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Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Easter Morn from the painting by Axel Ender which forms the altarpiece in a church at Molde, Norway. "And the Angel said: 'He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where He lay."—Matthew 28: 5, 6

Easter

Rose Moss Scott

When I
Draw near the tomb
On Easter day, may all
The clinging stones of doubt be rolled
Away.
On the Pacific slopes, varieties of fruit blossoms are following in rapid succession. Japonica and Camellias make bright the South. Under the tall cactus with its huge flowers, the desert itself blooms with low creeping plants. After melting northern snows, arbutus and crocuses are pushing up their heads. At Easter time, the world awakes.

There is another hopeful sign of life. America is awakening. A great play designed to promote the American way of life is drawing capacity houses. A nationally known writer frankly admits that her emotions were greatly stirred upon seeing it. The author of several plays of notable success has recently completed a patriotic play to which he has given several years of his best effort. A company producing plays for children is seeking patriotic vehicles.

A professor in one of our oldest universities writes for a leading magazine an article which states that America needs to bring back the study of her heroes. The dean of one of our best known colleges gives his suggestions for promoting Americanism. A political commentator urges a primer of democracy. A great university plans a week's conference upon education for democracy. The motion picture industry is showing new interest in America. Several companies are producing notable series of shorts depicting important moments of American history and emphasizing the spirit which has made her great.

One syndicate includes a brief tribute to the Flag in each program. Radio broadcasting companies are cooperating in presenting programs in appreciation of the cost and meaning of our freedom. Recently, a well-known radio hostess, over a national hook-up, asked the audience to join with the chorus in closing the program with the singing of "God Bless America."

Conferences of leaders of all groups interested in raising the standards of American citizenship are being held. Realizing that the development of the republic will rise no higher than the judgment, intelligence and right thinking of its citizens, representatives of welfare organizations, lodges, service clubs, patriotic societies, industry, labor, press, radio, motion pictures, and churches are offering suggestions for increasing the knowledge of advantages of life in America.

This awakening indicates a renewal by the American people of faith in themselves, and a revival of reliance upon those sane homely virtues which subdued a continent and welded together into a nation communities widely scattered and of diversified interests and resources. What has been done, can be done again. That this awakening may be of definite benefit, there must be appreciation of the fact that as a growing, living thing, democracy must be nurtured and protected. Ailments within a nation must be corrected even as those within the physical body. That diseases threaten the body politic is generally conceded. Perhaps first among these has been the apathy of the citizens. That in some national elections as many as thirty million qualified voters have failed to exercise their franchise is in itself a lurking danger. A people ignorant of facts is the next greatest danger. A public opinion indifferent to truth falls easy prey to promises popular in appeal, but impossible of accomplishment.

If the new interest, the new determination, can be directed to an appreciation of the advantages offered by the American way of life, and to an understanding of the privileges and liberties guaranteed by its form of government, America's awakening will bring new life to her people.

The Awakening

Sarah Corbin Robert
President General, N. S. D. A. R.
“Lord, Revive Thy Church”

SARAH BOHANAN RUSSELL

Former Regent, Major William Thomas Chapter

An inspiring account of the restoration of historic buildings of religious character now taking place in Southern Maryland

“ORD, revive thy church, beginning with me.” So prayed a Chinese Christian girl; and so we all need to pray. But during the last five years we have also begun to say, restore the churches.

When the Ark and the Dove sailed up the Potomac River in 1634, they entered the beautiful St. Mary’s River and anchored off a promontory bluff, where the first settlement was made under an “old mulberry tree.” A conference was held with the Indians, and a treaty of peace signed. Here a “chapel of ease” was built, which was used jointly by the Roman and Anglican priests. This fact stands out as perhaps an unusual incident in the history of the churches of America.

Trinity Church is built on this historic spot. It is constructed of the brick from the old state house—built in 1676 and used as a place of worship before Trinity was built—and the wood of the old mulberry tree is used for much of the furnishings, including the communion rail, parts of the bishop’s chair, the lectern, and the alms “basons”. In 1889 the old Georgian church was torn down as far as the windows, the gallery removed, and rebuilt in English semi-Gothic style. But this year it has been completely restored. A friend has given chimes, another an electric organ, and still another a lovely altar.

The admirable way in which this old church has been restored reminds me of
what my old colored nurse once said: “Keep the bestest cloes for Sunday, cause it’s Gawd’s day!” And certainly they have given their best here to God’s house!

Of equal sacredness and historical importance is the churchyard, where monuments tell the story of the first settlers. The Leonard Calvert stone marks the spot where stood the famous mulberry tree, but it is not known where he was actually buried. An imposing granite vault marks the place where Sir Lionel (the first royal governor of Maryland) and Lady Copley are entombed. In this historic spot sleep many members of our old Maryland families.

“I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground ‘God’s Acre’.
It is just,
It consecrates each grave within its walls
And breathes a benison o’er the sleeping dust.”

* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Near the hallowed location of Trinity Church is old St. Inigoes, which was rebuilt in 1785. The date of its first erection is not known, but a church was there in 1745, and tradition states that Father White, shortly after the arrival of the Ark and the Dove, said, “We doe celebrate (the Mass).” This is the oldest Roman Catholic Church in St. Marys.

It is natural to think of St. Marys County as the first place of settlement under the rule of a Roman Catholic lord proprietary and as a spot well provided with old Roman Catholic churches. Such is not the case. We find only three Catholic churches: St. Inigoes, New Town or St. Francis Xavier, and St. Thomas.

St. Inigoes is built of brick, said to be English brought over as ballast in colonial days. Like all the old churches, it is built in the cemetery grounds and has been in constant use since its erection. One of the earliest tombstones is to “Joseph Jenkins, died January 16, 1796.” We also see the stone of the Rev. James Walton of the Society of Jesus, who died February 19, 1803,
age 88 years—born in England and served the mission of Maryland for 36 years and eight months.

According to tradition, there is buried in this old graveyard a very wicked man who repented and died in the faith. Often at night a light can be seen hovering around his tomb—even Protestants have seen it! Tradition also says that Rob of the Bowl used this churchyard as a meeting place with his highwaymen.

There is a quaint old tale told of St. Inigoes Church, about an ancestor of mine. Great-great-great-uncle Jenifer Taylor was a very strict “Church of England man”—a vestryman of Old St. George’s. He was married three times, his last wife being a Roman Catholic who had no children but who reared his children by his former wives. As each daughter’s wedding approached, she became a convert and was married in St. Inigoes. During the ceremony at his last daughter’s marriage Uncle Jenifer burst out crying. Someone consoled him by saying, “Don’t feel badly, Mr. Taylor, she is making a good match.” He replied, “Well, maybe she is, but I believe even my horses and cows are going to turn Catholic!”

St. Nicholas, a Roman Catholic Church near the Patuxent River*, has been completely rebuilt of gray stone, and has been finished for the tercentenary. It is located about ten miles from St. Mary’s City. Tradition says the “Sewalls” of past generations repose in a large railed lot, just behind St. Nicholas Church, but the earliest tombs in the churchyard are of the year 1810.

As we leave this old church and drive up the county toward the county seat, Leonardtown, we pass old St. Andrew’s, which is hidden away in the woods. It is built of brick, dating from 1761-65, and when we enter its portals we find a typical colonial church. The pews are the old boxed-in type, and the floors are made of flagstone. At one end of the church is a gallery and at the other a beautiful chancel, which shows exquisite workmanship. This chancel was executed by John Frech Leinner, for which he was paid sixteen pounds ten shillings.

One of the first entries of baptism in the parish register is of a little colored girl, and on the flyleaf of the first page is an old Spanish proverb: “The devil tempts everyone, but an idle man tempts the devil.”

As we continue along, we deviate a little to the left to St. George’s Hundred. And then we come to old St. George’s Church, better known as “Poplar Hill,” because a large poplar tree stood in the churchyard and became the beacon and guide for the colonists as they sailed up St. Mary’s River. The first church was erected here in 1640, and is said to be the first built in Maryland except the “chapel of ease” at St. Mary’s City. The first priest, who was installed in 1650, received nine hundred acres of land for his support, in lieu of salary. Before this, clergy from Virginia held services and administered the sacraments. One Thomas White performed a marriage ceremony for two of Thomas Cornwall’s servants in 1639.

Poplar Hill has the boxed-in pews, flagstone floors, and in a smaller way the type of bricks used in most of colonial churches.

Next we come to a Roman Catholic Church—St. Francis Xavier—the quaintest of the Maryland churches. It was formerly called “New Town” or “Neapolis.”

New Town Church, with the manor house, is beautifully situated on Britton’s Neck. Tradition says Sir William Britton gave the tract of land, the house, and the church to the Jesuits in 1661, and that his grandchildren died beggars. The section is therefore known also as “Beggar’s Neck.” The church is rather unusually constructed, two sides being of brick and two of wood. It was at one time a preparatory college and at another a “county house” for the Georgetown students. The old bell is dated 1691 and was cast in England.

The manor house is still used as a weekend dwelling for priests when they celebrate Sunday Mass.

The church and the house are to be restored as the priests kept it in Father White’s time. The Woodstock letters of

* Readers of this article will probably take pleasure in rereading the poem, “Charlesgifte on the Patuxent,” by Bessie Schenck Bunten, on page 71 of the February issue.
1884 say: "The history of the New Town mission embraces a period of three hundred years. It began with the very foundation of religious freedom on this continent. As it is the history of our missionaries among the descendants of Japheth and the sons and daughters of Cham, so it is the history of their ministration among the Redmen of the forest."

An old tomb dated 1788 has this inscription: "Behold, O man, in us thy fate, and mend thy way 'ere 'tis too late."

And another:
"Remember, friends, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I,
And as I am now so will you be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

Next we come to St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, a large brick structure on top of a high hill. Its predecessor, said to have been built in 1740, stood here also. Most of the Roman churches are of later date than the Episcopal.

Also near by is Sacred Heart, a modern church of wood on the land of "Bushwood"—a fragment of St. Clement's Manor for more than one hundred years.

In 1669 Captain Gerrard Slye, then proprietor of this beautiful plantation inherited from his father, Robert Slye, was a very active leader in the proceedings which debarred Roman Catholics from holding office in the province. This gentleman did not foresee that he was to marry a Catholic of intrepid character, and that his will, dated 1733, was to direct his children to be reared in the faith, and that through his wife his home should pass into exclusive possession of Roman Catholic posterity.

In 1642, Thomas Gerrard, Lord of St. Clement's Manor, donated one hundred acres of land to build an Episcopal church,
which was called Christ Church Chaptico. In 1644 William Marshall gave three heifers, from which cattle should be raised for maintenance of the ministers. The land and heifers are said to be the first donations to any church in Maryland.

The church now standing was built in 1736; today it shows but few marks of its two hundred years, though the interior has lost much of its original beauty. The church has an apsidal chancel, which is the case with several of our old churches, but the rest of the design favors the tradition that it was the work of Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated architect of St. Paul's of London. In 1771 there was bought a chalice, two Baskerville Bibles, and two Royal prayer books. The chalice is still in use; the Bible and one prayer book, marked "King and Queen Parish, 1771," were offered for sale many years ago and purchased by a member of the parish. Written on slips of paper, attached to the front margin by red wafers so they fall back over the petitions for King George and the royal family, are petitions for Congress, the interests of the United States, the Governor of Maryland, and members of the Council. A prominent writer says, "These petitions are unique. After consulting the best authority, I have been unable to find their duplicate."

One of the interesting stories connected with this old church is that Gilbert Ireland, Lord High Sheriff, requested in his will that he be buried in Chaptico Church burying ground in a standing position at the foot of his dear friend, Thomas Dickson. It is also said a buccaneer was buried standing on the left-hand side between the gate and the entrance to the church, and that during the Civil War the church was used by northern soldiers as a stable for their horses. It has since had a tower erected, as was originally planned.

All Faith Church was built in 1765. The old records are still readable, though the first entry was made in 1692 and has to do with the establishment of the parish:

"At a Court at Benedict Town on the 14th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1692, and in the fifth year of our sovereign Lord the King, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland—defender of the Faith and by his justice therewith authorized and appointed with the most principal freeholders there-
unto called for the laying of Parishes on
the south side of ye Patuxent River* in Cal-
vert County—being in obedience to an Act
of Assembly entitled, 'An Act for ye serv-
ice of Almighty God and the establishment
of the Protestant Religion in the Provinces
made at St. Mary’s City this 10th day of
May in the year of our Lord 1692.'"

This church is of brick and has been re-
stored. It is similar to Chaptico and Pop-
lar Hill. In the gallery is an old chest with
hand-wrought hardware, which leads one
to believe it is the one so carefully described
in the records of Revolutionary War days.

Next we come to Charles County and
see the restoration of Mt. Carmel at Port
Tobacco, the first Roman Catholic convent
in the territory embraced by the thirteen
original states, and founded by a group
of nuns in 1790. They came to Port To-
bacoo at the instance of Father Neale, who
was chaplain of the American Unit under
Archbishop Carroll, the first consecrated
archbishop of the United States. The con-
vent was blessed on October 15, 1790. It
is located on a beautiful hill overlooking
the town.

Life was hard and food scarce in the be-
beginning, but the sisters had their own
grist mill and raised cattle and vegetables.

Many of the novices, when they came to
enter the convent, brought their slaves with
them to work the land and help the sisters
do the rough work. One of the principal
occupations of the nuns was to copy and
bind prayer books, and one of the first
printed in America, “The Pious Guide,”
was compiled at the monastery.

Although Mother Bernardina Mathews
filled the office of the first prioress until
her death in 1800, it is to her successor,
Mother Clare Joseph, that most historians
pay homage as the founder of the American
Carmel. In 1831 the nuns moved to Balti-
more, but returned to Port Tobacco in
1873.

In March, 1935, a group interested in
its restoration went to Charles County, pur-
chased the convent, and repaired the old
brick-and-frame building.

On Port Tobacco Creek were two
churches, Christ Church at Port Tobacco,
which was built in 1692 and later recon-
structed of brick in 1753; and Christ
Church at Wayside, called “Piccawaxon
Parish.” The latter has been beautifully
restored, and one can stand in this church-
yard and reverently say, “Rest in peace.”
The church at Wayside is also known as
St. Thomas or “Chappelle Point.” The
venerable mansion of St. Thomas Manor,
which for years has been the home of the Jesuit fathers, stands on a bluff overlooking the creek, and the cornerstone of the church attached to it was laid about two hundred and fifty years ago.

St. Paul’s Church, at Baden, was built in 1682 and rebuilt in 1773. This is the only church that has a sundial.

The records are beautifully preserved in a massive leather-bound book. At a vestry meeting held June 2, 1752, we find recorded:

“This vestry this day agreed with Mr. Samuel Roundell that he provide for the church a Pulpit Cloth and Cushion of Crimson velvet, the glory in gold, with gold fringe and tassels; ye cloth to be six feet in width and three feet two inches deep, the cushion to be two and a half feet long. Also a handsome Marble Fount, a crimson velvet carpet for ye communion table, eight feet and a half wide and four and a half feet deep. A cloth for the reading desk and of the same velvet; three feet four inches wide and eighteen inches deep. The Ten Commandments and the Belief and Lord’s Prayer—a hanging Dial; the plate to be two feet square and to be paid for ye same next June in the manner following, that is to say, Twenty P. Cent to be added on the amount of the cost and charges the following Motto to be on the dial: Viz. Sic Transit Gloria Mundi. And if it should so happen that the money or any part thereof should not be paid him at ye time a fore mentioned then to pay him interest at ye Rate of 6 P. Ct. until it is discharged; also 4-March 1734 order Register give Charles Drury an order on the Sheriff for 800 pounds of tobacco for bread and wine for the communion at the church, also an order on the Sheriff for five hundred pounds of tobacco to Thomas Swam, Sr. for communion wine at the chapel; also vestry order the register to acquaint Col. Leonard Hollyday that the Vestry desires he Should send (to England) for a Bible and Prayer Book for the use of the Parish, in discharge for the whole or part of the bills due from him, eight pounds, two shillings, and 7 pence. This was done and the Bibles reported, cost was two pounds 8 shillings, while the Prayer Book cost 1 pound with Transportation charges of seven shillings, 5¼ pence.”

The Bible is still in the church and is in very good condition. It was printed by John Baskett in 1739.

The vestry records begin in 1693 in St. John’s or Broad Creek of King George Parish. The land was bought for 1,800 pounds of tobacco, and in 1695 a frame church was built. In 1713 a larger frame structure was erected, and in 1723 the present brick church was built, the cost being 16,000 pounds of tobacco, which the vestry was to pay in four installments.

The first ordination service held by Bishop Claggett was in 1793. This was of special interest to old St. John’s, inasmuch as the first candidate that day to receive the laying on of hands was a young communicant of the parish.

One thing of interest in this church is an opening—a foot square in the front of the gallery—which was to admit the money bags on the end of a pole, put through it to receive offerings of the colored people, who had the gallery to themselves.

An unusual outdoor feature is the campainile, consisting of four poles about forty feet high, with a canopy under which reposes a bell of remarkable clearness and sweetness of tone. In 1694 this parish embraced all of what is now the District of Columbia, so old St. John’s is called the mother church of the Episcopal churches in Washington and Northern Maryland.

In St. Mary’s the rivers and creeks are named for the saints, and even the farms and dwellings are under the patronage of saints. We may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that St. Mary’s County is one of the most hallowed spots on the continent. As Bancroft’s History says, “It was at one time the only home of religious freedom in the wide world.”

When we think of the hardships and sacrifices our forefathers made, it seems that we should—in these days of luxury—make some also. We should restore our churches! Go on a day’s outing and see these lovely, historic places; then go home and pray to your heavenly Father or to your patron saint that we may be successful in the restoration of all our old churches.
Heritage
MARGARET E. BRUNER

When we have seen a church day after day,
We see, yet see it not—our eyes have grown
Accustomed to its image, though we may
Respect its worth, only when we have known
Something of those whose efforts helped to make
Its growth throughout the years does it appear
More than a building—then our senses wake,
We see a work to reverence and revere.
And it becomes a proof—a visible sign
That man, in his own strength, is not complete;
And so he needs must build himself a shrine,
A hallowed place where worshipers may meet,
And for the future ones who gather there,
He leaves a heritage they, too, may share.

Investment
CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

He bought a field that held a million bluets,
The sky transformed in minute stars on earth,
“Against a rainy day,” he said, who knew its
Every stone in spring. If it be worth
Far less than he had paid what matters this
So he were pleased? He reckoned he would find
A pleasure there that most of us would miss.
For who among us knew that bluets lined
With very peace the inmost soul of one
Who idled hours among them in the spring,
Who stretched full length on blueness in the sun
To watch the sky above for wavering wing
Of southern birds? Our stars were up in heaven
But he had his on earth—one million? Maybe seven!

Assets
CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Gone is my silver, gone my heavy gold,
My paper stocks with green and crimson lines.
List then my assets—years I still may hold,
Long hours and days with their yet hidden mines
Set for my finding. List my will to toil
Toward rest at twilight. Add there loveliness
And precious treasure wrapped in memory’s foil,
Let time unfold it, let my heart caress.
List, too, my faith in God and in mankind,
List fathers’ fathers, those who took their ways
In a New World and surely did not find
Its hardness proof against their will to raise
Homestead and harvest, peace beneath tall trees,
Their strength and virtues mine—list these!
COME FORTH AND BRING YOUR GARLANDS

MRS. J. W. ANDERSON

H. KOTZSCHMAR

Moderato

VOICES

1. Come forth and bring your garlands, Come forth with praise and song; Enwreathe the altars with your flow'rs, And to the temple throng; For all; And Death's dark mantle cover The earth, as with a pall, Yet tomb; And walking in the garden's shade, Dispel its sombre gloom. So vine! Enfold us in Thy presence, With in our spirits shine. Up.

2. We know that sin and sorrow At times must shadow forth from out the

3. And as our Lord and Saviour Came forth from out the

4. Yea! Christ the Lord is risen! O Grace and Truth di-

ORGAN

'tis the glorious Easter! A day for pray'r and praise, When still as o'er our Saviour Bright angels vigil keep With now we feel His Presence, And still we hear His voice, Who hold, and cheer, and guide us! That we may truly say: To

all who love the Saviour May join our glad some lays.
in the tomb, and hov er Where our be loved ones sleep!
said to Mary, "Do not fear! Behold Me and re joice!"
us the Lord is ris'n in deed, This glorious Easter Day!"
The singing of carols at Easter time, which is becoming a custom in America, is, like the custom of Christmas caroling, a revival of an Old World practice of earlier days. The celebration is derived from the old Hebrew name of the Passover, Pesach, which commemorates the deliverance through the sprinkling of the blood of the paschal lamb on the doorposts of the Hebrew houses in Egypt. When, therefore, a day was set apart as the festival of the resurrection of the sacrificed Lamb of God, it was natural that the old name associated with the earlier sacrificed lamb should again be used.

The religious idea of the Jews was combined with the heathen spring festival of Teutonic spring, rejoicing with its joyous practices such as Easter eggs, Easter salutations, and Easter plays and spectacles. The egg signified the germinating fertility of spring; the Son of Righteousness was associated with the revivifying sun which with its spring strength brought life to all nature.

The singing of carols was one means of expressing the general happiness of the day. The two great music days in our churches are Christmas and Easter. The idea of surging new life, triumphant over death, appears again and again in the carols, which are but an expansion of this salutation, still a custom in many countries. People still greet each other with the words “He is risen”; to which the answer is returned, “He is risen indeed.”

The carol “Come Forth and Bring Your Garlands,” with its rollicking freshness and buoyancy, answers the call of a true carol, originally a circle dance and used for all festivals; so we find the carols of New Year’s, Easter, Harvest, and Springtime as significantly important as were the carols of Christmas.

The words of this carol were written by Mrs. J. W. Anderson, a talented resident of Portland, Maine, a poetess and pianist who became a member of the oldest music club for women in America soon after its organization in 1867. Hermann Kotzschmar, composer of the carol tune, was born in Funsterwald, Germany, July 4, 1829, and died in Portland, Maine, April 15, 1908. His father, Gottfried Kotzschmar, was the son’s first teacher before the boy was sent to study piano, organ, and orchestral instruments at Dresden.

Mr. Kotzschmar came to America in 1848 with an adventurous group of musicians, and settled in Boston, where ultimately he became acquainted with Cyrus L. Curtis, father of the noted Philadelphia publisher.

Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis was named for this musician, for a lasting friendship had sprung up between the two families. Cyrus Curtis, Sr., was Portland born, and through his influence young Kotzschmar was chosen accompanist for the Portland Sacred Music Society. For fifty years he was organist at First Parish Church (Unitarian) and State Street Church (Congregational), and for thirty years choral conductor of the Haydn Association. He was a charter member of the Kotzschmar Club, remaining its president from its inception until his death. The club is still active and preserving the ideals of its founder, Fred Lincoln Hill being the present president.

Besides the carol “Come Forth and Bring Your Garlands,” Kotzschmar’s publications include his famous Te Deum in F, popular both here and abroad. Mrs. Edward Bok, Mrs. Curtis’s daughter, told me that somebody asked Mr. Curtis, “If you lay dying, what piece of music would you like to hear?” and he replied, “Kotzschmar’s Hymn.” This is not the Te Deum, but “Song in the Night,” the words of which begin:

“Slowly by God’s hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness:
Oh, how still
Is the working of His will.”
There are four stanzas, and it is found in the Unitarian hymnal.

The best tribute given a father by a son of which we know was recently paid by Hermann Kotzschmar, Jr., a retired rear admiral of the United States Coast Guard: "Looking backward over the forty-seven years since I left my home in Portland," he says, "and with the many acquaintances made from Greenland, Patagonia, Alaska and the islands of the Pacific, it is my privilege to tell you that among all the fine, clean, upstanding characters that I have had the pleasure to know, my father stands out in memory with the foremost of them all—a simple, honorable, gentle man devoted to his family and to mankind, to nature and to his beloved art of music."

The magnificent Kotzschmar Organ in the Portland, Maine, city hall is a memorial to this great musician, the gift of his friend, Cyrus H. K. Curtis. In the central niche in the organ's ornamental facade is a bronze bust of the composer, with a manuscript and his baton, all encased under glass. Thus Portland has been given musical prominence throughout the world, for the organ is one of the world's greatest.

The First Parish Church aforementioned, where Kotzschmar served as organist, is one of New England's historic churches. It dates back to 1718, the present church being the third built on this site. The second, known as Old Jerusalem, suffered during the Revolution when a British cannon ball pierced the building. The cannon ball is now a part of the beautiful crystal chandelier fixtures. Upon its interior walls are memorials to men and women of the parish, among them one to Stephen Longfellow, father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, and also to Reverend Samuel Longfellow, a hymn writer and a brother of the poet. All the Longfellow families were members of this old Unitarian church.

The line of demarcation between the terms "hymn" and "carol" is not very clear, but in general the word "hymn" signifies any religious poem of a lyrical character, but it is not narrative as is the carol. The hymn is essentially devotional, whereas the carol is more festive or playful in character.

Mr. Ingalls, a cooper by trade but a singing master by profession, was one of New England's pillars of early American hymnody. He composed the music for the "Election Ode" and the "Election Hymn," which were sung at the meeting of the General Assembly in 1801 when the election sermon was preached in the old Newbury meeting house. He also was composer of the "Ode on Science" and the tune "Northfield," both famous productions. In 1805 he gathered these compositions into a volume of two hundred pages, entitled "Christian Harmony." Some of the tunes are still sung, "Northfield" being immortal. Concerning the latter, an anecdote is told that, returning to his home at the top of Ingall's Hill near Newbury, Vermont, after a rainy-day fishing trip, he lay down before the fire to dry, and began to sing a parody to a hymn:

"How long my people, Oh, how long? Shall dinner hour delay? Fly swifter round, ye idle maids And bring a dish of tea."

"Why, Jerry," said his wife, "that's a grand tune!"

"So it is," replied the man of song, "I'll write it down." And dinner waited the completion of "Northfield."

Mr. Ingalls came to Newbury from Massachusetts about 1787. He was chosen by the town in 1791 to lead the Sabbath singing, and was a deacon of the First Church (Congregational). The big house in which he kept tavern was built in 1800 and was razed in 1886, but the hill remains to perpetuate the name of Ingalls.

Another early exponent of hymnody in America was Justin Morgan (1747-1798), a native of Springfield, Massachusetts, who moved to Randolph, Vermont, in 1788. He is chiefly remembered as the breeder of Vermont's famous Morgan horses; but he was a musician also. Always of delicate health, he earned a livelihood for many years teaching at writing schools, singing schools, and the district schools. The proceeds of this, with the money from his horses and his little tavern, supported his family of five children. At various times he was town clerk in Randolph, where he died in 1798. He brought into the young and growing Green Mountain State a most interesting and important element of its
prosperity. “Montgomery,” published in “Union Harmony” (Boston, 1793), is his best and most famous hymn tune, and his “Judgment Anthem” is a remarkable anthem but no longer of interest except to the historian.

In the joyous hymn of praise entitled “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name” we have the oldest of our American hymn tunes still in general use. Its author, Oliver Holden (1792-1844), was a native of Shirley, Massachusetts, but after the burning of Charlestown, being a carpenter, he found work in the rebuilding of that city. In his rough and self-taught way he strove to add to the meager store of church music of the colonists. His chief task was to provide material which would be suitable for those serious early New England churchgoers, who looked with suspicion upon all music and would tolerate nothing flippant or fanciful. In 1780 there appeared in an English magazine the noble poem, “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name,” by Edward Perronet, a fervent worker who had been associated with the Wesley brothers. With it was the dignified tune called “Miles’ Lane,” which is still the popular tune in England and much admired in America. When Oliver Holden sensed the difficulty of “Miles’ Lane,” he worked out “Coronation,” and many thousands of people have expressed their approval by singing this tune.

The little organ with which he is said to have produced the first tones of this famous air is now in the historical rooms of the Old State House in Boston. Up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1844, Holden wrote many hymn tunes and a number of verses, but none attained the success that all America has accorded “Coronation.”

Contrary to the general idea that musicians die poor, Oliver Holden became a man of wealth. With his knowledge of real estate, he became an expert dealer; and with his many compilations of music, such as the Worcester Collection and “American Harmony,” he became a man of influence, serving eight terms in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

When George Washington visited Boston in 1789 Holden was selected to write the music and words and train the choir of male voices which was to sing the triumphal ode of greeting, as Washington reached the State House. Holden was buried in the old Phipps Street burying ground, where lies John Harvard.

The celebrated hymn and tune “Chester,” or the “Battle Hymn of the Revolution,” were almost as popular then as the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” later became. The words were sung with ardor everywhere in church and home. Soldiers knew them by note, and to the sound of fife and drum sang them while advancing to meet the foe.

“Chester” was composed by William Billings, born in 1746. He was indeed a picturesque character—blind in one eye, hampered by a withered arm and legs of different length, and possessed of a rasping voice which gave color to his slovenly appearance. A tanner by trade, he resided in
Boston at the time of the Revolution and was one of the Continental soldiers encamped around Boston. He wrote this hymn and tune soon after the Battle of Bunker Hill. It was published in "The Singing Master's Assistant," one of the first music books produced in the United States, and was the "Over There" of the Revolution. It contributed no little to the winning of the Revolutionary War.

Billings' many contributions in composition were for the most part the crude attempts of an enthusiast to produce effects he could imagine but for which he lacked the necessary equipment. Wrapped up in the making of melody, chalkling musical exercises on the walls and on the hides with which he worked, he gave up his business of tanning to become the first American composer to make music his profession. He had the satisfaction of recognition, for contemporary New England appreciated his efforts to make music of the church—his major effort—and he was honored in his own time. His works were widely used, and concert programs featured his anthems, "Rose of Sharon" being a favorite.

His activities in forming singing societies and church choirs made a lasting contribution to our musical life. His introduction of the pitch pipe did away eventually with the faulty pitching of tunes that had caused so much poor singing in churches. His use of the violoncello (bass viol) in church was a daring innovation. A singing class he formed in Stoughton, Massachusetts, became in 1786 the Stoughton Musical Society and the oldest singing society now in existence in America. That Billings regarded the Almighty as belonging primarily to New England is clear from the words of "Chester":

Let tyrants shake their iron rod
And slav'ry clank her galling chains,
We'll fear them not: we trust in God,
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton, too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis join'd
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combin'd.

When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd.

Their Ships were Shelter'd in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our Coast.

The Foe comes on with haughty Stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise,
Their Vet'rans flee before our Youth,
And Gen'rls yield to beardless boys.

What grateful Off'ring shall we bring,
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud Hallelujahs let us Sing,
And praise his name on ev'ry Chord.

Not only did Billings claim God exclusively for New England, but he paraphrased the Scriptures and changed the locale of some of the psalms. The 137th Psalm became his "Lamentation over Boston," when the city was occupied by British troops. He wrote

"By the rivers of Watertown, we sat down:
Yea, we wept as we remembered Boston."

In 1790 his career was at its peak, and nearly all psalm collections contained his works. Though they were clumsy, crude, and incorrect, they exerted an influence on music in New England and the other Colonies that has had a lasting effect. He had a spark of originality more popular with Americans than compositions by foreign composers. After 1790 his popularity waned, because foreign musicians following the Revolution cruelly exposed the primitive character of Billings' music, and as years progressed his name appeared less frequently on concert programs. He was unable to earn enough with his music to support his wife and six children, and when he died there was no money to provide a tombstone. He lies somewhere near the Boston Common, in an unmarked grave.

In his book on American music Louis C. Elson refers to Lowell Mason as the man who stands as the chief link between early American composers and those of recent years.

Born in Medfield, Massachusetts, he grew up there, early showing marked ability in music. As a lad he began to teach singing and to compose music. At the age of twenty he went to Savannah, Georgia, working as a bank clerk but employing his leisure hours
in teaching singing, directing choirs, and collecting and writing hymns. The publication of a book of these hymns by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston brought the talents of this young man to public attention. The book became very popular with church choirs, and Mason was invited to go to Boston to direct church choirs.

This was the beginning of a remarkable musical career. He employed every means he could devise to raise the standards of music and of singing. He taught teachers' classes, started teachers' conventions, and, what means most to us, introduced music in the public schools, at first at his own expense. He helped to organize the Boston Academy of Music, and some of his music books under that heading ran through many editions. The degree of doctor of music was conferred on him by New York University. Mason died in New York at the age of eighty.

In any church hymnal one will find a long list of Mason's hymns. Among them are the following; either composed outright or arranged by him, and known and sung everywhere:

- **Zerah**—I sing th' almighty pow'r of God.
- **Sabbath**—Safely through another week.
- **Mandebras**—O day of rest and gladness.
- **Antioch**—Joy to the World.
- **Naomi**—Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.
- **Hamburg**—When I survey the wondrous cross.
- **Uxbridge**—The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord.
- **Wesley**—Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning.
- **Laban**—My soul, be on thy guard.
- **Missionary Hymn**—From Greenland's icy mountains.
- **Bethany**—Nearer, My God, to Thee.
- **Rockingham**—(New.) My dear Redeemer and my Lord.
- **Boylston**—Blest be the tie that binds.
- **Ariel**—O could I speak the matchless worth.
- **Hebron**—Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.
- **Ernan**—Go, labor on.
- **Olivet**—My faith looks up to Thee.
- **Dennis**—How gentle God's commands.
- **Harwell**—Hark, ten thousand harps and voices.
- **Ward**—God is the refuge of His saints.

Lowell Mason's hymn tune “Bethany,” written in 1841 to the words of “Nearer, My God, to Thee” by an English lady, Sarah Flower Adams, probably has widest appeal. It is the favorite in Unitarian churches, and was a favorite of King Edward VII and of William McKinley. This hymn is sung by caravans of pilgrims from Christian lands when touring Palestine and as they camp at Bethel, scene of Jacob's vision.

Inseparably wedded to the tune “John Brown’s Body” are the words by Julia Ward Howe, which appeared first in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title “Battle Hymn of the Republic.” The familiar and famous tune is traced to John William Steffe of Richmond, Virginia, who composed it as a campmeeting song, “Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?” It was sung by many colored congregations, and made its way into the hymnals of the North and into some published abroad.

Julia Ward, who came of a distinguished New York family, early became interested in writing poetry. Later in life, after marrying Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of Boston, founder of Perkins Institute for the Blind, she invented an alphabet for the blind and assisted her husband in his philanthropic work and in editing the *Boston Commonwealth*. She was an advocate of negro emancipation and woman's suffrage, and one of the *Woman's Journal* editors. She often occupied a Unitarian Church pulpit. Ten days before her death she was honored with the degree of doctor of laws by Smith College.

Mrs. Howe's own story of writing the “Battle Hymn,” after hearing weary soldiers singing “John Brown’s Body” in the streets of Washington during the second year of the Civil War, is as follows:

"The next morning, just about four o'clock, I woke suddenly. I fell to thinking of the excitement of the previous day. The melody of 'John Brown's Body' kept running through my mind and I could not banish the catchy strain. Then, as I lay in bed, the words of the hymn began to form..."
themselves in my mind and fit themselves to
the music. I got up and, by the faint light
of early morning, scrawled them on a piece
of paper, then went quietly back to bed, so
as not to wake the baby sleeping with me,
and fell sound asleep again."

The centennial song, entitled "God of
our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand," hon-
oring the Declaration of Independ-
ence, was the work
of Reverend Daniel C. Roberts (1841-
1901). Ordained
an Episcopal cler-
gym in 1866, he
held pastorates in
Brandon and Mont-
pelier, Vermont;
Lowell, Massachusetts, and Concord,
New Hampshire.
He was a Civil War
veteran, hence his
warlike sentiments,
which found their
way into the hym-
nal.

First sung at
Brandon, Vermont,
to the "Russian
Hymn," "God of
Our Fathers" needed
a tune of its own.
This was supplied
by George William
Warren, then organ-
ist of St. Thomas
Church, New York.
Words and music
have been wedded
since 1894, and are
found in most hymnals. The trumpet in-
terludes between the stanzas help to pro-
 mote the spirit of patriotism, making it
peculiarly appropriate for the centennial
celebration of the adoption of the Constitu-
tion.

A young man graduating from Andover,
Massachusetts, Theological Seminary in
1888 wrote the hymn "Lead On, O King
Eternal" as an expression of the consecra-
tion and eagerness for Christian activity
that he and his classmates felt on finishing
"their days of preparation." Ernest W.
Shurtleff (1862-1917) was asked to write
the class graduation hymn, with "Lead On"
as a result. Neither he nor the class thought
that sometime it would become one of the
greatest church hymns.

The author's "field of conquest" has been
wide, for he held several important Cong-
gregational pastor-
ates in America, and
then went to Eu-
urope, where he or-
ganized the Amer-
ican Church at
Frankfort-on-the-
Main, Germany.

The tune "Lanca-
shire," a martial air
composed for the
hymn "From Green-
land's Icy Moun-
tains" and not for
"Lead On, O King
Eternal," was writ-
ten by the noted
English organist,
Henry Smart. It
has the poetic flow
and fervor of a true
hymn and its stir-
ring rhythm has
helped to increase
the popularity of
this hymn, used
quite naturally in
conventions and
conferences of youth
since it was written
by a young man for
young men.

During his busy
life as organist and
composer of the highest type of church
music he found time to compose part songs,
an opera, and the graceful cantata used
by large singing societies, "King Rene's
Daughter," the latter after he became
totally blind. During his fourteen years of
blindness he continued to play in London
churches.

The hymn "How Firm a Foundation" is
interwoven with the child life of many de-
vout men because of its earnestness and per-
suasiveness, and is associated with the deepest life of individual believers. One of the most arresting lines is the final one of the last stanza, "I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

The name of the author is obscure, but the composer of the tune was doubtless an English organist, John Reading, whose hymn tune is also used for the text "O Come, All Ye Faithful," named "Portuguese Hymn" because it was first sung in the Portuguese Chapel in London. Its stirring movement has made it a general favorite, particularly to Phillips Brooks, Andrew Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. The hymn was sung at the funeral services for each of these distinguished Americans.

The first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Frances E. Willard, who was educator as well as reformer, said this hymn would always survive because it was filled with Scripture. Our soldiers have sung it frequently, and men everywhere have responded to its manly faith and vigor.

When we reflect upon the meager beginnings of music in our land, and upon the fact that after the Puritan emigration not more than four or five tunes (probably Windsor, Hacknew, Martyrs, York, and Old Hundred) were in general use, we realize what progress has been made.

The singing schools of the old days did much to foster love for music. Because of scarcity of books the "lining out" custom was utilized as the best way to learn a hymn tune, so this manner of singing gained quite a vogue. A bit of authentic history worth reading in this connection is found in The Outlook, in serial form, 1901, vividly describing one of these early church services. In time, choral societies came into existence, largely because of teachers' institutes.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston has an honorable history. One thinks with satisfaction of a commission it gave to Beethoven to write a choral work for its use. Karl Zerrahn conducted this splendid chorus for many years. Another splendid New England organization has been that of the Connecticut county seat, Litchfield, near Hartford.

Someone has said, "Our Christian hymns are surely among the most powerful agencies we have for developing the religious sentiment of our people. As a rule they spring out of religious experience at its best. We may differ in our doctrine, but there is one service in which we can unite without thought of theological or other differences, that of sacred song, especially as we express it in hymn singing as praise to the Father of us all. There is no surer test of true musicianship than in the playing of hymns."

Dawn of Day

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY

The fresh dawn, the new morn
Is each day's resurrection;
The time when darkness is proved a lie
In the certain revelation of light;
A sign, a proof of God's creation
Never missing, never failing.

O infinite Glory.
WITH few exceptions, the simplicity of church pulpits throughout New England harmonizes with the ideals of frugality to which the Pilgrim fathers aspired. It is difficult to conceive of Puritan preachers like Peter Hobart of Hingham, Massachusetts, occupying anything but the rudest and most severe pedestal, when one hears rumors that he considered the solemnization of marriage by the clergy a frivolity, as likewise such forms of self-indulgence as prayers for the dead. These staunch, plain pulpits suited our staunch, plain ancestors. It would be almost irreverence to picture Cot-
ton Mather delivering homilies from a sumptuous pulpit of silver, such as exists in Sandringham, Norfolk, where the king and queen worship in the summer months, or from the bronze pulpit of the Burgos and Toledo cathedrals, or from a wrought-iron pulpit such as exists at Zamora and in the church of San Gil. The doctrine of plain living should be and was preached from plain pulpits.

The pulpit in King's Chapel, Boston, is among the most pretentious, and dates back to King James II, who donated it to the original congregation. This custom, whereby the head of the church, the English king or queen, personally presented certain fittings from time to time, operated in most Episcopal churches throughout America. Thus Queen Anne supplemented the king's gift with a red silk damask cushion.

Being a Tory church, King's Chapel suffered no violence during the British occu-
pation of Boston, a circumstance extremely fortunate, as it is one of the best designed classic interiors in the United States. During the latter part of the eighteenth century England sent to America handbooks on classic details, introducing a number of architectural motifs based on Sir Christopher Wren’s work, and King’s Chapel represents the culmination of all the fine points, much regard having been paid to structural lines and to proportions.

The unusual features characteristic of King’s Chapel pulpit are the Georgian details, with the suspended sounding-board, the acanthus leaf finial, the wrought-iron ornamentation of the rod by which it is suspended, and the dignified and somewhat elaborate treatment of the stairway leading to the pulpit. Its location in the church is also noteworthy, being placed in the nave at the left of the center aisle when facing the chancel. The pulpit, made of old pine, is hexagonal in shape and decorated with fluted pilasters framing round-headed raised panels of the best type, with strong projections. The canopy consists of a full cornice molding of the Georgian period, paneled underside, responding to the cornice of the church in simpler forms and without modillions and dentils. It is as if a little kiosk had been built and then the columns knocked from under it.

If King’s Chapel in Boston makes its appeal by its grandeur and royal associations, the Old Meeting House in Hingham, Massachusetts, attracts by virtue of its humble origin and its prosaic charm. One more recountal of the history of this famous old church, the oldest building in New England used continually as a place of worship, may not come amiss. Popularly known as "The Old Ship Church," its name was probably derived from the fact that ship carpenters built it in 1681 (marks of the broad-ax on the timbers cut from the near-by forest can still be detected), and also from the fact that the curving roof timbers, if inverted, resemble the hull of a vessel. In the bell tower under the bell a mariner’s compass can be seen. A rather poor reproduction of this roof timbering is to be found in the Colonial Room in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The original timbers in the Hingham church are said to form the third longest wooden arch in the world. The structure, of a unique design, is remarkably correct architecturally. The rafters are of oak, the stringers of pine.

Until 1840, when the town hall was erected in Hingham, this building served as the town meeting house, and as such it is considered one of the finest examples. When first used as a place of worship it was completely devoid of furniture. Picture the congregation (originally mostly from Hingham, England) in those “red flannel ages” as they performed their Sabbath duty, gathering at this little square wooden church carrying “live coals” (foot warmers) and enduring services that lasted from two and one-half to three hours! The sexes were kept segregated until 1755, and the tithingman or beadle likewise discriminated between the sexes by keeping the women awake with a rabbit’s foot or feather at the end of his long pole, and the
men with a ball of some harder material.

Many famous men attended this church. Samuel Lincoln, the American ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, worshipped here for many years. During a history of over three hundred years the First Parish in Hingham has been served by but twelve ministers, Dr. Ebenezer Gay, known as the first American Unitarian, having been the third minister.

Except for the addition of the side galleries, added in 1730 and 1755, the frame and walls of this church stand as built in 1681. The present high pulpit was installed in 1755, together with the first box pews of old pine. In 1869 these were replaced by curving pews, but in 1930, through the generosity of an antiquarian and appeals broadcast over the air, thirty-two doors with their original butterfly hinges were recovered and restored to their places in the building. The interior underwent complete restoration, returning to its former state with square pews, original finish, and all details throughout the entire church.

The first pulpit stood on the side next the cemetery. That the quick were thus in juxtaposition to the dead enabled the preacher to drive home his sermons on the brevity of life and the eternity of death with brilliant effect. The swell front of the present pulpit, from the bench at the bottom to the gingerbread top, was erected in 1755. It is made of excellent old pine and is one of the most interesting pulpits in the country. It consists of a three-sided projection with wings on either side paralleling the rear of the church, and is set off by a treatment of the rear wall directly back of it, which consists of very fine pilasters forming two round-headed windows and supporting a sounding-board, further secured in place by an overhead rod. The underside of the sounding-board has an interesting treatment, and the molding and paneling work is similar to that of King's Chapel pulpit.

The shuttered window behind the pulpit goes back to 1720. Its small panes of hand-blown glass are the finest specimens, as thin as a dime and with beautiful waves and bubbles. The Bible, which is to be seen on the pulpit, has been there since 1751, and the hourglass, by which the preacher delivered his sermons and which the restive listeners eyed so vigilantly, dates back to 1718.

In general, the present pulpit in the Cohasset (Massachusetts) Meeting House, probably built in 1713, resembles the one in Hingham. The central portion, however, projects higher than the pulpit in Hingham, and the projecting support has a vertically carved design. The double staircase is of a less archaic type, with certain added sophistication, but the pulpit again resembles the one in Hingham in the canopy and background, as well as in the treatment of the wall directly behind. It is made of pine, with paneling, molding, and pilaster treatment. The charm and delicacy of these early moldings occasion some surprise when one considers the type of workman of that period, a type comparable to the peasants who, with fingers like sausages,
make such dainty laces. The sounding-board in the Cohasset pulpit varies somewhat from the one at Hingham. While showing more elaborate cornice details, the treatment of the underside is less rich.

There are scores of pulpits in New England churches, such as the one in the East Church and the one in the North Church in Salem, Massachusetts, which deserve the attention of the antiquarian. The pulpit in the Unitarian Church in Lancaster, Massachusetts, erected in 1810, is a rare exception in its originality, being one of the few surviving structures designed by Bulfinch.

Probably one of the most outstanding of the pulpits is the one in the Old Meeting House in Sandown, New Hampshire. Applied to the wall with one round-headed window formed by fluted pilasters, this pulpit is surmounted by a sounding-board attached to the wall. Paneled underneath and with a unique top, the three sections are crowned by an egg-shaped finial. It is a three-sided projection with panels at either side, easing up by means of a sweep to the actual pulpit. Underneath is a curved return to the paneling of the face of the wings, particularly interesting on account of the paneling adjacent to the wall lines, the top showing no less than three different curves on each side. It has one staircase, with the steps in front blocked off by means of a panel parapet with a paneled door.

The writer has met with astonishing paucity of literature on the subject of pulpits, but perhaps this neglect will be remedied as soon as the connoisseur invents as practical a use for pulpits of deserted churches as he has for other ecclesiastical properties, such as church pews, altar pieces, and baptismal fonts. Apart from his activities, however, the genuine lover of church antiques would find ample reward in a study of New England pulpits.

NOTE: Readers of the above article will be grieved to learn that among the six New England churches completely destroyed by the hurricane of last September was the old Meeting-house at Lebanon, Connecticut, which had an unusually lovely pulpit.

The Lebanon society was organized in 1700, and the last building was the third to be built on the same site. It was constructed in 1807, after a design by John Trumbull, the famous artist. In this church was the old communion table from the earlier meeting house on which Faith Trumbull placed her lovely scarlet cloak, offering it for sale to help raise funds for the sick soldiers of Count Rochambeau’s troops, quartered on the village green.

Mrs. Frederick P. Latimer, State Regent of Connecticut, is a member of the committee on restoration.

Snow in April
GERTIE STEWART PHILLIPS

The starry clematis
Against the wall
Was fragrant loveliness
Till early fall;
Then a few magic days
Curling tendrils hung
Like echoing madrigals
A long time sung.
At last only the vine,
Brown skeleton

With crooked fingers, traced
The lichen's stone.
But oh, today, again
For one brief hour
The clinging clematis
Starred into flower—
Blooms petalled out of snow;
The transient host
A moment ours, then gone,
Like some dear ghost.
"Something to Tell Your Grandchildren"

Muriel Carberry

LAVENDER was too busy thinking about her own secret to give more than a quarter of an ear to the conversation of the boarders as she carried in the soup plates, one by one because her hands were so small. That's why it made her so mad to have Mrs. Whitney whisper, "Don't forget Little Pitchers."

For days now she'd heard that warning the minute she stepped into the dining room. It was because of a Mr. Beecher of Brooklyn, who had or had not done something wrong. Miss Fiske thought he had, since you couldn't trust the best husband on earth. Mr. Whitney was sure he hadn't, that the whole thing was a plot against a saint.

Yes, they were still arguing about it.

"Who gives a damn either way?" It was Mr. Crosby who spoke. "Clergyman or not, a man's morals are his own business."

There was a dreadful silence. It made Lavender's hands tremble so that a trickle of soup dripped down her spanking white tire.

Mrs. Whitney began to talk rapidly, "I suppose you've all arranged for transportation to Concord tomorrow. We're leaving tonight, to escape the crowd. Some friends have offered all three of us shelter. We'll have to sleep on mattresses strewn along the upper hall, but at least we'll be there."

Lavender's interest stirred. She'd heard about the centennial. A hundred years ago the farmers had whipped the British.

Now everyone at the table had an item to contribute:

"... parade two miles long."

"... dedication of the Minuteman statue."

"My cousins, the Wendells, told me President Grant and his cabinet would ride in barouches drawn by four bay horses."

Mr. Crosby pinched Lavender's cheek as she reached over to fill his water glass. "Sky-Blue-Pink, you must go too. I'd take you myself if I didn't have to keep on the jump for my paper."

"Certainly you must go," Mrs. Haynes seconded. "If there were a scrap of extra room in the Wendells' barouche I'd ask them to tuck you in."

"This isn't just a local affair," Mr. Whitney turned his solemn eyes on her. "Every American with a spark of patriotism in his breast will be there."

"Everybody?" Lavender gasped. "Even as far away as—San Francisco?"

"Oh, a trip across the continent is nothing to westerners."

Then he'd be there, Mr. Theophilus..."
Drew. She was positive she'd recognize him. And he'd explain all about her mother. Why, maybe her mother would be with him!

"Bridget, you'll let me go to Concord tomorrow, won't you?" Lavender pleaded as she dashed into the kitchen.

A plump woman with a pock-marked face whirled about from the stove. "If yer two legs can carry yer. Not a cint for carfare could I spare."

Of course she could walk. Hadn't the British done it a hundred years ago? Since she was only ten her legs must be younger than theirs. Bridget was always envying her these "young legs."

And to make sure she'd recognize Theophilus Drew the very second she laid eyes on him, Lavender decided to go straight to the garret after she brushed up the crumbs and learn the description of him by heart. She was trying rather unsuccessfully to blow out the big lamp in the center of the table when Mr. Crosby came in and supplied his lung power.

"Don't forget about the centennial, Sky-Blue-Pink," he said. "It will be something to tell your grandchildren."

Something to tell her grandchildren! Lavender wondered how long it would be before she had any. Slowly she counted on her fingers. Grandma was seventy when she died last month. She'd be seventy in—why, in 1935. What would the world be like then?

"Oh, God," she prayed as she made her way to the top floor, "don't let there be any blizzards and don't let there be any panics. If it hadn't been for a blizzard and a panic she'd probably be riding to Concord tomorrow in a barouche with a mother and a father.

The garret was Lavender's favorite spot in the tall, thin brick house. It was the only place where she could forget their lovely summer home at Nahant that had to be sold, and her darling pets—the pony named "Boniface," and her pug dog.

Why were the most interesting things hidden away, she wondered, as she surveyed the piles of old magazines, the wire cages that had supported her grandmother's skirts, the churn with its dasher, the spinning wheel, and the three-legged bureau that sagged so dejectedly.

She moved across to the bureau. What a pity it couldn't know the wonderful secrets it had revealed to her three weeks ago; once upon a time someone had called her Lovey; maybe that someone wasn't dead at all; a Mr. Theophilus Drew was the last person to see her alive, and he could tell all about it.

Inch by inch Lavender pulled out the slanting drawer and squatted on the floor. She slid her hand under a pile of yellowish, camphor-scented nightgowns and gripped a small notebook that bore the initials "B. M. V."

"Beatrice May Vaughan, my very own mother." Lavender spoke softly.

There were wide margins and plenty of space between the lines so it was easy to read the beautiful script:

"Spring 1864 (I never seem to know the date)

Sukey Lodge has been at me for weeks to start a journal because everybody is keeping one. She says they are "sanctuaries for innermost thoughts." I'm such an indolent soul I should hate the bother even if I had something "innermost" to conceal. On the other hand, it's getting uncomfortable to be considered odd. Jared looks so miserable when anyone intimates that I'm not like every other young matron in Boston. He always replies that I have more ancestors buried on the Common than he has, I'm only Italian-plated.

Jared is burningly patriotic. It breaks his heart because his poor eyesight keeps him out of the War. I think he yearns to go down and fight every Rebel single-handed. In most ways Jared is perfect, of course, but sometimes I feel he's a tiny bit too vindictive.

Spring 1864

Oh, I'm so glad I started this journal. Now I can say all I want to about yesterday.

I had such fun, such genuine fun! William Morris Hunt gave a reception in his new studio on Summer Street. It's a marvellous place, much bigger than Papa's in Rome. The walls were all covered with his own paintings and some by Jean François Millet. We had tableaux and charades. I don't know when I've laughed so hard.

Mr. Hunt is most distinguished looking. He's tall, nobly built, and his prematurely
gray hair and beard contrast in a curious way with his bronze, almost Oriental, skin. He picked me out at once and said how delighted he was to meet Papa's daughter. He's witty, exuberant, and altogether fascinating. He asked me to join one of the classes he's starting for ladies. How I shall adore being all daubed up with charcoal again!

*The next day*

There's no hope of joining Mr. Hunt's class. Jared was indignant when I spoke to him about it. He feels that I was forward yesterday, made myself conspicuous by being in so many tableaux. That wasn't really fair because Mr. Hunt had to drag me out each time.

The truth of the matter is that Jared never had a high opinion of Papa and his fellow-artists. He insists it was disloyal of them to proclaim America was crude, held no inspiration, forced them to establish homes in Italy. And the fact that Papa's finances were in such a mess when he died didn't raise him in Jared's estimation.

Where would I be today, I wonder, if I hadn't come over to visit Aunt Daisy, hadn't dressed up in pink tarleton with a camellia in my hair and gone to that assembly in Papanti's Hall, hadn't been flattered to have a gentleman so much older than myself declare he wouldn't dance unless I'd be his partner in a quadrille? Should I feel happier? Of course not. I'm a silly.

*June 1864*

Such misery! There's a Russian squadron anchored in the Harbor. It was sent on a good-will mission. A big reception is being given for the officers and lots of private parties. Jared won't let me go to one. He declares I'm not well enough. I hadn't told him a thing, but he guessed. Now why can't he guess that it won't be for months and months and I'm simply dying for a gay time? He suggests instead a little drive along the Brighton Road. I'm growing heartily weary of that Brighton Road.

*October 1864*

I haven't given this journal a thought for ages. Shouldn't now, I suppose, if Sukey Lodge hadn't asked about it yesterday. I don't believe I'll be able to write much in it in the near future because Jared has decided I need a change of scene and he's taking me to Michigan when he goes to inspect some railroad lines. He didn't like it yesterday when he came home for tea at six and found Sukey here, her brother Bayard, and a very handsome soldier who is staying with them while he recovers from his wound.

Jared insinuated that I was immodest to entertain those gentlemen. But how could I possibly have known they were coming until Sukey arrived with them?

Afterthought: why is it so much more modest to go on a journey with a group of men than to converse with two in your own parlor?

*January 28, 1865*

There's no trouble about remembering the date this time for my Lovey is exactly a month old and the most exquisite of bimbos, even though she did put in an appearance on a railroad train.

I don't believe Jared will ever recover from the fact that a railroad coach was the birthplace of a Vaughan. I guess he thinks I should have been a better mathematician. The answers to my own sums have always been surprises but I must confess this was the biggest!

Anyway, she's here. And I am in a bea-tific mood. I didn't raise the slightest objection when Jared wanted to name her after his mother although 'Lavender' has a desic-cated sound to my ears. But Mrs. Vaughan has decided at last that her son wasn't such a fool to marry the daughter of an unpatriotic sculptor.

Jared isn't a demonstrative husband but he must love me very much, mustn't he, to want me on those business trips? Oh, I'm so happy. She has Papa's eyes, as blue as the sky above my beloved Campagna. If he were alive how he'd adore this grandchild!

*May 22, 1865*

Lovey and I are alone today, alone in all New England, I believe. Everyone has gone off to Washington where President Johnson is holding a grand review of the Army. There won't be any doubt about the War being over now. All the mothers, wives, and sweethearts will be there to wave to the soldiers in the various regiments. And the band can roar, 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' without a sob.

I presume I should be sorry to miss it all...
because Lovey is too young to leave, but somehow I’m not. There’s a sweet intimacy about this house when it contains just the baby and me.

January 17, 1867

Almost two years since I opened this book. Now I’ve got to have some sort of communication to help me keep up my courage. I’ve tried to distract my mind by making a breakfast cap, looking at the new stereoptic views of Pompeii, Egypt, and Turkey, and reading Marion Harland’s latest novel, Sunnybank, but I’m as twitchy as ever.

I won’t belittle Jared’s prophetic powers in the future. For ten days it’s been wonderfully clear. Each morning he has said, ‘There’ll be a whirlwind soon. This is a weather breeder.’ I loathe that expression.

I won’t belittle Jared’s prophetic powers in the future. For ten days it’s been wonderfully clear. Each morning he has said, ‘There’ll be a whirlwind soon. This is a weather breeder.’ I loathe that expression. Why receive a beautiful gift so skeptically? But today an old-fashioned blizzard arrived. It must have started long before dawn for when I woke up there was at least half a foot of snow. At first I was as thrilled by the sight as Lovey. We bundled up and ran out into the yard to make a snow-man. We didn’t stay long though. It felt way below zero and the sleet was blinding.

All day I’ve laughed and romped with the baby because I didn’t want her to suspect how nervous I was. For the first time I question Jared’s wisdom in moving way out here to West Roxbury so that she can have plenty of country air. Last night Katie had a dreadful toothache and wanted to go to Boston to have the tooth pulled. I had Matthew drive her in and let Emma go along because the pain had exhausted Katie so I was afraid she’d faint. I told them Mrs. Vaughan’s resourceful Bridget would find beds for them if it was too late to start back. Apparently she did.

Later

It wasn’t the wind at all, but a young man who sank onto the hall floor when I’d got up enough spunk to open the door. I gave him a hot drink, which revived him, then I helped him to bed. He smiled so gratefully. I’ve never seen such an endearing smile.

Until this minute I haven’t had time to think how horrified Jared would be if he knew Lovey and I were alone in the house with a complete stranger whose underwear I’ve seen!

January 18

His name is Theophilus Drew. He has dark red hair that curls in a prankish fashion, freckles, and lovely teeth, except that a front one is chipped a little. The only thing that keeps him from being terribly handsome is a scar across his upper lip. He got it in a duel when he was studying at Heidelberg. He says without it he wouldn’t have had any standing at all at the university. The scar along with the chipped tooth makes me feel he’s rather pugilistic but he’s been sweetly gentle with Lovey all day. His eyes are almost the same shade as hers. It’s queer that the people who have meant most to me all have blue eyes.

Since the surrender he’s been teaching at Harvard College but lately he’s grown restless and told President Hill he was going to skedaddle. He says it seems so stupid to cling to that little Cambridge brain club when there’s so much excitement out West —government grants, railroad expansion, and mining booms. If it hadn’t been for...
the War he would have headed for Nevada when the Comstock Lode was opened. San Francisco is his goal now.

I said he chose a bad night to start out for adventure. The train he took was one of the few that left the station. Then it ran off the track about a quarter of a mile from here. I couldn't help flushing when he replied that he had discovered he had made a delightful choice. It's ages and ages since I've had even the hint of a compliment.

Never in my life has a day gone so fast. The sun was shining when I opened my eyes this morning and made the great piles of snow, ten feet high in some places, glisten with rainbow hues. A beautiful augury!

I found that my guest had recovered to the extent of preparing breakfast. Because none of the tradesmen could get through yesterday we had only fried pork and hasty pudding but it tasted divinely.

Phil (he hates 'Theophilus') and I played parlor croquet all afternoon because Lovey had such fun chasing the balls. After I'd put her to bed he urged me to sing some Italian melodies to him. I promised I would if he'd sing some German lieder to me. His voice is so tender and the words so sentimental I couldn't help the tears filling my eyes. He was darling about it.

Probably Matthew, Katie, Emma, and Jared will be back tomorrow. Just now it's hard to believe there are other people in the world besides Phil, Lovey, and me. If only we could stay this way for ever and ever. I suppose Jared would call this sublime mood of mine a weather breeder!

There was only one other entry in the book and that had no date. It said, "Phil was astonished and delighted when he saw that my hair reached to the top of my boots."

"Lav-en-der!"

The little girl hid her treasure in the bottom drawer and went to the head of the narrow staircase. "I'm here, Bridget."

"What's the matter with yer ears? I been callin' for tin minutes. It's past yer bedtime." She added, as Lavender jumped down the last two steps, "Seems like yer been possessed by that garret ever since your grandma left us."

Lavender made no reply. In a docile manner she kissed Bridget goodnight and entered her own room.

"Curly red hair, eyes just the color of mine, a chipped tooth, a scar across an upper lip." She repeated the description again and again until she became drowsy. Yes, there ought not to be any trouble picking out Mr. Theophilus Drew.

When Lavender woke up it didn't seem as if she had had more than five winks. But the room was filled with a soft gray light. She decided that it was after dawn and if she wanted to be in Concord in time for the parade she'd better hurry.

Her teeth chattered as she stepped into her clothes. My, how freezing it was! The weather must have been warm the day the British took the walk because her school book said, "The sweat was streaming down their faces and their tongues were hanging out like dogs."

There was no sound in the house as Lavender descended to the kitchen. She felt too excited to eat so she slipped a couple of apples from the barrel into her pocket.

Although Lavender had never been for walks by herself except along the malls of the Common she knew which way to start. You went down Beacon Hill to the West Boston Bridge and through Cambridge.

"Mr. Whitney was right, the whole country's here!" She clapped her hands as she watched the procession of buggies, tally-hos, and horseback riders pass over the Charles River. They were all so jolly too—they sang, shouted, and waved banners. Her walk changed to a skip. She wouldn't have missed this for anything.

On the other side of the bridge two streets met. She chose the left-hand one because the carriages did.

Presently she lost a little of her exuberance. Her left heel was beginning to hurt. A blister, probably. She had wanted to be dressed up so she had put on her best shoes and they were stiff.

A provision dealer's window reminded her that she had had no breakfast. She sat down on the stoop and ate one of her apples.

The short rest didn't seem to have helped her foot much. Wearily she hopped along—past the factory where her grandmother's organ was made, past candle makers and bootmakers.
"Fruit and confectionery!" Lavender sighed as she read the sign. How she'd like a rock candy statue to suck. Now she found herself glancing enviably at the children squeezed in among their elders in the carriages. Concord seemed a long, long way off.

It might not be a bad idea, she thought, to stop at the blacksmith's shop ahead and find out how many more miles she'd have to walk.

"Am I almost to Concord?" she enquired, timidly because the man closely resembled Jack the Giant Killer.

He wiped his sooty hands on his apron and stared at her. "You planning to travel all the way on shank's mare?"

She nodded.

"Where'd you come from?"

"Joy Street."

Under the heavy mustache his lips parted in a smile. "Joy Street! That's where you look as if you belonged—with them blue eyes and them yaller braids. But how did your Poppa and your Momma happen to let you start out alone?"

"My father is in heaven, and my mother—" Lavender hesitated. Until a month ago she would have given the only explanation ever made to her, that her mother was lost in a blizzard. According to the journal though it was Theophilus Drew who was lost. "My mother—is—perhaps—in Concord ahead of me," she replied.

"Then you'd better git there as fast as you can, and you can't step very spry with that limp."

The blacksmith knelt down to her level. "Once I had a little yaller-haired girl like you. She grew up though and went away. Now I can't pay her fare to Concord today. I can't pay any little girl's fare. It makes me feel real sad." "You can pay mine," Lavender offered. Certainly nothing could be wrong that kept him from feeling sad.

"That's real kind of you. I'll show you the way."

The blacksmith knelt down to her level. "Once I had a little yaller-haired girl like you. She grew up though and went away. Now I can't pay her fare to Concord today. I can't pay any little girl's fare. It makes me feel real sad."

"You can pay mine," Lavender offered. Certainly nothing could be wrong that kept him from feeling sad.

"That's real kind of you. I'll show you the way." He moved toward the door. "You keep up this road till you come to a yard with lots of red buildings. That's what they call Harvard College. Curve to the right and after a bit you'll reach the station. I heard tell that the trains would run every ten or fifteen minutes."

"I thank you."

As he spoke the second time she looked straight at him. He had curly reddish hair, sprinkled with gray, and three mustaches—on his lip and over each eye.

He turned to a man back of him. Before that she'd thought he was swearing to himself. "You keep an eye on Sister here. I'll get my hand on some kind of vehicle if it's only a wheelbarrow."

Lavender watched him move off with an odd swaying gait before she drew closer to his friend.

The friend was nice too, she decided, but nice in a different way—like the darling pony, "Boniface," she'd had at Nahant. She could easily imagine stroking his cheek.

He smiled down at her, not very far for he wasn't so awfully much taller than she was. "We'd better wait in the station, out of this terrible wind."
It was pretty well populated but they managed to find a corner where they could stand erect. “What do you want to see most at the celebration?” he asked.

Lavender deliberated. Most of all, of course, she wanted to find Theophilus Drew. But you couldn’t tell a stranger, or anyone, that.

“I want to see lots of things,” she replied, “the bands, the Minuteman, President Grant. The boarders say I should see his cabinet too, but I’ve dusted so much furniture I’m not so interested in that.”

“This cabinet isn’t a bureau, although it could probably stand a little dusting.” Her companion, whom she’d secretly nicknamed “Mr. Boniface,” chuckled. “You live in a boarding house?”

She nodded. “Grandma and Bridget started it last year because of the panic.”

“All ladies there?”

“No. The one we call the star boarder is a man. He has the second floor front and he does the carving. His wife is dead.”

“But some day he’ll marry the widow who sits on his right.”

Lavender was surprised. “How did you know about Mrs. Haynes?”

“Oh, I’ve been at many a table like that.”

“Mr. Boniface” seemed to enjoy hearing about the boarders. When the red-haired man returned Lavender was telling him how proud Miss Fiske was because she’d been one of the first women to wear the shocking “bloomer costume.”

“Not a contraption to be had.” He was shivering in spite of a fur coat and queer fur cap. “Why in the devil did the British have to take this stroll in a tricky month like April?”

“Mr. Boniface” only smiled. “We’ll just have to go and stage a hold-up. You do it, since you’re more experienced in that line.”

As they stood by the roadside in the deep, chilly mud Lavender almost forgot how much she wanted to reach Concord, because the red-haired man was so funny. He acted just the way her pug dog used to when she took him out on the street in Nahant. Every time a carriage passed he’d dart forward, bark something, and scuttle back looking mad because no one paid any attention to him.

Finally they heard a terrific blasting of horns. The noise heralded a tally-ho. “Students!” The red-haired man spoke coaxingly to his friend. “You try this time, they’d recognize you.”

“No, you’re the notorious one.” The chunky body shook with amusement. “They’d be tickled to death to give you a lift.”

While Lavender’s companions were arguing about which was more famous the tally-ho passed.

Now the red-haired man began to beat his body with his arms and to curse the wind for playing a tune on his backbone.

“Suppose we go over to that barn and hide in the hay,” “Mr. Boniface” proposed. “That’ll warm us in a jiffy. The family’ll be in Concord.”

But “Mr. Boniface” proved to be wrong. The family didn’t happen to be away. And it wasn’t a barn but a coach house with the upstairs fixed just like a home.

A tiny rather lame old lady came out to greet them. When they explained about the hay she laughed and said, “I’ll give you something that will warm you better than hay.”

Soon there were heavenly smells coming from the small kitchen that looked as if it had once been a harness room.

When they were invited to sit down before a big steak, johnny-cake, and a pot of coffee their hostess murmured to “Mr. Boniface,” “I made cambric tea for your little girl.”

They all enjoyed the joke when he confessed that he’d never laid eyes on Lavender until an hour or so before.

“That’s the nice thing about this world,” the old lady declared, “its unpredictable quality. The doctor had me almost in the family tomb at Mount Auburn, then this panic came along and saved me.”

Lavender stared at her. Could it be possible that anyone liked the panic? That was the thing that had killed her father, had forced them to sell their beloved summer place at Nahant, had made Grandma and Bridget turn the old Vaughan mansion on Beacon Hill, where they’d always lived during the winter, into a boarding house.

But apparently this lady did like it. “... an invalid barricaded by attendants,” she was saying as she rocked beside their table. “Then one morning I found that I, Abby Vincent, hadn’t a penny in the
world. I couldn’t afford to buy a coffin.

“It was my faithful coachman, Bolger, 
who suggested a livery stable since we had 
about the only equipment in town and were 
right on the road to Concord. Most of the 
parents who come to visit their sons at the 
college want to go to see the homes of the 
celebrities there.” She beamed upon them. 
“When I was rich I wasn’t supposed to be 
strong enough to see an old acquaintance. 
Now I have all sorts of new ones, like you 
three. And I suppose you come from dif-
ferent corners of the globe.”

“Mr. Boniface” waved a hand toward the 
red-haired man. “My friend here has come 
from every corner of the globe.”

“You don’t say!” She turned to the 
traveler. “You must have plenty of tales 
to tell.”

Obligingly he began. He spoke in a 
funny way, as if there was a period after 
each word, but you felt he knew where he 
was going.

Lavender listened enthralled. He’d been 
brought up right on a big river. It had 
been his yard, just as the Common was 
hers. He’d played pirate on an island in 
it, lived on catfish and turtle eggs captured 
there. Games of hide-and-seek in the lime-
stone caves along the shore had lasted for 
days because the avenues wound about so.

“When you got a little older I suppose 
you were bitten by the western bug, like all 
your generation?” the old lady inquired.

Lavender resented the interruption. She 
wanted him to go on telling about the river. 
Then she almost stopped breathing when 
she heard, “Yes, mining in Nevada was a 
tough proposition. I even lost my name 
there. But I got a new one and went on to 
San Francisco.”

Nevada! San Francisco! Those were the 
places Theophilus Drew planned to visit. 
Maybe his old name was Theophilus Drew.

For the first time she studied the red-
haired man. It hadn’t occurred to her be-
fore to connect him with Theophilus, be-
cause there was gray mixed with the red. 
But her mother’s description had been writ-
ten eight years ago. Probably it didn’t 
take more than eight years to get gray hair. 
Unfortunately his mustache hid his lip, so 
she couldn’t tell about the scar or the 
chipped tooth.

Suddenly Lavender felt everyone’s eyes 
on her. She flushed.

“Mr. Boniface” smiled that nice smile 
of his. “We think it’s your turn to tell 
where you were born.”

That was one of the few questions asked 
of her that she could answer easily. “In 
a railroad coach.”

“Mercy! I never heard of but one baby 
born in a railroad coach,” their hostess 
cried. “What’s your name, child?”

“Lavender Vaughan.”

“Lavender Vaughan!” The rocking chair 
tipped back so far “Mr. Boniface” had to 
grab it. “Your grandmother and I went to 
school together. In those days everyone 
in Boston knew everyone else. We were 
friends for years, then we quarreled about 
your—well, it’s hard to remember how 
quarrels start. I felt real sad when I read 
that she’d passed on this year.”

“Did you know my m-m-mother?” Lav-
ender stammered.

“Why, yes.” There was such a long pause 
that she was afraid Mrs. Vincent, like every-
one else when the subject was mentioned, 
wouldn’t say any more. “Your mother was 
a beautiful girl, the kind a person noticed 
first, no matter how many were in the 
room. Her dark eyes were enormous and 
her silky black hair so long I’ll bet it 
reached the top of her boots.”

It had. This lady had known her all 
right.

Lavender took a deep breath and let the 
words explode before her courage departed, 
“Was she really lost in a blizzard?”

There was another pause, longer than the 
first. “Most people seemed to think so. I 
was away at the time, visiting a cousin in 
Montreal.”

The red-haired man had tossed his nap-
kin on the table and was promenading up 
and down the room in a nervous manner. 
That made Lavender positive he was The-
ophilus Drew. She wondered how she 
could get him alone to talk to him.

“Dear, just run into my bedroom and 
look through that album of tintypes on the 
shelf,” Mrs. Vincent directed. “I believe 
there’s one of your grandmother.”

Lavender did as she was told because she 
knew children were obliged to do what they 
were told. The three grown-ups stayed in 
the other room. The old lady seemed to
be doing the talking, in a low voice. Occasionally it was raised, but there was no sense in paying much attention as the conversation was about that old panic again—

"... the father lost his money right at the beginning, when Jay Cooke and Company failed... lots of stock in the Northern Pacific... plenty of men committed suicide, but I always felt a guilty conscience goaded him to it... no right to cast her off the way he did... she'd been so truthful... not one woman in a hundred would have come right out and admitted..."

Lavender couldn't find the tintype of her grandmother.

"Perhaps I put it somewhere else," the old lady replied.

"Mr. Boniface" got up from his chair.

"I guess we'd better be moving on."

"Oh, wait until Bolger comes back and he'll drive you home," their hostess urged.

When the carriage wheels were finally heard scraping along the driveway Mrs. Vincent went down to speak to the coachman. "Mr. Boniface" followed. Lavender lingered in the rear and pulled at the red-haired man's coat. She realized it might be her only chance. "Are you Theophilus Drew?" she whispered hurriedly.

He looked puzzled. "No, that's never been one of my names."

It was such a blow her lip began to tremble. He lifted her up on his knee then and she told him all about Theophilus, her mother, and why she wanted to get to Concord. "Now—I'll never know—what happened," she sobbed. "Bridget won't—say a word."

For a second Lavender thought there were tears in his eyes too, but of course men never cried.

"You know enough," he said.

"Enough?"

He nodded. "You know if she were alive she would have come for you, from any distance. And Mrs. Vincent told you she was beautiful. She was truthful too, more truthful than ninety-nine women in a hundred. Remember always, my dear little Lavender, that you had a beautiful, truthful mother."

She rode back to Beacon Hill between "Mr. Boniface" and the red-haired man. The motion of the carriage made her sleepy. Soon her head nestled against the fur coat that had grown so familiar to her.

When she opened her eyes she was in front of her house on Joy Street. Both companions got out and escorted her up the steps.

As Lavender stood waving good-by Mr. Crosby popped out the door. He gave a whoop when he caught sight of the men, who were smiling and bowing from the departing carriage. "Golly, Sky-Blue-Pink!" he exclaimed. "How in the world did you get so thick with Mark Twain and William Dean Howells?"

She had never heard those names, but it didn't matter, for no one needed to tell her how nice those gentlemen were. She hadn't reached Concord. That didn't matter either. The important thing was that she had something lovely to tell her grandchildren.

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**Special Notice**

The annual Narcissus Show presented by the Garden Club of Alexandria, Virginia, will be held in the Armory, 210 South Royal Street, in the afternoon and evening of April 14th and all day Saturday, April 15th.

The Tour of Old Houses offered by the Alexandria Association will also take place on April 15th. Both these attractions will have a special appeal to delegates to the Continental Congress.

See advertising section for notice of special After Congress Historical Tours and other important announcements.
The Santa Fe Trail

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTEN

Firm pressed, hard packed by many a pounding hoof
Of prancing horse and mule and slow ox team
Of those adventurers who left the roof
Of home, to follow far the gleam
That beckoned ever forward o'er the plain.

It stretches on as far as eye can see;
Lush prairie grass and fields of waving grain
Now border the old trail. But steadfastly
That trodden path remains; a witness still
To each brave man and woman pioneer
Who toiled through summer heat and winter chill
Toward the fulfillment of a dream held dear—

A dream that kept them steadfast all the way
Down that long dusty trail to Santa Fe.

The Mission Fathers

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTEN

Capistrano, Santa Rosa, San Francisco—all of these
Names that echo in the sighing of the eucalyptus trees,
In the murmur of the ocean, in the whisper of the breeze,

Telling of the patient Fathers of those days of long ago,
As they traversed plain and mountain, with a weary step
and slow,
Throughout all of California, and her sister Mexico;

Bringing with them vine and fig tree, olive trees from
sunny Spain,
Golden oranges and lemons; sowing fields of waving
grain;
They are gone; but all about us their accomplishments
remain.

Junipero, Salvadero, in your hooded domino,
Do your phantom footsteps wander through the cloisters,
to and fro?
Do you still guard these fair acres when the western sun
sinks low?
the church of San Carlos at Monterey. This stop was the main event of the voyage. Vizcaino was enthusiastic about the suitability of the harbor; so much so that others who came later had difficulty in recognizing it from his description. The tardy result of this exploration was that in 1775 orders were given that all eastbound galleons cast anchor in the bay of Monterey for a general overhauling.

By the middle of the seventeenth century Spain, whose domination had spread far in the western hemisphere, began to fear invasion by envious powers. She already had a chain of missions in Lower California, and a plan evolved by King Carlos III was the continuation of this chain northward and by consequent Spanish settlements to afford protection for the ports of San Diego and Monterey and the inland territory.

The courageous Spanish soldier, Don Gaspar de Portola, then governor of Lower California, was chosen to be commander-in-chief of this great project. The first settlement was to be made in San Diego where, during the spring and summer of 1769, the entire expeditionary force congregated. The two land parties, one under Governor Portola and the other under Captain Rivera, second in command, there met the two sailing vessels, San Antonio and San Carlos, with their quota of men and supplies.

By July 14 all plans for the continuation of the journey had been made. The San Antonio was dispatched to the harbor of Monterey, there to await the arrival of those who were to march overland. Father Junípero Serra, with others, remained at San Diego to establish a mission, while Governor Portola and his group set out to break a path through the unknown wilderness. Portolá later wrote:

“I gathered the small portion of food which had not spoiled in the ships, and went by land to Monterey with that small company of persons, or rather say skeletons, who had been spared by scurvy, hunger, and thirst.”

With Portolá rode Father Juan Crespi and Father Francisco Gomez, the entire contingent consisting of sixty-four persons. Several diaries were kept on the way, the two most frequently consulted today being those of Father Crespi and Don Miguel Costanso, the trained engineer of the expedition. The latter recorded the order of march as follows:

“At the head rode the commander with the officers, the six men of the Catalan Volunteers who had joined the expedition at San Diego, and some friendly Indians with spades, pick axes, crowbars, and other instruments used by sappers to cut the brush and to open a passage wherever necessary. Next followed the pack train which was separated into four divisions, each one with its muleteers and an adequate number of soldiers of the garrison as an escort. In the rear guard came Captain Fernando de Rivera with the rest of the soldiers and friendly Indians convoying the spare horses and mules.”

The twenty-five leather-jacket soldiers who acted as military escort for the expedition are described by Costanso as being equipped with jackets made of six or seven layers of white tanned deerskin and proof against the arrows of hostile Indians. Each man carried on his left arm a shield made of two plies of raw bull’s-hide, to defend himself and his horse from spears and arrows. In addition, a sort of leather apron was attached to the pommel of the saddle and hung down on both sides as a protection from cuts and scratches in the rough chaparral country. Their offensive arms were lance, broadsword, and musket.

Details of the progress of this strange cavalcade over the approximate route of today’s State Highway No. 1 must be omitted. This group, strung out at length, wound over grass-covered mesa, brush-covered hillside, precipitous gully, and forested mountain day after day; were seen only by amazed, though usually friendly, redmen near whose villages they rode; and, having been at times near starvation, returned to San Diego after six months of hardship to report failure in their quest.

Two discoveries of moment had been made: They had been the first civilized men to see the trees which they named the Palo colorado, tallest and longest-lived trees, now known as the Coast Redwoods or Sequoia sempervirens; and they had found a new body of water, the Bay of San Francisco. These discoveries, however, were of
no import to the weary men who, without knowing it, had paused on the shore of Monterey Bay, the object of their search.

Not to be thwarted in his effort, Governor Portolá, after a short respite, retraced his steps over the now established trail and was successful in finding and recognizing the harbor for which he sought. Father Junípero Serra, who arrived by boat, dedicated the site for Mission San Carlos on the shore of Monterey Bay on June 3, 1770.

By the year 1823 twenty-one missions had been established in Upper California. The chain stretched from San Diego to Sonoma, and the connecting trail was called El Camino Real—the King’s Highway. This route, first used by pious padres, their Indian neophytes, and early Spanish and Mexican settlers, has been followed more or less by U. S. Highway 101 over which modern vehicles roll today.

After a part of the mission sites had been chosen came the establishment of presidios, or military headquarters, at four strategic points: San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. Three pueblos, or towns, were then laid out for civilians: Los Angeles, San José, and Branciforte (now a part of the city of Santa Cruz).

Settlers came north from Mexico by sea and by land. Señor Don Juan Bautista de Ansa, captain of the royal presidio of Tubac, led one of the most spectacular of the groups. After long and careful preparation, during which he had blazed the trail to the present site of San Francisco where a presidio and a mission were to be established, this remarkable man with a party totaling 240 persons set out from Tubac, in the province of Sonora, on October 23, 1775. The greater part of his colonists had been recruited from families “submerged in poverty” and in many cases the whole family were taken. Several babies were born on the way. Few deaths occurred, so that when the party arrived at San Gabriel Mission on January 4, 1776, it numbered a few more individuals than when it started. The diarist of the expedition was Fray Pedro Font. Events prevented Captain Ansa from taking his colonists all the way to San Francisco but that duty was performed by his capable lieutenant, José Joaquin Moraga, who, accompanied by Fathers Fray Francisco Palou and Fray Pedro Benito Cambon, led the soldier-settler families on the last lap of the journey. They arrived at San Francisco on June 27, 1776, a few days before the declaration of independence of the American colonies on the Atlantic coast.

In 1775 occurred the first allocation of land in Upper California to a private individual. It was a small lot in Monterey granted to a soldier of the presidio who married an Indian girl, “a daughter of the mission,” and proved to be of temporary ownership. Following this date, and until 1846, permanent grants of varying areas in all parts of California were given out by Spanish and Mexican authorities. These were years of picturesque, unhurried life on the great ranchos; a romantic period, beloved of novelist and historian. Who has not read of the creaking caretas, the gentle señoras, the fascinating señoritas, the dash- ing caballeros, the gay music and dancing, the colorful rodeos, and the festive barbecues? All set against a background of simple, pious life in the missions.

Soon after 1800 a menace from the north loomed over the Spanish domain. Aleutian Indians in the employ of Russia came south in “bidarkas” to catch seals and sea otter. In 1809 the Russian, Kuskoff, sailed down from Sitka to establish temporary headquarters. Within a few years three Russian settlements had been made north of San Francisco: at Bodega Bay, Salmon Creek Valley, and Fort Ross. For several years the Spanish watched with jealous eyes the Russian advance, and took measures to insure their own rights to the territory. This annoying menace, however, was removed in 1841 when, after the fur venture had proven unprofitable, these establishments were vacated by order of the Czar.

Mexico passed from under the flag of Spain in 1822, and with that change assumed control of Upper California where, in the capital at Monterey on April 11, 1822, the oath of fealty to Mexico was taken.

Men from far away lands had already begun to arrive in California. The first permanent non-Spanish white settler was John Gilroy (John Cameron), a Scotch
As far as is known white men first saw the land area now the State of California in the sixteenth century, when Rodriguez Cabrillo, an experienced Portuguese mariner sailing under the colors of Spain, set out northward from the little port of Natividad on the western coast of New Spain (now Mexico) late in June, 1542. In September he entered a bay “closed and very good” where, to the consternation of the Redmen native there, Cabrillo and his men went ashore. They gave the Spanish name “San Miguel” to the place, but Vizcaino, sixty years later, named it “San Diego,” by which it is known today.

After spending about a week on shore, Cabrillo and his crew again set sail and, interrupted by severe storms usual at that season, cruised northward as far as the Northwest Cape. They paused on their way north and again on the return voyage at islands off the Santa Barbara Channel. Here Cabrillo succumbed to injuries received in a fall and was buried in a grave believed to be on the island of San Miguel in this group, though its exact location is unknown. The official report of this voyage of exploration, which first conveyed to the people of Europe something of the extent and character of the California coast, was made by Bartolomé Ferrelo, pilot and second in command.

An English mariner next appeared on the uncharted waters of this region. He was the great adventurer, Francis Drake, sent out by Queen Elisabeth in her efforts to discourage
the spread of Spanish power. In 1579 he "fell in with a convenient and fit harbor, and June 17 came to anchor therein." This harbor is thought to be Drake’s Bay on the coast of Marin County. Here his vessel, the *Golden Hinde*, was reconditioned during a sojourn of about five weeks among natives who proved to be friendly. According to interesting details set out in Drake’s *World Encompassed*:

"This country our Generall named Albion, and that for two causes; the one in respect of the white bancks and cliffes, which lie toward the sea; the other, that it mught haue some affinity, euin in name also, with our own country, which was sometimes so called. Before we went from thence, our Generall caused to be set vp a monument of our being there as also of her maiesties and successors right and title to that kingdome; namely a plate of brasse, fast nailed to a great and firme post . . ."

Then the *Golden Hinde* sailed away and Drake was knighted by his queen on his return to England. The “plate of brasse” (the original, so far as can be determined), weathered but intact, was found in the summer of 1936 in Marin County. This plate is now in the custody of the University of California at Berkeley. It bears the following inscription:

"BEE IT KNOWNE UNTO ALL MEN BY THESE PRE- 
ENTS JUNE 17, 1579
BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND IN THE NAME OF HERR 
MAIESTY QUEEN ELISABETH OF ENGLAND AND HERR 
SUCCESSORS FOREVER I TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS 
KINGDOME WHOSE KING AND PEOPLE FREELY RE-
SIGNE THEIR RIGHT AND TITLE IN THE WHOLE LAND 
VNTO HERR MAIESTIES KEEPING NOW NAMED BY 
ME AND TO BEE KNOWNE VNTO ALL MEN AS NOVA 
ALBION
FRANCIS DRAKE

Hole for 
Silver 
Sixpence"

Manila galleons were colorful vessels that plied between New Spain and the Philippines at an early period. Beginning commercial trips in 1566, they continued until 1815, serving as both merchant ships and war vessels, usually being armed with three small cannon, four catapults to hurl stones, and some fifty muskets. They had bulwarks three or four feet thick and were built up at stem and stern like a castle—odd looking, huge, round-stemmed, clumsy vessels. The cargo brought from the Orient consisted of luxuries—silk, embroideries, satins, spices, and edible birds’ nests. The sailing time from Manila to New Spain was seven months, “the longest and most dreadful voyage of any in the world,” according to a French passenger. There was no provision for exercise, and scurvy, caused by lack of fresh foods and sufficient water, caused great discomfort and loss of life. No safe stopping place was available for the seven months, although such a port was urgently needed for the well-being of the crews and the preservation of the vessels. The route eastward lay for some distance not far from the coast of California, where land was sometimes glimpsed. In 1795 Sebastián Rodríguez Cermeño was commander of the galleon, and he undertook a cursory survey of that part of the route; but, with a laden ship and lack of food and water, he was compelled to hasten to his journey’s end and failed to make sufficient search.

In 1602 came Sebastian Vizcaino, a wealthy merchant trader who was familiar with the galleon route. He was ordered to "make a thorough exploration of the coast from Cape San Lucas to Cape Mendocino, employing two ships of moderate size and a launch which could get near the coast for close up observation.” Provisions for eleven months were carried, and he was instructed not to loiter for inland exploration. His flagship was the *San Diego*, which with the *Santo Tomas* and the launch *Tres Reyes* made up his fleet. He was accompanied by his son, and also had with him the expert mapmaker Geronimo Martinez de Palacios, other officers and councillors, besides three Carmelite friars. One of these friars, Antonio de la Ascensión, a former pilot, wrote an account of the voyage.

On December 15, 1602, the little fleet entered a bay which Vizcaino named Monterey in honor of the Conde de Monterey, then viceroy for New Spain. Here fresh water was procured and the sick were allowed time to recover. A ceremony of taking possession of the land in the name of Spain was held under an oak that stood not far from the beach. The site has been marked, and the dead trunk is preserved in
sailor who deserted from the Isaac Todd when that vessel docked in Monterey harbor in 1814. Gilroy was baptized into the Catholic faith at Mission San Carlos and, seven years later, was married at Mission San Juan Bautista to the daughter of the grantee of a large tract of land. Through his wife he fell heir to thousands of the fertile acres of Rancho San Ysidro, remained there the rest of his life, became an influential citizen, reared a large family, and the town that grew up on his property was named for him. He eventually lost his Scotch thrift and died in poverty.

The first American settler in California is said to have been Thomas W. Doak, who arrived on the Albatross in 1816, two years later than Scotchman Gilroy.

About the time of Gilroy’s arrival New England captains of sailing vessels engaged in the fur trade began to appear along the coast. Increasingly they entered into the commerce of the period, trading manufactured articles for hides and tallow from the ranchos. A long and wide and fertile continent stretched between California and the colonies on the Atlantic seaboard. The only means of communication were the sailing vessels, until intrepid trappers began to penetrate prairie and mountain range. Jedediah Strong Smith, from New York, was the first trapper to reach the far west. He appeared in California in 1826, and has been called “the pathfinder of the Sierra.” He did not remain as a permanent resident, but along his trail markers have been erected honoring his accomplishment.

A man who left his mark on the history of the State was Johan Augustus Sutter, Swiss immigrant, who in 1839 found his way by circuitous route to California. He obtained a grant of eleven square leagues and started a semi-feudal colonization scheme where the city of Sacramento now is. With Indians as artisans, he erected buildings of sun-dried bricks—house, barns, and workshops within a parallelogram of adobe walls. To his Indian helpers he added sailors and other workers and, under his direction, these unskilled laborers engaged in several trades. Hats, blankets, clothing, and other things conducive to civilized life were made. When the Russians left, he bought what they offered for sale—horses, cattle, furniture, implements, and cannon. The cannon he erected for the defense of his fort. The livestock was added to his flocks and herds, which soon numbered thousands tended on his ranges by subdued savages. When organized immigration from the United States reached his gateway it met friendly reception, and because these Americans found their way along a river flowing near his fort he gave the stream the name American River. All went well until gold was discovered on his property. This event, which brought fortune to many, was his misfortune and eventually his ruin; he lost property and prestige. About this time his family came from Switzerland and he retired to Hock Farm, one of his stock ranges, on Feather River. He died a disappointed old man.

In the decade of the 1840’s many immigrant trains crossed the wild country between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. The Bidwell-Bartleson party, after many vicissitudes, reached California in the autumn of 1841, and was the forerunner of scores of such groups. Several members of this party lived for a time at Sutter’s fort, but the Workman-Rowland party that came soon after by another route settled in the southern part of the State. The first immigrants to transport wagons across the mountains successfully was the Stevens-Murphy party that arrived in 1844. The Murphy family and Captain Stevens settled near the lower end of San Francisco Bay.

In 1845 more than 250 persons reached California by overland trail. In the winter of 1846 occurred the tragedy of the Donner party, from which Donner Lake takes its name. In the snow of the mountain region thirty-four persons perished of cold and hunger, one of the tragic stories of western immigration.

The period of Mexican rule in California ended with hoisting of the Stars and Stripes on July 7, 1846. Within less than two years occurred the event that historians agree decided the destiny of California and changed the course of American history as well—discovery of gold at Sutter’s mill.

One phase of California’s story had ended. Another had begun.
THE EDITOR'S urgent request that subscribers should send in interesting old daguerreotypes in their possession, for publication during the centennial celebration of the invention of the photograph meets with continued response. She is delighted to use the picture of Sylvester Henry Blood and Prudence Jane Hicks (Blood) which was taken on an Ohio River steamboat (doubtless the same type as that depicted on the following page) at Mt. Vernon, Indiana, in 1853. The ancestral background of this couple is as follows:

Sylvester H. Blood was the son of a soldier of 1812 and the grandson of two soldiers of the Revolution, one of whom wintered at Valley Forge with Washington. His great-grandfather fought before Quebec. His first American ancestor in the Blood line settled at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1639. His mother was a Cabot and the first recorded Cabot ancestor was born on the Island of Jersey about 1470.

Prudence Jane Hicks (Blood) was the daughter of a daughter of a soldier of the War of 1812 and the granddaughter of a soldier of the Revolution. Her earliest recorded ancestor was Sir Ellice Hicks, who was made a Knight banneret in the reign of Edward III (1327-1377) and obtained for his arms three fleur-de-lis in consideration of his gallant achievements in the French War under Edward, the Black Prince.

We are indebted for this daguerreotype to Mrs. William S. Toler (Grace Cabot), a member of the Egyptian Chapter of Cairo, Illinois.
In the East, canals challenged the supremacy of the horseways. The Erie Canal, completed in 1825, provided an almost level water route across the Appalachian Mountain barrier to the Great Lakes. New York, thus joined with the new States carved from the Northwest Territory, now displaced Philadelphia as the leading metropolis of the country.

Meanwhile the French Canadian, Pierre Frieschutz Navarre, with his fur-trading cabin on the east bank of the Saint Joseph River, was laying unknowingly the foundation for the future city of South Bend. Over the Michigan Road connecting the Ohio River with Lake Michigan settlers poured into Indiana to take up homesteads.
But now a new contender rose to challenge the highway and waterway for the right to serve the growing nation's transportation. On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Peter Cooper's Tom Thumb locomotive, because of a breakdown, lost the race with a horse-drawn car, but proved none-the-less the superiority of the railway.

While the struggle for survival of the best kind of transportation was raging east of the Mississippi River, settlers were pushing southwestward. Past the Alamo, stormed shortly before by Mexican troops led by General Santa Ana, covered wagons, carreta carts, and pack animals moved slowly along El Camino Real.
Begun in 1806 to serve the Territory Northwest of the Ohio River, the National Pike was the first main road built with Federal funds. By 1840 at the eastern extremity near Cumberland, Maryland, freight-wagon and stage-coach owners began to feel the loss of business to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The trickle of trappers to the Northwest when Astoria was founded in 1811 had swelled to a mighty stream of settlers with the Great Emigration of 1843. The Oregon Trail over the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River formed, with the extended National Pike, an overland connection from coast to coast.
With railroads east of the Mississippi far in the lead in the transportation race, feeble experiments were tried to better wagon roads. The first plank road, opened to travel in 1846, from Syracuse to Oneida Lake, New York, lasted like its successors about ten years before it rotted away.

To speed news to the California gold region, a “Lightning Dromedary Express” was placed on the route from Albuquerque to Los Angeles, in 1857, by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis. The experiment failed partly because the easy-going camels imported from Egypt and Arabia provoked the anger of the impetuous American mule drivers.
The Pony Express, first overland mail service from St. Joseph, Missouri, to California, brought San Francisco ten days nearer to New York. Outdone after sixteen months, in 1861, by the Pacific telegraph line, the messages carried by the riders helped to preserve the Union at the outbreak of the Civil War.

Nine years later the junction of the Union and Central Pacific railways at Promontory Point, Utah, captured the business of the eight-year-old stage-coach lines that had shifted because of the Civil War from the ox-bow route to the road between the Mississippi River, Denver, and the Pacific coast.

THIS SERIES WILL BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH
City of Faith

MARGARET CURTIS MCKAY
Illustrations by Mary Eleanor Browning

(Continued from March issue)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

In 1848 Anne Guillotte, a girl of 17, with her little brother, his colored nurse and a kitten, accompanies her father and his two business partners from New Orleans to Westport, where they arrive too late to join the Spring Caravan to Santa Fe. They attempt to overtake it with a carriage and covered wagon. At Diamond Springs, Pawnee Indians attack them and kill everyone except Anne and Rosette, the kitten. While being conveyed as a trophy to the Indian Chief, Anne with the kitten escapes from the Indians, wanders all night on the plains and at length falls exhausted.

She is rescued by Benjamin Shoemaker, a Quaker lad from Philadelphia, who has joined the Spring Caravan for adventure. Anne is tenderly cared for by the members of the caravan, more particularly by Mr. and Mrs. Reeves of Chicago, who are going on to Chihuahua. By the time the caravan reaches Santa Fe Ben has fallen in love with Anne who, still overwhelmed by her loss and intensely religious, is as yet unaware that she is falling in love with him.

The comfort of a soft bed, the security of solid walls and ceiling after endless nights in a canvas-topped prairie wagon, all contributed to Anne's sense of peace. The events of the last three days drifted into her consciousness—the noisy welcome of the
city as the carriage rolled through the narrow streets; the swarms of naked children; the strange, colorful clothing of the men and women, flocking out of the blocklike houses shouting "Los Americanos! Los carros!" And lastly the kindly welcome of Señora Ramirez, Mrs. Reeves' friend, a rich widow to whose house they had come.

The door of Anne's room opened. Lola, the little Indian serving maid, barefooted and wearing a bright red skirt, entered with a silver pitcher of water. Staring, frankly curious, at the pale senorita who slept with a cat on the foot of her bed, she said, "Eet ees the time, senorita."

Anne sat up and smiled back at the round, black eyes. "I'll get up at once," she said.

Rosette, disturbed in her slumber by Anne's movements, uncurled herself, stretched, rose lazily arching her back, jumped from the bed and walked with great dignity past Lola out of the room. Lola put the pitcher on the washstand and disappeared, closing the door noiselessly.

Anne went to the narrow, open window. By leaning out over the broad, rounded sill she could see mountains whose reddish slopes rose through a fringe of green to summits capped with snow even in July. How blue the sky was! And the air, how sweet and fresh! She drew a deep breath. From somewhere beyond the cornfields came the tinkle of sheep bells, a peaceful, happy sound. As she dressed herself other sounds drifted in muffled by the thick walls of the room—the cooing of pigeons and the occasional harsh cry of a parrot.

Everything about the little room seemed muffled and subdued. The hard-packed earth floor was covered with a thick, hand-woven Mexican rug of gray and black wool. An Indian blanket, gray and black with bands of red, hung on the wall like a tapestry above the bed. The bed itself, hand-hewn and ponderous, had a weathered look, its low, square posts, rubbed satin-smooth, the edges blunted by time and usage. The very whitewash on the walls had a mellow hue from the pink adobe underneath. The clay fireplace, instead of being set in the wall at the side or end of the room, formed a curved hollow in one corner. Over it in a niche stood two wooden images of Joseph and Mary, about a foot high, hand-carved and dressed like dolls in colored cloth: Joseph in red, the Madonna in blue. The delicately fluted silver basin and ewer on the washstand were very old and of pure Spanish design and workmanship. The one inharmonious object was the varnished washstand which Señora Ramirez (née Miss Isabel Dennis) had brought from St. Louis along with other American, factory-made pieces of furniture fifteen years before, when she became the bride of Don Pedro Manuel Antonio Eusabio Ramirez.

The room opened directly into the patio so that Anne, dressed at last, stepped from the cloistered dimness of her bedchamber into a brilliant garden. Pink-flowering oleanders, yellow daisies and the scarlet of blossoming cactus made great splashes of color. A green and yellow parrot bobbed restlessly to and fro on a tall perch, alternating unintelligible mutterings with raucous cries. The sun was still so low in the east that one end of the courtyard was in shadow. The other, the kitchen end, however, was bathed in sunlight. Here Josefa, the cook, a faded blue scarf around her head, was frying tortillas over an open fire. Three or four dark-skinned Mexican children squatted about watching the process with solemn, black eyes. At sight of Anne, Josefa called shrilly over her shoulder, "Ramón! La señorita!"

Ramón, who was her husband and served as butler and general handy man, appeared from the dark doorway of the kitchen, buttoning himself hastily into a soiled white coat. His thin, desiccated figure was in ludicrous contrast with the huge, oily bulk of his wife. He bowed low to Anne, his leathery brown face a stiff, smiling mask, and said in careful English, "Good day, Señorita, I serve queekly the breakfast."

Anne, who had risen before the rest of the household to go to church, crossed the court to the diningroom. Here Ramón had laid a white cloth and set a place for her at one end of the heavily carved table. Carved benches stood against the wall, Mexican fashion, but there was an American sideboard and half a dozen American chairs set close to the table. The breakfast, like much else in Señora Ramirez's household, was characteristic of both Missouri and New
Mexico. There were ripe peaches, fried eggs, a compote of plums in a silver dish; crisp, hot tortillas, and thick chocolate.

Anne had scarcely begun to eat when an olive-skinned boy of twelve entered and seated himself at the table, saying shyly, “Good morning,” with an inflection that sounded slightly foreign to Anne’s ears. This was Manuel, Señora Ramirez’s only child. Small for his age, and very thin, he had a marked curvature of the spine, and his general health was frail.

“I thought I would go with you to the church, if you would not mind,” he said with a precise and quaint formality.

“Oh, I’m glad,” answered Anne. “That will be much nicer than going alone.”

It was pleasant walking through the quiet streets. Only a few persons were about and these were mostly country people, in broad hats and wide-flapping trousers. Barefooted, they walked beside burros so heavily laden with garden produce or firewood that only a pair of long ears, a mournful, hairy face and four sticklike legs were visible beneath the load. Once a two-wheeled cart bumped by, whose driver greeted them with a smiling, “Buenos Días!”

Manuel pointed out the main sights of the town. To Anne, the high-sounding names of some of the low, adobe buildings seemed out of keeping with their insignificant appearance. There was the Palace of the Governors, for instance, a long, plain, block-like structure, not at all like Anne’s idea of a palace. Also, the barracks of the soldiers, and their chapel with the beautiful name, Church of Our Lady of Light.

“They use it sometimes to hold court in now,” said Manuel. “There have been so many cases since the American occupation. Of course many people object to their using it so. And there,” he went on, pointing to another low building running the length of a block, “are the salas of La Tules where the people go to gamble. Mamma says,” went on Manuel after a pause, “that La Tules has not been a very good woman, but that she is more respectable now because, two years ago, she gave the American soldiers a lot of money and Colonel Mitchel took her to a baile where all the best people were.”

“A baile?”

“A ball—very splendid. Every one goes. There is to be one day after tomorrow in honor of the arrival of the caravan. The soldiers from the fort will be there and all of the people of the town. And a great many from Taos, too.”

There was a sudden sound of hooves and a cloud of red dust as Ben dashed into sight on Jezebel. Seeing Anne he reined in, dismounted and approached on foot, flashing his wide smile at her. “What luck!” he exclaimed joyfully. “But then I am lucky! First I make two hundred dollars at monté and the very first thing next morning I come face to face with you!” He had bought himself a wide Mexican hat and a gay, red sash. “I’ve gone native, you see,” he said.

“I’ll have to get a rebozo,” said Anne, her cheeks tingling under his glowing eyes.

“Twould be vastly becoming! Anne, you must come riding with me some morning. This is a glorious country!”

“How nice that would be!” answered Anne, her blood quickening at the thought. Then she was stabbed by a memory of early morning horseback rides with her father in New Orleans along the Esplanade, the trees beside the wide river shrouded in mist. She sighed.

“I must hurry now,” she said, “or I’ll be late.”

Ben prepared to remount.

“You will be at the ball of course—everybody goes, they tell me.”

“I don’t think so,” replied Anne. “Oh, I’m sure not!”

Ben had mounted the frisky Jezebel, who tossed her head and curveted in her eagerness to be off. “Of course you must come! I’ll call this evening to pay my respects to Señora Ramirez,” he added, then was gone in a cloud of dust.

Somehow the tranquil peace of the morning had been disturbed. Anne entered the dim coolness of the church with a vaguely troubled heart. The face of Ben, glowing with ardent, joyous life, persisted in crowding every other image from her mind.

Storm clouds drifting up from the southwest broke against the rugged crest of the Sangre de Cristo mountains and descended on the little valley in gray veils of rain. The rancheros lifted grateful eyes skyward.
Praise be to God, the rains were early this year! No need to make a procession through the fields carrying the blessed Christ Child! San Isidro had heard their prayers and interceded for them. Praise be to God! The rain swayed the slender stalks of wheat and corn, swelled the acequias flowing like veins of silver through the fields, made little rills down the mud sides of the adobe houses and laid the red dust in the narrow streets.

In the patio of Señora Ramirez, Diablo, the parrot, flew from his perch to the sheltering foliage of a tamarisk tree that spread gnarled old branches against the wall of the house. It was the hour of siesta and his was the only voice audible. Rain always excited him, and his satanic laughter and loud squawks brought Maria from her cell-like chamber next the storeroom. A little old woman with a wizened brown face of a thousand wrinkles, she had been Manuel’s nurse and his father’s before him and was now as much a part of the household as the boy himself.

“No! Be still, thou son of Satan!” she said in Spanish to the parrot. As he continued to rock himself excitedly from one foot to the other, emitting shrill cries, she took off her black apron and threw it over the branch of the tree, making a canopy over the bird. Silence fell on the courtyard except for the patter of raindrops. Rosette, who had taken refuge under a bench, played noiselessly with a small lizard, letting it get away from her a few inches, then pouncing on it again as if it were a mouse.

Presently Manuel appeared slipping along close to the house wall. “Maria!” he exclaimed, bursting in at her door.

“Ah querido mio!” she answered. “You come early from your siesta.”

“I couldn’t sleep! It is decided, we are all going to the baile—even I am going, Maria!”

“La! You are growing up—soon you will be a man and no longer want your poor abuelita!”

“You know I will—always,” protested the boy impatiently. “La Señorita Anne—she will be the most beautiful one there!”

“No doubt, no doubt!”

“Even more beautiful than Señorita Consuelo Romeros!”

“She is very beautiful, it is true,” answered Maria. “If she is as good as she is beautiful—”

“She is, Maria! She goes to church every morning.”

“Ah, well—it is only the good God that sees into the heart!” Maria shook her head sadly. She never missed a chance of moralizing. Now that Manuel’s education was in the hands of a tutor she felt he was in danger of being corrupted.

Manuel chattered on. “She is not so gay as Consuelo, but that is because her father and mother and her little brother have died so recently. Just think, Maria, she is all alone in the world!”

Maria shook her head again and murmured that the good God knew best.

“She thought at first that she would not go to the ball because she still feels so sad. But Mamma persuaded her. She need not dance, you know, though I do not see how she will be able to keep from dancing. I would dance if it were not for my back!”

He snapped his fingers rhythmically, his big dark eyes bright, as he hopped crookedly about the room.

Maria rolled up her mattress which lay flat on the earth floor. “There!” she said, pushing it in a compact roll close to the wall and spreading a faded blanket over it, “my siesta is over. It is nearly time for Josefina to make the chocolate.”

“Maria, did you see the young man who came last night—el Americano?”

“Yes,” replied Maria, “do I not see all who come to the house?”

“I should like to be like that, Maria—tall and straight, with strong white teeth in a big mouth. Maria—tell me—do you still pray to the Santa Niño that my back will grow straight?” He paused before a shelf on which among other bultos was a wooden image of the Christ Child seated in a little chair, a basket of flowers in his hand, a high hat on his head, and tiny square-toed shoes on his feet.

“Every day, querido mio!”

Manuel seldom spent much time in self pity and now his thoughts glanced back to Ben.

“He came to pay his respects to Mamma and Señora and Señor Reeves, but I think it was really la Señorita Anne he wanted to see. He looked most at her.”

“The little one has sharp eyes!” ex-
claimed Maria, her own little black eyes almost disappearing into the parchment-like crinkles of her smile.

There were sounds from the kitchen now—the rattle of crockery and the shrill voice of Josefina berating her offspring. Manuel sped back across the patio. In the long sala he found his mother.

Señora Doña Isabel Ramirez was a pretty woman of thirty-five and looked younger. She had black hair and blue eyes and a smooth, round face. Generally her expression was one of complacency. As the widow of a rico her position was one of importance in the community. Señor Ramirez had reckoned his flocks and herds by the thousand and the rancho a few miles up the valley, which maintained the household of La Casa de Ramirez, was still managed efficiently by the Garcia family who had been henchmen of the Ramirez family for generations. It was only occasionally when her eyes rested on her son that Doña Isabel's face clouded and her small, firm mouth lost its satisfied curve. Why had the good God seen fit to afflict her son? He was not exactly a humpback but his spine would never be straight no matter how tall he might grow. How proud she would have been of a strong, handsome son! But she was invariably just and gentle with him, as she was just and gentle with all except those who met with her disapproval. With these she was implacable.

As her son entered the sala she looked up with a smile from her sewing, an exquisite piece of drawnwork for an altar cloth.

"Tell Ramón to have coffee as well as chocolate this afternoon. I think Mr. Reeves would rather have it."

"What's this I'd rather have—coffee?" asked that gentleman entering the room from a door at one end. "Yes ma'am, every time, though I'm not used to having anything this time o' day." He picked out the least Mexican-looking chair—a walnut rocker—and sat down. "My wife will be along in a minute. Seems like we sleep longer every day. Síesta! It struck me mighty funny—a whole town taking a couple of hours off to take a snooze! I'd like to start the custom in Chicago!" He chuckled at the thought.

His wife entered. "Alden," she said, "our trip to Chihuahua will be different from our trip over the plains, for I shall insist on stopping for my nap every afternoon. And of course, coffee!" This last as Ramón entered with coffee, chocolate and little cakes on a silver tray.

"I peeped in at Betsy and she was still sleeping. I never saw anyone who could sleep as she can. I doubt if she wakens before supper," she added.

"Is young Mr. Shoemaker going on to Chihuahua with you?" asked Señora Ramirez, laying aside her sewing.

"He hasn't made up his mind about that yet," answered Mr. Reeves.

"No doubt you've guessed why he is tempted to stay in Santa Fe!" said his wife, looking archly at her hostess.

Señora Ramirez compressed her lips. "Perhaps, Mr. Reeves, you had better talk to the young man—tell him that there are certain things he may and may not do."

Mr. Reeves' good-natured, round moon of a face showed his astonishment. "Why, what's the boy been doing?"

"I have it on good authority that he has been seen going into low gambling places."

"Well I thought everyone in Santa Fe gambled—men and women alike!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Reeves, not all the women. Some of my friends do, it is true—ladies of the best families too, but that's because 'tis the vogue—the—the Spanish tradition."

Mr. Reeves smiled broadly. "It would be all right for Ben to gamble if he was a Spanish or Mexican lady then?"

"No, no—all the men do, of course. But they go to a decent place."

"And where is that—at that woman's place—what do they call her?"

"La Tules. Yes, Doña Gertrudes' place is quite the rage. Of course, I myself do not approve of gambling," she added primly.

"Oh well," said Mr. Reeves easily, "the boy's all right. It's natural for him to want a fling with his money, and how was he to know one gambling place was better than another? I'd back him to look out for himself. By the way," he went on, glad to change the subject, "I drove a right good bargain for the girl—you know—selling the stuff that was found after the Indian attack. I've made out an account and I'll leave a copy of it with you, if I may,
ma'am. You take what you think is a reasonable amount for her keep and by the time we come back from Chihuahua she may know what she wants to do."

"I'll be glad of her company. She seems like a very sweet girl," answered Señora Ramirez.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Reeves, "that we succeeded in persuading her to go to the ball tomorrow night. She needs diversion—poor child! She is inclined to be too—I don't like to say too religious—"

"I should hope not—no one could be that!" put in Señora Ramirez piously.

"Too given to brooding, perhaps," finished Mrs. Reeves. She herself was a Congregationalist, and religion, to her, was summed up in the simple, if sometimes difficult, mandates of the Decalogue and the divine exhortation to love one's neighbor. She changed the subject by saying, "It was most generous of you to give her that lovely dress to wear."

Señora Ramirez's face relaxed. "I just happened to think of that dress. I wore it only a few times—after I came out of deep mourning for my husband. White is permitted after the first year, you know."

"It was nice, too, that we were able to make it fit without too much alteration."

"I was more slender then," said Señora Ramirez, sighing gently. "It is only this last year that I've begun to take on flesh."

They sipped their coffee in silence, listening to the drip of rain in the patio. Framed by the open doorways of the sala the fresh green of the shrubbery and the bright colors of the blossoming plants made gay, still-life pictures seen through the gauze curtain of the rain.

Anne entered the room, her eyes bright and her cheeks pink from her siesta. Señora Ramirez smiled at her and said, "I'm afraid the chocolate is cold."

"It will be just right, I know," replied Anne quickly.

Manuel followed her in and seated himself on a heavily carved stool, his dark eyes fixed worshipfully on her face.

"Manuel says he's been showing you the sights of the town," remarked Mr. Reeves.

"Yes," answered Anne, "I've seen nearly everything now—everything except San Miguel, the oldest church in America. I did catch a glimpse of it as we entered the town, but I want to go into it."

"It's falling to pieces," said Señora Ramirez. "It never was used by the upper classes—it was built for the Indians, you know."

"I read once about an old bell—"

"Oh yes, there is a legend about a bell, but I've never seen it," replied Señora Ramirez. "You and Manuel must not go about unattended any more. It is not proper at all. You must always have Ramón or Pablo—he is Ramón's oldest son—go with you." She took up her needlework.

Mr. Reeves said to Anne, "Come here, my dear, and let me explain to you exactly how I disposed of your merchandise and just what your profits are."

The rain came down more heavily and daylight was dimmed in the long room. The Indian slave girl, Lola, stole in with a tall taper and lighted the candles in the silver sconces on the wall. Points of flame were reflected in the old mirrors, lighting up the diverse faces of the little group, each with its own mystery.

"Señorita—Señorita Anne—how beautiful you look!" Manuel, his black hair and eyes vivid above a scarlet jacket, backed away to get a better view of Anne in her white ruffled dress.

The party from the Casa de Ramirez had just pushed their way through the crowd of beggars at the door and stepped from the crisp night air into the long ballroom at the governor's palace.

Anne slipped the creamy lace mantilla from her head. Her fair hair, curled and intertwined with white flowers, fell nearly to her waist. Giving Manuel's hand a little squeeze she exclaimed, "It looks like a fancy dress party!" She felt a mounting excitement. The fiesta spirit was contagious. Not for many months had she felt so light hearted.

Señora Ramirez, a queenly figure with her black lace mantilla flowing from her head, her fair hair, curled and intertwined with white flowers, fell nearly to her waist. Giving Manuel's hand a little squeeze she exclaimed, "It looks like a fancy dress party!" She felt a mounting excitement. The fiesta spirit was contagious. Not for many months had she felt so light hearted.

Señora Ramirez, a queenly figure with her black lace mantilla flowing from the high Spanish comb in her hair, led the way to some benches under a draped United States flag at one end of the room. The bright blue of her stiff taffeta dress enhanced the Irish blue of her eyes. She carried herself proudly, aware that she looked
extremely handsome. Seating herself she arranged her billowing skirts complacently and unfurled a large fan of black lace glittering with gold spangles.

"The Governor has not yet arrived," she remarked to Mrs. Reeves, "but yonder is Colonel Price." She pointed out a soldierly figure in military regalia. "He is to be replaced soon, I hear."

Mrs. Reeves looked about her with lively interest. "Anne is right," she said, "to us sober folk from the States your people here seem always to be in fancy dress. I approve of it—paint and all!" She smiled at
a group of gayly dressed, dark-eyed girls whose cheeks were bright with vermillion-tinted paste.

She herself was in plum color, and Betsy Carr who sat gazing open-mouthed beside her was dressed in dull green. Mr. Reeves in high cravat, buff waistcoat and neatly fitting black suit had wandered over to the side of the room where the men were gathering. His genial face beamed approval of the scene and his mind played with the idea of taking chests full of Mexican furbelows back home to sell in his large and flourishing drygoods store. Chicago styles, he thought, would be vastly improved by a little injection of Spanish color and glitter. Even the uniforms of the soldiers from Fort Marcy looked drab compared with the native costumes. For it was not only the New Mexican girls who dressed colorfully. The men too were downright garish with their flaring red, green or yellow breeches and their flamboyant jackets of contrasting color.

His eye roved over the long room. Amid all this flashing color Anne's costume of pure white was conspicuous. He smiled at the thought. A young girl at a ball back home wouldn't be conspicuous wearing white! Yet here, if Anne's one idea had been to stand out from all the other girls present, she could not have chosen her dress better. He knew that had not been her idea—far from it. He almost wished it had been. He liked a girl to have plenty of snap and regretted what he thought of as Anne's excessive piety. But then the poor girl had had a fearful shock. It was not surprising she had turned to religion for comfort.

The crowd was increasing. Already a haze of smoke hung in the air as men and women alike smoked cigarillos which they rolled themselves and lighted with tiny steel rods and flint stones. The sound of plucked violin and guitar strings rose above the hubbub of voices as the musicians began to tune their instruments. As soon as the governor and his lady arrived the ball would begin. Señora Ramirez continued to point out various personages to Mrs. Reeves.

"There comes the alcalde—the mayor we'd call him back in the States. His wife is an Indian—a very pretty woman too—but she won't be here tonight because she's just had a baby, their eighth child. Oh—and there is Doña Gertrudes de Barcelo—La Tules, they call her!"

"The woman who has the gambling parlors?" asked Mrs. Reeves with interest.

"Yes. She is received everywhere now."

Mrs. Reeves saw an old woman in a yellow wig. From the top of her high comb a richly bespangled mantilla fell nearly to the floor. Her fingers were covered with rings and around her neck were several gold chains from one of which hung a heavy crucifix. Her cheeks under their coat of paint were a mass of fine wrinkles, her mouth sagged, but the eyes that peered shrewdly from the midst of these betrayals held still the sparkle and zest of youth.

"Ah," went on Señora Ramirez, "here come my friends, the Romeros." She rose with a great rustling of skirts and went forward to meet them. She greeted them in the native manner by throwing her arm around the shoulders of each in turn, Señor and Señora Romeros and their daughter, Consuelo.

"Come and meet my guests," she said in Spanish. "Consuelo shall be a friend to Anne!"

"Gladly! Gladly!" answered Consuelo, a quick smile lighting up her mobile face. She was about eighteen, full-bosomed and graceful, with dark eyes, olive skin and long dark-brown hair. Her dress of yellow silk, sleeveless and cut very low in the neck, spread in wide flounces to her slender ankles. "Where is she?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh—an angel—an angel all in white!" she exclaimed on seeing Anne, and addressed her in English colored delightfully with a Spanish accent. "We shall be friends—yes?" She embraced Anne warmly, saying laughingly to Manuel, "I am already jealous—you love her more than me!"

Manuel's sensitive face flushed. "No, Consuelo," he answered gravely, "not more—it is different, that's all. Anne, as you say, is an angel."

"And I, you rascal, am no angel—what?" She pinched Manuel's arm playfully. "For that I will not dance with you!"

Anne felt painfully self-conscious, and longed for some of the ease and grace of Consuelo's manner.

Ben came up at this moment looking very elegant in tight-fitting buff trousers, blue
coat, yellow waistcoat and white, ruffled shirt. Manuel with great dignity introduced him to Consuelo who, to Ben's astonishment and embarrassment, threw her arm quickly about his shoulders, "I see," remarked Consuelo roguishly, "you are not yet accustomed to our way of greeting."

"No," replied Ben, blushing, "but I like it very much! And," he added, "I hope you will teach it to Anne!" He took Anne's hand and pressed it warmly, bending close to whisper, "You are lovely—the loveliest one here!"

Anne gave him a shy, happy glance and returned the pressure of his hand. The sorrow and heaviness of the last few months seemed remote, unreal. Joy surged through her veins. Unconsciously her white-slippered foot tapped in unison with the tombe, or Indian drum, which at this moment started a rhythmical thrumming as the governor and his wife swept into the room. They were gorgeously dressed and the volatile, admiring throng made way for them with wild huzzas. The violins and guitars broke into a lively tune. The baile was officially opened.

The men withdrew to one side of the hall, the girls with much fluttering of skirts and fans spread themselves along the benches opposite. A little man in a bright green jacket stepped out to the center of the room, clapping his hands. This was el tecolero, the manager of the ball, who would call all the dances.

"Good!" exclaimed Consuelo to Anne. "The contradanza first—that takes care of the old people! Then the fun begins. There will be waltzes and the cuné and the canastita de flores, no doubt, and of course the fandango. Do you know them?"

"No," said Anne, "but I know the waltz. The Sisters at the convent did not approve but Mamma had a dancing master come to the house to teach me."

"Oh well, you will learn quickly. Ah—here they come!"

At a signal from the manager the men swooped across the hall to select their partners. Ben drew Anne to her feet.

"But I don't know it!" she protested.

"Neither do I!" retorted Ben. "I've never danced a step in my life. But we'll watch the others—come!"

It was fun, hilarious fun! Anne entered into the spirit of it, her natural grace and quickness helping them both. The contradanza proved to be not unlike the minuet and so was not too difficult. Then came a waltz and Anne was whirled away by a young lieutenant who all in one breath told her his name was John Winter, that he was from Virginia, that she was the prettiest girl here and reminded him of the girls he knew back home.

Ben rushed up for the next waltz, just in time to snatch her from another young lieutenant who glowered at him but consoled himself with a dark-eyed siren in bright red.

"It's catch as catch can!" remarked Ben stumbling over Anne's feet. "Excuse me, please—I'll get the hang of it before long!"

Anne laughed. "I don't mind about my feet—it's Señora Ramirez' white shoes I'm thinking of!"

"Oh!" cried Ben contritely, and stopping at once, stooped to wipe her little slipper with his handkerchief, thereby causing a violent collision with a young Don who glared at him ferociously. Ben grinned cheerfully back at him saying, "Sorry, old chap, but why don't you look where you're going!"

"What iss it you say?" This was hissed with such dramatic fervor, not to say truculence, that a real crisis might have developed if Consuelo, who happened to be the young Don's partner, had not intervened with a gay laugh and the comment, "El Americano—so clum—zee!" With a coquettish glance over her shoulder at Ben she urged her outraged partner back into the dance.

"Whew!" exclaimed Ben, "Gun powder! Fancy getting really angry over a thing like that!"

The fandango was called next and Ben consented to sit it out. It was the prettiest dance imaginable, Anne thought, her eyes following Consuelo and her partner, the peppery young Don, as they clapped their castanets and swayed and skipped through the figures of the dance. There was an abandon about these people which though foreign to her own nature yet fascinated her.

"I'd like to be like that!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Like Consuelo—act just as I feel without stopping to think."

"It has its disadvantages," answered Ben.
"I'm that way myself and it's got me into trouble more than once!"

"I know! That's why—" Anne stopped.

"Go on—say it!"

Anne shook her head, blushing.

"You were going to say that's why you like me, weren't you?"

But Anne would not say it, though inwardly she was saying why can't I speak it out like that? Why does something always rise up inside me and say you mustn't, even when I really want to!

"I'll make you say it some day:" said Ben bending his head and bringing his eyes disturbingly close to hers.

The haze of smoke grew thicker; the dancers wheeled and stamped and clacked their castanets; the music rose faster and faster, accented by the rhythmic pulse of the zombi. Suddenly it ceased and the dance, as if the sound had been actually the pulse of life, died in a rustle of subsiding skirts, lowered voices, cessation of motion, its dissolution complete as the dancers flowed away to their seats. After a short pause the manager walked to the middle of the hall, waving his arms and shouting "La canastita de Pres!") And life began again.

Consuelo ran up to Anne and Ben crying excitedly, "Come—this is the dance that will show who is la mujer bella!" She pulled Anne to her feet. The dancers, holding each other's hands, formed a large ring and began to circle around singing "Cuatro palomitas blancas"—

Suddenly the manager clapped his hands. The ring broke and formed again and again. Finally only two girls remained upon the floor, Consuelo and Anne, each ringed by a score or so of admirers. Excitement ran high. The older people—parents, dueñas, the governor, the colonel, and various officials watched with interest from their seats about the long hall. Anne, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed, seemed at last to have fused her warring impulses. For once she was acting as she felt without stopping to think. And what she felt was joy—joy in the sudden heady realization of her power over men. The coquette latent in every woman rose and took possession of her. One after the other she surveyed them as they circled about her and to each her glance said, "Don't you wish you could win me?"

The manager was carefully counting to see who had the larger circle—Consuelo, so often the belle of the ball that one usually took it for granted, or Anne, the golden-haired newcomer, the alien, unique in white? The count was over—twenty-two for Consuelo, twenty-four for Anne. Shouts arose and the clapping of hands. And now for the last figure in the dance to decide who should be the lucky man.

Anne, her head held high, her eyes like stars, stood alone in the center of the floor, her tightly clasped hands pressed close to her bosom as if to calm the excited beating of her heart. The men circling around her were no longer individuals. Their figures blurred and ran together, making a phantasmagoria of color and movement. The
tombé throbbed on interminably. Would it never stop? Suddenly it came—the hush she both dreaded and longed for. She closed her eyes. The next instant, amid a deafening tumult, she was swept off her feet by a pair of strong arms.

Opening her eyes she saw very close to hers, the dark smiling face of the young Don who had collided with Ben earlier in the evening. He murmured, “At last, little white dove, I hold you in my arms!” So Ben had not been the first to reach her! She had scarcely time to realize this when she felt her arm seized firmly from behind, while a strong hand was laid upon her captor’s shoulder, so that he was forced to loosen his hold upon her. She managed to regain her feet and free herself.

There stood Ben, his face white, a murderous look in his eye, his hands clenched as he faced the Mexican. “You dirty hound!” he said in a clear, tense voice, “you tripped me purposely.” Then his fist shot out and the young Don dropped like a shot steer. For the space of a breath he lay, a heap of bright satin and fine cambric. Then, springing to his feet, he leaped toward Ben. Ben dodged, and before the other could strike again John Winter and two or three other soldiers stepped between the antagonists, holding them apart by main force.

At this juncture, the alcalde pushed his way through the melee, holding high his insignia of office, a gold-headed cane with dangling black tassels. His very mustachios bristled with indignation as he let loose a torrent of Spanish in a high-pitched voice. His wrath seemed directed solely toward Ben. In vain did Ben attempt to explain. Either the alcalde could not understand English, or he refused to listen. Bowing respectfully to the young Don who stood breathing hard and glowering at Ben, the alcalde pounded his cane upon the floor and summoned a constable.

The constable, a small, wiry Mexican wearing a big hat, laid a hand upon Ben’s arm and was about to lead the young American off to spend the night in jail, when a man of slight build, dressed in buckskin, stepped out of the crowd. With a deprecatory smile at the constable he put a friendly hand on Ben’s shoulder, then turned to the irate alcalde.

“This y’ar young feller don’t need to go to jail, your honor. He’s a friend of mine and I’ll answer for his appearance in court tomorrow to reply to the charges against him.” He spoke quietly with a soft southern drawl. But there was force and authority in his keen blue eyes, and indeed in his whole bearing.

The effect of this speech was remarkable. The alcalde’s wrath toward Ben was visibly mollified. A hush fell upon the crowd. After a moment’s silence the alcalde said in broken English, “Verra good, Meester Carson, I leave heem in your hands. I hear the case ten o’clock tomorrow morning.” With a deep bow he stalked majestically away.

Ben hardly noticed that the constable had released him. He was staring incredulously at his rescuer. “Carson!” he stuttered, “Kit Carson?”

“At your service!” The sensitive mouth under the blond mustache smiled at him, but the blue eyes regarded him soberly.

“I’ve heard so much of you,” said Ben, “even back East in Philadelphia!” He gazed with reverence at the famous scout and pathfinder.

The music blared out again. The dance manager clapped his hands and tried to whip up the dancers to their old enthusiasm, but only a few responded. Already many had left. Ordinarily after the canastita de flores, the belle of the evening enjoyed her triumph by being led by the governor in a grand march. But at the very beginning of the quarrel between Ben and the young Don, Anne had been whisked out of the crowd and taken home immediately by the horrified Señora Ramirez. La mujer bella having departed, the fiesta broke up. Even the musicians played half heartedly.

Ben, walking through the thinning crowd with his new friend and benefactor, wondered ruefully what Anne was feeling now. Would she ever forgive him for making her the subject of a ballroom brawl?

“I’m afraid I’m an awful fool, sir,” he remarked dejectedly.

“Wall,” drawled Kit Carson, “the next time you use one of those fists on one of these Mexican caballeros, don’t pick one of the Bonilla clan! They’re the most influential folks hereabouts.”

“He was a cad, sir. He played a foul trick!”
“Yes, and would have played a fouler. Don’t you know that all these Mexicans carry knives? And use them?”

“What made you take up for me, a complete stranger, a nobody?”

“That’s why, I reckon! I like to see fair play. What chance do you reckon a nobody would have against Fernando Enrico Adolpho Rafael Bonillo? Did you happen to notice how his honor the mayor kowtowed to him?”

“How can I ever repay you for your kindness?” exclaimed Ben.

Kit Carson smiled and said gently, “I haven’t got you off yet, son. So far, I’ve only kept you out of jail for one night! Now I must find my wife and get along to our lodging. We came down from Taos for the baile and are fixin’ to stay a few days here.”

He led the way to a group of women near the door. Mrs. Carson was a Mexican woman of unusual beauty—clear olive skin, finely chiseled features, and brilliant dark eyes. She smiled at Ben and told him not to worry too much.

“My husband,” she said with charming pride, “everee bodee like!”

“I don’t wonder at that!” replied Ben warmly.

“Remember, ten o’clock tomorrow morning,” said Kit Carson in parting.

“I’ll be there, sir!” answered Ben. Thoughtfully and in a subdued frame of mind he made his way to the United States Hotel through the cool July night lighted weirdly by the lopsided half melon of a waning moon.

Meanwhile in the Casa de Ramirez Anne knelt beside her bed in an agony of humiliation and shame. Ben might have been killed because of her. Even now his life might not be safe. Señora Ramirez had hinted at the secret, dark vengeance the Bonilla family had been known to wreak upon their enemies. It was bad enough that she herself had been guilty of frivolity, but to think that by so doing she had endangered the life of one she—yes! yes! Let her say it—one she loved! And all evening long, not once had she thought of the dear ones who had perished in such a dreadful way. Her lovely, lovely Mother! Her good, kind Father, her unutterably dear little brother! Why—oh, why, had she been spared? Not, assuredly, for a life of pleasure! She thought again of the events of the evening—her lighthearted forgetfulness of everything but her own enjoyment. She recalled her delight at the compliments she had received. Men had called her beautiful and she had been filled with pride. Pride in herself, without a thought of the glory of God. What had followed was only just punishment. Oh, she had much for which to atone!

Not till the dawn laid its chill touch upon her bare feet and slim, bowed body did she creep shivering into bed. And in less than two short hours she was up again and dressed. Hastening across the patio, which was bright and beautiful as usual before her unseeing eyes, she met Ramón on his way to the diningroom.

“No breakfast, this morning, thank you, Ramón,” she said.

“But señorita!” he began.

“No, no!” she interrupted.

He bowed his head.

“I attend la señorita when she goes out,” he said; “it is Señora Ramirez’s command.”

She hurried on. She had barely reached the street when she heard her name called and turning, saw Manuel. Noticing how pale he looked with dark circles beneath his great black eyes, she exclaimed, “Manuel, why did you get up this morning?”

Manuel smiled wanly. The curvature of his spine seemed more pronounced as he came toward her, limping slightly.

“I couldn’t sleep,” he said, “for thinking of you and so I got up to come with you.”

She took his hand, and together they went into the street. Ramón following.

“Consuelo is unhappy, too. Maybe she will be at the church.”

“Why is she unhappy?” asked Anne absently. It was just here that they had met Ben on Jezebel that first morning. What a dust they had raised! Red dust—red everywhere. The very mountains, Sangre de Cristo—red like blood, the blood of Christ! Christ, who had poured out His precious blood for humanity—for sinners—for her!

“So she made her mother take her right home. She had never been so mortified before,” Manuel was saying. “She was terribly unhappy. She said she had not thought you who look so like an angel would try to steal her sweetheart from her.
She could forgive a friend anything but that, she said."

Anne stopped, frozen with horror.
"Manuel, what are you saying—what do you mean? What friend was she talking about? And who is her sweetheart?"

Manuel looked at her in astonishment.
"But surely you know—Don Fernando is her galanteador. They were to marry when the proper settlements were completed."

"Fernando—?"

"The Don who won you last night," exclaimed Manuel patiently. "It just goes to show I was right—you are even more beautiful than Consuelo! Until last night she had always been the mujer bella of every baile she ever attended. I told her you didn't mean to steal—that you—"

"Oh! Oh!" Anne was faint with the horror, the shame of it! She was even more wicked than she had thought. Not only had she endangered Ben's life—she had hurt her new friend, had brought sorrow to this lovely, happy girl! Tears filled her eyes, and ran down her cheeks.

"Manuel—Ramon! Both of you go back!

I must go to the church alone today. I don't know how long I shall stay—but I must go alone. Do you hear? Go back!" She stamped her foot at them in a kind of fury. Her shame and humiliation were like a physical pain. Alone she fled through the streets, her vision blind to the heavenly blue of the morning-glories that held the sky itself in their chalices, blind to the feathery plumes of the tamarisk tree that drooped over the garden walls, blind to the vistas of cornfield, and cottonwood, of junipers and quivering aspen that climbed the mountain slopes. Her tear-filled eyes were aware of nothing till they beheld the red spark of the sanctuary lamp that burned before the high altar.

The vertical rays of the sun pressed down on the flat roofs of the houses with such a weight of heat that it seemed as if even the two-foot thickness of the adobe walls could scarcely support it. Flies droned in the drowsy market place as the venders dozed amid their wares. House doors and windows were shut fast against the heat.
The hard bright light poured down so fiercely, so profusely, so palpably that objects at a distance seemed to be under water.

Anne, walking slowly back from the church, noticed these things. Sometimes the mountains looked near enough to reach in a very short walk. At other times, like this noon, seen through the shimmer of heat they looked remote, inaccessible. To reach them one would have to swim. Quietly she walked along, feeling spent, but at peace. Father Nolan, the priest she had consulted, had given her untold comfort. Now she would be able to sleep. She tapped softly at the puerta and Maria let her in.

The little old woman looked at her shrewdly, but said nothing. She had heard the whole story of what had happened at the baile and she divined much of what was troubling the girl. Ah well, youth must suffer. It was sad that it was so, because age brought so many more sorrows. To be gay was good, too. Young people should always be gay as well as pious. She sighed. It seemed a long time since she had felt gay. To be young—that was everything!

"El gato—your little Rosette has made friends with Diablo!" she remarked conversationally. Anne saw Rosette crouched at a little distance from the parrot's perch, her eyes fastened upon the bird in a hypnotic stare with anything but friendly intentions! Diablo was obviously disturbed and croaked and muttered, turning uneasily this way and that. "We can't have that!" said Anne. "Bad Kitty to frighten poor Diablo!" She caught up Rosette and carried her to her room. It was good to be alone except for Rosette. She was glad to be back before the others awoke from their siestas.

Lying on her bed, she pressed her fingers to her eyes. Sleep—that was what she needed now. The devout face of Father Nolan rose before her again. How good he was! How tireless! She heard again his earnest voice.

Gradually her eyelids ceased to flutter and she slept.

The gold and crimson and saffron of sunset had faded, leaving a tinge of amethyst on the mountains while soft threads of mist wove gauzy curtains over the river and acequias. And still Anne slept on. Time and time again Betsy Carr crept to her door to listen, but always she reported perfect quiet. The whole household was concerned about her.

"I would never have believed Anne could act like that, Mamma," said Manuel sorrowfully. "She cried and stamped her foot and ran up the street. Do you think she was angry with me?"

"I don't see why, dear," answered his Mother. "She was probably a bit upset by what happened at the ball."

"I'd have given my little finger—I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeves, "to have prevented that unfortunate affair."

"It's a shame," said her husband, "just as she was coming to life again after her trouble and loss. The Lord knows what this'll do to her!"

"If only," mourned Señora Ramirez, "it had been anyone but Fernando Bonillo! I am afraid there will be strained relations between myself and the Romeros as long as Anne remains here. Señor Bonillo had made overtures to Señor Romeros for the hand of Consuelo for his son Fernando. Of course what happened amounted to a public insult to Consuelo."

They were sitting in the patio longing for the coolness that was sure to come with nightfall. From the far end of the court came the faint clatter of dishes and the murmur of voices, as Ramón washed up after supper.

Suddenly Anne's door opened and she came toward them, carrying Rosette cuddled in her arms. Her face was pale but she smiled calmly at them.

"Manuel," said Señora Ramirez, "run and tell Ramon to bring Señorita Anne's supper." To Anne she said,

"You may have it right here, my dear, on this little table. I hope you got thoroughly rested."

"Yes," replied Anne, "I did, thank you." There was a gravity in her tone that caused Mr. Reeves to stir uneasily and puff fiercely at his pipe.

"Oh, Anne," shrilled Manuel racing crookedly back from the kitchen, "Have you heard what they did to Ben?"

Anne clutched Rosette so tightly that the kitten struggled from her arms.

"No!" she replied breathlessly—"tell me! What did they do to Ben?"

(To be continued)
TENNESSEE and I adopted each other years ago, but I’ve never forgotten that the first and plastic years of my life were spent in southeastern Pennsylvania, forty-five minutes from Broad Street Station in Philadelphia.

Visitors in the home never were allowed to depart without a visit to our shrine five miles away.

“You simply can’t leave until you have seen Valley Forge,” was our argument, and Old Bill was hitched to the carriage and off we drove to Valley Forge.

My first recollection of the place goes back to the times when discussion of the Sunday School picnic came up early in the summer. Not a dissenting voice was heard when Valley Forge was suggested as the place for the affair.

So, on the big day, into the hay wagons piled children, teachers, Sunday School superintendent, preacher, and many members of the congregation and jolted along to Valley Forge.

At a fork of the road on the highest hill around about, my heart always gave an extra thump at the sight below. Through the lush meadows of the Chester Valley a little creek sparkled on its way to join the Schuylkill River at Valley Forge. Beyond the meadows rose the green Valley Hills.

Down hills and up hills and down again we rumbled until we passed through a short covered bridge where the road paralleled the creek for a mile or so. No matter how thrilled I had been at the beginning of the journey this road always gave me the creeps.

The hills on both sides of the road blackened the creek that a few miles back had glistened in the meadows. It widened and deepened to a large dam in the village. Perhaps my terror was intensified by the narrowness of the road. My child mind pictured us all drowned in the black water when we were edged too close to the creek by a passing wagon.

Part of the journey’s ritual was the stop to drink from “Washington’s Spring,” a little trickle from the side of Mount Joy. I used to wonder if George Washington had drunk from the tin cup we always found chained there.

The hill on the other side of the creek was called Mount Misery. Legend had it that William Penn, in wandering about the region, found himself lost on that hill and came out of his predicament on Mount Joy. I figured he must have wandered a long way from the vicinity of Mount Joy before he found a place narrow enough and shallow enough to foot it across the creek.

After the wayside refreshment the Sunday School cavalcade rode on into the village as far as the hotel. Opposite that building was the entrance to the picnic ground exactly at the foot of a hill whose steepness was another specter in my young life. Going up was bad enough, but the descent was a horror. How the wagons did seem to push on those poor horses!

We always reached the top with most of the feet hanging over the edge of the wagons, each pair expecting to be the first to reach the ground. Anticipation has its virtues, for there was nothing to come to but a big pavilion used by the frivolous-footed of the countryside for their dances, and by Sunday Schools for spreading the feast and for shelter in case of unexpected rain. We carried our own amusements—jumping ropes, quoits, and swings, with hammocks for sleeping babies or tired men-folks.

Dutifully our teachers took us walking and showed us the “entrenchments.” To us they were just low, very low banks of earth all grass-grown. The “fort” sounded a bit more formidable, but much was left to the imagination.

The big hour of the day came when we all walked to the Headquarters. I couldn’t feel quite sure that George Washington had walked over the hills, but here in this little stone house I knew he had actually sat and planned and eaten and slept. Because they showed me his chair, his table, his bed, and
the warming pan that had made his bed comfortable on those cold winter nights of his stay at Valley Forge.

The relics and documents were always a new story, however many visits a year I made to the place.

“How many want to go down to the cave?”—now that was exciting. Just off the kitchen a flight of steps led to a little room connected with a subterranean passage to the Schuylkill River a few hundred yards away. Afraid of the dark as I was I never failed to go into the cave but close enough to the guide to grab his coat-tail in an emergency.

After a period of many years during which I thought of Valley Forge as a picnic ground hallowed by the presence of George Washington, I returned to the place. Imagine my surprise to find the one-time crudeness transformed into a park authentically historic and of unchallenged scenic beauty by a government proud of the shrine right at the frontier of liberty. Winding, well-surfaced roads, landscaped with pink mountain laurel, lead to an observatory where it is well worth the tortuous climb to look at the beauty of the brown and green patchwork spread out over the country below.

Valley Forge is still a favorite haunt for picnics and reunions, but the lines of entrenchments are well outlined, the fort is no longer something to be imagined. The little log huts of Revolutionary days are there in replica. Some of the heroes of the times have been remembered in bronze. And the forty-eight states are represented in the chapel that tops it all.

About a mile as the airplane now flies, from the home of my childhood and young ladyhood stands Waynesboro, a lovely old stone house, the home of the Waynes.

Here my great, great grandfather went courting Ann, the young and only sister of Anthony. She became my great, great grandmother.

My memory flies back to a boxwood bush beside the house. As a child I was told that Anthony, escaping on the night of the massacre of the sleeping soldiers at Paoli, made his way across the few miles to his home andhid in the boxwood bush, just missing capture by the British. I have been told that a recent biographer of the General says this is not true. Maybe not. But it made a good story for an imaginative child to think about.

Across the country three or four miles to the southeast we used to drive to a place that always made my young heart burst with an unexplainable feeling. Old St. David’s—little and dear and alive with tradition.

The elapse of time since 1715 has made no great changes in the ivy-covered brown stone church surrounded by the graves of its parishioners. From door to altar, over a flagstone floor, is but a few steps. And the altar in its simplicity and whiteness seems to me the most Christlike thing I know. Truly a place to worship in.

The choir still goes to the loft at the back of the church up the uneven stone stairway outside the building.

George Washington frequently sat among the one hundred and twenty persons the church is capable of seating. And I like to think of William and Ann, my great, great grandparents, sitting there when the General worshipped.

They were married in the little church and went to live and raise their family in the farmhouse still standing not far down the road. They now lie just inside the gate of the low stone wall separating St. David’s from the rest of the world.

In a letter to my great, great grandfather, an officer in the Revolutionary Navy, dated Legionville, December 28, 1792, the General expresses a premonition of his death. A severe illness had weakened him and he wrote:

I have very recently had a serious caution to be prepared for an awful change, and my monster still continues to visit and warn me of its approach. . . . Should I survive this attack my breast is not bullet-proof, nor can I step a single foot aside to shield it. . . •

My best—perhaps last—and kindest love to my poor old mother, sister, and friends, and believe me to be with sincere esteem,

Your affectionate humble servant,

ANTHONY WAYNE.

Just inside the hedge separating the new from the old graveyard at St. David’s a place awaits me if I desire it. I don’t know. My adopted mother has been good to me. Still I rather like to think of lying as near the entrance to the new cemetery as William and Ann are to the old.
Your Capital City—and Mine!

Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg

WHAT an April: The Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution—visit of Danish and Norwegian royalty—folk festival—garden club week—cherry blossoms—a breathtaking atmosphere!
I'll tell you about the visiting royalty later on. (Crown Prince Olav and Princess
Martha of Norway are making a far longer visit than Crown Prince Frederick and Princess Ingrid of Denmark, and Prime Minister Eamon de Valera of Ireland is also making a spring call!

Meanwhile, we have had and are having very important visitors right along. One from our sister continent has been having both a business and social whirl: His Excellency, Oswaldo Aranha, former Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, now his country’s Foreign Relations Minister. Some say his visit was of more political and economic importance than that of any of the other visitors. In his three years here he so endeared himself to everyone that the city was literally waiting with open arms for his return on this goodwill mission.

Brazil and the United States have always been great friends, for the United States was first to recognize Brazil’s independence when she broke away from Portugal more than a century ago. Brazil has never forgotten that. Indeed, during the Spanish-American War Brazil supplied three warships that fought at the Battle of Manila Bay under Admiral Dewey, and when the United States entered the World War Brazil immediately announced that she could no longer remain neutral.

But a great deal has happened since those days, and countries, like people, sometimes need to be reminded of past friendships. So Aranha was here to remind us in his inimitable way that there are two million square miles of uncultivated Brazil, an area holding untold wealth (it is the third largest country in the world), and to discuss trade agreements! Other countries are definitely courting Brazil, and have done extensive colonization. It remains to be seen how much this good-will courier accomplished!

To illustrate Aranha’s humor and aptness at learning the phraseology of our language (he spoke no English upon his arrival), I quote his remark after attending both the Democratic and Republican Conventions in 1936: “At Cleveland the Republicans promised Santa Claus to both the rich and poor, while at Philadelphia the Democrats promised Santa Claus to the poor with the rich man’s money.”

While he was here George Washington University bestowed the degree of doctor of laws upon him, in recognition of his achievements as diplomat, statesman, and supporter of Pan-American ideals.

The Secretary of the Interior, Harold Ickes, lives in an aura of publicity. Everything he does or says is apt to be featured. When, after the death of his first wife, he chose the solitude of a country place more than twenty-five miles from Washington, it caused much comment. He needed and wanted peace and quiet after working hours; so he just let folks talk. Various and garbled were the stories about the two-hundred-and-forty-acre farm he had purchased near Olney, Maryland. He named it “Headwaters Farm,” some say because there are the headwaters of Rock Creek; others contend the tributaries of this creek rise there. Montgomery County is the sixth richest county in the United States, agriculturally speaking; so this was a wise investment.

The property around the estate has been in the Cashell family for many years. Some time ago George Cashell sold several hundred acres to Mr. Leonel C. Probert, a newspaper man and president of the Press Association for several years and vice-president of three consolidated railroads. The house Mr. Probert bought with the place was an old, tumble-down affair, so he proceeded to remodel. Just as this remodeling was completed the building was destroyed by fire. Then the Proberts built a new mansion, a Southern type with large colonial pillars, called “Homeland Farms.” Mr. and Mrs. Probert lived there for about fifteen years, entering closely into the life of the community. Then quite suddenly they died, leaving no close kin; and when Mr. Ickes took possession it became evident that he had gone out that far as surcease from sociability. The old days were to be no more! Then out of the blue came one of the biggest surprises Washington has had in many a day: The Secretary had slipped away to Ireland and married a charming young American with glorious red hair.

This young woman has faced a curious Washington and made good—very good! And it has been a difficult situation. But her sweet and natural manners have made her beloved by everyone. Indeed, she has
more poise than most women twice her age 
(she is yet quite far from thirty).

The first time I had a chance to visit with 
her was at her second “At Home.” I went 
early, hoping to have opportunity for a few 
words. We might have been old friends, 
she was so gracious. A full-length char-
treuse gown with appliques of red-gold 
laurel leaves definitely brought out the gold 
in her simply-dressed hair. She was a pic-
ture! And she was greeting the endless 
chain of callers with that calm composure 
which is such a priceless asset in a hostess. 
I could hardly take my eyes off her long 
enough to ramble about the house! That, 
too, has a personality, whether created by 
the new chatelaine or by the man of the 
house. You have a feeling of roominess, 
of a chance to stretch your arms in every 
direction. Wide arches and many, big, 
deep windows with tiny panes give you an 
unobstructed view in every direction. And 
it is beautiful country, this Maryland! You 
see little artificial lakes (made by the 
Proberts for their swans), a tennis court, 
and a view that is an inspiration. Inside it 
is cozy. The drawing-room, I suppose one 
should call it, has rows of books that reach 
to the ceiling. An ingenious stepladder 
runs on a trolley, making it easy to reach 
the upper shelves.

In the back sitting-room are cubby-holes 
filled with a fascinating array of old-china 
tureens, pitchers, plates, and “what-not.” 
An enclosed sun porch runs the length of 
the back of the house, and is filled with 
comfortable swings and big “squishy” 
padded chairs. The large dining-room 
accommodated the crowd with great com-
fort, and the shining mahogany table was 
“packed” with luscious tid-bits of every sort 
and description.

I think the Secretary a very lucky man. 
And I think Jane Ickes is a very happy 
young woman.

“CHERRY BLOSSOMS” are synonymous 
with Mrs. William Howard Taft in Wash-
ington. It is wonderful that she has been able 
not only to enjoy the fruits of her vision for so 
many years and to retain her interest in life. 
One can’t think of age or years in connec-
tion with Mrs. Taft. She is always ready 
for a bridge game, a luncheon, a concert, or 
a trip; and she is reveling in having her 
son, Robert, who represents a fourth Taft 
generation in public life, back as the Junior 
Senator from Ohio. With him is his brilli-
ant wife. Everyone is enjoying having 
this likable couple back “home”; for it is 
home to both of them. As Martha Bowers, 
daughter of the Solicitor General, Lloyd 
Bowers, of the Taft administration, Mrs. 
Robert Taft was a popular member of the 
younger set, so the young people met often. 
And romance followed!

Luncheon recently with Mrs. William 
Howard Taft at her charming Wyoming 
Avenue home was a great treat. Old friends 
and new she had gathered together with as 
much enthusiasm as a novice in the life of 
Washington. And such a bountiful lun-
cheon, from egg entree on through lobster, 
squab, fresh asparagus, to red-and-white 
ice cream molds!

What of this ageless White House 
widow? She is the only woman in history 
who has been wife to both a President and 
a Chief Justice of the United States; and 
to this day the Taft administration is a 
ne’er-to-be-forgotten chapter in hospitality, 
friendliness, and elegance!

Lest you be not familiar with the cherry 
blossom story, I add it to Mrs. Taft’s laurels: 
It was her custom to ride around Potomac 
Park in what was the first White House 
automobile. She felt the park should be 
beautified in a manner similar to the shore 
line at Manila. As a result of her sugges-
tion, a bandstand was built and concerts 
given by the United States Marine Band. 
Then came the cherry tree inspiration! She 
suggested planting ordinary cherry trees 
around the basin. Word of this reached 
the ear of the Japanese Ambassador, who 
succeeded in having the City of Tokio pre-
sent them as a gift to the United States. 
In March, 1912, Mrs. Taft planted the 
first tree and the wife of the Japanese Am-
bassador the second, near the John Paul 
Jones statue in West Potomac Park. These 
trees are marked by bronze tablets. In 
all, three thousand Japanese cherry trees 
were planted, of both the single and double 
varieties. The city of Washington has 
ever had a more potent drawing card than 
these trees, which bloom in late March or 
early April.

And no woman can ever have a more 
beautiful memorial!
MRS. FELIX FRANKFURTER, WIFE OF THE NEWLY-APPOINTED ASSOCIATE JUSTICE FRANKFURTER OF THE SUPREME COURT

MRS. FRANKFURTER is the daughter of a Congregational minister, Reverend Mark Denman, who with Mrs. Denman lives in California. Their original home was at Longmeadow, Rhode Island; so Mrs. Frankfurter has a New England background. Brilliant in college, she was graduated at Smith with Phi Beta Kappa honors. Besides her scholastic attainments, she was interested in the school activities—president of her junior year class and president of student government another year. After being graduated, she took a secretarial position at the Spence School in New York City. During the war she was active in Red Cross and training camp activities. In line with these interests she came to Washington, where she met her future husband. It seems fitting they should have been married by the late Justice Cardozo.

The Cambridge home of the Frankfurters, with its scholastic atmosphere, must be in great contrast to hectic Washington. Here they cannot avoid the limelight. They have been the cynosure of all eyes since Justice Frankfurter's appointment to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Cardozo. This interesting couple made their social "debut" at the annual state dinner at the White House in honor of the Supreme Court members.

Mrs. Frankfurter is the "tailored type." Quiet and unassuming in manner, she is self-contained. Undoubtedly she will fit into the Washington picture with ease.
The city of Washington and its vicinity seems to have been undergoing a housecleaning, historically speaking. In Alexandria there is an undertaking to preserve the hundred-and-fifty-year-old apothecary shop that was patronized by Washington and other first families of the day. It is the oldest in Virginia and the second oldest in the United States. One family, the Leadbeaters, were the proprietors through five generations. The end came in 1935, when it was sold at auction. Not until then did those interested in preservation of historic spots realize what was happening. Among others, the Pharmaceutical Society came to the rescue. Great effort has been made to find the old fixtures and as much of the original equipment as possible. Even the hundred-year-old clock at the front is to be restored. It is hoped it can be opened to the public as an authentic museum of early American pharmacy.

"Tell me, how did these precious documents ever happen to be unearthed?" I asked Mr. Harry Newlin Megill, the able Assistant Enrolling Clerk of the House of Representatives. I was interested in finding out why, after a hundred and fifty years of oblivion, the old Federal documents, now causing such furor, had suddenly come to light.

"Well, it's all because of the new air-conditioning system," he said.

Mr. Megill had started at the Capitol as page, and, like all boys, was filled with curiosity about the ins and outs of the place. After hours the pages would creep under the tunnels that led into the open—passages that had been built in the early days to bring fresh air into the Capitol. Curiosity increased with young Megill's years, and he became interested in straightening out the files. With this developed an appreciation of the documents involved. He did his work so well he has remained a valued employee for fourteen years.

When the engineers began installing the air-conditioning system they had to pry into every nook and cranny of the Capitol. When they came across bundles of papers, these were tossed from one corner to another.

These records were found, for the most part, in a forgotten room under the Capitol dome; others in the basement, in satchels, boxes, and mail sacks. Most of them, fortunately, were wrapped in heavy brown paper, and all were tied with the proverbial red tape. The amazing thing is they are remarkably well preserved; in fact, the oldest papers are in the best state of preservation, because they were written in longhand on rag paper.

When Mr. Magill discovered what "a mess" the air-conditioning workmen were making of the old files he called the attention of the Clerk of the House, Mr. South Trimble, and the Speaker, Mr. Bankhead, to the situation. They assigned him a corps of workers who, under his supervision, have brought order out of chaos, and saved for the government thousands of valuable papers thought lost or burned. It was a dusty, tedious job—cleaning, filing and indexing—a job which took over a year and a half to complete.

1,835 boxes have been transferred to the Library of Congress, where most of the documents will be stored in the new air-conditioned annex. They will be available to members of the Congress and to students and scholars. They are listed according to date, with an index giving the engrossed bills, followed by a list of the manuscripts. Included are records from the first to the sixth Congress, which had been "lost" all these years.

Amazing documents have come to light, some of great historic value. Particularly interesting are the laws enacted by the first Congress, opening in New York on March 4, 1789, with eleven States, representing...
about three million people. This was when the United States was still a government only on paper, without a president or legislative and judiciary branches. Twenty-seven days elapsed before a quorum could be secured, and Washington was not inaugurated until April. It was this group who fixed the seat of government first at Philadelphia and later ordered it moved to a spot “near Georgetown.”

One of the most interesting of the “finds” is the House bill, in longhand, declaring that a state of war existed in 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, including Ireland and her dependencies.

More documents: A proposal by the House to give a Nicholas Roosevelt and associates the right to open and operate any and all metal and mining mines in the United States; a request, in his handwriting, by Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, for a House investigation of his conduct in office in 1793; lists of Revolutionary soldiers and detailed accounts of the fate of officers and men in the army at that time; the resolution of Congress accepting ten square miles in the State of Pennsylvania for the Federal District (a resolution that failed because of a House amendment); the first reports of the attorney general, Edmund Randolph (whose report covers eighty-seven pages in longhand), the comptroller, and the secretary of the treasury (these uncovered information that a few months ago was sought in vain); an account of the expenses of the Government in 1789, totaling $596,101, including pensions (contrast that with 1937, when it was nine billions); a report of the foreign debt of 1784, totaling $10,070,307 (now it has passed forty billions); a bill showing that the second session of the first Congress passed the first apportionment act allowing one representative for every 30,000 people (it’s difficult to realize that in the years between 1789-1803 there were scarcely more than a hundred members in Congress).

The oldest paper found was a commission issued to a Benjamin Winchel as sergeant in the fourth regiment of the Colony of Connecticut for service in invading Canada in 1758. Fifty years later his son presented this document as a basis for claims from the Government (it should be added that neither he nor his descendants received anything).

These documents cover most of the important affairs of the first ten Congresses. The Annals, which correspond to the Congressional Record of today, tell a continuous story through to the sixtieth Congress.

As a result of the publicity in connection with the finding of these documents, a story has come to light in connection with a loan of $450,000 made to the Continental Congress in 1777 for the use of Washington’s army at Valley Forge. Descendants of the original Jacob De Haven’s family have been attempting to collect this loan ever since the Revolutionary War ended. It seems Jacob refused to accept script in payment at the time, and so the matter was never settled. He is buried in the old Swede’s burial ground near Swedeland, Pennsylvania, but not even a headstone marks his grave. The claim has again been revived, and the heirs say the Government owes more than $4,000,000 in principal and interest.

The story of how these papers were saved in the first place is a thrilling tale. It centers about the session of Congress that declared war with Great Britain in 1812 and is told in the Annals of the thirteenth Congress. S. Burch and J. T. Frost, assistant clerks of the House, were furloughed from military duty to rescue the records, because of the illness of the clerk of the house, Patrick Magruder. A horse and wagon would have made it possible for them to rescue everything, but none could be commandeered because everyone was busy getting his possessions to a place of safety.
Finally they located an ox team at the farm of John Wilson, six miles from town. On August 22, two days before the Battle of Bladensburg, they started to move the congressional records “to a safe and secret place nine miles out of Washington.” They worked day and night, even while the battle was raging, until most of the records were removed. Only those of the Ways and Means Committee and some docket books were taken to General Washington’s house, which later was burned. Unfortunately, “The Secret Journal of Congress” was in a locked room to which they did not have access. Private papers and petitions previous to 1789 had to be left behind. But, according to their account, they felt they had saved the most important papers; and recent discoveries prove they were right.

With Congress meeting in joint session to celebrate its hundred and fiftieth anniversary on March 4, it was fitting to exhibit the historical documents of those early days. Speaker Bankhead, forty-first in line of House descent from Frederick A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania, first Speaker of the House, spoke for the House; Senator Key Pittman, president pro tempore of the Senate, spoke for the Senate. Both President Roosevelt and Chief Justice Hughes participated in the celebration.

It was a soul satisfying experience to see those old documents; and I’ve just had another. It took me back to the bicentennial exhibit of the portraits of our Founding Fathers, a privilege we shared last year. I was fortunate in enjoying a “personally conducted” tour under the guidance of the Regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies’ Association, Mrs. Horace Mann Towner, the sixth since the days of the far-visioned Ann Pamela Cunningham, the founder (1853). This selfless group of women, who organized the first women’s patriotic association for the purpose of preserving the home of the Father of Our Country, have given of their time and energies without remuneration. Now they are giving the public opportunity to see a side of George Washington seldom, if ever, really publicized.

He, like most of us, had his hobbies; and “collecting” in his day was difficult. But at Mount Vernon is a collection of rare old prints, painstakingly accumulated by him in the midst of his manifold responsibilities. Practically all of them were ordered through his agent in London, John Boydell, a famous English engraver and publisher who later became Lord Mayor of London. These forty prints, many of which are originals, have been assembled and strikingly mounted in the old west quarters at Mount Vernon. They reveal much as to the character and interests of the man—his patriotism, his love for his fellowmen, his love of the great outdoors.

A strikingly massive, pictorial group, “The Victories of Alexander the Great,” engraved by Pieter van Gunst after the painting by Le Brun in the Louvre, had a place of importance in the mansion. The group will be rehung after the exhibit in the same niches; for, among other priceless documents, the association has the original inventory made after the General’s death, showing the exact location of each picture. “The Siege and Defense of Gibraltar,” engraved by Fittler, who reproduced the paintings of Paton, one of the greatest painters of sea fights of all time, is particularly timely. Unbelievably realistic is the “Death of Wolfe” by Woollett. The print that held me most was “The Dead Soldier,” tragic and beautiful, engraved by John Heath after a painting by Joseph Wright.

In a lighter vein are a series of hunting prints typical of England and Virginia. What a lesson to us today! The great and busy man felt the need of cultural belongings. And to have collected so well! All proof of his motto: “For it is a fixed principle with me that whatever is done should be well done,” a motto that the Mount Vernon Ladies’ Association has followed through the years.

Thank you, Mrs. Towner!
We are resuming our presentation of old correspondence this month, since the publication of the following letter seems so singularly appropriate for the month which marks the anniversary of Lincoln’s death (April 14, 1865).

To the one I admire

My dear Hannah

I have attempted to write to you three times but have exhausted my brains before I finished.

This last week I felt so sad that I did not do much of anything. The whole city was draped in mourning and everybody seemed sad.

We like our appointment very well. The house is too small. Pop says we will move as soon as the trustees get a house nearer the church. The members are very sociable. One said, “After you are here six months you will say, ‘let me live and die in Kensington.’” I won’t say it very soon.

Our church is draped in mourning.

We went with Pop to see the Procession. He took us to a church the corner of Walnut and Twentieth Streets. We had a splendid view. I did not care so much for the Procession. I wanted to see the hearse and coffin. It was a grand one but not near as long as I expected it would be. This morning we went to see him. (Abraham Lincoln.) After waiting three hours in a crowd we reached the line of guards around the State House and were pressed under a rope that extended across the street. There we had to wait ten minutes until we got to the steps. I felt as though I had been transported from an oven to a grave for I could scarcely breathe. His face was like marble and he looked like his picture that was taken before he was inaugurated. The guards would not let you stop one second, all the way from the curbstone into the hall. The people had to pass through two rows of policemen who arrested fifteen pickpockets this forenoon from the Delaware River to the Schuylkill. Chestnut Street is packed and crowded. Six women fainted at one time. It is well that I am not of a fainting disposition or I surely would have been added to the number. Two fell down and the people said one broke her nose. I was well protected. Two gentlemen I did not know, whenever there was a rush, one would clasp me tightly and keep me from being crushed. Ladies were in great demand. The men became so rough that the police would not allow a gentleman to come under the rope unless he had a lady, so that many a “poor lone woman” was provided for, that in other times might search for a beau.

Excuse all mistakes for you must remember I had a long walk and had to stand three hours and am rather excited.

I do not write letters on Sunday as a general thing but I thought there was no harm in writing to you.

How soon may we expect a visit from you and Mollie?

A member of this church said that when strange ministers visit Siloam church they say they never saw a finer and prettier set of ladies. I want you to come and stay over Sunday and give your opinion on the subject.

Your affectionate friend

Harriet of old.

1305 Marlborough Street,
Kensington, Phila.

Contributed by Mrs. Charlotte C. Kilpatrick of Norristown, Pennsylvania.
LYING at anchor within the protecting arm of the government breakwater near the entrance to the Los Angeles-Long Beach harbor there can be seen, at almost any season of the year, many vessels of the United States Fleet. Between cruises they return to the southern ports of the Pacific Coast for a short sojourn.

People who live near the seacoast in California have grown accustomed to sight of the gray silhouettes of battleships against the skyline. They may stop to gaze long enough to remark "How beautiful they are!" if sunlight striking polished brass aboard ship sends lambent rays across intervening sea. Or with a cursory "The fleet's in!" the landsman may hurry on his way, remembering only that there will be shore leave for service men, the streets will be thronged with sailors, and for a while business will be better.

But to most of them the fleet has become a part of the scenery, and like all things grown familiar has fallen into the ranks of the commonplace. It is taken for granted as a necessary part of the functions of government, but remains outside the pale of ordinary experience. The Navy is even more mysterious to people who live far from the sea. To them the sight of a warship is a rarity, and they know little if anything of the organization of which these "men o' war" form a part.

Indeed, viewed from the shore, the cold, gray exteriors of these silent guardians of the coast give slight indication to the lands-
man of the gigantic structure maintained by the nation for defense at sea, a defense which will be needed as long as nations retain the impulse to tear each other limb from limb at the slightest provocation.

The United States Fleet comprises five divisions: The Battle Force, consisting of battleships, light cruisers, destroyers assigned to that force, aircraft, and carriers; the Scouting Force, composed of heavy cruisers, patrol squadrons (planes), and aircraft tenders (seagoing tugs); the Submarine Force, made up of tenders and submarines; the Base Force, consisting of train ships (vessels carrying supplies); and the Training Detachment, which includes the battleships Texas, Arkansas, and New York, the training ship Wyoming, and a destroyer squadron. Differing only in size and weight of vessels, the five divisions are identical in matters of training, rank, quarters, and other details.

With the exception of the Training Detachment, which is stationed in the Atlantic, the fleet remains in Pacific waters. The destroyers of the Training Detachment carry the midshipmen, or students of the Naval Academy, on their cruises during the summer. At other times they are assigned to the Naval Reserves for their cruises. The remaining four divisions of the fleet, totaling more than two hundred ships and manned by 75,000 officers and seamen, are permanently stationed in the Pacific.

Submarines and their tenders are distributed variously, but the majority are divided between the two bases at Pearl Harbor and San Diego. Battleships and cruisers have definite periods for cruises, battle practice, and for anchoring at various Pacific coast ports. When "the fleet's in" civilians have their only contact with men of the Navy. Merchants vie for the favor of Navy trade, for during their stay on shore the men are liberal spenders. Society is intrigued by the glamor of the uniform and gold braid and bids lavishly for entertainment of ships' officers. On every hand a welcome is extended to Uncle Sam's men of the service.

And these 75,000 men, to whom the ships are home—what of their lives, habits, and opportunities? Are they supported in idleness, as some believe, or are they occupied with a busy routine? Are discipline and service incidental to life aboard ship, or do they permeate a system established for the service man's training? An apt characterization of Navy life has been expressed by Admiral Scofield, formerly in command of the United States Fleet. "The Navy," he said, "is like a football team, constantly training for an unexpected game that may be called at any time."

On board one of Uncle Sam's great battleships a normal day begins at six-thirty in the morning and ends at nine at night. All men are not on duty all these hours; but their duties overlap, as do hours of service. The Navy never sleeps, and always there must be men on watch.

When in port the ordinary duties of drill and training fill the hours from eight to four-thirty. But it is when at sea that the real life of the Navy is at its peak. Tactics and maneuvers are held at assigned intervals during the year, in daylight periods and at night. The night period may end at any time between nine-thirty and one a.m., depending upon the problem being executed. Besides this there is the yearly night target practice, which may end at ten o'clock or continue until two in the morning. Its time and duration are regulated by weather conditions and the absence of merchant vessels from the sea lanes in the fighting area.

Landsmen are occasionally apprised of the Navy's night target practice by quaking of houses and rattle of windows and doors. It is difficult to realize that the firing is always carried on thirty or more miles out at sea. A tremor, a few objects may shake and rattle; then all is calm. But the repetition, which may occur at varying intervals, is subconsciously awaited.

Target practice, drill, and maneuvers—all these are but a portion of the labor of the men in the Navy: of the officers in command, especially. The problem of navigation is a continual one. It is no unusual thing for an admiral or commander to spend twenty hours a day in active duty for days at a stretch, and to be called during the other four. Life in the Navy is not the roseate one of leisured enjoyment which many picture it to be.

Three great problems confront those in charge of the country's naval forces: First, maintenance of the fleet in an efficient condition as an element of national defense.
Second, and coincident thereto, the educational and character building program for the enlisted men and training of new men to replace those whose enlistments expire. Third, securing at least a little home life for the men, and the concomitant problem of rearing and educating their children.

Everything is done for the enlisted man, to advance him both mentally and physically. There are about fifty training courses open to men in the service. The courses cover practically every branch of human interest which would normally prevail in a town of twelve hundred inhabitants. They
range from stenography to blacksmithing, from cooking and baking to accounting, and from music to radio-electricity. In addition, there are special training schools, such as a school for radio operators at Bellevue, Washington, a cooking and baking school at Hampton Roads, Virginia, machinists' schools at various navy yards, and Naval Academy preparatory schools for enlisted men at San Diego and Hampton Roads.

Each ship is a community within itself, and when at sea must be prepared to carry on every activity of human endeavor by the labor of its own crew. For this reason many activities find a place on vessels of the United States Fleet which may seem foreign to military training; but they form a definite and integral part of the daily calendar of enlisted men. For instance, many vessels of the fleet print their own daily paper while at sea, receiving news of world events via radio. A regularly organized Navy moving-picture exchange acts as a distributing agency for supplying pictures to the various ships of the fleet, together with carefully selected programs of entertainment.

Athletics play a large part in the lives of enlisted men. The schedule maintained by the Navy is of the same type and general procedure for crews as that maintained by a college or university. The activities covered by the athletic schedule include boxing, baseball, football, rowing, track, in fact, all the major sports their brothers on land enjoy. Athletic activities stimulate wholesome rivalry, and counteract undesirable conditions into which men, placed in each other's company in relatively close quarters for long periods of time, might otherwise drift.

Some of the outstanding figures of our national life, in its many avenues, have been men who received their early training in the United States Navy. In its ranks have been developed men who became leaders in science, invention, the arts, and literature; men who, upon leaving the service, have stepped into positions of great honor and who have achieved distinction in civil life. These are men who availed themselves of the opportunities afforded them, while in the service, for study and specialized training. Enlisted men are encouraged in all their efforts at advancement, not only through the special classes and the training schools but in many other ways. Men who enlist in the regular service with desire to enter the Naval Academy receive special attention from young officers who, lately graduated from Annapolis, can be helpful in preparing them for entrance examinations. Those who intend to enter civil life after enlistment expires are given every opportunity to improve their natural talents; for, while the Navy is primarily an organization for defense purposes, the Government is not merely building a machine. It is more concerned with building men.

Contests between various ships of the fleet are not limited to athletic events. They are conducted in matters of ship management, financing, and gunnery. Each ship operates on an independent budget. Its departments—engineering, gunnery, repair, provisions and supplies, medical, navigating, and others—are each under the command of an officer of senior rank. He and his group of subordinates are charged with administration of that department and execution of the work for which it was created. The department is placed upon an allowance from the ship's budget, and is held to strict accounting for all expenditures. Under no circumstance is it permitted to exceed its allotment. This has led to keen competition between ships. Nor is the rivalry limited to the matter of expenditures. Comparative records are kept on each ship, of every detail of the men's lives, from the number of hospital cases per ship to the number of miles a vessel can make on a cruise on a fixed number of gallons of fuel oil and the number of shots per gun per minute made by its battery. The system of competition eliminates waste and secures efficiency throughout all departments.

From July first until September first the entire fleet is engaged in maneuvers and gunnery practice. After a short period for overhaul at the yards, there are tactical maneuvers in the San Pedro-San Diego area opposite the coast of southern California. During December the ships come into port for their holiday routine, giving the men what is known as their "leave, liberty, and recreation period."

Shore leave is assigned, and while the ships lie at anchor visits by the public are permitted. Many small craft in the harbors of the Pacific coast, especially at Long
Beach, California, reap a harvest during the visits of the fleet, ferrying passengers to the battleships in the outer harbor.

Local tactical maneuvers in the San Pedro-San Diego area begin again in February and last until July. During this period occurs the big fleet problem, as it is known in the Navy. The fleet is divided into two sections and war begins between the "Black and White Fleet," or the "Blue and Black Fleet," or other color designation. These fleets engage in sham battle, which lasts from the last of March until the first of May. It may include a visit to Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands. A major engagement, scientifically planned, means a technical defeat for one of these fleets and a technical victory for the other.

Port cities of the west coast are assigned battleships, to be stationed in their harbors, or offshore if there is not a good harbor, on all holidays that are nationally celebrated. An annual visit of the fleet to San Francisco is an established custom, with two weeks' shore leave to the men for recreation or visiting. Because climatic and current conditions make the San Pedro-San Diego area available for maneuver and practice the greatest number of days in the year, this section is the favorite operating base of the United States Fleet. The twin port of Los Angeles-Long Beach has vied with San Diego for many years for the favor of the Navy. Of late years the Navy Department has allocated the larger vessels to the Los Angeles-Long Beach harbor. The smaller vessels, such as destroyers, submarines, and heavy cruisers of the scouting force, are based at San Diego. Four aircraft carriers, the Saratoga, Lexington, Ranger, and Langley, operate between San Pedro and San Diego when their men and planes are on sea duty. Routine training, gunnery, air craft, and tactical training are given at North Island, Pearl Harbor, Coco Solo, and Norfolk. A new naval air base is to be built at Alameda, California. Many additional air bases are maintained throughout the United States for the Naval Reserves.

Between maneuvers, extended cruises carry portions of the fleet into foreign waters. Contacts with foreign people enable enlisted men to study the customs, language, geography, and government of many lands—an opportunity unequalled by any other educational program.

Men of the fleet also see history in the making, for the United States Navy is a constant participant in epochal events through-
out the world. It is a matter of constant surprise to lay citizens that, no matter in what part of the world an uprising breaks out, even in remote countries, United States Marines are always on hand to protect American lives and property. But this is not as strange as it may seem, and is easily accounted for. Whenever the “eyes of the Navy,” the Diplomatic Service, reports conditions or events of such a nature as might lead to dangerous situations, a portion of the fleet is dispatched for a cruise in near-by waters. Later, if difficulty arises and circumstances warrant, the Marines, which are the land force of the fleet, are ready for immediate service. They may be supplemented by sailors, but only in extreme cases, for the duty of the latter is aboard ship.

Wherever trouble exists or is fomenting American destroyers act in the capacity of patrols, ready for protection, on land, of this country’s citizens and their interests. Good-will cruises into foreign waters are sometimes made at the invitation of foreign governments at times of special celebrations, such as the cruise to Australia made in January and February by four vessels of the fleet as a courtesy visit upon the occasion of the Sydney Sesquicentennial, commemorating the 150th anniversary of the settling of Australia.

The personnel of the Navy includes men of higher caliber than ever before in the history of the Nation. Among its enlisted men, a great proportion are high school graduates, and many have college degrees. Its officers, selected with regard to qualities of leadership as well as integrity and scholastic ability, reflect the honor and dignity of our National Government.

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**The Shipbuilder**

BLANCHE MARCHANT STEVENSON

*My great-grandfather built swift, timbered ships,*  
*And sailed to far, exotic seas;*  
*He knew strange waters and their stranger ports*  
*From Cadiz, east to Celebes.*

*And now my son, a sturdy lad,*  
*Who never saw a ship at sea,*  
*With tools and length of board, is fashioning*  
*A boat of grace and symmetry.*

*I watch his skill, and ponder how a child*  
*Born in an arid, prairie land,*  
*Can shape the curve of prow and keel. Perhaps*  
*The old shipbuilder guides his hand.*
The Spirit of the Hand-made

X. Ships and Ship Models

CAPTAIN HARRY A. BALDRIDGE
U. S. Navy (Retired)

The Rogers collection of ship models at the United States Naval Academy was the bequest of the late Colonel Henry Huddleston Rogers, Jr., of New York. At the time of his death, in 1935, it was the greatest private collection of its kind in the world.

The collection contains a number of original English admiralty scale models of the seventeenth century constructed in royal dockyards—dating from the time of Oliver Cromwell through the reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Queen Anne, and those of the Georges. It thus affords a
complete chapter of the history of naval architecture of those times, and is unique in that the student can visualize the records and actually see the complete ships, which afford a three-dimension record of the past as do none of the two-dimension records of the arts and crafts, such as plans, sketches, engravings, and paintings. Even sculpture is not always to scale. The craftsmanship displayed by the skilled modelmakers in the wooden-hull construction and the beautiful ornamentation (the gay parti-colored paintings and carvings) on sides, bows, stern, and quarter galleries by contemporary artists are of the highest order. These models are now considered works of art as well as records of ship construction, and as much a delight to the eye as other works of art, and to be enjoyed accordingly.

By an admiralty model is meant a model built absolutely to scale—hull, guns, masts, spars, decks, compartments, etc., in a government dockyard. Generally it sufficed to leave off the rigging, but the planking of the decks and the underwater section of the hull were omitted so that members of the admiralty board might inspect the details of construction and choose "the next year's
building program.” In those days there were no detailed plans and blueprints from which a large ship could be built, so the ship was constructed in the dockyard from the model by skilled carpenters and shipwrights, predecessors of our modern naval architects.

The Rogers collection has one French ad-
miralty model, and there are several reproductions of other nationalities, one being a Dutch royal yacht, a type of naval craft introduced in the seventeenth century by Holland. The collection has fifteen English admiralty models, twelve being from the famous collection formed by Sir Charles Sergison. Sir Charles’ ship models were kept intact at his estate, Cuckfield Park (in Surrey, near London), for two hundred and twenty-five years. Sir Charles succeeded Samuel Pepys (the diarist) at the Navy Office in 1689 and remained there until 1718; he formed his collection, according to tradition, in the same manner as did Pepys, by taking the models home (“perquisites” of the office) when they had served their purpose at the Navy Office (not considered a venal offense according to the standards of the times). Tradition says, also, that it was not unlikely that, when a model was added to his collection, Sergison wrote to an official at one of the royal dockyards or naval depots and requested a glass exhibit case for it; hence the “antiques,” types to be discussed later known as “Queen Anne” and “William and Mary.”

Sergison and his predecessor Pepys were members of the navy board (as it was called), and, though civilian members, had equal voting power with “Their Lordships Commissioners of the Admiralty.” Pepys obtained his position at the Navy Office at the time of the Restoration (1660) through political influence of his cousin, the first Earl of Sandwich. Pepys began his famous diary the same year and remained in office until 1689. As the position held by Pepys and Sergison (called by the odd name “Clerk of the Acts”) largely controlled the navy’s purse strings, and awarded its contracts, the two became powerful administrators. The fact that they remained continually at the Navy Office, while the naval memberships of the navy board were continually changing as the admirals went to sea, but added to their power. Both were able and jealously guarded the king’s interests, and the royal navy had (and has) much to thank them for—the many reforms they introduced between 1660 and 1718. The third book of a four-volume biography by Arthur Bryant has just come from Cambridge University Press (“Samuel Pepys; The Saviour of the Navy”), and it deals with the diarist as a naval administrator.

A number of years ago, their interests having waned, the female heirs of the Sergison estate decided to dispose of the ship models (the male line had died out, as it has in so many distinguished families). The late Colonel Rogers purchased the most valuable and representative of them, together with some of the contemporary glass exhibit cases. There were heart burnings in England when it became known these had left the other side of the Atlantic, probably forever.

The other models are of British, French, Dutch, Spanish, German, and American nationalities and include every type, from the sailing ship to those propelled by oil-burning Diesel engines. Altogether there are one hundred eight ship models in the collection and seventy-two glass exhibit cases. The models range in length from six inches to six feet, and in height from a few inches to eight feet for the largest with masts and sails. As some of them are delicately rigged and nearly three centuries old, it was quite a problem to safely transport them to Annapolis.

In addition to being valuable from historical and artistic viewpoints, the collection has a large monetary value from the collector’s point of view. When received by the Navy it was modestly insured for nearly $300,000, the executors feeling that the collection was fairly free of ordinary risks, as it was housed in a specially designed museum room which the Colonel had added to his home, “The Port of Missing Men,” five miles out of Southampton. Congress had appropriated $5,000 for transportation expenses to the Naval Academy, but no private company competent to do this kind of work bid within the limit (some bids ran as high as $13,500). It is a long story, a bit technical, and need not be told here. In
the end the Navy did the job with the assistance of the best expert advice; and the collection was delivered to Annapolis for less than $2,700, and no damage occurred.

Many of the glass exhibit cases are modern reproductions of Chippendales and Sheratons, but there are ten seventeenth-century cases, eight known as “William and Mary” (circa 1692) and two as “Queen Anne” (circa 1700). These antique cases, together with some of the contemporary ship models, were loaned sixteen years ago to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art and were on exhibition for nearly a year. One guess as to their value is as good as another.

These seventeenth-century cases have hand-beveled Vauxhall glass. On most of them the walnut veneer on the carcasse of oak is in a very good state of preservation, and there is very little restoration apparent. The turning of the legs on the stands of the “William and Mary” cabinets is excellent and worthy of notice; the “Queen Anne” cases are of the fashionable double hood type, similar in some respects to those made in Holland about this time to house oriental curios and works of art Dutch ships brought back from the East Indies.

There is one case of another type which has not been identified, but the peculiar blue tints and imperfections of its wavy glass date it as late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

The collection also has one original Chippendale stand and case which housed the ship model of H.M.S. Queen Charlotte when the Colonel purchased it from the collection of J. Seymour Lucas (Royal Academy). The Queen Charlotte was the flagship of Admiral Lord Howe at the Battle of “The Glorious First of June” (1794). In the opposing French fleet was a ship named Revolutionaire, a model of which is also in the Rogers collection.

In addition to the Queen Charlotte there are four other ship models, formerly owned by Seymour Lucas, two of which (possibly three) were owned by the first Earl of Sand-

wich. One of these is the admiralty model of a ship named for one of the natural sons of Charles II by Barbara Villiers. Most of the natural sons of this monarch were made dukes, and there was considerable rivalry between Barbara and Louise as to the “precedence” of their respective duke sons. Even Nell Gwyn’s son was made Duke of St. Albans by his royal father. As these ladies had their sister counterparts (and brother ones, too) at the courts of Europe and exercised tremendous political and religious power at the European capitals, they are persons of historical interest whose positions affected civilization.

With respect to the seventeenth-century glass exhibit cases, tradition says that it is probable that some of the Dutch artisans who followed in the train of the Prince of Orange, and who were put to work in the royal dockyards, exercised their craftsmanship on them, as there is evidence of Dutch style and technique. The prince referred to was the King of England, known as William III, who with Mary II “ruled jointly” (1689-1702) as William and Mary. It might be well to point out that one of the most valuable and largest of the ship models (fully rigged with the exception of sails) is that of H.M.S. St. George. It is an exquisitely executed piece of work. In addition to the beautifully carved and gilded double figurehead representing St. George and the Dragon, it displays certain ciphers. On one of its stern galleries is carved the gilded cipher composed of the letters “W R” (William Rex); and similarly, but carved twice—on each side of one of the quarter galleries—is the cipher “A R” (Anna Regina). The omission of the letter “M” from these ciphers fixes the date of the model as subsequent to the death of Mary (1694). The date of the ship of which this is the model is 1701. It seems probable, therefore, that the cipher “A R” was added at the time Princess Anne began her “most glorious reign in English history” (1702-1714). As she was succeeded by the first of the Georges, it is proper to state that the Rogers collection has an original admiralty
ship model, formerly in the Sergison collection, named The Twenty-Gun Frigate of George I. There are two others of the admiralty type with royal names—the Royal William (built 1682; rebuilt 1692 and 1719), probably the most valuable in the collection, whose beauty defies description; and the Royal George of 1715, believed to have been the property of the Third Earl of Sandwich.

There are no readers who are better qualified, both by background and historical association, than Daughters of the American Revolution to understand the significance and history of these “little ships” on which Colonel Rogers spent so much time and money. Those models of the seventeenth century, and of the greater portion of the eighteenth century, we are as much concerned with from a sentimental point of view as are the British, for our ancestors were then good and loyal English subjects; while those models of the next fifty years cover the period of our history of which the Magazine readers are well informed.

The collection contains the model of the fast-sailing, 14-gun brig, the privateer Fair American, of the State Navy of South Carolina. She was in company with the Randolph (Captain Nicholas Biddle) when that vessel was blown up with the loss of all hands, in action (March 7, 1778) with the 64-gun frigate H.M.S. Yarmouth. Only four seamen were saved, picked up several days later clinging to débris. One of these, John Mayrant, later distinguished himself as an officer with John Paul Jones when boarding the enemy vessel in the engagement between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. Mayrant was wounded many times about the head, but he didn’t cease fighting until victory was assured.

And we have in the collection the model of the victor of our ill-fated Chesapeake, of the War of 1812, upon whose decks dying James Lawrence uttered the immortal words, “Don’t give up the ship.” The model of H.M.S. Shannon was purchased from the family of her captain (Sir Philip Broke), in whose possession it had been for over a century. This model is in Memorial Hall at the Naval Academy, and in the same room with the original battle flag flown by Oliver Hazard Perry from his flagship Lawrence at the Battle of Lake Erie. This flag has Lawrence’s dying words sewn upon its blue field in irregular white letters two feet high. Perry flew it as an inspiration to his command upon going into the battle, which was fought only ninety-one days after the Chesapeake had been captured off Boston (June 1, 1813).

The Rogers models are representative of the period from the middle 1660’s to the Revolution and to the War of 1812. The brilliant engagements of our Navy during the War of 1812 definitely proved the stability of our form of government—an uncertainty till then. There is no cross-section of our people who know better the debt of gratitude we owe the heroes of our infant Navy—Jones, Barry, Preble, Rodgers, Decatur, MacDonough, Perry, Bainbridge, Lawrence, Hull, Stewart, and others—than does the membership of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I have sketched, from its artistic and historical viewpoint, the story of ships and ship models as exemplified by the Rogers collection. But there is a deeper significance: An emotional and religious symbolism of man’s emergence from the uncivilized stage to the present day that is associated with ships and ship models which has not been generally recognized and appreciated; it is for the most part quite unrevealed.

We feel the romance and adventure inherent in the human race which the sea and ships inspire. We thrill at the sight of a ship. Man’s religious instinct has made it seem that the sea and the ship were jointly symbolic of life itself—and it was natural that the “little ship” or ship model should have been associated with death and the life beyond. We find that votive or “church” ship models were sometimes large and beautiful and regarded with veneration by churchmen of all denominations in the different countries. Some were made of silver and gold. They get their names from
the fact that the models were placed in churches where the vows were made.

As depicted in rare old paintings and engravings these ship models were displayed either by suspension from points in the rounded arch or pointed vaults of the nave, or setting on the upper ledges of the outer wall of the aisle; but always in a prominent place. Such models in these settings may be seen in Europe today.

In some countries it was the custom on certain religious feast days for a number of persons to make the vows together. Upon these occasions the rites took the form of a procession which filed through the church or cathedral and past the model(s) high above them.

Writers beyond number have dwelt upon "the hold which the sea has ever held upon the imagination and emotions of mankind. In its calmer aspects, it suggests the serenity, mystery, immensity, and irresistible energy of God, and in its wilder moods His power, majesty, and awfulness. In all moods it is a constant reminder of man’s littleness and dependence, and has ever been one of his chief stimuli to resourcefulness, courage, heroism, and self-sacrifice."

There are many references in the Bible to the sea and to ships, and sacred writers from earliest days have used the ship as a symbol of the church in its course through history, and as a symbol of the human soul, voyaging safely under the guidance of the Savior as Pilot, not only over the sea of life, but across the sea of death, “into the haven where they would be.”
One more reference to one of man's "faiths." This is the Navy's conception as expressed by the Tiffany stained-glass window, immediately behind the altar in the Naval Academy chapel. It was placed there by the members of the Naval Academy class of 1869 in memory of the Navy's second admiral, David Dixon Porter. On either side of the altar, but within the sanctuary, are the national colors and those of the Naval Academy—the national colors on the right as the chaplain faces the congregation, which is the correct practice but not always followed in churches. The window shows the Savior stilling the wind and angry waters, and viewed against the late afternoon sun is a most beautiful and inspiring sight. Two generations of our naval officers have sat through four years of services in this chapel, and they and the midshipmen of today recall this window upon hearing the opening lines of the hymn which always concludes the naval church service ashore or afloat:

Eternal Father: strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

Note: Captain Baldridge has expressed the hope that delegates to the Continental Congress might want to see the Rogers collection of ship models at the United States Naval Academy while they are in Washington; and if that proves to be the case, the group or groups will notify him so that he may give them a "personal tour."
THE selection of the most perfect five-generation chart for publication in this issue of the Magazine was a difficult task, conducted in all fairness and in conformity with the requirements given in this department for several months. No one connected with the Magazine had any part in making the decision.

The honor goes to Mrs. Charles M. Adams, of Groton, Connecticut.

The chart is reproduced at the end of this department. We appreciate the cooperation of those who submitted charts, and we plan to repeat the project next year. All charts will be displayed during Congress week near the Magazine office.

One of the charts submitted measured about three feet square, and is a masterpiece of workmanship, detail, and data. It will be published in the May number of the Magazine. All charts, unless otherwise requested, will be presented to the Library.

To be able to trace one’s ancestors through five generations, giving dates of birth, marriage, residence, death, and references for the same, on a chart 11 inches by 8½ inches is an achievement of which one may be justly proud. Try it.

The publication of the Roster of Soldiers and Patriots of the American Revolution Buried in Indiana, edited by Mrs. Roscoe C. O’Byrne, suggests the information that headstones will be furnished by the Government, free of cost, for the unmarked grave of any individual whose last service in the military or naval forces of the United States, or of the Confederate States army, was honorable.

It will be shipped, freight prepaid, to the railroad station or steamboat landing nearest the cemetery in which the veteran is buried. All expenses incident to hauling the stone from the station to the cemetery and its erection at the grave must be paid from private funds.

Any person may make an application for a headstone. Officers, committees of patriotic or welfare organizations, and other persons having charge of securing headstones for soldiers buried in their vicinity should ascertain before ordering whether the relatives or friends of the veteran desire the Government headstone or intend to erect a private monument.

In connection with applications for headstones for graves of Revolutionary War or War of 1812 veterans, it is suggested that as much information as possible be furnished. This is necessary, since the War Department records of these wars are meager and verification is accepted from State Records and authorized histories and other publications on file in your library.

The above information came from John T. Harris, Lt. Colonel, Q. M. Corps, Assistant Quartermaster General, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.

The Index to Vol. 72, January-December, 1938, of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, published separately, answers many questions sent to this department as to when
and what queries, pensions, Bible records, family associations, etc., were published. All information that we possess is given with the publication of these items. We request copies of answers to queries which are made possible through this Magazine medium of exchange.

Queries and Answers

**QUERIES**


Parents of Edna Melissa Prime b. N. Y. 1812: m. N. Y. 1828 to Squire S. Chapman, b. Tully, N. Y. 1812: d. 1849 in Geauga Co., Ohio. * * * *

**D-'39. Higgins.**—Wanted parentage of Joseph Higgins, whose will was probated January, 1840, in Monongalia County, W. Va., also want last name and all information possible of his wife, Elizabeth. Was Joseph Higgins in Revolutionary War? Want dates of birth, death and marriage of Joseph Higgins’ son, Joshua, Marion Co., W. Va. Also name of his wife. Their dau. Malinda m. 3-4-1841 James Gump. Mrs. Clem Wilson, 108-8th St., Hot Springs, Ark.

**D-'39. David.**—Daniel David came from Wales to Smyrna, Delaware, at age of thirty; married soon after. Wife’s name desired. His son, Daniel, b. Kent County, Delaware 1751, d. 1798; married Anne Farson b. 1757, d. 1820. Anne was dau. of Henry, and grand-dau. of William, native of Scotland. Anne married second William Ford, Kent County. Anne’s maternal ancestors desired.—(Miss) Mary Baumgardner, Ipava, Illinois.

**D-'39. Moore.**—Wanted information of, and the names of the parents of Jessie Moore, who was born in one of the Carollinas about 1786. He left his home about 1803, and went to Kentucky to live. His Mother or his grandmother was a Miss Lynch, so I understand? Address: Mrs. J. H. Hundley, 511 Graham Road, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.

**D-'39. Noble.**—Wanted the names and information of the parents and grand parents of Isaac Noble and his wife Peggy. Isaac, born June 1764 in Somerset County, Maryland, married Peggy —— born in Somerset County Md. Sept. 1771. They emigrated to Mississippi in 1804, removed to Jerseyville, Illinois in 1836; died there April 1846. Peggy died May 1858; both buried in Illinois. Mrs. Walter Sillers, Sr., Rosedale, Mississippi.


**D-'39. Wanted.**—Rev. record of Thomas Douthitt of Allegheny, Penn. whose family tradition says served 7 years in the Rev. War, and refused a pension. He married Mollie Wright—his daughter Pamela married Billie Fraim, whose daughter Martha married Nathaniel Skinner. Mrs. L. B. Austin, Rosedale, Mississippi.

**D-'39. Parkhurst-Stone.**—Martha Stone m. John Parkhurst. Parents of Mercy Parkhurst b. 1759 m. 1777 Richard Goodell 1750-1826 of Pomfret, Conn. Wanted ancestors of Martha and John. * * * *


**D-'39. (a) Childers.**—Wanted parentage and ances. of Josiah Childers and wife, Martha Woodrum. Josiah’s twin brother set. on Red River, Texas. Josiah


**Revolutionary War Pensions**

File No. W 25.812.


Abigail Hurlbut declares that she is the widow of Stephen Hurlbut, who was a Rev. Soldier, at the time of his enlistment he was a resident of Winchester, Litchfield Co., Conn., and at that time she resided in Fairfield, Fairfield Conn. and first became acquainted with Stephen Hurlbut after he left the Army and returned to reside in Winchester and at that time she resided in Salisbury in the same Co. They were married by a J. P. in Canaan Oct. 9, 1786.

**Bible Record of the Family**

Stephen Hurlbut born Dec. 12, 1761.
Abigail Hurlbut b. Aug. 11, 1768.
Stephen Hurlbut was married to Abigail Meeker Oct. 9, 1786.

Salley Hurlbut b. July 11, 1787.
Eunice b. July 26, 1789.
Amos b. Feb. 13, 1792.
Lucy b. Apr. 21, 1794.
Polly b. Aug. 27, 1796.
Huldah b. Feb. 15, 1801.
Silas Hurlbut b. Mar. 27, 1803.
Clarrissa b. Aug. 18, 1806.
Stephen Hurlbut died Apr. 30, 1807 aged 45.

Sept. 20, 1838 Samuel Hurlbut of Hartford, Hartford, Conn. aged 52 yrs. declares that he is acquainted with Stephen Hurlbut and his wife Abigail—they often visited the home of deponents father, who was a brother of said Stephen, formerly of Winchester Litchfield Co. where he died. Soon after his death his widow said Abigail Hurlbut moved to this town where she has resided ever since.

Sept. 20, 1838 Harriet Hurlbut of Hartford, Conn. aged 54 yrs. declares that she had an Uncle (the brother of her father) named Stephen Hurlbut, etc.

Comptroller's Office, Hartford, Conn. Aug. 22, 1838—On application for evidence of the Rev. service of Stephen Hurlbut, I have examined the records of settlements made with the Conn. Line of the Continental Army and find as follows:

In the settlement made with the 9th Conn. Regt. Samuel B. Webb Esq. Colonel before Jan. 1780—"the name Stephen Hurlbut" as having commenced service Feb. 28, 1778 and as being settled with Jan. 1, 1780—"1 yr. 10 mos., and 3 days", and in the settlement with the same Regt. and Colonel" for the year 1780" Stephen Hurlbut, as commencing service Jan. 1, 1780, and settled with Jan. 1, 1781, 1 yr. and in settlement with the same Regt. and Colonel" for the year 1781" Stephen Hurlbut as commencing service Jan. 1, 1781 and settled with Jan. 10, 1781—10 days in each settlement as a private.

I certify that the above are true extracts and statements from the books above mentioned. Henry Kilbourn, Comp.

There are no further family data on file.


**HOPKINS, Levi, Elizabeth.** Cert. No. 16.624; issued Sept. 9, 1833, Act of June 7, 1832, at $23 per annum, from Mar. 4, 1831.

Levi Hopkins was born March 31, 1753 in Great Barrington, Berkshire Co., Mass. where he resided when he entered the service in 1776—served 3 mos. as a private in Capt. George King's Co. of Mass. Troops and was at the battle of White Plains.

In July 1776 he served 1 mo. in Capt. Silas Goodrich's Co. and in the summer of 1777 he volunteered and served 3 mos. or 10 days in Capt. Goodrich's Co., Col. Starks Regt. Later he served a tour of 3 weeks under Capt. Thomas Ingerson in the Mass. Troops.

In 1784 he moved to Baltimore, Md. and remained there 10 yrs. then moved to Preston Co., Va.

He died Sept. 1, 1835 in Preston Co., Va. and was buried in said county and state.


Elizabeth Hopkins declares that she is the widow of Levi Hopkins, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832.

She was married to Levi Hopkins Sept. 10, 1811, in Allegany Co., Maryland. Her name before said marriage was Elizabeth Looper. They were married by Rev. Wm. Painter. Their first child was born in 1812 and was living in 1855 (no name stated). (There is no other reference to children.)

She was allowed bounty land for services rendered by said Levi Hopkins on Warrant No. 26139-160-55 for 160 acres of land under the Act of 1855.

There are no further family data on file.

GREENE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARRIAGE BONDS

(Continued from March issue)

1797

Nov. 1 Jacob Moyer .......... to Susanna Couch .......... George Couch
Nov. 14 John Parker .......... to Margaret Harmon .......... Thomas Harmon
Nov. 14 Isaac Harmon .......... to Elizabeth Luster .......... Miles Luster
Nov. 16 N. Rawlings, C. ....... to Robert Greene .......... John Newton
Nov. 17 Robert Greene .......... to James Bell .......... Sarah Newton (or Newton)
Nov. 20 James Bell .......... to John Broyles .......... Sarah Newton
Nov. 20 John Broyles .......... to Francis Bays .......... Thomas Williamson
Nov. 27 Robert Greene .......... to David McCollum .......... James Graham
Nov. 27 David McCollum .......... to N. Rawlings, C. .......... Sarah Graham
Dec. 2 Aaron Broyles .......... to Daniel Borden .......... Nancy Davis .......... Felix Earnest
Dec. 16 John Walker ...... to James Cravens .......... John Jones
Dec. 16 James Cravens .......... to John Walker .......... Hugh Magill
Dec. 20 John Walker .......... to Matthias Broyle .......... George Gordon
Dec. 20 Matthias Broyle .......... to James Cravens .......... Ephraim Broyle
Dec. 29 James Cravens .......... to Abner Aires (?) .......... Philip Smith
Dec. 30 Abner Aires (?) .......... to James Cravens .......... Philip Smith (or Acres)

1798

Jan. 4 James Johnson .......... to Agness English .......... John English
Jan. 6 George Kyle .......... to Margaret Ross .......... John Froshour
Jan. 9 Daniel Borden .......... to George Kyle .......... John English
Jan. 9 John Newberry .......... to Margaret Ross .......... John English
Jan. 9 Jesse Carter .......... to Catherine Newton .......... John Jones
Jan. 9 Jesse Carter .......... to Susanna Harmon .......... Thomas Harmon (or Herman)
Jan. 22 Samuel Frazier .......... to Mary Parks .......... Adonijah Morgan
Jan. 26 Jacob Easterly .......... to Mary Bible .......... Christopher Bible
Jan. 26 Jacob Easterly .......... to Daniel Borden .......... John Jones
Jan. 29 Jesse Profit .......... to Betsy Ball .......... William Ball

(Certified permission for license by John Ball, father)
Jan. 29  Malachia Click to Rachel Laney Martin
(Both bond and license)

Jan. 31  John Davis to Elizabeth Miller John Kennedy
Feb.  7  Zachariah Melone to Rachel Casteel
Feb.  9  Elijah Hurst to Mary Lindsay John Hurst
Feb. 12  John Brumly, Jun. to Catherine Countz
Feb. 20  Charles Warren to Sarah Earnest
Feb. 26  James Doyne (or Doan) to Mary Woolsey
Feb. 26  Daniel Matthews to Elizabeth Slaughter
Feb. 27  Daniel Henderson to Sarah Hickman
Mar.  9  John Miller to Mary Smiley
Mar. 17  Caleb Carter to Phebe Williams
Mar. 27  Thomas Kennedy to Esther Penny
Apr.  3  Samuel Davis to Grissel Rose
Apr. 18  John Wallace to Eleanor Lashly
Apr. 20  Spencer Breeden to Sarah Lewis
Apr. 23  John Golden to Margaret Degman
Apr. 24  Purner Ingram to Margaret Brabson
Apr. 24  William O’Neal to Sarah Duncan
Apr. 25  George Cannon to Phebe Pope
Apr. 25  Isaac Doty to Nancy Flannery
May  3  Henry Paiget (or Padget) to Rachel Ohaver
May  7  Matthias Yeargan to Mary Kyle
May 15  John Smith to Sperling Bowman
May 25  John Neese to Mary Wagoner
June 11  Alexander Caldwell to Isabella Moore
June 25  Hugh Gain to Mary Samples
June 29  William Houston to Susanna Long
July  6  John Jones (Both bond and license) to Jane Cox
July 23  John Swaggerty to Phebe Potter
July 24  Jesse Walker to Mary Fisher
July 24  David Paulsell (or Paulson) to Elizabeth Delaney
July 28  Charles Lewen to Mary Sutton
July 30  Alexander English to Mary Robinson
(Ainside Mary Hibbit)
Aug. 21  David Rutledge to Mary Bullard
Aug. 28  John McCormick (or McCormick) to Rebecca Carney
Aug. 28  William Parks to Mary McCollum
Sept.  3  Robert Murphy to Elizabeth Craig
Sept.  7  John Cessna (?) to Elizabeth Neilson
Sept. 17  John Harris, Jun. to Elizabeth Casick
(inside Mary Hibbit)
Sept. 29  Andrew Cole to Priscilla Woolsey
Oct.  2  John Baker to Nancy Davis
Oct. 15  Jacob Feller to Catherine Yerrick
Oct. 23  John Morrison to Elizabeth Babb
Oct. 23  William Wyatt to Anne McKeehen
Oct. 25  Branch Jones          to Mary Vanpelt          Benj. Vanpelt
Oct. 29  David Edminson        to Sarah Kerr          Samuel Robinson
Nov. 17  Jacob Limebough (?)  to Barbara Crook        Henry Crook
Dec.  4  Jesse Johnson         to Anne Stanfield      Philip Stout
Dec. 11  Joseph McCoy          to Avy McBride        David Russell
                 William McBride  John Russell
Dec. 13  William Glaze         to Phebe Haws         Robert Pickens
                 Wm. Kennedy, C. to Jane Smith        James Smith
Dec. 14  John Pennicuf         to Jane English        Adonijah Morgan
                 James Penney         James Penney
Dec. 24  William Finley        to Phebe Haws         Robert O'Neil
                 Adothjah Morgan      William Moyer (?)

(To be continued)

D. A. R. ANCESTRAL CHART

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>James Morgan</th>
<th>Capt. James Morgan</th>
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<td>James Morgan Jr.</td>
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<td>Eliam Smith Morgan</td>
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<td>B 4-3-1827</td>
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<td>Groton Conn.</td>
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<td>Emily Turner</td>
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<td>Groton Conn.</td>
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<td>Sarah Fitch Appleby</td>
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<td>B 3-11-1844</td>
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<td>Sp 10-2-1853</td>
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<td>B 5-11-1864</td>
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<td>John Stafford</td>
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<td>Sarah Appley</td>
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<td>B 3-15-1844</td>
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<td>James Appley</td>
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<td>Charles Appley</td>
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<td>Hannah Appley</td>
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In Memoriam

We announce, with sorrow, the passing, on February 28, 1939, of Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, President General of the National Society, 1917-1920. Tributes to Mrs. Guernsey will appear in the May number of the Magazine.

We also announce the passing, on February 11, 1939, of Mrs. Mary Poole Newsom of Gibson, Georgia, a Real Daughter of the American Revolution.
Does a Coat of Arms Mean Anything?

On showing a coat of arms one is frequently asked, "But what does it mean? For what do those devices stand? And why those colors?" The answer is simple. The coat of arms means the person it designates. The devices and colors in themselves are of no importance.

One should always remember that armorial insignia identified a person in the past in the same manner as a surname does today, only more definitely, as there may be different families with the same surname but an identical coat of arms was used only by those of one blood.

The devices on a shield were selected by the first bearer of it for any reason that seemed to him to be good, or for no reason at all, just as parents often choose baptismal names for children. A boy may be named for his father, some other relative or friend, or "just because"; the distinguishing devices on a shield might be chosen for some personal meaning they had to the chooser, or "just because" the original bearer liked them, provided no one else was using that combination.

Commercial firms selling reproductions of coats of arms frequently give elaborate explanations of the "meaning of the arms," such as that the cross indicates an ancestor went to the Crusades, the owl denotes the family was noted for wisdom, and so on. This is purely imaginary, as the original adopter of the arms did not outline his reasons and no one can now say what motives moved him. Of course, it is interesting to interpret the "charges" and colors in accordance with their symbolical meanings, just as it is interesting to know the symbolical meanings of Christian names. It is probable, however, that very seldom was the meaning a controlling factor in the selection of device or color, except as that particular device might have symbolized for the first bearer some personal experience. The owl would be more likely to be chosen because the night before the young man was made a knight, while he watched beside his armour, some owls hooted around and kept him company, than because he thought he was a shrewd individual.

Not infrequently the most conspicuous feature of the shield will be something that is a pun on the present family name. This name may indeed have been but a "nick" name at that time. Such are the Hoge arms (illustrated in the October, 1938, magazine) where the wild boar's head is used; the Barbbou (illustrated last month); and the Martin. Today we would not call a boar a "hoeg," and the name of "barbeau" for that particular kind of fish is seldom used; but to their contemporaries, the arms meant the nickname the persons were called. Punning Martin arms are interesting, as some use the bird called "marten," and others use a red star (Mars).

The charge may represent an office held by the bearer of the arms. This is frequently the case where the office is that of butler, and the cups symbolize it, but is also the case with a sword bearer or foresters.

Sometimes real clues for a family connection can be found in a coat of arms by one well versed in the history of the twelfth to seventeenth centuries. Such a case was outlined last month in connection with the appearance of the banner of Savoy in the St. Julien crest. On the British Isles the appearance of a lymphad or galley in a coat of arms would lead one to look for the family in the western part of Scotland, as most of those with such a device at one time owed allegiance to MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, or before that to the House of Lorne. From the double-headed eagle one may infer a feudal bond to the Holy Roman Empire. The formalized green "mount" would suggest Switzerland. A certain peculiar type of cross prompts an investigation of the connection with the House of Lorraine. Many more instances could be cited, so many that when a line is being traced and all clues to the origin of the earlier ancestor found have failed, and the coat of arms he bore is known, the next step is a careful "reading" of the arms for the historical and genealogical data to be found in the achievement.
THERE were several different coats of arms borne by families named Applegate in England. The one shown here is that of the family which lived in Hampshire. The name is variously spelled, appearing as Applegarth, Aplegath, and Applegate. The descendants in the United States use the spelling “Applegate.”

While the arms were used in this form at least as early as 1600, it seems probable that the fleur de lis and the bezants on the crest are “differences,” and that the original arms were without these additions. This furnishes a genealogical clue, i.e., the Hampshire family from which the immigrant to America came was a younger branch of the house—the older possibly living in some other county and dying out before the seventeenth century.

There are many Applegate families in the United States, some of which have been traced to this family; others may descend from it, but the line is un traced. Or they may descend from the older branch, or some of the other families of the name.

THE Van Meter arms shown are those of the Dutch family “van Meteren.” The name has been anglicized to Van Metre and Van Meter in America. There were families known as “van Meteren” in Gelderland and in South Holland, but as they appear to have used the same arms they probably had a common origin.

The quartering took place prior to 1600. The simple form of the paternal arms, i.e., the plain silver shield with the red fleur de lis, indicates it is an early one, probably of the 12th century. As the fleur de lis is quite definitely associated with the House of Burgundy and the royal house of France, its use as the only identifying charge opens an interesting field for speculation. The original ancestor might, if the line were traced, be found to be a knight who served under those princes and was given lands in the Netherlands.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

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<th></th>
<th>Or</th>
<th>Argent</th>
<th>Sable</th>
<th>Gules</th>
<th>Azure</th>
<th>Vair</th>
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<tr>
<td>(ENGLISH)</td>
<td>Steel</td>
<td>Gold</td>
<td>Silver</td>
<td>Black</td>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Blue</td>
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Arms: Azure, a chevron or between three owls argent; in chief a fleur de lis ermine.

Crest: A demi tiger gules, bezantee, armed and tufted or, charged with a bend of the last.

Arms: Quarterly: first and fourth, argent, a fleur de lis gules; second and third, or, two bars gules; over all in orle eight martlets gules.

Crest: A fleur de lis gules.

It seems logical to review these two books together because they have so many points in common. They are both written in virile and vivid style. The scene of both is laid to a large extent in Colonial Virginia, with a background in one case of St. Kitts and in the other of Bermuda— islands which bear enough general resemblances to each other to seem allied, at least for fictional purposes. Both plots center around deeds of bloodshed, daring, and violence. Moreover, the characters which dominate both books make love after much the same fashion that they wage war—boldly and rather unscrupulously. Read in sequence, the novels give an impression of almost fantastic unity.

Miss Lofts has the greater gift of epitomizing individuals and sections surely and swiftly. “Life had dealt hardly with my mother, as it often does, I have observed, with proud people who throw out a challenge,” she causes her hero to say of his mother; while of his crippled and impoverished father she makes him remark:

“As I grew I became conscious of a certain contempt for him, so helpless, so resigned, so dependent upon that iron woman, his wife. But later on, much later, grown myself to manhood, I dimly appreciated the quality that was in him, the man who having given all that he had in a cause that he considered just, could sit down in the long afterwards without self-pity, without complaint and without despair. Sired and mothered thus I should have been other than I am.”

Elsewhere, the author says, “I learned that laughter is the most destructive thing in the world,” and describes a rare vintage brandy as “silk on the tongue, fire in the throat, and spring in the veins.” The latter certainly stands up well beside the old French adage that coffee should be as “black as night, as sweet as love, as strong as death, and as hot as hell.”

Mr. Mason’s greater gift lies in his ironic scenes of tragedy. The story of the soldier who hanged himself to escape flagellation, the story of the exile who perishes when he is finally in sight of home, the story of the sabotaged ship into which the owner had put the last cent he possessed—all these are presented with a grim reality which wrings the reader’s heart. This particular reader found it impossible to scan without skipping some descriptions of floggings, brandings, and other cruelties which occur in both books, and various other details seemed to her coarse and carnal. However, her opinion may be a minority one—indeed, it must be, for both “Colin Lowrie” and “Three Harbours” stand high on the best-seller lists at present. And after all, they deal with other times than ours, in which there were other standards as well as other customs. Possibly, Miss Lofts and Mr. Mason have performed a real service to the student of history in using such clarity and candor.


“My whole life here is an experiment in harmony.”

This is what Richard Byrd wrote from his “Advance Base” in Antarctica, during the profundity of the winter night. Perhaps this one sentence best epitomizes the reasons for the rash endeavor which resulted in untold anguish and nearly cost him his life. But elsewhere he explains them more fully: “The original plan had been to staff the base with several men; but... this had proved
impossible. In consequence, I had to choose whether to give up the Base entirely—and the scientific mission with it—or to man it by myself. I could not bring myself to give it up . . . beyond the solid worth of weather and auroral observations . . . I really wanted to go for the experience's sake. So the motive was in part personal . . . We are caught up in the winds that blow every which way. And in the hulla-baloo the thinking man is driven to ponder where he is being blown and to long desperately for some quiet place where he can reason undisturbed and take inventory. It may be that I exaggerate the need for occasional sanctuary, but I do not think so—at least speaking for myself, since it has always taken me longer than the average person to think things out. By that I do not mean to imply that, before I went to Advance Base, my private life had not been extraordinarily happy; actually it had been happier than I had had right to expect. Nevertheless, a crowding confusion had pushed in."

Here is a simple and sincere statement which every human being who has striven for inner peace while reaching towards some great goal should readily and sympathetically grasp. The individual who reads this book, and in closing it asks, "Was the game worth the candle?" must be insensate to all the deepest emotions and highest ideals. And Admiral Byrd's explanation is itself in complete harmony with the tone of the entire book which is marked throughout by supreme clarity and purity of style. The descriptions of the phenomena and magnificence of the Antarctic scene are almost breath-taking in their beauty.

"Later, during my walk," he writes, "I saw a moon halo, the first since I've been here. I had remarked inwardly that the moon seemed almost unnaturally bright, but thought no more about it until something—perhaps a subtle change in the quality of the moonlight—fetched my attention back to the sky. When I glanced up, a haze was spreading over the moon's face; and, as I watched, a system of luminous circles formed themselves gracefully around it. Almost instantly the moon was wholly surrounded by concentric bands of color, and the effect was as if a rainbow had been looped around a huge silver coin. Apple-green was the color of the wide outer band, whose diameter, I estimated, was nineteen times that of the moon itself. The effect lasted only five minutes or so. Then the colors drained from the moon, as they do from a rainbow; and almost simultaneously a dozen massive streamers of crimson-stained aurora, laced together with blackish stripes, seemed to leap straight out from the moon's brow. Then they, too, vanished."

There are very few humorous items in the book, but there are many lovely ones which will strike a responsive chord in the heart of the housekeeper who may have hesitated to read this book for fear that it would be filled wholly with scientific details. Every novice in the culinary arts will recognize the Admiral's consternation at the loss of his cook book, will smile over his first disastrous efforts to cook cornmeal, and will appreciate his dependence on the ham given him by his mother. The type of the books he read and the kind of music he put on his phonograph reveal tastes that the average man and woman shares; his whimsical arrangements for beating himself at Canfield will enliven the hours which many a shut-in spends on Solitaire.

No review of this book would be complete without a word of appreciation for its unique and artistic makeup—the jacket, the chapter headings, the printing. But after all, it is the content which holds us enthralled from beginning to end. And Richard Byrd's challenge to himself, in his most desperate moments, when failure engulfed him and death loomed ahead of him, is a challenge to all of us, too:

"But you must have faith—you must have faith in the outcome, I whispered to myself. It is like a flight, a flight into another unknown. You start and you cannot turn back. You must go on and on and on."

It is the song of such spirits as this that contributes to the music of the spheres, and transforms them into a paean of victory.

F. P. K.


In "American Saga" Marjorie Barstow Greenbie has used an unusual method, similar in some respects to that used by Van...
Wyck Brooks in “The Flowering of New England,” and she has achieved an entirely new type of history. For she tells her story largely in the words of the literature of the different sections. She has found her material not only in books, but in personal letters, in travelers’ reports, in contemporary discussions, in verse, and in sectional novels. The result is that her historical interpretations have the ring of authenticity. Then, too, she has used great skill in weaving her material together in a sequence smooth and pleasing, which remains at the same time dramatic and beautiful.

The book fills a multifold need. For here is included in one volume comprehensive outlooks on the first settlement, not only of Virginia and New England, but the rest of the country as well. Too often a history goes into detail concerning Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay, but as history sweeps the writer along, the remainder of the country appears to spring full-orbed, if not from the brow of Jove, from the Mississippi or the Rockies.

Only a writer skilled in painting a large canvas and one certain of her materials could, without seeming to interrupt the continuity of her writing, line in not only the beginnings referred to, but give each section that peculiar shading or high-light, that local color peculiar to it. To change the simile, the result seems like a magnificent musical theme to which each section contributes its own peculiar motif.

No review of the book would be complete without mention of the theme. And the theme represented in “American Saga” can be summarized in the three words, “A better life.” For Mrs. Greenbie believes that from the days of our fathers down to the present time, American history is characterized by the search for a fuller existence, a happier living, a heritage to pass on. The volume represents, in the words of the participants themselves, their struggle for these things, the attempt to fashion ideals and to express them.

Mrs. Greenbie, herself, refers to the book as “a patchwork of the words of the fathers,” which in themselves has about them “a new kind of social richness, a something that seems to mark down the price of ermine on all the counters of the world.”

But this struggle toward better living was not easily attained. There are heroes and heroines here in plenty for your choosing. Many of them you may know. Some you never heard of. You will feel certain when you close the book that no nation can boast a history equal to our own in variety, in beauty, in bravery, nor—in the summing up—in unselfishness and in ideals. The book should be in every village library and available to every student of whatever age.

Mention should also be made of its generous selected bibliography. For this bibliography will make of the book, if you choose it thus, a beginning in adventure among men and women like in stature to no other nation. It will, it is to be hoped, send you forth seeking for the heroes in your own particular locality, your own town.

Since history began, there has been too much talk of a “chosen people,” and not enough talk of “people who chose.” You will feel after reading this saga that our country is a land where people chose. Out of their choice of hardship and suffering grew ideals of freedom and Democracy which Americans still choose to carry on.

Catherine Cate Coblenz.


The author of this book has already achieved considerable recognition as a lecturer on the arresting topic of which she now writes with such skill and charm. Accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Harold A. Webster of Holderness, who acted as her collaborator, she has motored hither and yon, giving addresses illustrated by colored slides before many patriotic and civic organizations. The response to these talks has been so enthusiastic and widespread that it is easy to understand why even greater groups than could be reached in this way have demanded a presentation of the material which Mrs. Speare has collected in concrete and permanent form.
The background of her venture was intriguing: "During an afternoon drive several historically minded individuals fortuitously decided to explore the State of New Hampshire in search of its colonial meeting-houses. Gradually this quest extended into a pilgrimage into distant sections of New England. Meanwhile their friends facetiously christened the group, The Explorers.

"Not until November of 1932 did this hobby attain its maximum pace. Nature propitiously prolonged the Indian summer. Unbelievable in this northern climate is the fact that on the first of December the explorers enjoyed a picnic on New Durham Ridge sitting upon dry leaves beneath an oak, wearing no top-coats and gazing at the panorama of peaks of the White Mountains on the far horizon through a haze as blue as that of an August afternoon. . . .

The group consisted of an experienced photographer whose camera functioned even in the dim light of an attic, a skilled woman-chaffeur, a scribe with an inquisitive eye and several companions whose interest fluctuated between amused curiosity or un Concealed boredom."

The result of this rambling is significant. As Mrs. Speare says in the beginning of her book, "Colonial meeting-houses prove the quotation, 'Architecture is crystallized history.'" Her first chapter is devoted to the general theme of the meeting-house, the hill upon which it was often set, and the so-called "Minister's Lot." Subsequent chapters describe individual meeting-houses one by one, and the text is liberally interspersed with attractive illustrations of these. There are also chapters describing the process of building meeting-houses, "storied steeples," the influence of Charles Bulfinch, and so on.

The majority of the meeting-houses under discussion were Congregational in character, but Mrs. Speare does not neglect the other religious groups which flourished, though less widely, in the localities she is considering. She sets aside a chapter for the history of the Anglican Church and another for the Quaker; the first Catholic Chapel at West Claremont, the Shaker Meeting-house at Canterbury, the German Meeting-house at Waldoboro (Maine), Trinity Episcopal Town-house at Holderness, and the Meeting-house in the Parish of East Derry (incidentally the only settlement in New Hampshire which was established by religious refugees) all come in for their just share of attention. The result is one of completeness as well as harmony. Mrs. Speare has left no aspect of her subject untouched and has achieved a compilation which will find its way into every collection of Americana beside H. S. Brock's "The Cross Roads Church, A Virginia Institution."

"Five years have passed between the visit to Sandown (the first one made), and the last trip to Maine in the quest for colonial meeting-houses," Mrs. Speare says in bringing her recital to an end. "The search extended far beyond any expectations in the beginning, the miles increased to many thousand, the discoveries proved enticing, each beckoned to more distant goals. The meeting-houses of New England are a legacy from the Puritan ancestors reminding the living of 'The faith of our fathers, living still' incarnate in the white oak timbers that were hewn by their vigorous hands; artistic and tangible in their handicraft in white pine; and immortal in the creative spirit that bequeathed to their children the designs of the colonial meeting-houses."

To all of which the admiring reviewer can only add a fervent "Amen"!

F. P. K.
Anniversary Celebrations

In commemoration of the one hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary of the survey of the Kenmore Estate by George Washington, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, and members of the National Board of Management were entertained at Kenmore. Mrs. Robert is pictured with Mrs. Vivian Fleming, President of the Kenmore Association; Mrs. William H. Pouch, President of the Children of the American Revolution; and Mrs. C. A. Swan Sinclair, State Regent of Virginia; and little Ann Sacrey, secretary of the Kenmore Children’s Brigade.

Four markers have lately been erected by the Nancy Hart Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Milledgeville, Georgia, in honor of the sesquicentennial of the Constitution. Each marker is of Georgia granite with a bronze tablet embedded. At the recent dedication of two of these markers, the chapter was honored by a visit from Mrs. William Harrison Hightower, State Regent.

The Alamo Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of San Antonio, Texas, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the chapter. The chapter was organized in San Antonio, in the shadow of the sacred Alamo, with twelve charter members. The membership is now one hundred and seventy-five. After a luncheon and short business meeting, a silver offering was taken for the George Washington Monument which is to be erected by the Texas Daughters on the State University campus.

The John Marshall Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Louisville, Kentucky, celebrated George Washington’s birthday with a tea and hobby show. Members were attired in appropriate colonial costumes and the entire program was a great success.

The only Real Granddaughter of the Greenwich Tea Burning Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Bridgeton, New Jersey, recently celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday. Miss Mary Teresa Ogden’s grandfather, James Ogden, volunteered in 1776 and served through the Revolution as sergeant-quartermaster, captain of militia, and in 1781 was colonel of the First Battalion Cumberland County Militia. His Bible, with many clippings of people of that day and family records, is in the Cumberland County Historical Society.

Anniversary Project

The Monmouth Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Red Bank, New Jersey, has selected as its “Golden Jubilee Project” a scholarship to one of the Approved Schools in memory of its Organizing Regent, Mrs. Henry S. White. This scholarship is to be an annual donation from the Chapter.

Radio Broadcast

A favored few in Pennsylvania recently witnessed an event never before taking place. Perhaps it will never be duplicated. A real daughter of a drummer boy of the American Revolution broadcast over the radio. Mrs. Annie Knight Gregory, the oldest of our three remaining Real Daughters, who will be ninety-six on March 23, 1939, broadcast over a local station from her home in Williamsport. To avoid unnecessary strain, the microphone was set up in Mrs. Gregory’s own living room. She prepared her own script and wanted no one to see it in advance, but, to comply with the rules of the station, she permitted one relative to read it. Mrs. Joseph G. Forney, State Regent of Pennsylvania, who introduced Mrs. Gregory, reports this as one of the most unique experiences of her life.
**Dedication of Markers**

Members of the Alleghany Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Blacksburg, Virginia, recently gathered to commemorate the heroic deeds and courageous services of Col. James Patton and the pioneers who lost their lives in the Draper Meadow Massacre of 1755.

Several state officers and members from eleven other chapters, as well as descendants of Col. Patton, were in the group assembled to dedicate a marker to the memory of these brave souls, which is located on the site of the supposed location of Col. Patton’s home. The following is the inscription on the bronze plate:

**TO COLONEL JAMES PATTON AND PIONEERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE DRAPER MEADOW MASSACRE OF 1755 ERECTED BY THE ALLEGHANY CHAPTER OF D. A. R. BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA**

The San Diego Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of San Diego, California, observed the sesquicentennial of the Constitution by planting a “Tepu Tree” on the Pacific Palisades in Balboa Park. A bronze marker was imbedded at the root of the tree. The conservation chairman, Mrs. Walter T. Newman, presented the tree to the city on behalf of the chapter.

The Phebe Dustin Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Phillipsburg, Kansas, recently placed a marker in Kirwin. The Kirwin Chamber of Commerce cooperated with the local chapter to make this possible. The dedication was by Mrs. Marjorie Spaulding Robertson, Organizing Regent, and was in memory of Northwest Kansas pioneers.

The Edmund Rogers Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Glasgow, Kentucky, sponsored the unveiling of markers at the graves of seven Revolutionary soldiers in the churchyard of “Old Mulkey Meeting House” near Tompkinsville.

This old church with its twelve corners, which tradition says represent the twelve tribes of Israel, was built in 1804. It has a puncheon floor, peg-leg seats, batten windows, and a high pulpit. An annual celebration is held each fall at “Old Mulkey” to which hundreds of tourists come.

To honor and commemorate the pioneer settlers of the community of Falconer, the Ellicott Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Falconer, New York, recently dedicated a boulder bearing a bronze tablet. Appropriate ceremonies accompanied the dedication.

The Gettysburg Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, has honored the memory of its Organizing Regent, Miss Helen Virginia McCurdy, by placing upon the stone marking her grave a marker in bronze and a tablet bearing an appropriate inscription. Miss McCurdy organized the chapter in 1904.

Independence Hall Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, placed and dedicated a marker to Henry Stryker, a Revolutionary soldier.

The chapter also recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its founding at a luncheon, at which eight past regents were present. Greetings were extended by a number of honor guests, among whom was Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General.
THE motion picture is the most popular form of entertainment in the world today, and because it has an appeal to all ages and to every class, creed and color, its influence is probably as far reaching and powerful as any one agency we can name. One of the aims of our committee is to help make that influence wholesome and an asset in American character building, and in doing this we feel our program is educational, cultural and recreational.

Our program for youth embraces the community and the schools, and we can do no more worthwhile work than to lend our efforts toward the establishment of Photoplay Appreciation Courses in our schools, thereby teaching our boys and girls to become more discriminating in their motion picture tastes and judgments.

For many years educators who have attended motion picture theatres have been impressed by the fact that many of the films shown have great potential educational values. When David Copperfield was being shown in the theatres, high school teachers all over the country found it a great aid in stimulating interest in the reading not only of this great novel by Dickens but of other classics as well. After the picture had had its run and was no longer available in motion picture theatres, teachers began to inquire whether or not a school edition of this picture and of other great classics might be made available. David Copperfield, of course, is only one of many that have educational significance. The motion picture enables the child to experience, in the completest possible way, the great events of history, the vital experiences that come from travel, and the thrills of living with important people who are doing important things. It is through such experiences that the great social objectives of education can be most directly reached.

Everyone knows how exceedingly difficult it is to build character, citizenship, health and esthetic appreciation through lesson assignments and reading materials alone, so we do feel that the motion picture has a great effect on the daily life of children.

THE following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment. Audience classifications are as follows: “Adults,” 18 years and up; “Young People,” 15 to 18 years; “Family,” all ages; “Junior Matinee,” suitable for a special children’s showing.

**THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (M. G. M.)**

Mickey Rooney, Rex Ingram, Walter Connolly, Elizabeth Risdon.

The full flavor of the Mark Twain classic of life along the Mississippi in the middle nineteenth century has been delightfully retained in this screen version, with Mickey Rooney in a character that might easily have been drawn with him in mind. The script carefully follows the original tale and, in a fine cast, Rex Ingram and Elizabeth Risdon are outstanding. A production of outstanding value which will be enjoyed by old and young.

**THE HARDY’S RIDE HIGH (M. G. M.)**

Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker.

In this newest of the popular “Judge Hardy” series the family learns that it will inherit a $2,000,000 estate. The wise philosophy of the kindly Judge and his devoted wife helps them all to keep a sane balance in the midst of their good fortune. A delightful comedy full of action and excitement. Family.

**LET FREEDOM RING (M. G. M.)**

Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Victor McLaglen.

Semi-historic in theme, this story of pioneer days in California concerns itself with the struggle between the early ranch settlers and the railroad agents whose unethical methods of acquiring land stirred trouble. An exceptionally strong cast supports Nelson Eddy in his first “solo” starring part. To the songs, typical of the early West, have been added “Home, Sweet Home” and “America.” The
original screen play, by Ben Hecht, emphasizes the timely theme of the search for freedom and the pursuit of happiness by the American pioneers. Family.

**THE LITTLE PRINCESS** (20th Century-Fox)

Shirley Temple, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter.

The Frances Hodgson Burnett novel is a made-to-order vehicle for Shirley Temple and she gives a delightful interpretation of an aristocrat's motherless daughter, unspoiled by luxury and adulation, who is befriended by Queen Victoria when her father is reported killed in war and the family fortune disappears. A strong cast gives the small star fine support. Walter Lang's direction is excellent and both music and dancing are noteworthy. Photographed in Technicolor, the production is among the best of the year. Family.

**SPIRIT OF CULVER** (Universal)

Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Andy Devine.

The military school for boys at Culver, Indiana, serves as the setting for an interesting story of a boy entered there by the American Legion in part payment of the debt American World War heroes owe his father who, it is believed, died heroically in action. The boy's dislike of discipline, his difficulty in making friends among his classmates and the problem he faces when his supposedly lost father returns, makes up the story content. It is well acted and directed and carries much of interest and entertainment. Family.

**THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE** (RKO Radio)

Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edna Mae Oliver.

A film version of the life of the famous dancers, Irene and Vernon Castle, who revolutionized ballroom and stage dancing. The true life romance follows their struggle to win success both in the United States and abroad and ends with the untimely death of Vernon Castle while serving as a flying instructor in the World War. Mrs. Castle's supervision gives authenticity to the story and a carefully chosen cast, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the romantic Castles, interprets the biography. The best known songs of that dancing period are included in the excellent musical score. Family.

**THE WIZARD OF OZ** (M. G. M.)

Frank Morgan, Judy Garland, Ray Bolger.

This enchanting story has again been filmed with a brilliant array of stars and all the imagery of a fairy tale. The spectacular settings, glittering pageantry and fantastic costumes together with specially composed songs and elaborate dancing specialties carry out the fascination, beauty and charm of this tale of the land of make believe. Victor Fleming, whose fine work in Captains Courageous and Test Pilot will be remembered, is the director. Family.

**WUTHERING HEIGHTS** (United Artists)

Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Flora Robson, David Niven, Donald Crisp.

To add realism to the screen interpretation of this long-established literary classic by Charlotte Brontë, a complete cast of English actors has been selected for the leading roles. The Yorkshire moors have been reproduced on the California hills with imported heather plants serving as a background. The story deals with the rugged types found in the moorland section of Northern England in the early nineteenth century. Laurence Olivier plays the role of Heathcliff, the illiterate, cold-hearted hero of the tragic tale. Wuthering Heights will undoubtedly be listed as one of the outstanding productions of the year. Adults and young people.

**Shorts**

**ANCIENT EGYPT** (M. G. M.)


**BEACH PICNIC** (Walt Disney—RKO-Radio)

Donald Duck's temper is sorely tried by an obstreperous rubber horse in the water and an army of ants on land. Amusing for all ages.

**A DREAM OF LOVE** (M. G. M.)

The romance of Franz Liszt, one of the saddest and loveliest in history, has been given a sensitive screen interpretation. The theme music of "Liebestraum" weaves its way in and out of the story, adding much to its effectiveness. A noteworthy short subject. Family.

**HEROES AT LEISURE** (M. G. M.)

A group of California life guards turn, during their slack season, to deep sea diving for abalone and lobster. There is exceptionally fine underwater photography of the strange animal life below the sea surface. Family.

**JERUSALEM** (United Artists)

Among the effective scenes, shown in Technicolor, of the Holy City of Jerusalem, are the Garden of Gethsemane, the Wailing Wall and the Sepulchre where Christ was buried. Family.

**MARION LEE MONTGOMERY** (Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery),

**National Chairman, Motion Picture Committee.**
Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

As we review the past year’s work, and come to the time of the Forty-eighth Continental Congress, the National Chairman of Junior American Citizens wishes to present a letter sent to her recently from one of the clubs of Junior American Citizens. In part, it states:

“Here, in — we are so glad to be Junior American Citizens. It was a wonderful thing for us, as we haven’t always been such good citizens. In our community during the past years there have been many crimes committed. Many of our parents have been in the courts and have cost the county and state much money. One trial cost the county $800. The man was tried for murder, and was from our county and our locality. Now we as young American citizens are hoping to eliminate all this. We are really working hard to live up to our Junior American Citizens Club rules and regulations. We are a much better school this year, due to the fact that we realize we are American Citizens and will be the men and women of the future. We just know — is going to be a better place because we are going to make it so. In our club we are trying to have the best school possible, and we are trying to be the best boys and girls ever. We don’t fight any more, since we were allowed to be club members. Everyone who visits us thinks we are much better. . . . Last summer we had a school garden and canned many quarts of vegetables for our school lunches this year. We worked very hard in our gardens. Each of us try to do our part in making our home a happy one.”

This is just one picture of the club work of Junior American Citizens; a club formed among boys and girls of the underprivileged group, we might say. Throughout the land these clubs are formed not alone in that group, but in every group where boys and girls are found. And constantly there come to the desk of the National Chairman letters from Daughters of the American Revolution expressing alarm and concern over the trend of world crises, and asking if it isn’t time to concentrate on building firmer foundations in the minds of youth today. It is most encouraging and satisfying to know that as the year has sped on each month has seen marked increase in interest and enthusiasm among the Daughters. The country is aroused to need of the clubs; the Daughters are fast seeing that club work is something that must be done, if we are to raise the standard of good citizenship through patriotic education.

In April hundreds of delegates will come to Washington to the Forty-eighth Continental Congress, and be inspired by the session programs. Many will attend the JAC breakfast at the Hotel Mayflower on Wednesday morning, April 19, to which all delegates are invited. They will be impressed with the spirit which is behind this movement, and will yearn to return to their States and become active in it.

To those who can not come to the Congress, the National Chairman pleads for, in the months ahead and the years to follow, a keener appreciation of the needs of youth today. She pleads for your consideration and attention and for a vision and will to pursue this project with whole heart and interest, that America may be a land of youthful Good Citizens, standing firm on the foundations built by our Forefathers.

ELEANOR GREENWOOD, National Chairman, Junior American Citizens Committee.

Historical Research Committee

For several reasons it is difficult at this time to refrain from addressing all who are vitally interested in historical research. First, because the month of April seems to renew our patriotic consciousness; and second, because the closing Lenten season renews our desire to read again the greatest history ever written, the Bible. Someone
has named three ways one should read the Bible: Devotionally, that is choose sections that give solace to the cry of our hearts; as a great work of literature, and historically. This devout minister says to read the good book historically seems the most satisfying way of all.

I believe our founders had in mind the Book of Joshua when they wrote the first object of our Society, for Joshua is filled with admonitions to reverence, such as “And these stones shall be a memorial unto the children of Israel forever,” and “Remove not the ancient landmarks.”

My third reason for writing this message is to thank each and everyone who has worked during the year to further the work of the Committee on Historical Research. I can scarcely wait until your questionnaires are returned, to compile the statistics of your combined efforts for my report to the Continental Congress. I know from our correspondence and happy contacts that your work has been well done, since everywhere I have found interest and sincere cooperation.

The fourteen-point program projected seemed a large one, but it was my hope that every member of every chapter might find within it a piece of historical research that would give her a definite interest.

I am deeply grateful to the state and chapter historians for their cooperation in supplying the necessary information for our Markers’ File. This work has been steadily progressing, and we now have 7,600 cards on file. Several state historians are preparing a card index of the markers, similar to that at National Headquarters to which each chapter has contributed.

I wonder if newly elected state regents and historians have this information: Our Government gives markers for graves of Revolutionary soldiers, through the office of the Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, D. C. It is necessary to address that office for a blank, which must be filled out before returning.

Three awards will be granted state historians displaying the best scrapbooks at the 1939 Continental Congress. These must be in the office of the Historian General one week before the opening of Congress.

Keen interest has been shown by the eleven states whose bells have not yet been added to the National Peace Chimes at Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge. Nebraska, Montana, and South Carolina report progress, and Vermont is planning to dedicate its bell on Sunday, April 23. Real inspiration will be gained by attendance at this dedication at our national shrine.

We are anxious to have you visit the office of the Historian General during the week of Congress and see the set of State Guides presented to the Society by many states. Each day seems to add another to our fine collection.

I must curb my enthusiasm, or I shall reveal too many pleasant surprises!

May you be as proud of this year’s achievements in historical research as I am of your efforts.

MRS. LELAND STANFORD DUXBURY, Historian General.

Advancement of American Music

MAY is a very musical month, rich in material for the season and for definite occasions. When one assumes the task of formulating a program for use in this late spring month, one is faced with the problem of what to omit rather than what to include.

For several years now the first week in May has been given over to National Music Week. Its function is to spread the gospel of music more broadly, and in particular that of music by our American composers.

The oldest occasion for special music in May is, of course, Memorial Day. For this thirtieth day of May much music of charm has been written. Program builders suggest music of a patriotic nature for the occasion, such as “America” and “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.”

Another occasion for special music in May is Mother’s Day. Here careful choice has to be made, for commercialism has changed many of the beautiful, loving thoughts to shallow sentimentality. For this
day there are varying aspects—thoughts of mother herself, devotion of children, lullabys, and music dedicated “to our mothers.”

In addition to interesting occasional music, there is that of the season. It ranges from the simple joys of “Maying” to the complicated activity of winding the May-pole. Like April, May is thought of as a maiden; also as the time of the year that brings cherry blossoms to entice the birds from the Southland.

The month of May also holds birthdays of many composers. Men are in the majority. The following suggestions are offered:

I. SEASONAL MUSIC

Solo—voice

The Sweet o’ the Year........................................ Mary Turner Salter
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

Piano

Birds in May.................................................... Elliot Griffis
(Composer Press, Inc.)

Duet—voice

O That We Two Were Maying................................... Ethelbert Nevin
(Boston Music Co.)

Women’s voices

Cantata, The Maypole of Merrymount........................ Franz Bornschein
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

II. OCCASIONAL MUSIC

National Music Week

Chorus—mixed voices

Land of Our Hearts........................................... George Chadwick
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Memorial Day

Violin

Memories......................................................... Anna Priscilla Risher
(Theo. Presser Co.)

Quartet—voice

Still, Still with Thee........................................ Arthur Foote
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Piano

Dirge.............................................................. Augusta Tollefsen
(Composers Press, Inc.)

Solo—voice

Flowers.......................................................... Edward Gould Mead
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Organ—pipe or electronic

Meditation..................................................... Everett E. Truette
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Chorus—mixed voices

Psalms Twenty-three........................................ Hazel Gertrude Kinscella
(J. Fischer & Bro.)

Mother’s Day

Solo—voice

May Flowers (to Our Mothers)............................. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Piano

Cradle Song of a Lonely Mother, op. 108................. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN MAY

From the Northland—for piano................................ Leo Sowerby
(Boston Music Co.)

(May 1, 1895)

Meditation on “Dearest Jesu”—for organ.................. Clarence Dickinson
(The H. W. Gray Co.)

(May 7, 1873)

Two lyrics for solo voice..................................... Henry Clough-Leighter
(G. Schirmer Inc.)

(May 13, 1874)

I am the Vine—for mixed chorus............................ Philip James
(R. L. Huntsinger, Inc.)

(May 17, 1890)

Out of the Deep (Mozart)—Junior anthem................ Gordon B. Newin
(J. Fischer & Bro.)

(May 19, 1892)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
National Chairman.
Junior Important Message for All Junior D. A. R.

THE TIME, Tuesday, April 18, 1939, 3 P.M.
THE PLACE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D.C.

Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, National Chairman of Junior Membership, is anxious for all Juniors to know they are invited to the Junior Assembly. All who come will receive much in return.

We want you to send exhibits so that other Juniors as well as D. A. R. members can see what we are doing. We will sell articles, sent by Junior Groups, at the bazaar table to meet the expenses of the Assembly.

We will have a Coca-Cola booth to refresh those weary with the duties and activities of Continental Congress, and will be happy to serve all.

Miss Olive Webster will be in charge of Junior Registration. After registering at the regular booth, Juniors will register at their table, where they will receive a Junior badge.

When you come to the Assembly, you will be given programs and ushered to seats by C. A. R. pages. During the meeting, girls will tell about their groups, and time will be given to ask questions.

Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General N. S. D. A. R., will speak to us. This is a real treat, and from what Mrs. Robert has said, she too is looking forward to talking to us.

We will be happy to greet you all in Washington at the Junior Assembly.

The Helen Pouch Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools Committee, which is composed of girls appointed by State Junior Membership Chairmen, will meet with the Chairman, Mrs. Frank L. Harris, Monday morning, April 17, at 9 o'clock, in the office of the Organizing Secretary General in the Administration Building.

A Subscription breakfast will be given, Monday, April 17, at 12 noon, in the East Room of the Mayflower Hotel. Send reservations to Mrs. Ford E. Young, Jr., chairman, 1632 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Tickets are $1.50, and can be had at the office of the Organizing Secretary General. All Juniors are invited.


Richmond, Virginia, Juniors

THE Junior Group of Commonwealth Chapter, Richmond, Virginia, celebrated their first birthday on March 4. We now have twenty-three D. A. Rs., of whom twelve are new members of the organization. Seven have their papers in Washington and eighteen are preparing their lineage blanks. We hope, by the time there are two candles on our birthday cake, to have forty-eight members.

Mrs. William H. Pouch, National President C. A. R., who is intensely interested in forming Junior Groups, came to Richmond last year to speak to us at a tea given at the home of Mrs. Bruce Bowe, former chapter regent. It was an inspiring address and aided greatly in developing interest among prospective members. Mrs. George H. Ross, vice-regent of the chapter, was appointed chairman of the group. Her untiring efforts have been a splendid example for us all. She has made Mrs. Pouch's ambition a reality, and has been appointed State Chairman of Junior Membership.

We have an enthusiastic group of young women, eager and interested to learn about the D. A. R. activities. Our meetings have been well attended and the members greatly interested in the programs presented.
At one of our first meetings, Mrs. Benjamin Purcell, former vice-president general and Commonwealth Chapter regent, gave us a history of the chapter. In October we had a benefit card party at Mrs. Purcell’s, and it was a great success.

Reverend Walter J. Sparks gave an interesting lecture on old glass at our November meeting. For our February meeting we planned a program on National Defense. Lieutenant Colonel Daniel Connor, U.S. Army, kindly consented to speak. Our particular project for the past year has been Approved Schools, and we hope with increased membership to enlarge the scope of our activities.

MOLLY MATTHEWS JONES, Publicity Chairman.

Juniors of Rahway, New Jersey

THE newly organized group, the Rebecca Cornell Juniors, are busy making colorful scrapbooks for hospitalized children and are planning a Tricky-Tray Party.

GRETCHEN KIGHTLINGER.

Charlotte, North Carolina, Juniors

THE Charlotte Juniors have had a busy year. By giving a large bridge party we raised $75 for our girl at Crossnore. Two of our Juniors, Mrs. R.H. Robbins and Mrs. M. G. Payne, have published “North Carolina Echoes” regularly. The North Carolina Junior Banner will be presented for the first time at the state conference by the Charlotte Juniors, as a gift from the State Regent, Mrs. E. N. Davis. The Statesville Juniors and the Charlotte Juniors will serve as joint hostesses on Junior Day during the state conference. We gave a radio broadcast entitled “A Trip to Crossnore” last fall. Our work with the blind has been continued. The circulating Braille library Mrs. M. G. Payne obtained as a gift from the Red Cross for North Carolina and South Carolina is growing. We are planning to sew each week on the pages, so the volumes can be put together. A dutch luncheon will be held the day we sew on bazaar articles.

MARIANNE BOYD.

Nancy Hart Junior Group, Milledgeville, Georgia

THE Nancy Hart Junior Group, Milledgeville, Georgia, has been one of the babies this year, trying to learn to walk. Determined to preserve history, we began by writing a history of our group and making a scrapbook of activities. We sent $2.00 for dues to the Junior Assembly. We could not miss the opportunity of sending a contribution, even a small one, to the Helen Pouch Scholarship Fund. We are collecting a box of clothes for the Indians, and plan to give a dance later on. On February 12, we helped the Senior Group unveil two markers in celebration of the Sesquicentennial of the Constitution.

The Nancy Hart Chapter regent, Mrs. Guy Wells, conceived the idea of organizing a Junior Group, and with the help of the membership and Junior Group committees called together on October 29 an eligible group of girls and young matrons at the hundred-year-old governor’s mansion. Five of these girls were members of the D. A. R., so with them as a nucleus our group was formed.

ELIZABETH FRALEY, Chairman.

Peace Pipe Juniors, Denver, Colorado

MISS Marguerite Matson, State Chairman Junior Membership Committee, entertained at tea September 28, honoring Mrs. William H. Pouch. All chapter regents were invited. Peace Pipe Chapter in Denver has the only Junior Membership committee in Colorado. Our chairman, Mrs. Carl O. H. Anderson, is very capable and is making a splendid record. Our project is making tallies for the Junior Membership benefit card party, and for Junior D. A. R. bazaar. Up to the last of February $10.60 has been cleared by the sale of tallies; the card party made $29.36; $10.00 has been sent to the Helen Pouch Junior Group Scholarship Fund, and a two-year subscription to the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE has been placed in the genealogical department of the public library in Denver. The ten cents per capita for twenty-three members has been sent to the Junior Treasurer. A pearl necklace and bracelet set was given to the Good Citizenship Pilgrim.

MARGUERITE MATSON.
A Youthful Revolutionary Soldier

Among my list of thirty-two ancestors who served as members of the Committee of Safety, patriots, privates and nurses in the Revolutionary War, perhaps the youngest to enlist was Nicholas Ickes who was born in Limerick township, Montgomery Co., Pa., in 1764.

Nicholas was left motherless at the age of four and fatherless at the age of fourteen. At sixteen, he enlisted as a substitute for George Evans and served until peace was declared.

One day, while on duty close to George Washington’s headquarters near Valley Forge, he peeped through an opening between the boards and saw General Washington alone on his knees in prayer.

In 1785, Nicholas married Mary Magdalena Christman and went to housekeeping at the home he had acquired from his father’s estate at Limerick.

About 1796, he moved, following more than one hundred other families, to that part of Cumberland County, Pa., which later became Perry and Juniata counties, and purchased several tracts of land. On one of these tracts he erected a home in 1816 and later founded the town of Ickesburg.

He was the father of twenty children, seventeen of whom lived, married and left descendants who with their families now number over 3500 persons.

Last August, the town of Ickesburg celebrated an Old Homecoming Day to honor its founder.

My grandmother, Mrs. Lelia Dromgold Emig, sponsored the idea and arranged the two days’ programs. At her request, thirty-five members of the Daughters of the American Revolution who had joined the organization on the Revolutionary services of Nicholas Ickes, contributed money to buy a large bronze marker which was erected at the original Ickes homestead.

Perry Co. Chapter D. A. R. had charge of the exercises assisted by the Penn. State Regent, Mrs. Joseph C. Forney. Four great-great-grandchildren of Nicholas Ickes took part in the ceremonies, the marker being unveiled by Mary Alice Grabe and myself as members of the Children of the American Revolution, while Perry Doing, also a member, served as official bugler.

Six of the eleven remaining grandchildren of Nicholas Ickes were present, two of whom have since passed away.

Honorable Harold L. Ickes was unable to attend because of his official duties as Secretary of the Interior, but sent a special letter which was read to the assembly.

The following day being Sunday the Ickes family reunion was held at Emanuel Reformed church which Nicholas Ickes helped to found in 1839 and where he and his second wife Susan Loy are buried. Headed by Mrs. Emig, the audience of several hundred persons marched to the cemetery where an oration was delivered by Allan Wolf at the grave of the ancestor (or Rev. Soldier) and taps were sounded. Brief exercises, with planting of ivy, were likewise held at the graves of five of Nicholas’ children and that of this brother, Samuel Ickes. Each person who participated was a descendant of his or her particular branch of the family.

The services in the church were most interesting and spiritual. Fourteen of the seventeen children were represented on the program by descendants; some persons coming from distant sections of our country for the first time.

I love to attend these annual homecoming services and to visit the cemetery where ten of my grandmothers of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth generations are buried.

Rosemary Endicott, 
Gov. Thomas Welles Society, 
Washington, D. C.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The supply of DECEMBER, JANUARY, and FEBRUARY issues of the Magazine is completely exhausted and we deeply regret that in consequence many members of the Society who desired to start their subscriptions with back numbers or to secure single copies have been disappointed. For economic reasons, we are obliged to keep our print order close to the number of copies that we KNOW will be required. We are going to press this month with a larger printing, but in order to avoid further disappointments, we cannot urge too strongly that subscriptions and orders should be entered NOW!
THE editor accepts with thanks further gifts to the Endowment Fund outlined in the February issue. One comes from the Cape May Patriots Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Cape May Court House, New Jersey, and is donated in honor of its regent, Mrs. Ralph T. Stevens. The other is from the Alexander Love Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Houston, Texas.

The editor has been much gratified by a recent gracious gesture, made by both the Georgia and Kentucky State Conferences: They have used miniature copies of the magazine as favors for their banquets! She hopes that other states will be moved to follow their example!

The request for expressions of opinion
from subscribers carried two months ago has brought large response. This is gratifying, because nothing is so helpful to an editor as hearing from the readers of the magazine for which she is responsible what they like and what they do not like.

The vote in favor of fiction was overwhelming—in fact, there were only six dissenting voices. And, to the editor’s surprise and delight, she found it was not only the younger contingent—as she had supposed—who had a predilection for this. The following statements were especially intriguing:

“I am ‘goin’ on’ seventy-one, but I still like romance. Historical fiction, especially, appeals to me. The ‘National Historical Magazine’ grows better with every issue. More power to you!”

“I am enjoying the ‘National Historical Magazine’ very much. I am most interested in the story, laid in 1848—the year that I was born!”

Bravo, seventy-one! Bravo, ninety-one! Never again will the editor assume the taste for romance goes out with the “middle-aged spread”!

Most of the expressions of opinion unfavorable to fiction were based on the supposition it was being used in space which could be devoted to material concerning the Genealogical Extension Service. The editor wishes to point out that this service was not rendered through the pages of the Magazine, but as an outside activity, and that it was discontinued by vote of the National Board. The Genealogical Department is being constantly enlarged and developed, and it is her hope that it may continue to be expanded.

Among other responsive comments are the following:

“You ask for a word on continuing or discontinuing certain features in the Magazine. My suggestion is to keep to your present program, which would seem varied enough to please all and sundry. Personally, I like the historical serials, and articles by Mrs. Vandenberg and John Allen Murray.”

“Ever since 1924, when I was the second regent of our Chapter, organized a few years before, the Magazine of our organization has always been on my table. It has had a stately dignity of its own, but in the last two years it has acquired some sprightly graces, with the lovely poems, and fascinating illustrations, and even romance, with which it is embellished. Since genealogy is my playtime hobby (I have just dug up my eighth Revolutionary ancestor and an unsuspected Mayflower line), and history is my favorite study, and literature my heart’s desire, you can see that I enjoy the magazine from cover to cover. The only addition I could suggest would be an occasional article on American Archaeology, such as we sometimes see in the daily news, with some doubt as to its authenticity!”

“The Magazine is filling many needs among the Daughters and is acclaimed on all sides. I hope my state (Louisiana) will have as great an increase (nearly forty per cent) in its subscriptions as it did last year. I am venturing to offer a suggestion, as I understood you have asked; and that is that we may have a permanent page from Mrs. Moss. Ignorance of parliamentary matters is abysmal among our chapters and Mrs. Moss’ articles are presented in such a way that they are easily made part of our mental equipment, and I hope you may see fit to continue them.”

“I consider Mrs. Vandenberg’s articles most worthwhile because they give us first-hand pictures of persons who are now in public life. I think we should have more from our national officers and occasionally an article by some state regent, perhaps a round table department where different states could present their problems and accomplishments so that others could benefit by them. I would like occasionally to read something from an Honorary President General. What an inspiration an article from Mrs. Minor would be! ... Please do not think I am a fault-finder, but knowing you, I feel I can be frank, for the membership at large want to know about their Society. It is a lovely magazine, we must all agree.”

In regard to the letter from Louisiana, the editor would say it is her hope Mrs. Moss may be persuaded to resume her contributions, which were discontinued because she felt she could not go on with them, at least for the time being. In regard to the hope that we may have more contributions
from national officers and state regents, the editor wishes to say she would be delighted should they feel moved to send in more material.

We have considered it a privilege to print poems by **Mrs. John Logan Marshall**, retiring State Regent of South Carolina, and **Mrs. Harry E. Narey**, State Regent of Iowa. **Mrs. Hubert Webster**, State Regent of Wyoming, and **Mrs. Helen C. Kimberly Stuart**, State Regent of Wisconsin, are also among our contributors. The series entitled “Life In Colonial America,” by **Mary Allison Goodhue**, former Historian General, brought much favorable comment, and these articles were followed by another feature article entitled “The Surrender Room Comes to Life.” **Mrs. John Trigg Moss’** article on “Old Glass,” which began our series of the “Spirit of the Hand-made,” was also well received. An article by **Mildred Brooke Hoover**, Honorary State Regent of California, appears in the current issue and an article by **Mrs. George C. Stone**, State Vice Regent of Virginia, is scheduled for the May issue. The picture of **Mrs. William H. Alexander**, former Vice President General, has also been a much-appreciated attraction, and so have numerous pictures showing the homes of members of the National Board.

Among spontaneous tributes, we have felt honored to receive two collegiate comments, one from a professor in the school of journalism at Columbia University, and one from the office of the dean at the University of Wisconsin:

“Your latest (February) issue of the ‘National Historical Magazine’ is an interesting, varied omnibus. The Elinor Emory Pollard bit delighted me for its strange, pungent content and the fact that its author is a Wellesley pal of mine.”

“My first copy of the ‘National Historical Magazine’ reached me yesterday. I can’t tell you how thrilled I am with it—it is most interesting and satisfying. For many years I have wished to be a member of the National Society, but I have not felt that I could because it is so difficult for me to attend meetings in the afternoon. Finally, I have decided to ‘play hookey’ and go.”

And last, but not least, let us select this “orchid” from a cluster:

“Our friend in common, Mrs. ———, wrote a note of thanks for a subscription to our ‘National Historical Magazine’ which I had given her at Christmas, in which she has this to say: ‘I received the first number and I am greatly charmed with the improvement. I think it is splendid in every way, and if it continues like this it will be a rival to Harper’s and Scribner’s.’ Orchids to you, my friend!”

**Blanche M. Stevenson’s** poem, “The Shipbuilder” was scheduled for this issue because it seemed such a charming correlative to **Florence Dombey Shreve’s** “Men o’ War” and **Harry M. Baldridge’s** “Ships and Ship Models”. Relative to this poem was a note to the editor: “I really had a great grandfather who built and sailed his ships to foreign ports, and I prize greatly a cup and saucer of Chelsea ware, part of a set of dishes he brought to my great grandmother from England. His home was in Mathews County, Virginia, where I was born and reared.”

The editor replied by asking for a picture of the cup and saucer and here it is, hospitably set down at the end of this department, as if to invite you to come and drink from it!
MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.
As of February 1, 1939

Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General

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ROUND TABLES BY NATIONAL OFFICERS

Librarian General, Mrs. Vinton E. Sisson, End of Library, Wednesday, 8:30 A. M.
Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, National Board Room, Tuesday, 1:00 P. M. (Round Table and Discussion of Junior membership.)
 Registrar General, Mrs. Frank L. Nason, National Officers' Club Room, Administration Building, Tuesday, 2:30 P. M.
 Treasurer General, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, National Officers' Club Room, Wednesday, immediately after close of afternoon meeting.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE MEETINGS

Advancement of American Music, Mrs. Edward G. Mead, Club House of the American Association of University Women, Tuesday, 2 P. M.
Americanism, Mrs. John Y. Richardson, Breakfast, Mayflower, Wednesday, 8 A. M.
Approved Schools, Mrs. Samuel J. Campbell, Banquet Hall, Monday, 2:30 P. M.
Auditing, Mrs. Vinton E. Sisson, Mayflower, Thursday, April 13, 9:30 A. M.
Conservation, Mrs. Ober D. Warthen, Louisiana Room, Wednesday, 8:30 A. M.
Conservation (American Indians), Mrs. B. D. Weeks, South Carolina Room, Monday, 2 P. M.
Correct Use of the Flag, Mrs. Charles B. Keesee, C. A. R. Room, Tuesday, 3 P. M.
Filing and Lending, Mrs. Frank W. Baker, South Carolina Room, Tuesday, 8:30 A. M.
Genealogical Records, Dr. Jean Stephenson, National Board Room, Monday, 2 to 5 P. M.
Girl Home Makers, Mrs. Alice L. Newbury, Louisiana Room, Tuesday, 2:30 P. M.
Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, Mrs. Roscoe C. O'Byrne, Louisiana Room, Wednesday, 4 P. M.
Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs, Mrs. Elmer H. Whitaker, National Officers' Club Room, Administration Building, Wednesday, 8:30 A. M.
Historical Research, Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury, National Board Room, Wednesday, immediately after close of afternoon meeting.
Junior American Citizens, Miss Eleanor Greenwood, National Board Room, Tuesday, 3:15 P. M. Breakfast, Mayflower, Wednesday, 7:30 A. M.
Junior Membership Assembly, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Auditorium, Memorial Continental Hall, Tuesday, 3 P. M.
Magazine, Mrs. Victor A. Binford, National Board Room, Monday, 9:30 A. M.
Manual, Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins, California Room, Monday, 10 A. M.
Motion Pictures, Mrs. Leroy Montgomery, Mezzanine A, Mayflower, Tuesday, 4 P. M.
Museum, Mrs. Willard Steele, Banquet Hall, Tuesday, 3:30 P. M.
National Defense, Mrs. Imogen E. Emery, Grand Ball Room, Mayflower Hotel, Monday, 2 P. M.
Press Relations, Mrs. Sterling Bockoven, Louisiana Room, Tuesday, 11 A. M.
Radio, Mrs. Frank B. Whitlock, South Carolina Room, Wednesday, 9 A. M.
Resolutions, Miss Emeline Street, Washington Room, Monday, 10 A. M.; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 8 A. M.—National Officers' Club Room, Friday, 8 A. M.
Student Loan, Miss Claudine Hutter, C. A. R. Room, Wednesday, 8 A. M.

SPECIAL MEETINGS

President General's meeting for National Chairmen, National Officers' Club Room, Monday, April 17, 11:30 A. M.
Informal talks by Parliamentarian, Mrs. John Trigg Moss, Banquet Hall, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 8 A. M.
National Officers' Club, Friday, April 14th, 10 A.M. Executive meeting, National Board Room
11 A.M. Annual meeting, National Officers' Club Room, Administration Building
1 P.M. Luncheon, Banquet Hall
2 P.M. Executive meeting, National Officers' Club Room
State Regents Meeting, Friday, April 14, 2:30 P.M., National Board Room

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE MEETINGS

House Committee, Constitution Hall, Monday, 11 A.M. (Register 10 A.M.)
Page Committee, Constitution Hall, Monday, 1:30 P.M.
Platform Committee, Stage, Constitution Hall, Monday, 12 noon
Reception Committee, President General's Reception Room, Constitution Hall, Monday, 9:15 A.M.
Reception Room Committee, President General's Reception Room, Constitution Hall, Monday, 11 A.M.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State Regency Address</th>
<th>State Meetings</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alabama—Mayflower</td>
<td>Alabama Room, Monday 9-4. Dinner, North Room, Mayflower, Tuesday, 6:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arizona—Willard</td>
<td>Luncheon, Main Dining Room, Willard, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arkansas—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Main Dining Room, Mayflower, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>California—Mayflower</td>
<td>California Room, Tuesday, close of morning meeting. Supper, Pan American Room, Mayflower, Sunday, April 16, 5 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Colorado—Mayflower</td>
<td>Regent's Rooms, Tuesday, 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Mayflower, Tuesday, 6:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Connecticut—Mayflower</td>
<td>Connecticut Room, Friday, after closing of Congress. Luncheon, Presidential Room, Mayflower, Tuesday, 1:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
<td>District of Columbia Room, Saturday, April 15, 10 A.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Georgia—Mayflower</td>
<td>North Carolina Room, Tuesday, 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Mayflower, Tuesday, 6:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Illinois—Mayflower</td>
<td>Dinner, Presidential Room, Mayflower, Sunday, April 16, 7 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Indiana—Mayflower</td>
<td>Indiana Room, Monday and Tuesday. Dinner, Italian Garden, Mayflower, Tuesday, 6 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kansas—Mayflower</td>
<td>Kansas Room, Tuesday, 2:15 P.M. Luncheon, Mayflower, Tuesday, 12:30.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kentucky—Mayflower</td>
<td>Kentucky Room, Monday and Thursday. Luncheon, Thomas Jefferson Room, Mayflower, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Louisiana—Mayflower</td>
<td>Louisiana Room, Monday, 10 A.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maine—Powhatan</td>
<td>Luncheon, Powhatan, Tuesday, 12. Meeting immediately following.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maryland—Mayflower</td>
<td>Maryland Room, Monday and Tuesday. Luncheon, Mayflower, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Michigan—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Sun Room, Washington, Tuesday, 1:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Minnesota—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Rixey Mansion, Arlington, Va., Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Montana—Willard</td>
<td>South Carolina Room, Monday, 9:30 A.M. Luncheon, ABC Parlors, Willard, Tuesday, 12:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nebraska—Willard</td>
<td>Luncheon, Fairfax Room, Willard, Tuesday, 1:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>New Hampshire—Willard</td>
<td>New Jersey Room, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday. Luncheon, Italian Gardens, Mayflower, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Jersey—Mayflower</td>
<td>New York Room, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Luncheon, Ball of Nations, Washington, Tuesday, 2:30 P.M. Luncheon, Chinese Room, Mayflower, Wednesday, 1 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Mexico—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Bamboo Room, Willard, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Carolina—Mayflower</td>
<td>Oregon Room, Monday, 11 A.M. Luncheon, Mayflower, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ohio—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Main Dining Room, Mayflower, Tuesday.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oklahoma—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Ball Room, Shoreham, Tuesday, 1 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon—Mayflower</td>
<td>Parlor D, Mezzanine Floor, Washington, Monday, 10 A.M. Dinner, Sun Parlor, Roof Floor, Washington, Tuesday, 6:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania—Mayflower</td>
<td>South Carolina Room, Tuesday, 1:15 P.M. Luncheon, Pan American Room, Mayflower, Wednesday, 1 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhode Island—Washington</td>
<td>Tennessee Room, Tuesday, 1 P.M. Dinner, Pan American Room, Mayflower, Tuesday, 7 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Carolina—Mayflower</td>
<td>Texas Room, Tuesday, 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Main Dining Room, Mayflower, Tuesday, 6:30 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee—Mayflower</td>
<td>Vermont Room, Monday, 1 P.M. Dinner, Fairfax Room, Willard, 6:30 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Texas—Mayflower</td>
<td>Virginia Room, Monday, Tuesday morning. Luncheon, Small Ballroom, Willard, Tuesday, 1:30 P.M. State meeting following.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Rose Room, Washington, Tuesday, 1:30 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Washington—Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon, Wisconsin Room, Monday, 10 A.M.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad of Chicago is arranging a special train to leave Chicago, April 15th, at 3:30 p.m., arriving in Washington, D. C., at 8:30 a.m., on April 16th.
Inquire of your local agent regarding tariffs in force at the time of purchasing your ticket.

After Congress Historical Tours

Historical Virginia Pilgrimage No. 1

First Day, April 22—Leave Constitution Hall about 8 A. M., Saturday, April 22d, and proceed to Fredericksburg visiting there the James Monroe Law Office and Kenmore; lunch at the Princess Anne Hotel, proceeding thence to Wakefield and Stratford; continuing on to Richmond; dinner, lodging and breakfast at the Jefferson Hotel.

Second Day, April 23-24—Leave Hotel about 8:30 A. M. for brief tour of Richmond, visiting St. John's Church, thence to Jamestown, returning to Williamsburg for lunch. After lunch there will be a tour of Williamsburg, then continuing to Yorktown and Old Point Comfort where the party will board the boat for the overnight trip to Washington, arriving in Washington at 7:00 A. M. the third day, April 24th.

All expense rate for this tour, including bus and boat fares, fees, guide service, meals and lodging, two persons to a room with twin beds and bath at hotel and two persons to an outside stateroom on the boat, $23.50, based on a minimum of 15 persons.

Historical Virginia Pilgrimage No. 2

First Day, April 22—Leave Washington at 8:30 A. M., Saturday, April 22d, and proceed to Luray for lunch at the Mimslyn Hotel and visit to Luray Caverns; then over 35 miles of Skyline Drive en route to Charlottesville, dinner, lodging and breakfast at Monticello Hotel.

Second Day, April 23—Visit Monticello and Ashlawn, proceeding to Fredericksburg, stopping at Montpelier if arrangements can be made to have it open for the D. A. R. members. A tour will be made of Fredericksburg, visiting the James Monroe Law Office and Kenmore, returning to Washington between 6:00 and 7:00 P. M.

All expense rate for this tour, including bus fare, fees, guide service, meals and lodging, two persons to a room with twin beds and bath, $15.00, based on a minimum of 15 persons. Rate does not include fee at Montpelier.

Pin for Congressional Chairmen are now on sale, 14 kt., price, $12.50—heavily gold plated bronze, price, $6.

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Correspondence or interviews may be arranged in all parts of the United States.
A LECTURER recently said: "To use our freedom to destroy our freedom is the most demoralizing tendency in our country today." The thought deserves consideration. That such a tendency exists is generally conceded. Ignorance and indifference are its major causes. The proper defense is to create within the minds of the American people a renewal of faith in themselves and a reliance upon the same homely virtues that subdued a continent and welded together into a nation people of widely scattered communities with diversified interests and resources. Those who would promote confidence in the American way of life must know its advantages.

Helpful books of illustrative material have recently been published. One lists statistics of resources and development of the United States and the three great totalitarian states. Another compares the purchasing power of the American laborer's effort with that in six other nations. Varying systems of currency make hours of labor the only sound basis of comparison. These statistics compel attention. They prove conclusively that the states of the greatest degree of individual freedom have the highest living standards. Stated in another way, they prove that under those systems of government allowing the greatest degree of individual freedom, the average citizen has most return for his labor.

An hour's labor of the average workman in the United States will buy seven times the amount of mixed foods as the hour's labor in Russia, four times the amount of bread, and eight times the amount of butter. This last, provided the butter can be purchased at all! To buy a pound of coffee the laborer in Russia and in Italy must work more than twenty times as long as in the United States. To buy a pair of work shoes, the laborer in Italy must work seven times as long as the laborer in America. A cloth shirt in Italy costs thirteen times the labor, and in Germany seven times the labor required in America. Laboratory tests emphasize further advantages. Synthetic products have lowered standards of quality formerly associated with European workmanship. Upon tests workmen's overalls costing ten times the hours of labor were found to have but one-third the wearing qualities of those purchased by the American laborer.

Each comparison adds to America's advantage. Greater consumption of electricity means more household conveniences, less arduous labor, more leisure, more light, more heat, more health. Even in years of depression, in proportion to population, the United States had more automobiles, more telephones, more radios, more doctors, a lower death rate for infants, than any other nation. There is a savings account for every third person and an insurance policy for nearly half of them.

Propagandists never make these comparisons. They wisely see that such would be to their distinct disadvantage, for these arguments are unanswerable. Their method is to exploit isolated cases of mistaken justice or dishonesty in government. These we know that we have. While honestly trying to correct them, our people may render a distinct service to their country by emphasizing that nothing can be gained for Americans by a change to another system of government.

A clergyman who recently traveled informally over Europe asked young people of many countries what they wanted to do when they grew up. Repeatedly the answer was "Go to America." A deaconess who has given more than twenty-five years of service at one of our great immigrant stations says that never in all those years has she seen a person ordered to be deported from America who wanted to go. We already have much of what others must yet strive to attain.
It is axiomatic that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But at the same season, a middle-aged woman's preoccupation—sometimes sentimental, sometimes practical—is apt to be with homes and gardens.

She usually begins with her own. Almost instinctively, she cleans and weeds, refurbishes and replants. Then, after the fresh curtains are hung and the flower beds newly bordered, her exuberance takes the form of faring forth to see what other women have been doing along the same lines. She visits among her friends or she takes a trip and explores the homes and gardens of the past.

It has just been my fortunate fate to combine the two proceedings. I left Washington at noon on Saturday with a visiting niece as a chauffeuse, and struck southward. All along the way, the clean, earthy smell of freshly plowed fields mingled with the scent of wood smoke. The depths of the forests through which we passed glowed with green. In the churchyard at Aguia, where we stopped for a moment, hyacinths and jonquils were coming from the graves. There was more than spring in the air; there was the sense of resurrection.

We reached "Marmion" in King George County, about two and found Lucy Lewis Grymes, its gracious chatelaine, waiting to welcome us for lunch. And such a lunch! Homemade sausages, homemade pickles, fresh eggs lightly scrambled, light biscuit freshly baked, garden figs preserved in transparent syrup into which we stirred heavy cream, cup cakes browned to a delicate amber. If Lucy could be persuaded to prepare a "Marmion Cook Book", what a treasure trove her countless friends—and every woman in the country for that matter—would find in it!

Coffee was served from the Betty Washington Silver Service which Lucy loaned to the Paris Colonial Exposition of 1931, to be rewarded by a "diploma of honor" by the French Government in recognition of her graciousness; and after we had drunk this nectar, Lucy showed my Northern niece, who had never been in Virginia before, a few of "Marmion's" outstanding features: its grove of nut trees, its kitchen and creamery, its matchless panelling, its "Safe Room" where the daughters of the house slept beyond their parents' chamber. Then, reluctantly, the travelers said goodbye, and started on their way again.

Our route took us deeper and deeper into the country. Dusk was already descending when we turned from the main road just above Warsaw, and found our way to "Bladensfield", where I had never been before, and which I had kindly been invited to visit by its present owner, Mrs. John Aldridge. "Bladensfield", like "Marmion", is a remote seventeenth-century house with beautiful corner chimney pieces and wide, planked floors. Like "Marmion", it is tranquil yet mysterious, steeped in family tradition, stirred by legendary ghosts. Its talented possessor, who herself has not been able to do for it all she desires, has let it speak for itself in appealing for its preservation.

"Houses, if they have lived long enough, can acquire souls and often broken hearts. I have both.

"I was built in 1690 by William Rochester, who founded the City of Rochester, New York, so I am one of the 'F. F. V's'. It is said that Colonel George Eskridge, the guardian of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington, once lived here.

"A visiting architect once said I was to him what an original Beethoven manuscript would be to a musician. He would not even leave me long enough to see the garden, but wandered through my many rooms in a happy trance.

"I have Heaven and Hell hinges. I'm 'brick
nogged'. I have hand wrought nails and huge hand hewn beams and genuine ghosts, but after several hundred years, I cannot hold up much longer. I try in every way to show my desperate need of a major operation to save my life. I even sent a rose vine up three stories through loose boards to wave from the peak of the big dormer as a flag of distress. But people who come to see me only say, 'How very quaint.' 'What a dear old house, and how beautifully out of repair!' I drop large clumps of heavy hair-filled plaster from hand-split hickory laths. I rattle my ancient decaying window sashes and groan aloud. I am going, and if something is not done to help me, soon will be gone forever."

With this challenge ringing in our ears, we sped on through the friendly darkness. The sun had sunk in a crimson ball; the moon had risen in a golden glow; its sickle was sweeping through the sky as we ferried across the York River. Beyond, the town which climbs its cliffs was fast asleep, and very soon we were, too. But bright and early the next morning we were up and about, exploring its manifold historical treasures and greatly blessed in our guide. This was my old friend, Mrs. George Durbin Chenoweth, who has always personified the spirit of Yorktown to me. She took us to see the first Custom's House in America, restored and owned by the Comte de Grasse Chapter of which she is Regent, and the Surrender Room in the Moore House which has recently "Come to Life" as our former Historian General, Mrs. Julian C. Goodhue, has so well expressed it, because the National Society, acting as a body, has fittingly restored this historic shrine. She took us to see York Hall, built about 1740 by William Nelson for his son, Thomas, who became Governor of Virginia, one of the most exquisitely renovated of all Colonial homes. She went with us over the battlefields and trenches which have been so skillfully recreated by the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior. And finally, she invited us home with her to have lunch in quaint and lovely Digges House, where she lives. Here another repast was spread before us, comparable to the one with which Lucy Grymes had regaled us the day before. Clear hot soup and tender steak were features of this one; pecans and grapefruit peel, fresh from Florida; fruitcake made from Mrs. Chenoweth's own recipe, rich with citron and angelica—food fit for the gods but fed to happy mortals.

We started on our homeward way, reluctant but refreshed, taking this time the "Daffodil Trail". From Gloucester Point to Gloucester Court House, and beyond on every side, were sunlit fields which rivaled the famous "Fields of the Cloth of Gold". What a revelation of shining splendor these endless acres are! And when the yellow flowers have been gathered in, how variously and artfully they are displayed! Not only in the famous Van Waveren showrooms, where hundreds of varieties are exhibited, and which thousands of persons were visiting that day; but in countless other ways throughout the county. Two little girls, for instance, had set up a flower stand under a small, pink peach tree, shaped like a fluffy umbrella. The box bushes bordering the filling stations had been studded with daffodils; the iron gateways leading into the "Court Green" had been entwined with them; and at the entrance to the old "Ordinary", which the Women's Club of Gloucester had so skillfully restored, was a placard painted with daffodils, announcing that meals would be served there at all hours.

We had partaken of so many already that we were obliged to pass these by. But our car was laden with golden bloom when we left Gloucester, and my own quarters are still bright with its distilled sunshine. I am thankful that I have had this happy interlude among the homes and gardens of other women. It has enabled me to take up my work again with a singing heart.
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