. In truth they suspected not, I think, what was to take place until the voice of Freydis cut like a knife:—

"Now kill them!" And sharper and louder, "KILL THEM!"

Then heard I the sound of swords and axes striking on flesh and shrieks of terror and agony battered like red horror at my ears as I flew from the place nor stopped until I came to the hillside covered with white stones. And there I fell and lay sobbing until the land about me lightened and the sun gilded the tops of the pine trees.

"Sigrid," said Harald's voice beside me, after I know not what time had passed, "Sigrid, come quickly for Siegfred is wounded. Now be ye strong for the hour of thy testing is at hand!"

"Siegfred?" I said, trying to stagger to my feet, and the stone where I had bedded my head moved as I fell on it a second time and beneath was the glint of gold.
I stared in amazement for it was our mother’s cross, the cross for which I had journeyed to Vineland and for which I had searched fruitlessly. Shining in the earth it lay before me, and at the sight Harald’s words ceased and we stood for a moment staring unbelievingly upon it.

Then bent I toward the cross and lifted it, while the chain seemed to wind about my fingers and I knew I had come upon Gudrid’s heart-treasure at last, not by chance but by the leading of the woman in my dream—the leading of our mother. Harald was speaking again, “Siegfred is leaving us this day, Sigrid! Come, let us take him the cross!” And suddenly was the meaning of our mother’s words clear to me—“This is the day for journeying!”

I could not reach my brother’s side, it seemed, swiftly enough; but as we hastened to him, Harald told me briefly that early in the morning when Harald had found him and warned him that I thought Freydis was mad, my brother had sent Harald back to me, for he knew my wilfulness and said he was fearful for my safety. Harald found me not at the cave whither he had sent me, and had returned in all haste to the brothers’ house, whence Siegfred had declared he was going.

And there he saw a great pile of slain, and at first thought there was among them no living person, for Freydis and her men had gone now from the place. Then had Harald heard a groaning among the fallen ones, and thus had he found Siegfred, one side of his face swollen and discolored and slit with a great gash from which the blood oozed slowly.

For my brother had come upon Freydis at her bloody work and without thought of his own safety had rushed in against her men and single-handed tried to stay the murderers. Then had Freydis seized an axe and given Siegfred such a blow with the heft upon his face and shoulder that he fell unconscious. And when he opened his eyes Freydis herself was killing the last of the women of the brothers. For after Siegfred had fallen the men of Freydis had refused to murder further, so that Freydis herself had slaughtered the women.

Siegfred heard the wild laughter and shrieking of Freydis, and saw her fall bloodied and exhausted among the women she had slain—Freydis the daughter of Eric the Red.—Freydis the Terrible!

Then had we come to the place Siegfred was lying on the mossy bank by the brook side whence Harald had carried him. With a gasp I knelt by him whispering, “Siegfred, Siegfred!”

He opened his eyes and great was the light in their depths when he beheld the cross in my hands.

“Now,” he said, “do I know all is well, and my destiny is fulfilled! Weep not, Sigrid,” he whispered, “nor grieve, blood-brother mine, nor think to avenge this which has come upon me, for that it has turned into my blessing. Now is my love close and the time of my sorrow passed, and I thank ye both for letting me venture thus to Vineland the Good. It has been for me a sweet land.”

He gestured toward the cross and I placed it on his lips and he kissed it. Then suddenly he lifted his arms and cried “Arnora!”

Thus died our brother, Siegfred. By his words he left not sorrow but heart-peace behind him, for I knew Arnora was at his side and to her care must I leave him. Thus was the prophecy of my dreaming fulfilled, and verily it was for Siegfred the day for journeying.

We buried him there by the brookside, and yet did we not leave him for his presence seemed to remain with us and whenever I looked at my own likeness in the waters I looked upon his. And I knew that with his body did the last of my wilfulness lie buried, that I had won my way free from the shadow I had known so long. The three that were one were not parted forever!

That night as Harald and I watched from our cave we saw a great light in the glade and soon there was a vast fire sweeping through the valley. In the morning we learned how Freydis had made of the brothers’ house a funeral pyre and all those who had been murdered were by her orders consumed in the flames.

The fire stopped not with their house but spread over the hillside and consumed the pines, and it raced further and burned the house Leif had built in that land, so Frey-
dis and her followers must move to the seashore beside the supplies which Freydis had already caused to be carried there. All that portion of Vineland was laid waste and spoilt and all trace of our dwelling in that place was forever lost.

I hid my face on Harald's shoulder and would not look at the flames feeding with red tongues on the Vineland trees, the flames set by Freydis the Terrible; but my mother's cross I held tight in my hands and it comforted me, for through its power would Freydis, I hoped, be outwitted, and her evil power at an end. Harald spoke aloud the words of an old saga; and his voice was filled with sadness as he uttered them. "'With law shall a land be built up and settled, with lawlessness, wasted and spoilt.'" 4

Now will I bring this saga to an ending.

I toiled at Harald's side in Vineland, my head wrapped in white wadmal as though I had been wounded. I spoke not save in whispers, so that none should hear my woman's voice, and all thought I was my brother.

And when the ship of Helgi and Finn-bogi was loaded by Freydis with all her cargo, Freydis called all before her and each was made to swear separately by Frey, Njord and Thor, not to reveal what had happened in the land. And when it came my turn I pointed to my face. Then did Harald step beside me, saying, "Make I myself surety for my blood-brother's silence!" And I nodded my head that this was so.

"Be certain I shall contrive the death of any who shall break the oath and shall speak of these happenings," declared Freydis. "We must give out that we left the brothers and their men living in Vineland, and say they promised to come later."

After that we departed for Greenland, and when we came there the boat of Karlsefni was in the harbour, loaded and ready to sail to Norway and the Court of the King.

Many men were gathered by the gangplank, for as we learned later, Karlsefni had given out word he would depart that day since he had already delayed again and again at Gudrid's wish. For so certain had my sister been that Freydis' boat would return, she had persuaded him to linger longer than his good judgment deemed advisable. But now must the ship depart if the long voyage be made that

4 Saga of Burnt Njal.
season in safety. All waited, therefore, the coming of Gudrid, but it seemed she dallied past any man's patience.

A great shout rose up from the men when they saw the sail of our boat riding above the waves, and a swift messenger took word at once to Gudrid that one ship from Vineland was in sight. Yet had she not reached the shore when our boat was beached and Freydis descended the gangplank.

“What of the brothers?” demanded Leif at once. “Why have they not returned with you, since that was the understanding?”

“They are so enthralled with the land that we could not persuade them,” answered Freydis. “Indeed, they declared they might sail directly for Norway by a route that led them past islands they alone knew.”

“Is this so?” asked Leif of the men with Freydis. And they all nodded their heads but would not look at the son of Eric the Red.

This shiftiness of the eye Leif marked well, and as soon as Harald and I came on shore, Leif called us aside saying, “Let Sigrid, whom I have not yet seen, look after herself for the moment, and tell me what is being hidden from my knowledge, for I would have the truth concerning the brothers.”

“I cannot tell thee otherwise than that which thou hast already heard,” answered Harald, and he turned to me and nodded his head.

Then stood I forth for I knew that now could I speak, and I said loudly and in my own voice, “None who went with Freydis will declare otherwise for they are sworn under oath to silence; and neither will Siegfred so declare.”

Then rushed Freydis toward me, for she had seen Leif take us aside and marked my excitement. Leif made a gesture to his men to hold her fast and let me speak.

And I continued, “But I have taken no oath,” and I stripped the wadmal from my face and my cheeks were without scar. “Aye, I am Sigrid,” I said and I told Leif all that had happened. After I finished I begged Leif not to punish Freydis too severely, “For she is mad, Leif,” I said, “and knows not right from wrong!”

I held out the cross of our mother as the proof of the tale I had told, and at the sight of the cross Freydis stiffened and became as one dead and so was she borne away, and the priest among the Greenlanders cried out to all to witness a miracle.

“No,” he declared, “is the strength of the White Christ proven before ye and the old gods forever conquered!”

“Sigrid, little sister!” came the sound of the most beautiful voice in the world and the arms of Gudrid were about me, Gudrid in the blue cloak of our mother. With a sob I folded the cross in her hand. My first vow taken on the sea was fulfilled.

Leif declared he could not punish Freydis as she deserved but that she should live on charity all the rest of her days, and all she possessed be given to the church and a cathedral be built at Gardar in expiation for her sins; while she and those who had murdered at her bidding should be considered as outcasts.

Henceforth, he added, none should sail to the western land, until the spell which Freydis had wrought there be exhausted and forgotten.

Then we departed with Karlsefni from Greenland forever after bidding farewell to Leif the son of Eric the Red.

And the first night when the steering star was bright above us Gudrid said, “The reports of Vineland the Good shall be preserved, for there shall come a time when a navigator who is daring shall learn of them. Then shall he set forth and find the land once more and open a way across the sea for our children's children to follow. And in order that this may come to pass I am minded to tell the scribes of Leif and of Karlsefni.”

“Aye,” I answered and I made another vow on the sea, the last of my making, that I, too, should reveal somewhat to the scribes, but that which I should tell would concern Gudrid my sister, so there might be preserved the Saga of Gudrid, for whom the land in the West, Vineland the Good, was named.

Now have I fulfilled that vow and finished what I had to say. God be with us! Amen!

Christopher Columbus made a journey to Iceland in his youth, where many historians believe he learned of the sagas of Vineland.

THE END
The Pledge of Allegiance

MADELEINE PREBLE SCHARF
Secretary, Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education

FEW patriotic programs have had as far reaching effects as the flag-on-every-school campaign instituted by the Youth's Companion in 1888. Out of that movement grew the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day in 1892 and a program in which appeared for the first time a Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag.

On page 446 of the Youth's Companion for September 8, 1892, we find:

THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME
for the National Columbian Public School Celebration of October 21, 1892.

Note.—The instructions for the proper conduct of these exercises are given in the small type, the successive exercises themselves in the large type.

The schools should assemble at 9 A. M. in their various rooms. At 9:30 the detail of Veterans is expected to arrive. It is to be met at the entrance of the yard by the Color-Guard of pupils, escorted with dignity to the building, and presented before the Principal. The several teachers conduct their pupils to the yard, to beat the command "Attention!" and begins the exercises by reading the several teachers' conduct their pupils to the yard, to beat the signal, and the several teachers conduct their pupils to the yard, to beat the drum or other music, and arrive them in a hollow square about the flag, the Veterans and Color-Guard taking places by the flag itself. The Master of Ceremonies then gives the command "Attention!" and begins the exercises by reading the Proclamation.

1. READING OF THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION, by the Master of Ceremonies.

At the close of the reading he announces: "In accordance with this recommendation by the President of the United States, and as a sign of our devotion to our country, let the Flag of the Nation be unfurled above this School."

2. RAISING OF THE FLAG . . . . . . by the Veterans.

As the Flag reaches the top of the staff, the Veterans will lead the assemblage in "Three Cheers for 'Old Glory.'"

3. SALUTE TO THE FLAG by the Pupils.

At a signal from the Principal the pupils, in ordered ranks hands to the side, face the Flag. Another signal is given: every pupil gives the Flag the military salute—right hand lifted, palm downward, to a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus, all repeat together, slowly: "I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

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

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

A controversy as to the authorship of the Pledge of Allegiance lies between those who believe Mr. Bellamy, the celebration's chairman, to be its author and those who attribute it to Mr. James Upham, the director of the long extended patriotic program of the Youth's Companion. It is claimed that Mr. Upham had written a draft which was later put into acceptable shape "by some slight editorial assistance" and that he was the prime mover of the Columbus Day celebration. The Pledge was known as The Youth's Companion Pledge.

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

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

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

A Winter's Tale—a true and amusing one—
of rivalry for "a banner with a strange device"

ERNEST E. LANNOY

IT came—this vying for an impudent banner—as the strangest aberration in a season already remarkable for its sleighing. Everywhere that winter of 1855-1856 the snow lay deeper on the ground than it had for years; something novel in the way of sleighing was perhaps inevitable. In South Carolina sled runners were fitted to the elegant carriages of Charleston. Connecticut patriots celebrated Washington's Birthday with a parade over the snow. And in Massachusetts the sleigh parties of the young were organized by the maidens rather than by their Leap Year-bashful beaus.

Curious incidents, those. But in Ohio such innovations were improved upon. What occurred there was something unique in the annals of American folk-ways: a competition remembered as the "banner" sleigh rides.

People in the East were amused, people in England amazed by this whimsy of Brother Jonathan. For near the shores of Lake Erie, townships—and eventually entire counties—paid one another friendly visits by sleigh, vying in the size of their turnouts for possession of a home-made banner. It bore this device: the likeness of a gentleman thumbing his nose.

For once, that immemorial gesture of derision and defiance was not resented. Instead of strife it begot striving. Citizens in ever larger parties descended upon their neighbors, not to resent the saucy banner but to carry it off as a prize, and to be royally congratulated for doing so.
Although those sleigh rides were hailed as the largest on record, the strange emulation did more than establish a new precedent for size. An example even more admirable was set for neighborliness and good will—in the midst of a winter most unfavorable to those qualities.

For that warm civic rivalry sprang, contrarily, from weather which had turned extremely cold and forbidding with the coming of the year 1856. The first half of that January found the mercury cowering as far below zero as usually it hovered above. And the third week was only less moderate to bring the fall of another foot of snow and savage gale from off Lake Erie. The weather, to use an expression of that day, was getting no better fast.

Nor did dispositions improve as the stormy weeks wore on. Human nature reflected the hostility of the elements. The citizenry, ordinarily sociable and convivial, grew snowbound and sullen.

To the general moroseness the only exception, seemingly, was a newspaper editor who published this: Recipe—For frostbitten ears and noses apply alum and water. To make a hard winter short make a note payable in spring. There is nothing like it to alleviate time.

Significantly, that facetious editor was himself extending no credit: —Terms—Invariably in advance, read the legend on Page One of his paper. He and everyone else knew the year for one wherein nothing could be trusted.

Reliable weather prophets, back in the fall, had studied the never-failing signs, had noted that the squirrel was laying-by but his usual store of nuts and that the caterpillar was wearing his fur no thicker than commonly. Therefore the winter, so the prophets had confidently assured everybody, would be mild and open. And now had come this winter so severe the greybeards could remember none like it. February was reached and the storms and cold continued. Even the January Thaw, which always came as regularly as Winter itself, failed to appear.

But at last the weather suddenly mended. Mid-February had come, and with it, fair weather. For days on end the skies were clear above the crusted snow. Clear and intensely blue above snow deep enough to freight a four-horse sleigh.

Casually, a winter’s fun began on that snow. Sled-runners brought a welcome release from the confining weather and a whole winter’s gregariousness was loosed. People were eager to join with their neighbors in fun and frolic. Sleigh parties, naturally enough, were larger than was the custom. Yet when the folks of Solon village assembled seven sleighs they were sure the limit had been reached. So certain were they, that they toured the countryside with a sign Solon can’t be beat.

In the nearest village people thought differently. The citizens of Twinsburg repaid the visit in, appropriately, just twice the sleighs. And in returning home they went through Bedford and gave the folks there to understand that it was quite an exploit they had performed.

Promptly, Bedford retorted with a larger party. And with this marvelous sleigh ride an added impetus was given to the rivalry. Thus far there had been no great incentive. But now the rendezvous on Bedford square found seven hundred persons—men, women, and children from all over the township—rallying beneath a stirring flag. They crowded into thirty-four sleighs, all that could be mustered, and if any one was left behind it was for want of conveyance.

What had united the township was that singular banner. It had been made for the occasion, a square of white muslin stained in lamp-black and brick-dust with a ruddy image of Take-me-if-you-can.

Flaunting their banner, the troupe set out for Solon, brass band a-blaring and harness bells a-jingle. Most of the sleighs were nothing more than farm wagons with runners replacing the wheels, yet draped as they were with national flags they made a brave spectacle. The procession, thought one who rode in it, was fully as magnificent as that of Xerxes crossing the Hellespont.

At the Plank Road House the party paused for refreshment as it passed through the frozen swamps beyond, that imaginative Bedfordite fancied the frogs roused from their slumbers to croak a greeting.

In the villages of the vanquished the Bedford people were acclaimed as conquering heroes. Mounted escorts were sent to wel-
come them and to cheer them on their way. The schools were dismissed in order that the children, too, might marvel at this family visit of a sister township.

In Solon and in Twinsburg everyone lined the streets and cheered himself hoarse. Everyone, that is, save a certain cynic in Solon who frowned upon this display of good-fellowship. He peeked out of his window as the banner went by. Perhaps it was some prank of the wind that caused the fingers of old Take-me-if-you-can to wriggle more vigorously just then.

Other villages were visited. Everywhere the saucy banner was envied. Home from a twenty-mile tour of triumph, the Bedfordites announced publicly: "When any of our neighboring towns beat Bedford in the way of sleighrides cheerfully deliver up the flag, and may we be there to see!"

A week later the people of Northfield made such an attempt. The weather was against them. It was a bitterly cold day and some derelict souls stayed home. Northfield’s supremacy was debatable and the Bedfordites refused to yield the prize. At this some Northfielders caviled good-naturedly: thirty-two sleighs, the number they understood to have been in the Bedford party, had suddenly become thirty-four. They had come with thirty-three.

Then the villagers of Brecksville tried. Crossing the deep-drifted valley of the Cuyahoga in forty sleighs, they found Bedford willing to acknowledge defeat. Amid shouts of congratulation the coveted banner was handed over to them.

"Take good care of old Take-me," they said. "You won’t be keeping him long."

Home again, the Brecksvillians hailed the cordiality of their reception as indicating that "humanity is not completely sordid, selfish and sour." From that just estimation there was but one dissent. The cynic of Solon village wrote the newspapers his opinion of the Bedford people, and what he said about them was meant to be uncomplimentary. He belittled their ride and sneered at them for enthusiastically likening their procession to that of Xerxes. This fellow—he signed himself Solon—scolded those who had cheered the Bedford troupe. Only the croaking frogs, he declared, had shown a reasonable appreciation of a party which "from the beginning has only acted by imitating the Solonites."

It was more than his customary ill-nature that led Solon to deplore the "monkeyish propensities of the Bedfordites." It was an emotion that did him credit: he was chagrined his own village had been outdone. Solon was the sole sour-grapes. He spoke for no one but himself. The contest went merrily on as before. The surrounding villages (townships, really) vied in rapid succession. Royalton won the banner with sixty-four sleighs; Boston took it with sixty-six; Independence tried and lacked but one.

Then, two parties visited Boston on the same day. Just as the banner was being handed to seventy-three sleighs from Hudson, another and larger troupe drew up. With eighty-one sleighs it carried the prize to Richfield. That town in turn was the scene of a triple bid for the flag.

The three cavalcades gliding into Richfield on a day in March represented more than village and township; it was a competition among counties by then. While the visitors gossiped and got acquainted, the judges labored. Their tally showed counts of 140, 151, and 171—for hundred and sixty-two sleigh-loads of neighbors convoked in friendship by the lure of a paltry flag.

In mid-March a county delegation of 185 sleighs won, and retained the banner. The snows were melting; this was the final effort, and it made Take-me-if-you-can a permanent resident of Solon’s own county. Solon, it was remarked, grew more amiable.

The turnouts had increased in size like a snowball rolling down hill. Full momentum was never attained, and there is no way of telling how large the parties might have become (populous Akron and Cleveland made plans). But the weather had brought the rides into being and it was bringing them to an end.

The weather today has been most lovely, clear skies and balmy air. Spring comes gradually but surely upon us. It was Solon who wrote that, and as he wrote it he actually smiled. Outside his window the snowdrops were blooming, four weeks late.

Source: the newspapers of Akron and Cleveland for January, February and March of the year 1856.
Mrs. William H. Alexander, in her "Memory Gown," a stunning rainbow-colored creation which was made from ribbons she had saved from flowers given her during her terms of office as Regent of the Monongahela Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., regent of the Pennsylvania State Society, and vice president general of the National Society. The gown was created by Mrs. Harry Thomas, a couturière of Monongahela, and herself a granddaughter of a Civil War veteran.

The gown itself was made by hand, shading from the "D. A. R." blue to the palest pinks, yellows, and greens.

A LOVELY GOWN

Anna Church Colley

A gown, lovely to behold, is.
A work of art as any song,
Picture, even prayer.
It takes its part;
Another link in the fine chain of Harmony.

[60]
By vote of the National Board of Management of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Genealogical Extension Service was discontinued November 1, 1938.

After January 1, 1939 any inquiries may be sent to Mrs. Lue Reynolds Spencer, 713 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., who will fill orders in an entirely private capacity.

The Genealogical Department will continue such helpful suggestions in genealogical research as may be of value especially to the amateur genealogist and researcher. Special attention will be given to those records that are available in most public libraries and in our own D.A.R. Library. Your suggestions are solicited.

In many unexpected places, we find Revolutionary services that are accepted as eligibility to membership in our Society.

Volume 12, 6th Series, Pennsylvania Archives contains many records of forfeited estates, inventories and sales of property confiscated by the government from those who were disloyal to the cause of American Independence. It is notable that this confiscation was not delayed until the close of the War but occurred during the time that history designates as the “Darkest days of the Revolution.”

“The Condition of this Public Vendue held the 18th day of February Anno Domini 1778 by the Subscriber of the Goods and Chattels Late the property of John Biddle are as followeth the Highest Bidder to be the buyer and to pay ready money, no man to have a right to bid at publick sale unless he has taken the oath of Allegiance to the states—all wives & children of those men who have taken the oath aforesaid. are entitled to bid and none else

Henry Haller”

(Dr. Henry Haller, Esq. Agent for Berks Co., Pennsylvania).

Many pages of articles and names of buyers are listed and whether the man purchased a coffee mill for 19 S. 6 D. as did Mathias Sowermilk:

Steelars & lanthorn for £2 as did Capser Fleisher:
5 Delph plates, 9 S. as did Robert Mullen.
Pewter Dishes & sundries by William McHenry £2 10 S.,
1 Rush bottom chair, for 11 S. by Michael Ritter,

the fact remains that these persons were signers of the Oath of Allegiance and as such comply with our eligibility clause as given in Article III of the Constitution of the N. S., D. A. R.

After all, the ability to trace one’s lineage through the 160 years of our Nation’s existence, its growth, development and progress in becoming as it is today the greatest nation on earth,—this is the important, the valuable thing to be considered, even though proof of such lineage and loyalty is obtained only through purchases of second-hand articles at an auction!

Names and addresses of querists are available only through the Magazine. This section serves as a medium of exchange be-
tween those interested in the same surname which, in conjunction with the family associations, should result in added genealogical knowledge. We welcome any answers that may be submitted.*

In response to inquiries the genealogical research formerly conducted by the Genealogical Extension Service will be continued personally by the Editor of this department.

Obviously, the work will be limited but in the future as in the past we will give to our clients whatever genealogical information is to be found in our Library, Census and Pension Bureaus, Library of Congress and in other sources in Washington. Please bear in mind that this work continues to be a reference service only and does not infringe upon the work of professional genealogists. Address all letters to Mrs. Lue R. Spencer, 713 19th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Queries and Answers

QUERIES must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by ***, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938, will be acknowledged and published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be re-submitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

QUERIES


A-'39. Boggs-Robb.—Parentage of James Ryan Boggs, who lived near Wheeling, W. Va., went to Belmont Co., Ohio; b. probably in the 1790's. Also parentage of his wife Eliza Robb, who came from Lancaster, Pa., to Belmont Co., Ohio.—Miss Gertrude Shaw, Moundsville, W. Va.


A-'39. Waltenbaugh.—Wanted names of Teeter Waltenbaugh's children. Teeter served with Flying Camp, Maryland, 1776. Served later in Westmoreland County, Pa. Died near Kittanning, Pa. Think name may have been corrupted from Van Valkenburg.—Mrs. C. C. Waltenbaugh, 1249 Eleventh St., N. W., Canton, Ohio.


A-'39. (b) Slover-Selover.—Lieutenant Luke Slover, captured in Battle of Long Island, died on prison ship Jersey. Pioneer settler of South River, New Jersey. Left a large family. Would like list of children and last name of his wife, Neeltje or Elenor —? Might have been Lewis.—Mrs. B. H. Hadler, Egeland, North Dakota.

A-'39. (a) Graves-Ransom.—Wanted parentage of Ruby, born about 1760, probably near Colchester, Conn., or Shelburne Falls, Mass.; m. Calvin Ransom; res. Shelburne Falls and Chazy, N. Y.

A-'39. (b) Graves.—Wanted parentage of Charlotte Graves, b. 1789; m. Hubbell Ransom, son of Calvin and Ruby Ransom, 1809; res. Shelburne Falls and Chazy, N. Y.; Chazy and Homer, N. Y.; Jonesville, Mich. —Mrs. Wm. S. VanFossen, 48 Auburn Ave., Columbus, O.

A-'39. Bushnell-Watrous.—Wanted, names and dates of birth and marriage, and to whom married, of the children of John and Chloe Bushnell Watrous. John Watrous served in the American Revolution, was confined on a British prison ship and
died soon after being brought ashore.— (Mrs.) Celia Tuttle Ingham, 1022 Eighth Avenue South, St. Petersburg, Florida.


**A'39. White.**—Oliver White (son of George White, Revolutionary soldier) married Lucy Wood. Early in the 1800's they left Connecticut for Dyberry (Wayne Co.), Penn., and there he “died about 1855,” aged 82. Desire to correspond with some D. A. R. member living in or near that section.—Mrs. William P. Allen, 206 Oak Street, Winsted, Conn.

**A'39. (a) Lutz -Carroll -Jenkins.**—Parentage wanted of Elizabeth, Sarah and Katherine Lutz of Lebanon Co., Pa. Elizabeth, b. 1786, m. Peter Berry and moved to Cass Co., Ind. Sarah m. — Carroll, their dau. m. Julius H. Smith of Cincinnati, O., and settled in St. Louis, Mo. Katherine m. — Jenkins and had daughters Sarah, who m. Wm. Duckwall of Louisville, Ky., and Ruth, who m. 2d Moses Dimmitt of Clermont Co., O.


**A'39. (a) Gore-Spindler-Spengler-Spangler.**—John Gore married Mary Spindler, supposed to be from Maryland; they had Hannah, b. 1811 near Hagerstown; mar. Abel Griffith 1834; Jacob; Samuel; Nicholas lived in Iowa; Rosena. Wanted parents of John Gore and Rev. Ser.


**A'39. (b) Barton.**—Charlotte Barton, b. 1771, mar. John Ruth, Baltimore, Md., June 6, 1795, parents of Rebecca Ruth Wood—who were their parents? Charlotte had a sister Letitia, who mar. Isreal Pierce, June 11, 1794, and tradition says that it was at Pierce’s Mill, near Baltimore, that Charlotte, her dau. Rebecca, and baby Caroline, took refuge during the British invasion of Md., while Henry Hobbs Wood was at the front.—Mrs. E. W. Cooch, Cooch’s Bridge, Newark, Delaware.

**A'39. Bruce.**—Wanted exact location of grave of Frances Bruce, who mar. Gerard Banks b. abt. 1750. Their son George
Banks, b. abt. 1780, mar. Jemima Anne Overton, lived at "Green Bank" on Rappahannock River near Fredericksburg, Va. Buried there between 1830-40; his widow d. in Miss. 1863.—Mrs. James H. Wilson, 17 Woodmont Road, Alexandria, Va.

A."39. Boone.—George Boone (son of Edward Boone and Martha Bryan) b. abt 1766, mar. a Miss Locke; lived at Stoner Creek, Ky., and left descendants. One son was named Morgan. Wanted information of George and Morgan Boone and their immediate families.—Mrs. E. Boone Austerman, 2045 Mesa, San Bernardino, Calif.


You will find a copy of this will in the genealogy book, which Miss Ethel Boughner made, and is in D. A. R. Library. Some of the descendants of this family live in Carmichaels, Green Co., Pa. I am great-granddaughter of Margaret Cree and Samuel Jackson, whose daughter Jane mar. Levi Hart and their daughter Caroline Hart mar. Henry J. Jennings—my parents.—Mary L. Jennings (Registrar), Andrew Lynn Chapter, D. A. R.

Sarah Terrell, daughter of David and Massay Shelton, born Oct. 10th, 1763.
Elizabeth Terrell, born 23rd March, 1785.
William Higgins Terrell, born 12th April, 1783.
Frances Wingfield Terrell, born 14th Nov., 1787.
Massey Rice Terrell, born 25th July, 1790.
Mary Higgins Terrell, born 7th May, 1793.
Thos. Waddy Terrell, born 6th Nov., 1795.
Absalom Terrell, born 15th June, 1798.
Elihu Lacy Terrell, born 27th Sept., 1800.
Rebekah Wingfield Terrell, born 4th May, 1803.
Sarah Shelton Terrell, born 5th Nov., 1806.
Kitty Garland Terrell, born 10th Feb., 1809.
Maria Dabny Terrell, born 22nd March, 1814.
Thos. Ware, son of Hudson and Mary, born Oct. 2nd, 1814.
James S. Ware, son of Hudson and Mary, born May, 1816.
Absalom Terrell Ware, son of Hudson and Mary Ware, born 11th Feb., 1819.
William Terrell, born 11th Feb., 1732.
Frances, wife of William, born 30th Dec., 1736, and their children born as follows: Joel Terrell, born 12th Mar., 1757.
Thos. Terrell, born 3 Jan., 1761.
Peter B. Terrell, born 28th Oct., 1764.
William Terrell, born 11th Feb., 1767.
David Terrell, born 4th Apr., 1769.
Richmond Terrell, born 8th Apr., 1775.

Deaths

William Higgins Terrell, son of Thos. and Sarah, died 17th Nov., 1783.
Kitty Garland Terrell, dau. of Thos. & Sarah, died Feb. 19, 1810.
Frances W. Early, dau. of Thos. & Sarah, died 7th Sept. 1810.
Wm. Terrell died Aug. 6th, 1812, aged 80 yrs. 5 mo. and 2 weeks.
Clement Early died 26th Oct. 1812.
Absalom Terrell died Oct. 24th, 1814, aged 16 yrs. 4 mo. and 11 days.
Maria Dabny Terrell died 14th Dec. 1814.

Elizabeth D. Shelton, dau. of Thos. Shelton, died 7th June 1817.

Joel Terrell, son of Wm. and Frances, died 22nd Apr. 1790.

Wm. Terrell, Jr., died 11th Feb'y. 1793.

Frances Terrell died 20th Jan. 1802.

Mary H. Ware, dau. of Thos. & Sarah Terrell, died 11th Feb'y. 1819, aged 56 yrs. 9 mo. and 4 days.

Peter B. Terrell, son of Wm. & Frances, died 11th Sept. 1821 aged 56 yrs. 11 mo. and 13 days.

Thos. Terrell, son of Wm. & Frances, died 17th July 1822.

James Shelton Ware, son of Hudson and Mary, died 21st June 1823.

Elizabeth Terrell, dau. of Thos. & Sarah, died 14th Mar. 1832, aged 46 yrs. 11 mo. and 20 days.

Sarah Terrell, widow of Thomas Terrell, died 31 Oct. 1837, aged 74 yrs. & 21 days.

Absalom H. Ware died 14th July 1852.

Thomas Waddy Terrell died 2 Mar. 1865, aged 70 yrs.

David Shelton Terrell died 3 Nov. 1808.

Sarah Shelton Terrell died 15 Mar. 1874.

Rebekah Wingfield Terrell died 17th Sept. 1877.

E. L. Terrell died 2 Oct. 1885, 85 yrs.

**Marriages**

Thos. Terrell, son of William and Frances, and Sarah Shelton, dau. of David and Massay, were married 23rd Oct. 1780.

The Bible of Thos. Terrell is now in the possession of (Mrs. Val) Mary Terrell Taylor, Uniontown, Ala.

**John Dunn's Bible**

**Marriages**

John & Maryann Dunn was married February 4th, 1813.

John Dunn departed this life March 10th, 1853, at 5 o'clock in the morning, of consumption. Funeral service by Rev. George R. Barr.

Mary Ann Dunn departed this life Feb. 15th, 1859, at 10 o'clock in the evening, of pneumonia. Funeral service by Rev. McWexler.

**Family Record**

**Births**

William Dunn, Father, Oct. 17th, 1752.

Hannah Dunn, Mother, Augt. 17th, 1761.

Martha Dunn, Feb. 8th, 1778.

John Dunn, Sen., Nov. 1st, 1779.

James Dunn, April 19th, 1781.

William Dunn, April 17th, 1783.

David Dunn, April 8th, 1785.

Jane Dunn, Jan. 29th, 1787.

John Dunn, Jun., June 2nd, 1789.

Thomas Dunn, May 8th, 1794.

Hannah Dunn, March 25th, 1796.

**Deaths**

Mrs. Sarah Dunn departed this life Feb. 4, 1824.

Easter Mahaffee departed this life August 20th, 1818.

Isaac Baker departed this life November 26th, 1830.

Elizabeth Baker, his wife, departed this life Nov. 20th, 1836.


James Dunn, Sept. 25th, 1804.

William Dunn, Feb. 4th, 1830.

David Dunn, Sept. 12th, 1842, in Fulton County, Illinois State.

Thomas Dunn, in Ohio, April 13th, 1850.

Jane Mendinghall, in Illinois, Nov. 1853.

John Baker, on February 19th, 1853, in the 60th year of his life.

**Births**

Mary Dunn, Sep. 10th, 1801.

Sarah Dunn, May 4th, 1796.

Joseph Dunn, June 11th, 1804.

Ann Dunn, March 22nd, 1806.

Eliza Jane Dunn was born January 24th, 1814.

Sarah Hariet Dunn was born October 21st, 1828.
David Campbell Dunn was born May 7th, 1830.
Mary Catherine Dunn was born Sept. 6th, 1835.
Maria Virginia Dunn was born May 29th, 1837.
Martha Payne Antonette Dunn was born April 8th, 1838.
John Thomas Calhoun, born June 30th, 1839.

Deaths
William A. Dunn died July 3rd, 1897 in Santa Rosa, California, aged 79.
Martha Payne Antonette Dunn departed this life April 4th, 1839.
John Thomas Calhoun Dunn departed December 11th, 1844.
James M. White was murdered by the Apache Indians on the plains 150 miles from Santa Fe, October 23rd, 1849.
Ann H. White was shot by the same tribe of Indians (after remaining in captivity three weeks and 3 days), November 17th, 1849.
John William Ayres, infant son of James M. & Ann H. White, died in Abingdon, May 20th, 1845, aged 2 years and 23 days.
James Dunn White, infant son of James M. and Ann H. White, died in Warsaw, Missouri.
John Dunn died March 11th, 1853.
Mary A. Dunn, wife of John Dunn, died Febr. 15th, 1859.
Noble I. McGinnis died Jan. 25th, 1883.
Eliza I. McGinnis, his wife, died March 25, 1883.
Dr. Jas. H. Dunn died Nov. 2nd, 1893, in Clay County, Texas.
Dr. A. J. Dunn died in Austin, Texas, Dec. 6th, 1894, in the 70th year of his age.
Isaac B. Dunn died Clover Forest, Washington County, Va., 1898, aged 83 years.
Virginia C. Keller died at Abingdon, Va., Mch. 6th, 1899, aged 63 years.

Marriages
Eliza A. Dunn & N. I. McGinnis were married July 14th, 1837.
Isaac B. Dunn & Mary H. Lynch were married April 8th, 1841.
Hannah Ann Dunn & James M. White were married in August, 1842.
William A. Dunn & Susan L. Price were married May 3rd, 1843.

Deaths
Geo. Keller died near Green Springs, Washington County, Virginia, May 4th, 1911, 6 P. M. Remains brought to Abingdon and laid to rest in Sinking Springs Cemetery. Age 84 years.
Sarah H. Dunn died at Wytheville, Apr. 23rd, 1883. Remains brought to Abingdon.
Sarah Virginia Dunn, only child of George R. and Sarah H. Dunn, was born in Abingdon, Va., January 11th, 1866, died December 27th, 1914, near Beaufort, N. C., at the home of Thomas S. Martin, when she was teaching. The funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. E. S. Haney, her cousin, by Rector Hobson, assisted by Rev. J. L. MacMillan, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Dec. 31st, 1914.

Births
Sarah V. J. Dunn, daughter of George R. & Sarah H. Dunn, born the 11th day of January, 1866.
Mary Eliza Virginia White, youngest and only daughter of James W. & Ann H. White, born in Abingdon, April 4th, 1848. Supposed to have been murdered by the Indians at the same time of her mother—but if living still in captivity among them.

Marriages
James H. Dunn & Rebecca T. Michaup were married June 3rd, 1845.
David Campbell Dunn & Harriet N. McChesney were married December 20th, 1848. (Cousin Lizzie Haney’s mother and father.)
Andrew Jackson Dunn and Eliza Jane Smythe were married January 2nd, 1851.
Mary C. Dunn and Robert Monroe, Jr., were married June 14, 1856, by the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati.
Sarah H. Dunn and George R. Dunn were married Feb. 8th, 1859, by Rev. Jones McChoine, at Abingdon, Va.
Virginia C. Dunn and Geo. Keller were married Nov. 8th, 1871, by Rev. Pendleton Brooke, at Abingdon, Va.

Deaths
Robert Munro, Jr., departed this life at Anderson C. H., South Carolina, Oct. 12th, 1863.
Mary C. Monroe died 1900 in Philadelphia.

Births
George R. Dunn born Apr. 24th, 1830.

Family Associations
Templeton.—L. B. Templeton, Piedmont, S. C.
Van Fossen.—Sec.—Mrs. Luther Reid, Thornville, Ohio.
Hulbert.—Sec.—Mrs. Rufus G. Hulbert, Thompson, Ohio.
Micum-McIntire.—Sec.—Mrs. Grace N. McIntire, York Village, Maine.
Elmer.—Mrs. Ella Fenninger, Leola, Pa.
Enderline.—Mr. W. C. Enderline, Camp Hill, Pa.
Eshenshade.—Sec.—Mildred Myer, New Holland, R. D., Pa.

Eshleman.—Sec.—Elmer J. Hammond, Littiz, Pa.
Eshelman.—Sec.—Paul Bauder, Terre Hill, Pa.
Fach-Foch.—Mr. & Mrs. George Foch, Middletown, Pa.
Fake.—Sec.—Edgar L. Barr, Lebanon, Pa.
Fassnacht.—Mr. Clarence L. Hornberger, Ephrata, Pa.
Fassnacht.—Sec.—Harvey S. Fassnacht, Ephrata, Pa.
FisheL.—Mr. Henry H. Fishel, 124 N. 5th St., Columbia, Pa.
Foltz-Fultz-Foults.—C. M. Foltz, Deodate, Pa.
Forney.—Sec.—Mary Lee Forney, Spencer Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
Frockman-Bireley.—Mr. & Mrs. Edgar DeLong, Peach Bottom, Pa.
Frey.—Mr. & Mrs. Jacob Frey, Washington Boro, R. D. No. 1, Pa.
Frymyer.—Mr. John M. Bruckart, New Holland, Pa.
Futier.—Sec.—Elizabeth Miller, Smoketown, Pa.
Ganse.—Mr. Harry A. Ganse, 544 St. Joseph’s St., Lancaster, Pa.
Garman.—Sec.—Mrs. M. Eshelman, Elizabethtown, Pa.
Geib.—Sec.—John L. Royer, Myerstown, Pa.
Gerhart.—Sec.—Morris Mohler, Stevens, R. D. No. 1, Pa.
Getz.—Mr. Aaron G. Getz, Witmer, Pa.
Gibson.—Sec.—Mrs. Elizabeth Jobes Johnson, Havre de Grace, Md.

GREENE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARRIAGE BONDS
(Continued from December issue)

1793

Territory of the United States South of Ohio River
Daniel Kennedy, Clerk

| Jan. 2 | Edmund McDonald | to | Elizabeth Potter (?) | Michael McDonald |
| Jan. 26 | William Blackwood | to | Elizabeth Casey | John Williamson Bowers |
| (Both bond and license) | | | |
| Feb. 4 | John Sterns | to | Elizabeth Thornberry | John Newman |
| Feb. 5 | Anthony Hoggatt | to | Susanna Lane | Simeon Pennington |
| Mar. 8 | Stephen Brooks | to | Anne Earnest | Felix Earnest |
| Mar. 18 | William Brumly | to | Susanna Raytor | John Right |
| Apr. 27 | Jacob Long | to | Mary Talbott | Nicholas Long |
| (Both bond and license, and certificate of marriage) | | | |

Security
signed by Stephen Brooks, P.G.)
Apr. 20  Samuel Baker  to Nancy Prather  Edward Tate  
 (Both bond and license, and certificate)  
 May 23 William Shepherd  to Nancy Hust  Joshua Tadlock  
 May 23 John Thornberry  to Susanna Sterne  John Newman  
 (No clerk's sig.)  
 June 4 Christopher Conway  to Martha Warren  Joseph Lask  
 June 20 John Williams  to Mary Rankin  Hugh Williams  
 (Both bond and license)  
 July 1 Abraham Haines  to Agnes Dotey  Simeon Penetton  
 (Both bond and license)  
 July 23 Thomas Ellis  to Lydda Reese  Jacob Humbard  
 Aug. 3 Edin Humbard  to Rachel Stonecypher  Absalom Stonecypher  
 Aug. 3 William Carter  to Elizabeth Jones  John Jones  
 Aug. 5 Hugh Blake  to Elizabeth Allison  James Russell  
 Aug. 5 James Kelsey  to Jane Hamilton Hursha  William Wilson  
 (Both bond and license)  
 Aug. 23 John Johnson  to Elizabeth Hogg  Wm. Cocke  
 A. Roane  Jas. Richardson  John Rhea  
 Aug. 25 John Ledgerwood  to Eleanor Newman  John Newman  
 Sept. 30 William Bowyers (?!)  to C. Wilson (?)  John W. Bowers  
 (No clerk)  
 Oct. 9 David Hays  to —. Collier  Hugh Hays  
 Oct. 16 David Kirkpatrick  to Catherine White  Alexander McDonald  
 Oct. 19 Elijah Davis  to Abbey Ligget  William Galbraith  
 (or Alley)  
 Oct. 21 Henry Miller  to Barbara Miller  John Byrd  
 (Both bond and license, and certificate)  
 Nov. 18 John Baker  to Susanna Lamkin  Samuel Baker  
 Geo. Kesterson  
 Dec. 24 Christian Shults (?)  to Mary Shally  Geo. Shally  
 (Bond, License and certificate) (or Shirley)  
 Dec. 28 John Seden  to Sarah Bird  John Byrd  
 (Bond, license and certificate)  
 1794  
 Territory of the United States South of the Ohio River  
 Jan. 4 Isaiah Roe  to Elizabeth Raulston  John Stiffy  
 Jan. 4 James McMackin  to Mary Roberts  Richard Scroggs  
 Jan. 4 Richard Scroggs  to Elizabeth McMackin  James McMackin  
 Jan. 8 John Ross  to Rebecca Hardin  James Russell  
 (Both bond and license)  
 Jan. 8 Gideon Thompson  to Elizabeth Clower  Saymor Catching  
 Feb. 4 William Stevenson  to Jane Campbell  Hugh Campbell  
 Feb. 4 James Newberry  to Elizabeth Patterson  James Patterson  
 (Both bond and license)  
 Feb. 10 David Weger  to Nancy McCormic  William Chandley  
 (or McComas)  
 Feb. 10 William Wagoner  to Rebecca Bean  Simeon Penetton  
 (Both bond and license)  
 Feb. 20 Philip Cole  to Rebecca English  James English  
 Feb. 27 Enoch Carter  to Susan Wilkinson  William Wilkison  
 Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.  
 Mar. 11 John Young  to Agnes Waams  William Waams  
 (or Weems)  
 Mar. 12 Reuben Wilhoit  to Mary Yager  Adam Wilhoit  
 Matthew Cunningham  
 Apr. 9 John Chesnut  to Elizabeth Blake  James Campbell  
 May 17 David Huffstadler  to Lydda McNew  Shadrach McNew  
 May 25 James Britain  to June Gass  John Williamson Bowers  
 May 27 Brewer (?) McKichen  to Margaret Patten  Geo. Pearce  
 (or McKeehan)  
 May 28 George Harmon  to Nancy Neill  William Neill  
 July 8 George Gordon  to Mary Love  Christopher Conway  
 July 17 Evan Jones  to Sarah Borine (?)  William Stanberry  
 (Both bond and license)
July 16 George Thornbury to Sarah Moore  
(No bond, but a signed statement of names published three times, by William Ravanaugh.  
(Also marriage certificate, July 18, Stephen Brooks)
July 31 James Seers to Orpha Corder  
Aug. 12 William McCoy to Lydda Harty (?)  
Aug. 20 Thomas Pritchett to Mary Miller  
(or Prichard)
Aug. 27 William Davis to Susanna Hixon  
Sept. 23 Elisha Lambard to Rachel Wyatt  
Oct. 4 Andrew Donaldson to Isabella Carmish  
Oct. 7 William Gibson to Eliz(abeth) Morrow  
Oct. 7 George Pearce to Agnes Robinson  
(or Carmichael)
Oct. 14 John Kennedy to Patience Davis  
Oct. 23 Daniel Rawlings to Mary Kennedy  
Oct. 25 Peter Countz to Martha Russell  
Oct. 29 Jacob Cunningham to Elizabeth Wilhoit  
Nov. 11 Thomas Simpson to Agnes Blackwood  
Nov. 11 Robert Sample to Margaret Hannah  
Nov. 11 Jacob Anderson to Agnes Bryan  
Nov. 22 Nehemiah Woolsey to Mary Courtis  
Dec. 11 John Forshey to Agnes Weston  
(Both bond and license)
Dec. 22 John Luttrell to Rachel Leeper  
1795

Territory of the United States South of the Ohio River
Jan. 10 David Moor to Elizabeth Smith  
Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.  
Jan. 10 John Smith to Elizabeth Moor  
Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.  
Jan. 26 John Scott to Margaret Glaze  
(Bond, license, certificate)  
Jan. 30 Patrick Cannon to Mary Cotter  
Feb. 2 Jacob Braselton to Rachel Armstrong  
Feb. 3 Timothy Hixon to Rebecca Hughes  
Feb. 5 Christopher Hoover to Elizabeth Lotspeich  
(Bond, license, and certificate)  
Feb. 9 Thomas Wilson to Margaret Sherill  
Feb. 11 Daniel Carter to Anne Jones  
Feb. 14 Nathaniel Hood to Abigail Ragan  
Feb. 26 Josiah Kidwell to Mary Clarkston  
(Aroned by)  
Apr. 7 Thomas Davis to Sarah Walker  
Apr. 28 Nehemiah Pettit to Susanna Keef  
May 5 William McCain to Margaret Williams  
Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.  
May 6 Malhia (?) Cleek (?)  
(Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.)  
May 13 Hugh Hays to Susanna Collier  
June 29 Moses Cunningham to Margaret Long  
Aug. 5 Henry Faubion to Mary McKay  

Our request for a completely filled genealogical chart to be published in our Magazine has met with a response that will require a committee to select the winner. Many beautiful charts have been filed. The competition will close February 1. The winning chart will be published in the April Magazine and all charts will be placed on display during the D. A. R. Congress. Only those charts that are completely filled can be considered. Fine printing that will photograph clearly is suggested. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the lower left hand corner.
Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley

On the Continent—Switzerland

On the Continent, the general science of heraldry was the same as in England, with minor changes of interest chiefly to heralds, rather than to those concerned with the genealogical aspect of the subject. The language in which the descriptions are given is a different form of Old French.

As in England, devices of various kinds had been used earlier but heraldry as a science came into existence during the 12th century. On the Continent, however, the helmet and crest were of far more importance than they were in the British Isles. When, during the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries, arms were granted to “new families,” or to officers of the Crown, of the cities, or of the various guilds, such persons were denied the privilege of using the crested helm; it was reserved for the descendants of knights.

In England, a man could be ennobled by those having power so to do, i.e., certain great Barons, or the King, and be given a coat of arms; thenceforth he took his place according to his rank, regardless of his birth. On the Continent, a man had to be noble by birth to be so considered; the Crown could merely give him rank or possessions. During the 14th to 16th centuries, a man had to have all four grandparents of noble birth to be himself considered noble; by the 19th century this had increased so that all sixteen great-great-grandparents had to be noble. From this came the feeling that sixteen quarterings were needed before one was deemed noble.

During the 12th and 13th centuries there were many knights in Central Europe who bore arms. The use of these arms was restricted to their descendants who continued to be of knightly rank. With the increase in population and the inability of arms-bearing knights to provide lands and means for all of their descendants, it is not surprising to find many among the middle classes or in even lower walks of life by the 16th and 17th centuries, the period of migration from Switzerland.

From 1660 to the Revolution, many Swiss came to the American colonies. Some came directly from Switzerland. A number of these were only one to four generations removed from arms bearing ancestors. Among the emigrants from the Rhine Palatinate to Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia, North and South Carolina, Ohio, Kentucky, and later further south and west, were many who had been in the lower Rhine Valley but a few generations, and prior to that time were from Switzerland. If the family in which one is interested is in this group, it is usually necessary to trace the line through the generations in the Palatinate back to the home in Switzerland, and then for several generations, frequently to as early as the 14th century, to find an ancestor who bore arms.

There are only a few books available in the majority of American libraries which give much information on the families who used various coats-of-arms. As in England, recordation of arms and compilation and publication of them was begun so late that there are thousands that are not to be found in print. Probably the most helpful work in identifying families with the place of origin is Lists of Swiss Emigrants in The Eighteenth Century to The American Colonies, by Albert B. Faust and Gaius M. Brumbaugh, which is still available from the authors. The most comprehensive volumes giving descriptions of arms are:

Rietstap, J.; Armorial general precede d’un dictionnaire des termes du blason.
Siebmacher, J.; Wappenbuch, mit heraldischen Erläuterungen.
The home of this family was in Canton Aargau, Switzerland, where there is a place called Dattwil, near Baden. It is mentioned there under the name of Dettweiler as early as 1437. It is found at Schoftland (1455), at Zefingue (1487), at Oftringen (1551), at Fleskenhausen (1571), at Rothrist (1575), and at Strengelbach (1612). By the 16th century it had spread to Soleure, Berne, and farther down the Rhine Valley.

From the branch that have been burghers of Langenbruck since 1572 came one of the immigrants of the name to Pennsylvania. This branch used the arms here shown. Like so many Swiss arms, it has the “triple hill” in the base.

In Europe, the name is usually spelled Dettweiler, Dettweiller, or Detweyler, and in early days D’Attweiler; in the United States it appears as Detwiler and Dettweiler.

Christopher Graffenried, the founder of New Bern, North Carolina, was a member of one of the ruling families of Berne, Switzerland. His descendants have married into a number of Virginia families, and thence spread throughout the United States.

This family represents one in which a man of noble rank and birth, still entitled to use the family coat-of-arms and the crested helm, came to America.

It will be noted that this shield, too, has the “hill” in the base. Also in both the Dettweiler and Graffenried arms, the crest is identical with the principal charge; this is consistent with the emphasis placed on the crest as the distinguishing insignia of a knight.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures
(FRENCH)

Or Argent Sable Stoles Azure Sinople

(ENGLISH)

Steel Gold Silver Black Red Blue Green
BOO

And Tell of Time. Laura Krey.
Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.75.

Upon starting recently for the Southwest, this reviewer took “And Tell of Time” with her as the most appropriate and timely novel which had recently come within the range of her vision. Apparently, a good many other persons had been struck by a similar idea—when she walked back and forth to the diner on the “Texas Special,” she discovered that the occupants of one section after another were reading the same book.

It is a long, leisurely tale of Texas, covering a period of more than one hundred years—1774-1888—and at least a hundred different aspects of human emotions and experience. It centers around one family and one home, yet it gives an effect of great variety and great spaciousness. It leads up to no special climax, and though it contains many poignant episodes, it is never tinged with melodrama, and seldom with suspense. There is no emphasis on sex, and its romance is restrained. Yet for more than seven hundred pages, it holds the reader’s unflagging interest, and when it is finally laid down, this is done with a feeling of mental and spiritual enrichment.

There are several reasons for this. In the first place, it is beautifully written, with reserve, with clarity, with wisdom, and with tenderness. Mrs. Krey hardly needs to assure her readers—though she does so, exquisitely, in her foreword—that the scene of her story is familiar to her and beloved by her; this is apparent in every line she writes; and the ring of authenticity which echoes through the pages is a melodious one. In the second place, the characters are compelling; they have charm and courage and a sense of quietude. Some of them are joyless, “keyed up to persevere, but not to hope—yet never ceasing to persevere. Others—notably Povey and Letitia—are not only joyless, but tragic figures, whose unconsummated love, thwarted again and again when it seemed at the point of fulfillment, makes one of the most moving stories that this reviewer has read in a long time. But for all that, the book is as free from morbidity as it is from heroics. It is sane and it is stimulating. “A man is free,” one of the main characters discovers, “only when he can choose his own way of living.” This is good philosophy, and one to which Mrs. Krey doubtless subscribes herself, for her own personality bespeaks excellent balance. The reader rejoices in finding it put into practice.

F. P. K.

A Southerner Discovers the South.

If all books were like this one, the task of the reviewer would be easy. In the first place, it makes delightful reading; the style is facile, the content at one and the same time sensible and stimulating. In the second place, it is ideally suited for quotation; practically all that is needful by way of effort is to cull a sentence here and a paragraph there and set them down in place of original comment.

Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, was born, bred, and educated in North Carolina, and is “Southern as far back as there have been Europeans in the South’s lost woods and waters.” He would seem to the outsider the last person who needed to embark upon a “discovery” of Dixie. But this is what he did, “with an alarm clock set, a tankful of gasoline, a suitcase full of clothes, a suitcase full of books, maps, and letters of introduction to the best—the very best—people, and a high heart above the first signs of paunchi-
ness upon a disappearing youth." His route from Raleigh, through Tennessee and Arkansas, the Gulf States, and back to Raleigh through the coastal cities, is clarified for the reader whose bump of locality is negligible by means of a helpful map; and beyond that it is clarified on every page by Mr. Daniels' own clear and charming way of describing what he sees and feels. "The result,"—so says the "jacket blurb," telling the truth about a book for once!—"is neither an apology nor a hymn of praise, but a witty, sane, and penetrating evaluation of the past and present of the South, and an intelligent effort at finding the direction of the future."

There is great variety in the narrative. Mr. Daniels does not expect to discover perfection anywhere—as he himself expresses it, he takes it for granted that he will find serpents as well as fruit in Eden! Neither does he shun the subject of the starving sharecropper or the brow-beaten Negro in order to permeate his pages with the "incandescence and moonlight on which Southerners are proverbially supposed to dwell." But on the whole, in spite of certain unglossed, grim realities with which he deals, the book is a merry one. The statement, "I laughed" or "we laughed" occurs frequently, and the spirit of joviality is contagious; this reviewer found herself chuckling frequently, for there are many examples of conditions and conversations which cause cheerfulness. "This world (i.e. of Memphis) still stirs to the old-time conviction of the deep South that a gentleman should eat when he is hungry, drink when he is thirsty, dance when he is merry, vote for the candidates he likes best, and be ready to knock down anyone who questions his right to these privileges."

There are worse convictions upon which to pattern a life. But no theory which Mr. Daniels advances is more welcome than that contained in the simple assertion, "It is not always necessary to restore the South to see it." Those who know it well and love it greatly are aware that its essential spirit has never been damaged or destroyed and therefore needs no restoration. It is this essential spirit that Mr. Daniels has so skilfully captured, and which illumines every page in his book.

F. P. K.


"Children of the Border" is the story of some of New England's early pioneers who opened the forests and wilderness of New Hampshire to the white men. The book was first published in 1929 and again reissued in 1938 in Lippincott Juniors at the popular price of $1.00.

The author, Ella Shannon Bowles, has brought from the prideful annals of Massachusetts the story of the sturdy group of men, women and children which composed the expedition that set out from Haverhill in 1747 and journeyed directly westward. Their adventures and experiences were varied and thrilling. But the two members of the party who are the leading characters in the book had the exciting and fearsome experience of being captured by the Indians and living for months as captives of the tribe of Anansagunticooks. Their life among the Indians and their escape make the story one of the greatest interest to boys and girls.

Mrs. Bowles, in her search for interesting history of early New England, has but to draw on the records of her own forebears. The pioneer homestead at Barnstead is still standing and in the possession of the family. When it was built the bricks for fireplaces were made on the place. In this cherished old home, Mrs. Bowles' mother, Myra Berry, was also born. On the maternal side of the family through some of the Drews, Mrs. Bowles claims connection with many of the vivid scenes of the French and Indian wars, some of which have been incorporated in her stories and books. Her great-grandparents and their family were among the white people captured by the Indians in their memorable raid on Durham and Dover. Thomas Drew escaped but his wife was held prisoner several years. She was finally discovered by her husband in an encampment at Portsmouth, N. H., when the Indians came to make a treaty. He bought her back, took her home, and the author claims descent for her immediate line from their reunion or second marriage.

In speaking of herself and her charming stories Mrs. Bowles has said that she lives in a tiny house on a tiny street in a tiny

“Midshipman Davy Jones” is most definitely a seaman’s book. The author, Lt. Raymond J. Toner, U.S.N.R., has produced a dramatic and thrilling book on the War of 1812 and the adventures and exploits of a teen-age midshipman assigned to service in the United States Navy. In those days boys of twelve and fourteen were taken from their homes and schools to become officers in the U. S. Navy. History, accurate in every detail, romance, naval tradition are all embodied in this book, which is also illustrated by the author.

The book is also packed from cover to cover with interesting information, relating to the story of the historic wooden ships, and especially the famous frigate Constitution and ships of contemporary historical association. Detailed data are given explaining the service in those days, how ships were manned, officered, equipped and armed, and it would seem as though the name of every piece of rope with a duty to perform is listed. The illustrations by the author are most complete, numbering over two dozen, and even the styles of formal ball dress for ladies during that period find reproduction in color, as do the flags and jacks, the uniforms of officers, and pages of ships—man-o’-war types—in use during the war period.

The log of Midshipman Davy Jones is the basis for the charming bit of fiction which takes the boy midshipman hero through adventures aboard the frigates, sloops of war and other fighting craft of the United States Navy. We find him in the combat between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and on the Wasp, the Hornet and the Peacock, and also participating in the Battle of Lake Erie under Commodore Perry. Among his many thrilling adventures is an escape from the Bermudas in an open boat and an equally thrilling rescue.

Accounts of various time-honored naval customs and also of the routine aboard United States men of war are included.

“Midshipman Davy Jones” is unique and of absorbing interest for any lover of adventure in a historic setting. If it has no other value it deserves a place in every library for its fund of naval information which has been thoroughly checked for its authenticity by highest naval authorities.

Trumpets at Dawn. Cyril Harris. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York. $2.50.

The very foreword of this book, “Trumpets at Dawn,” a novel of the American Revolution, strikes its vital keynote; this keynote is a basic principle of our country and was embodied in our Declaration of Independence and later in our United States Constitution:

“You and I steer by the same stars, but each of us makes it a different latitude and longitude.”

“Yes, that is our trouble.”

In different words and with inspired wisdom this principle is repeated in the Preamble of the Declaration of Independence as a defense by the Colonists for their action in dissolving their political bonds with England. They stated as God-given certain fundamental rights of free men that all men should possess (until they abused these rights by transgression against them) the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

“Trumpets at Dawn” is well-written; most of the characters were fine, upstanding people who were actuated by carefully thought out principles of conduct, whether they were Patriots or Tories, rich or poor, highly educated and cultured or without the advantages of either education or culture. We get the vitally different points-of-view of both Tories and Patriots in the homes of the families who are the main characters in the development of the plot. There are a few disagreeable types, such as the sneaking, dishonest upstart who managed to enrich himself at the expense of his betters; there are also examples of the distinct lines drawn by caste among such groups as the scions of nobility, the influential traders and merchants, and their apprentices and
servants. This question of caste was largely responsible, perhaps, for the entire development of the plot. With deep understanding and sympathy, Cyril Harris brings out the tragedy due to these differing ideas of fundamental loyalty which divided families, much as our Civil War did later in our history.

The story opens with a vivid picture of the daily life of the people who lived in and about New York City in 1775. The human elements interest Mr. Harris far more deeply than the battles. Even when he describes the capture of the Hessians on Christmas morning, he inserts a picture of Washington which reveals his human side. He is “sitting with his staff close to a fire that roared halfway up the chimney, his boots off and his waistcoat unbuttoned,” thawing out his feet. He hears his soldiers singing, a thumping chorus. Washington’s somber face broke into a smile that was like December sunshine, bright, brief, and hard. After a second or two, “he pulled on his boots and went downstairs with his officers” to the singing men.

This book, from a psychological point of view, should revive our courage and our strength as we recall with pride and thankfulness the deeds of our ancestors that make us wish to emulate their moral stamina which helped them win the war in spite of terrific hardships and discouragements long continued. If anything, the women and children suffered more intensely than the men. They were left at home unprotected; many of them became the victims of the persecutions of the lowest type of human beings who showed a lack of all decency in their behavior toward women of all ages, and especially toward young girls. The lives of the devoted women, both of those who fought and those who fed the army by managing farms, give thrilling pages to the narrative. Their lives were filled with dangerous, tragic, and self-sacrificing duties that often required more than the maximum endurance, more even than the men in the army faced. No service was too great for the women to render; no chance of death or worse was too overwhelming for them to dare in the service of their country.

LUCIA BOSLEY.

Town Meeting Comes to Town.
Harry A. Overstreet and Bonaro W. Overstreet. Harper & Brother. $2.50.

Your President-General, testifying recently before the Dies Committee, gave it as her opinion that the American people must be shown that they have for years enjoyed more privileges than can be obtained under other systems through years to come. Such, it appears to this reviewer, is the purpose of New York’s Town Meeting held every Thursday night to discuss all sides of important questions and broadcast such discussions to the nation.

This book is the story of how the New York forum came into being, and indicates the purpose thereof, namely to educate our adult population so they may recognize the person who has something to say and also the one who delivers “airy nothings.” For in a world deluged with propaganda such recognition is all important. And this cannot be done until fallacies and loose thinking are likewise detected. As the book undertakes to point out, it is not the “dyed in the wool” party member who in the end is responsible for our country’s politics. Rather is it the informed minority, who consider, look at all sides of a question and vote according to the conclusions thereby arrived at. For this thinking minority is the “Town Meeting of the Air” planned.

The broadcasting of these meetings, it appears, grew out of one man’s recognition that many Americans having formed their own views refused to read or listen to any views propounded by the other side. And this man saw clearly “that a democracy could not work unless people of divers views learned to think together.” So does the successful lawyer see his opponent’s case; so the debater studies not one but both sides of his subject, and so do both approach nearer to truth.

Was it not possible for this “complicated, industrialized, citified civilization to conduct its affairs by those modes of common discussion and mutual understanding that were successful in a village society?” “The fight of ideas . . . is the way of civilization. For in this . . . fight, he who loses, loses to the truth, and thereby wins.” C. C. C.

Dedication of Markers

The Richard Henry Lee Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Covington, Indiana, recently placed a marker at the grave of the only Revolutionary War soldier buried in the Mound Cemetery.

The soldier who was thus honored was Humphrey Beckett, a former resident of Maryland who took up residence in Warren County, Indiana, in 1823.

The ceremonies at the cemetery were conducted by Mrs. Daniel V. Clem, regent, and Mrs. William H. Schlosser, State Regent, was the guest of honor.

The James Halstead, Sr., Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Robinson, Illinois, recently placed a bronze marker at the grave of Othniel Looker, a Revolutionary soldier, buried at Palestine. He was a prominent figure in the political as well as the military affairs of Illinois.

A number of the chapter and state officers were present at the exercises, and also Mrs. Grace Brosseau, Honorary President Gen-
eral. The services were conducted by the chapter regent, Mrs. Nellie B. Bradley.

The Colonel Drummer Sewall Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Bath, Maine, has placed a marker and boulder on the site of the oldest cemetery in Bath.

This cemetery is nearly two hundred years old, and is known as the Trufant Burying Ground. David Trufant, a pioneer settler of Bath, and his son, a Revolutionary soldier, are among those who are buried there.

The Wheeling Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Wheeling, West Virginia, recently paid tribute to the Washington family buried at Washington Farms. The chapter has fenced the graves in with iron chains and the work was recently dedicated with appropriate services.

Members of the chapter and the members of the Boy Scouts, Troop Ten, participated in the services.

The graves are those of Lawrence Augustus Washington, nephew of George; his wife, Mary Dorcas Wood, and a daughter, Emma Tell Washington.

Washington Farms was inherited by Lawrence from his uncle, George Washington.

The West Virginia Society is sponsoring a movement to preserve the historic spots in the state, and the Wheeling Chapter is making an especial effort to preserve those historic places in the Wheeling district.

The Ganowauques Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Richfield Springs, New York, dedicated five historical markers, which were erected by the State, in and near Richfield Springs.

At each marker, the services included historical sketches which were in some cases read by direct descendants of those connected with the historic buildings and sites marked. The five markers are located at the Richfield Hotel, the Tunnicliff Mill, Butternut Road, Vibber House, and Federal Corners.

In observance of Constitution Day, past regents of the Princess Hirrihigua Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of St. Petersburg, Florida, held a tree planting ceremony in Bartlett Park, and each past regent dedicated a palm tree to a past president of the United States. An appropriate bronze marker has also been placed by the chapter on this site.

Members of the Log Cabin Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Fairfield, Iowa, in connection with a state project of the Iowa Society—marking of the Dragoon Trail—recently unveiled a boulder bearing a bronze tablet which was placed at the site where the trail passed through the site of Libertyville.

Anniversary Celebrations

Manhattan Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Manhattan, New York, observed its fortieth anniversary with a commemorative luncheon in New York. Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, N. S. D. A. R., was the principal speaker. Among the guests of honor were Mrs. William A. Becker and Mrs. Grace L. H. Brosseau, Honorary Presidents General, many national and state officers, and the heads of several other patriotic societies.

Manhattan Chapter was founded in 1898, the chapter directing its first efforts toward relief work among soldiers of the Spanish-American War.

One of the founders of the chapter was Mrs. William Cumming Story, who served the chapter as regent for two terms and became President General in 1913. The present regent is Mrs. Milton A. Bridges.

In celebration of Navy Day, the John Marshall Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Louisville, Kentucky, presented an American Flag to the Children's Department of the Louisville Public Library.

A representative of each patriotic society in Louisville participated in the interesting program. Miss Georgia B. Kilvington, Regent of the local chapter, presented the flag, which was accepted by Miss Bernice W. Bell, head of the Children's Department of the Library.

The flag was dedicated by Lieutenant C. J. King, U.S.N.
THE Thirty-third Annual State Conference of the Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Winchester, November 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, by invitation of the chapters of the Sequoyah District, of which Miss Rebekah Jetton, of Murfreesboro, is Chairman.

The citizens of Franklin County opened their homes to the delegates and guests. The brilliant success of the well-planned meeting is a tribute to the ability of the General Chairman, Mrs. Joseph W. Power, of Decherd, and her corps of assistants.

The State Regent, Mrs. Walter M. Berry, was hostess at luncheon honoring the Executive Board on opening day, which was followed by a business session. An informal reception and buffet supper preceded the opening session of the Conference, which was held at the High School Auditorium. Mrs. Berry presented the General Chairman and introduced the Regents of Hostess Chapters as follows: Miss Rebekah Jetton, Capt. William Lytle; Mrs. J. A. Scott, Col. Hardy Murfree; Mrs. James T. Quarles, Ft. Blount; Mrs. John L. Henderson, James Lewis; Mrs. W. B. Lamb, King’s Mountain Messenger; Mrs. Alonzo Walling, Lieut. James Sheppard; Mrs. L. M. Bullington, Old Walton Road; Miss Nell Moore, Shelby; Miss Hilda Thoma, Tullahoma.

Distinguished guests were also presented, among the number being Mrs. Frank S. Nason, Registrar-General, N. S. D. A. R.; Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary-General; Mrs. Willard Steel, Curator-General; Mrs. William F. Stone, National President, Daughters of American Colonies; Mrs. Irene S. Garrison, Tennessee President, Founders and Patriots; Mrs. Norman Smith, Tennessee President, War Mothers; Mrs. Albert Craig, Tennessee President, U. S. D. 1812; and Mrs. W. H. Hollinshead, Tennessee President, Daughters of Colonial Wars.

After the usual addresses of welcome and the responses, the speaker for the evening was Judge Camille Kelly of the Juvenile Court of Memphis, who chose as her subject, “American Youth and Its Problems.”

Wednesday morning’s session was given over to reports from National Chairmen and State Chairmen. Mrs. Samuel Campbell, National Chairman of Approved Schools, gave a very constructive and interesting outline of the work in these schools and a substantial sum for the Library at Lincoln Memorial University was pledged by the delegation. Dr. W. B. Boyd of the Tennessee Department of Conservation brought an instructive message on the workings of his department and the opportunities of service in cooperation for the Tennessee Society.

At one o’clock a delicious luncheon was enjoyed at Tuck-a-way Inn at Sewanee. The National Officers presented the work of their respective departments during this hour and the delegation pledged renewed cooperation to the present administration.

In the afternoon, Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Guerry opened their home for a beautiful tea given by the Gen. Kirby Smith Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Banquet on Wednesday evening was typically Southern and bespoke in every detail of the warm hospitality of our hostesses. The guest speaker of the evening, Mr. Herbert L. Harper of Memphis, U. S. Attorney, Lecturer, and Historian, chose as his subject, “The World in Chaos.”

Thursday brought to a conclusion the business session of the Conference, resulting in the approval of acceptance of a State Pin for the Tennessee Society, and conferring the title of Honorary Regent upon Mrs. Rutledge Smith, former State Regent, and Honorary Historian, upon Mrs. John Trotwood Moore. The State Officers were re-elected and are as follows: Mrs. Walter M. Berry, State Regent; Mrs. Clarence King, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Lee Bond Taylor, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Marshall Priest, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. H. Hollinshead, Historian; Mrs. E. L. Thomas, Chaplain; Mrs. J. Sutton Jones, Registrar; Mrs. Laurence D. Maney, Treasurer; Mrs. J. L. Richardson, Librarian; Mrs. Wm. B. Fowler, Parliamentarian.

MARGARET B. HOLLINSHEAD,
(Mrs. W. H.) Historian Tennessee Society,
D. A. R.
THE Thirty-ninth Annual Conference of the Vermont Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at Bellows Falls on September 29 and 30 by invitation of the William French Chapter.

State Regent Mrs. C. R. Arkinson presided at the sessions, which were held in the United Church.

Due to the damage suffered by the hurricane in the State the preceding week, the attendance at this conference was not as large as usual. Nevertheless, approximately 140 Daughters were present to extend a warm welcome to our President General Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr.; Vice-President General Mrs. Victor Abbot Binford; Registrar General Mrs. Frank Leon Nason; Mrs. Frederick Palmer Lattimer, State Regent of Connecticut; and National Chairman of Junior American Citizens Committee, Miss Eleanor Greenwood, who were in attendance throughout the entire conference.

High lights of the formal opening of the conference were addresses of welcome by the hostess Regent Mrs. A. I. Bolles, and Judge George H. Thompson; response by State Vice-Regent Mrs. David H. Baldwin; greetings by the President General and other official guests; and the presentation of the five Vermont Honorary State Regents, Mrs. John H. Stewart, Mrs. Horace Martin Farnham, Mrs. Katharine White Kittredge, Mrs. Arthur William Norton, Mrs. Charles Kimball Johnson and ex-State Regent Mrs. C. Leslie Witherell, who was made an Honorary State Regent at this session.

A Memorial Service was conducted at the second session by State Chaplain Mrs. F. Wilson Day, special tribute being given by the regent of the hostess chapter to the memory of Mrs. Lura T. Moseley, who, at the time of her death, was serving as chairman of arrangements for the conference.

Concluding the afternoon session, a pilgrimage was made to the Old Rockingham Meeting House, built in 1787 as a meeting place for the early settlers and still in perfect condition. A brief devotional service was brought to a close with the singing of the hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers." A motor tour was then conducted under the auspices of the Rotary Club and the hostess chapter to the boys’ and girls’ schools of the New England Kurn Hattin Homes. Tea was served by the girls at the Warner Home, preceded by an informal reception, with the State Regent, President General and State Chairman of Approved Schools in the receiving line. The conference programs were printed by Kurn Hattin boys.

The evening’s program consisted of a reception, banquet and an inspiring address, “Firm Foundations,” delivered by our President General. The singing, by a mixed quartette, of Edgar Stillman Kelley’s “America’s Creed” brought the program to a fitting close.

On Friday morning, members of the State Officers’ Club assembled for their annual breakfast, with Mrs. C. Leslie Witherell presiding, and at noon the annual luncheon meeting of the Vermont Regents’ Association was held with Mrs. Flynn Guernsey Austin presiding.

The Vermont Daughters had the distinct privilege of extending a welcome on this last day of the conference to the Daughter, Mrs. James A. Bullard, of Burlington, who holds the honor of having presented the name of Mrs. Robert for membership in our organization.

Announcement was made by the State Regent that tentative plans had been made for the dedication of the Vermont Bell in the carillon at Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, on Sunday, April 23, 1939.

Mrs. David H. Baldwin tendered her resignation as State Vice-Regent due to her out-of-State residence. Mrs. Birney C. Batcheller, of Palestrello Chapter, Wallingford, was elected to fill the vacancy.

The conference came to a close with the singing by the assemblage of the hymn “God Be With You Till We Meet Again,” benediction by the Rev. John G. Currier and the retiring of the Colors.

HELEN S. DUNBAR,
State Chairman of Press Relations.
A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, one and all, who are interested in Junior American Citizens, and may the New Year find you full of enthusiasm and eager to serve the boys and girls of this country.

**Junior American Citizens** are the first line of defense of this country! They are the men and women on whom we are to lean. They are not formed into clubs just for boys or for "underprivileged." YOUR son and YOUR daughter are both Junior American Citizens, and they are our future leaders. What will they lead? Whither will their thoughts take them? Into the home life of some of these boys and girls we know there goes an ideal of good citizenship, high ideals, noble purposes, civic enterprise—but into thousands of homes the boys and girls lack any of these. Then they must get it elsewhere. The teachers in the public schools do a great deal to bring forth in the lives of the children the high standards which our clubs seek to establish also. However, when a boy or girl belongs to a club, he is a member of an organized group, with a national background. A great national organization sponsors the existence of his club and has an interest in him, and he proudly wears his little pin declaring that he is a Junior American Citizen. Does it not seem a simpler matter of impressing that child with the meaning of good citizenship when he is in such a club, than it would be to make it a matter of routine instruction, taken up like the "three R's"?

Your National Chairman met many State regents from all over the country recently when she was in Washington, and in all cases much interest was shown among them. But the State regent needs the interest and help of the individual, and so you, as a reader of this magazine, are urged to look into these clubs, to recognize their value, and to give what you can of yourself and your time and money toward one of the vital projects which the National Society sponsors. Women can do what they set out to do. Women are forming clubs of Junior American Citizens. Those who are interested are really more than enthusiastic. They are eager, energetic, steadfast, and enlightened. Can any woman, whether she is a mother or not, neglect the consideration of these clubs? It is a challenge to you. You have the opportunity in your hands to make a mighty nation for the years to come. You have the opportunity of moulding the lives of the youth of today—you have the opportunity of building up the caliber of youth. Will you read this, and pass on to another article? Will you just say to yourself, "I suppose those clubs are a fine idea"—or will you get down on your knees and thank God that another year has been given to you in which you can and will do something for your country?

In Mrs. Robert's speech, given in Massachusetts recently, she speaks of making your patriotism a practical thing. Can you think of any way you can show a practical patriotism more definitely than in helping to form these clubs? Form them among your own children, among those of different racial groups, or among those who are underprivileged. Junior American Citizens are Junior American Citizens wherever you find them.

And may God bless you!

**ELEANOR GREENWOOD,**
National Chairman,
Junior American Citizens Committee.

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A FEW days ago I had the pleasure of attending a private preview showing of a splendid "short," entitled "Declaration of Independence," at Warner Bros. Studio in New York City. It seemed to me to be such an outstanding historical
picture that I want to recommend it to every true American; and I do feel that it should be shown in every city all over the country. It is wonderfully well done, clean, upstanding in its purposes; and impressively worked out in every detail.

I feel we have a greater responsibility during these times of world chaos than we ever have had before. Therefore, I think we should have more historic and patriotic pictures than we have had in the past; and, if we ask for them and patronize them when they are shown, we will have more of them. “The Declaration of Independence” is not only an entertaining picture, beautifully done in technicolor, but it is an educational picture suitable for both young and old. It tells the story of the signing of the famous historical document. A number of famous Americans are depicted in the film, among them being Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and other signers.

As the picture opens, the delegates of the thirteen Colonies are in session in Philadelphia, discussing hotly the advisability of breaking off relations with England, and offering a declaration of independence. Thomas Jefferson is assigned to draw the document; and, when it is completed, the delegates will vote upon it. Cesar Rodney, the delegate from Delaware, in the meantime leaves for his Colony to arrange some business. Tories in his territory seek in every way to prevent his returning to Philadelphia to cast his vote and make the declaration unanimous. After removing a number of obstacles from his path, Rodney finally escapes from his pursuers, and makes a mad dash for Philadelphia, arriving just in time to cast his vote, making the signing of the declaration unanimous.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY,  
(Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery)  
National Chairman,  
Motion Picture Committee.
Advancement of American Music

Through the Year with American Music

February is the birth month of two great Americans—Washington and Lincoln. To each of these, a considerable amount of music has been dedicated. In the spirit of these two noble men, much more music has been composed.

Although George Washington was not a musician, he greatly admired the work of his friend Francis Hopkinson, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. He especially enjoyed the song “My days have been so wondrous free” and often asked to have it performed at Mount Vernon. No record has come down to us of what the Father of his Country thought of another song “A Toast to Washington” that was especially composed for him by Francis Hopkinson.

To Abraham Lincoln is dedicated a symphony and a splendid chorus, each bearing his full name. Also portions of Walt Whitman’s “Memories of Lincoln” have been most adequately set to music. In our minds we travel back to the days of Washington and Lincoln when we hear instrumental compositions that depict “hoop skirt and crinoline” days or a log cabin, called by the composer, Edward MacDowell, “a house of dreams untold.” We dwell in the spirit of these two men when, with Oscar Rasbach, we sing “God give me mountains and strength to climb up.”

In February there is another occasion for music—a rather frivolous time, St. Valentine’s Day. There are a few compositions dedicated to this day by name but romance appearing in varied media of musical expression is appropriate. Then too, February days, which with lengthening shadows are conducive to winter sports, offer an opportunity for music of the season.

I. Seasonal Music

Solo—voice
The Sleigh ..................................................Richard Kountz
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Piano
Shadows ..................................................Frederick S. Converse
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

II. Occasional Music

February 12th. and February 22nd.
Mixed Chorus
Lincoln ..................................................Joseph W. Clokey
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)
Hushed be the Camps Tonight ................................Harvey W. Loomis
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)
Homage to Washington ..................................Franz C. Bornschein
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Piano
In Hoopskirt and Crinoline ................................Cedric Lamont
( Oliver Ditson Co.)
From a Log Cabin ............................................Edward MacDowell
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Harp
Washington’s March ......................................Francis Hopkinson
( Oliver Ditson Co.)
The President’s March .....................................Philip Phile
( Oliver Ditson Co.)

Solo—voice
A Toast to Washington ..................................Francis Hopkinson
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)
Mountains ..................................................Oscar Rasbach
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
The Leader

MARGARET E. BRUNER

In every group it seems that there is one
Whose loyalty and quick, responsive mind
Gives help to others who would lag behind—
Who might, at times, leave needful tasks undone;
And so they turn to her as plants to sun—
Perhaps some higher knowledge has designed,
This plan whereby the faltering ones may find
New courage when their own appears outrun.

And even time has not the power to dim
This inner radiance—this guiding force;
The zest for service gives her spirits vim—
Her body strength to keep a steady course,
She does her duty, but is not content
Till she does more, nor counts the time ill spent.
Junior

Message from Miss Dorothy Evans, Chairman 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly

THE 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly is sponsoring a Radio Program Contest. This contest is open to any Junior and the Junior Assembly is hoping to be flooded with material. The program is to be about Juniors and Junior activities and not longer than 1 3 ½ minutes. Stories should be in by March 1, 1939. A prize of $5.00 will be given by the Assembly for the best script.

We are fortunate to have the National Chairman of Radio, Mrs. Frank B. Whitlock, as Chairman of Judges with Mrs. Lee Ward Lemon of New Jersey and Mrs. Albert E. Jenner, Jr., of Illinois, as judges.

This is your chance to bring honor to your group and show your own writing ability. The best programs will be kept as the property of the Junior D. A. R. Assembly. Send all material to the Chairman of the Radio Program Contest, Miss Florence Smith, 5435 Iowa Street, Chicago.

DOROTHY EVANS.

Louisa St. Clair Juniors, Detroit, Michigan

The Louisa St. Clair Juniors of Detroit look forward to a busy year. Our present membership is seventy—an increase of ten since the beginning of the club year. Every member is taking an active part in our program. Our new officers for 1938-39 are:

Chairman .......... Mrs. Hansel Dwight Wilson
1st Vice Chairman .. Miss Marion Louise Brooke
2nd Vice Chairman .. Miss Rebecca Jane Erickson
Recording Secretary .... Mrs. Ellsworth Kramer
Corresponding Secretary .. Mrs. Percy H. Hamly
Treasurer .......... Mrs. Ford W. Spikerman

We have had three regular luncheon meetings this fall. In September we met at the home of our Past Regent, Mrs. Louise J.

Membership

Flint. Miss Loan Anderson gave a most interesting talk on The Romance of Travel. Mrs. Humphreys Springstun entertained our October meeting at which Mrs. William O. Merrill spoke on Youth and the Theatre. Our November meeting was held at the home of the “Echoes” Editor, Mrs. Edmund A. Blowers, and we enjoyed a very interesting talk by our Past Regent, Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner. She spoke about the work of Junior American Citizens, of which she is Past National Chairman.

On November 4, Louisa St. Clair Juniors joined with the Juniors of Fort Pontchartrain Chapter as co-hostesses to the first Michigan State Junior Conference. We met at the Ingleside Club in Detroit and had an interesting day—registration at eleven followed by a luncheon in honor of our Organizing Secretary General and National Chairman of Junior Membership, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, and our National Vice-Chairman of Junior Membership, Mrs. Louis J. Flint.

At the December meeting of the Chapter the Juniors will act as hostesses and plan to present a Christmas gift to our Chapter House—a silver tea service. We shall also announce our gift of ten dollars to the new laundry at Tamassee School.

We are planning a dance for December 2 and are looking forward to our Christmas party and regular meeting at the home of Miss Magene Mitchell. Miss Florence E. Cox will be there to talk on New Cooking Crinkles for Brides. This promises to be especially interesting for our five new brides.

Our next report will bring news of winter meetings already being planned.

MARIAN A. JENNINGS,
Correspondent for Junior Page.
The Story of Frances Slocum

THE Frances Slocum Society, Children of the American Revolution, in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was named for a little girl who was stolen from her home in Wyoming Valley by the Indians.

Her father, Jonathan Slocum, who was a Quaker, moved to the Wyoming Valley with his wife and nine children from Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1777, about a year before the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming. Frances was then four years old. They came from Connecticut to Wyoming in a covered wagon.

They built a log house and a blacksmith shop not far from the present Public Square in Wilkes-Barre. Though it was a time of war, Frances Slocum's father felt that he and his family were safe, because since William Penn's treaty with them the Indians and the Quakers had been friends. For that reason the Slocum family remained after the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming on July 3, 1778, when almost everybody fled from the valley.

It was fortunate, though, that his son, Giles, had been in the settlers' army at the battle, and no doubt the Indians knew this. On November 2, 1778, while the men and older boys were at work in the fields, two boys by the name of Kingsley, who had lived with the Slocums after their father had been captured by the Indians, were sharpening a knife near the house. Mrs. Slocum heard the report of a gun and a cry of pain. Rushing to the door she was horrified to see an Indian scalping the elder Kingsley boy, who had been shot.

Three Indians came to the house, and one, seeing little Frances hiding under the stairs, dragged her out and threw her over his shoulder. Taking the other little boy by the hand he and his Indian companions disappeared into the woods, in spite of Mrs. Slocum's entreaties. Though she lived to be an old woman she never again saw her little girl Frances.

In January, 1835, fifty-seven years after Frances Slocum had been stolen from her home, Colonel G. W. Ewing, who was in public service among the Indians, stayed for a night at what was called The Deaf Man's Village, on the Missisinewa.

The head of the house in which he sought lodging was a venerable and dignified woman, whom Colonel Ewing suspected to be white. As it grew later the family disappeared, with the exception of the elderly woman, and Colonel Ewing began a conversation with her.

Her name was Ma-con-a-quah, and she said she was a white woman; that she had been carried into captivity by the Indians when a child; and that her father's name was Slocum. She could not remember her first name, nor the place where she had lived, but that it was near a fort on the Susquehanna River. Her husband had been an Indian chief, and she was rich in land and cattle. She had never revealed her history before, because she feared her white relatives might come and take her away from her children and grandchildren. Now she was old, and was willing that they know where she was.

Colonel Ewing wrote a letter to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, explaining what she had told him, and asked that it be published in some newspaper in the hope that a relative might see it.

For some reason, this letter was not published until two years later, when it appeared in the Intelligencer, and was seen by the Rev. Samuel Bowman, a native of Wilkes-Barre, and intimately acquainted with the Slocum family. He mailed one of these papers to Joseph Slocum, who was sure that Ma-con-a-quah was his long-lost sister. He wrote a letter to Colonel Ewing, who replied that the woman was still living.

Mr. Slocum and another brother journeyed to Indiana, but they did not recognize her. At last she held out her hand and showed them a scar on one of her fingers. Then they knew her, because the older of the brothers had himself injured the finger with a hatchet when they were playing in the blacksmith shop many years before.

She could not speak English, and talked to them through an interpreter. Her brothers asked her to come to Wilkes-Barre, but, though glad to see them, she said she was too old to travel so far, and wished to remain with her children and grandchildren. They saw her a number of times afterwards. She died on March 9, 1847.

BETSY SCHOCH,
Secretary, Frances Slocum Society,
THE FIRST EUROPEAN BABY

BORN ON AMERICAN SOIL IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SNORRI, SON OF THORFINN KARSEFNI AND GUDRÍD, BORN IN 1007. GUDRÍD WAS THE WIDOW OF LEIF ERICSSON’S BROTHER, THORSTEIN.

Contributors, Collaborators and Critics

NO New Year’s announcement which we could possibly print could give us more solid satisfaction than the statement that we are now a full-fledged member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. The “ABC” stamp of approval is eagerly sought by all magazines which wish to proclaim their reliability to the world in general, and to desirable advertisers in particular.

The favorable impression which our new standing has created took tangible form in a letter from the business manager of one of the most important advertising firms in the country, which came to the editor’s desk only three days after the “ABC” had rendered its verdict:

“It has just come to my attention that you have recently joined the Audit Bureau of Circulations. I would like to congratulate you on this very constructive move, and can assure you that you have now placed your publication where its circulation can get definite evaluation.”

With this as a springboard, we certainly should get off to a fine start!

Praise has come in to us from libraries, too, and this is also extremely welcome. For instance:

“Please accept our thanks for cooperation in arranging for the reversal of printing on the back of the Daughters magazine, and the year date on the front cover. It is a great help in filing, this change, and all librarians in particular will appreciate it.”

In the way of general praise, the following comments were especially gratifying:

“Although as it grows older it is ‘putting on weight,’ in this case every ounce is to the good, and most becoming to ‘Our Lady from Washington.’”

“From beginning to end, the magazine is interesting at all times, but this month I have enjoyed particularly ‘Genealogy as a Hobby.’ I would like very much to write Emily Watson.”

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"I have just finished reading the March number of our magazine—not that the intervening ones have been neglected—but March had happened to sink out of sight under the ever-mounting pile of reading matter awaiting attention of an over-busy member. This particular number is so rich, through and through, that it wrote the text for this letter, awaiting expression ever since the present editor got under, when she not only gave our magazine the new and appropriate name—so very highly to be commended—but lifted it to national importance in the realm of historical monthlies where a National Society of the D.A.R.’s should be."

Recognition has come to us, too, through the "American Foreign Service Journal" which is issued by the American Foreign Service Association, Department of State. Christine Sadler’s article on Cornelia Bassel, printed in the April number, and Hazel Whitaker Vandenbergs article on the Larz Anderson Mansion, printed in the May number, have been quoted at length in two recent issues of the Journal.

In this issue, our serial, “The Viking Cross,” comes to a close. In connection with it, it is interesting to note that the National Council of Women, which has been issuing a series of illustrations entitled “Oddities in American History,” includes in this series a picture of “Snorri” the son of Gudrid and Karlsefni, the leading characters in Miss Huntley’s story. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Luella S. Laudin, Executive Director of the Committee on Human Relations, responsible for this series, we are enabled to reproduce this picture at the head of this department.

Next month we will begin a new serial entitled, “The City of Faith” by Margaret C. McKay. This is a story of pioneering in the colorful Southwest, as romantic as its own setting and as thrilling as any historical novel which has come to the editor's attention for a long time. A covered basket containing a small fluffy kitten intrigued her almost as much as the covered wagons conveying the main characters. She will be delighted to learn that the general reader’s reaction was the same.

The editor's most fortunate “find” during the last month was the work of a rising young photographer named Polly Storey, who majored in stage design at Bennington College and later attended the Clarence H. White School of Photography in New York. We are privileged to publish two of her Vermont snow scenes this month—one as the frontispiece of our magazine, and the other as an illustration for Anne Robinson’s poem, “Winter Magic.” Further examples of her art will appear in future issues.

As another lovely snow scene, let’s look at this one from West Virginia, depicting the house and grounds of the State Regent, Mrs. David E. French. It seems very stately and still in the picture, but I am sure that within, it is permeated with the sparkling holiday spirit of New Year’s and that its owner, like everyone else mentioned in this department, wishes to join with the editor in wishing you all a very HAPPY NEW YEAR!
OFFICIAL MINUTES
NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
SPECIAL MEETING

December 8, 1938

The special meeting of the National Board of Management was called to order by the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., in the Board Room, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., on Thursday, December 8, 1938, at 12 noon.

In the absence of the Chaplain General, Mrs. Rex, the Lord’s Prayer was repeated in unison, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, called the roll, the following members being recorded as present: National Officers: Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Haig, Mrs. Heaume, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Miss Schwarzwaelder, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Steele. State Regents: Miss Chenoweth, Mrs. Blakeslee, Mrs. Sinclair.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, moved that 216 former members be reinstated. Seconded by Mrs. Steele. Carried.

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

Report of Registrar General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management: I have the honor to report 905 applications presented to the Board.

Isabelle C. Nason,
Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Nason moved that the 905 applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society. Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, read her report.

Report of Organizing Secretary General

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

The Organizing Secretary General now presents the following report for your approval.

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

Miss Elsie M. Hill, Redding, Connecticut.

Mrs. Genevieve Pine McKibbin, Catonsville, Maryland.

Mrs. Alice Martin Sangster Spears, Baytown, Texas.

The State Regent of Virginia requests a Chapter be authorized to organize at Warrenton.

The following Organizing Regencies have expired by time limitation:

Mrs. Viola Abbott Christy, Farmington, Illinois.

Mrs. Maybell Harris Hewett, Girard, Kansas.

Mrs. Mariam Buckner Pond, Hudson, Ohio.

Mrs. Sarah Millar Amick, Newport, Tennessee.

The Organizing Regency of Mrs. Glaphyra Wilkerson Stafford of Springfield, Arkansas, is to be cancelled.

The State Regent of Illinois requests the reappointment of Mrs. Viola Abbott Christy, as Organizing Regent at Farmington, Illinois.

The State Regent of Maryland requests the official disbandment of the Col. Edward Lloyd IV Chapter of Easton, Maryland.

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

Santa Lucia, Salinas, California.

General David Blackshear, Rochelle, Georgia.

Desardee, Knox, Indiana.

Hazel F. Schermerhorn,
Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved the confirmation of the three Organizing Regents as read; that the authorization of the chapter at Warrenton, Virginia, be granted; that the reappointment of the Organizing Regent at Farmington, Illinois, be confirmed; that the Organizing Regency of Mrs. Glaphyra Wilkerson Stafford of Springfield, Arkansas, be cancelled; that the official disbandment of the Colonel Edward Lloyd IV Chapter of Easton, Maryland, be granted; and the official confirmation of the three chapters as read. Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

Messages were read from absent members of the Board regretting their inability to be present.

Miss Schwarzwaelder moved that one former member be reinstated. Seconded by Mrs. Blakeslee. Carried.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, read the minutes of December 8, 1938, which were approved as read.

On motion of Miss Chenoweth the meeting adjourned at 12:25 p.m.

Julia D. Heaume,
Recording Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(organized—October 11, 1890)

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

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
1938-1939

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MRS. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR.
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents General
(Term of office expires 1939)

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MISS BONNIE FARWELL,
1107 S. Center St., Terre Haute, Ind.

MRS. MAURICE CLARK TURNER,
3820 Gillon Ave., Dallas, Texas.

(Mrs. George Baxter Averill, Jr., 2595 N. Frederick Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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One of the Leading Historical and Genealogical Magazines Correspondence or interviews may be arranged in all parts of the United States
As I go here and there about the country in the course of manifold work, I find that the spirit of hospitality is abroad in the land. I am a naturally gregarious person and under normal circumstances it is never safe for anyone to extend an invitation to me without banking beforehand on an acceptance. But just now I am in mourning and temporarily unfit to rejoice with those who do rejoice; and I am carrying a schedule so heavy that often it is humanly impossible to fill the crowded hours any fuller than they are already. So circumstances are not normal for me at present and consequently I have been obliged to seem unresponsive to many cordial overtures.

This situation, though I have deplored it, has had one outcome which has made me very happy: A speech which I recently made was delivered at Norwich, Connecticut, at eight in the evening; I did not arrive in town until six and I was obliged to leave early the next morning. So, though local members of the N.S.D.A.R. attended the lecture in a body, the kindly intention of the Faith Trumbull Chapter, which had desired to give a tea for me, came to naught. The regent of the chapter, Mrs. Thomas Perkins Sears, expressed her regret that this was so with such obvious sincerity, that finally I plucked up courage to make a suggestion which has long been struggling for expression.

"If you really want to do something for me," I said hesitantly, "won't you send me a check for the sum that the tea would have cost and let me start a magazine endowment fund with it? I feel sure that if one chapter would inaugurate such a fund, others would add to it and it would grow like the proverbial snowball. I would keep the money on deposit, of course, in a bank, and I would use the interest on it to help safeguard the future of the magazine. That would mean much more to me than anything you could do for me personally or give me for myself."

"What a wonderful idea!" Mrs. Sears exclaimed enthusiastically. "Of course, the Faith Trumbull Chapter would feel honored to start such a ball rolling. We'll have a meeting this very week and take a vote and send you a check right away!"

She was as good as her word. The check arrived, and the magazine endowment fund came into existence then and there.

My next stopping place was Dallas, Texas, where similar conditions prevailed. It was the Jane Douglas Chapter this time that wanted to give a party for which there was no opportunity; and it was Miss Elsie Wills, its regent, who lent a willing ear when, emboldened by my previous experience, I made the same counter suggestion that I had in Norwich. And presto! Miss Wills pulled out her check book while we were still talking, so determined was she to make sure that even though the name of Faith Trumbull, like that of Abou ben Adhem, "led all the rest," the name of Jane Douglas should stand second on the list.

As a result of this understanding and this generosity, I am now approaching the editorial work into which I am trying to put all the best there is in me with a lighter heart than I have in many a long day. For at last I dare to believe that this work is destined to go further and further forward. The development of a magazine, like all other practical enterprises, requires the expenditure of money before it can bring in more money in return. So, though our present financial status is most encouraging, I have longed to see it more secure as well, for I know from my own experience that there is no substitute for solvency. But I also know from my own experience that there is no corner of the earth so remote that the printed page does not penetrate there. In like measure, I know that the pen is mightier than the sword and that, therefore, this peaceful penetration means power and prestige and, better still, that it bears universal witness to high ideals and lofty purposes. The National Historical Magazine can be at one and the same time a great weapon and a great shield, a treasure trove and a beacon light. When it has been put to all of the multitudinous uses to which it can be directed, the world as well as our own Society will be immeasurably enriched; and every individual who has helped to make such usefulness possible will share in the benefits, both bestowed and received.

Frances Fielder Keyes