SEVERANCE OF SHELBURNE
FLORENCE STEVENS CUMMINGS

BE-KNIGHTED YANKEES
MABEL A. BROWN

CATHEDRAL CLOSE
PEARL H. STEWART

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

*Rates No Higher Than at Less Finely Appointed Hotels*

**SINGLE ROOMS FROM $4**  
**DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $6**

R. L. POLLIO, MANAGER

THE MAYFLOWER  
CONNECTICUT AVENUE AT L STREET
A Gift
from Woodward & Lothrop

... is so easy to select—and so exciting to receive.
For every package—with its crisp white tissue and shining seals—"holds a prize." And Gift Shoppers—with the whole store "at their fingertips"—are here to help you select gifts for brides, for graduates, convalescents or voyagers. So do turn to them for help if you would give, but are not gifted in choice. Or make your own discoveries in a store "crammed" with gift-ideas.

GIFT SHOPPING, SECOND FLOOR
J. E. Caldwell & Co.
Official Jewelers and Stationers
to The National Society
Daughters of the American Revolution
extend a cordial invitation to
all Members and their Friends
to include Historic Philadelphia
and the Caldwell Store
in their visit to the
New York World’s Fair
Contents

Cover design: Alma Gehman, a recent graduate of the Moravian Seminary and College for Women, at the Spinet which was played for George Washington.

EDITORIALS

If I Could Talk To You .......................... Sarah Corbin Robert 11
Views of the Vice Presidents General. I ........................................ Grace C. Marshall vi

FEATURE ARTICLES

As They “Commenced” .................................. Frances Parkinson Keyes 2
“And A Highway Shall Be There .......” .................. Maurine Kamps Aust 21
The Wedding of Two Log Houses ................. Rowena R. Farrar 29
The Little Brown Church in the Vale .............. Jeannette Hegeman 32
The Spirit of the Hand-made, XII. Mary Dunlap’s Recipes .............. Susan Morton 34
Distinguished Daguerreotypes, V .................... 37
Preserving the Star-Spangled Banner .................. H. M. Hobson 52
What Is Your Flag I.Q.? ............................ Norman C. Schlichter 53

FICTION

Quaker Wedding ........................................ James T. Worthington 25
City of Faith (conclusion) ....................... Margaret Curtis McKay 38

VERSE

Magnolia .................................................... Eudocia Lucky 24
It Takes Two ........................................... Julie C. Kugler 51
Marriage Record ......................................... Reba Mahan Stevens 61

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Genealogical .............................................. 54
Book Reviews ............................................ 64
Children of the American Revolution .............. 67
News Items ................................................ 68
State Conferences ....................................... 70
Committee Reports ..................................... 82
Junior Membership ..................................... 86
Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics .......... 89

OFFICIAL LISTS

National Board of Management ...................... 91
Approved Schools ...................................... 93
National Committee Chairmen ....................... 94
National Board of Management, C. A. R. .......... 113

Issued Monthly By

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE Daughters of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Publication Office: MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, Washington, D. C.
FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
Editor
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Single Copy, 25 Cents. Yearly Subscription, $2.00, or Two Years for $3.00

Copyright, 1939, by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution
Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879
As They "Commenced"

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

The first step in the formation of university life, according to Samuel Eliot Morison, a well-known authority on the subject, was taken in Paris during the twelfth century, when would-be teachers were required to obtain a license from the Archbishop's representative before they were allowed to set up a school, or to lecture. The second was taken when the teachers set up a gild for self-protection among themselves, just as men engaged in other trades and professions were doing at this period. "Commencement (Inceptio), the oldest, most dignified, and widespread university institution," Mr. Morison tells us, "began simply as an initiation to this gild of Masters of Arts. The candidate, having received his license to teach from the Chancellor, was ceremonially admitted to the masters' or teachers' gild, and confirmed in his new fellowship and title of Master of Arts by performing an appropriate 'Act'."

From this simple beginning, commencement exercises have come to occupy a predominant position—in fact, their only competitors at this season are bridal ceremonies! Therefore, it seems fitting that we should try to trace the story of some of the commencements which have taken place in this country, beginning with the earliest.

Harvard is the oldest American institution of its kind. It started to function in 1636, less than two decades after the landing of the Pilgrims. It embodied, from the beginning, the strong sentiment of the people whose need for books was "second only to their need for bread." 1 To the Puritans it was truly the "first flower of their wilderness" and the "star of their night." And the first commencement was celebrated in a manner befitting its importance.

"Quite imposingly 'Harvard College' rose

1 Dorothy Canfield.
above the apple trees which Master Eaton had planted in the yard: 'very faire and comely within and without,' an E-shaped clapboarded building with two wings and a square staircase-turret, two floors and a garret. Within there were all things proper to a college: kitchen and butteries, chambers and studies, a library where John Harvard's and other books were shelved, and 'a spacious Hall' where Commencement was celebrated on September 23, 1642.

"At an early hour in the morning Governor Winthrop, attended by his guard and a number of magistrates and gentlemen, crossed to Charlestown by the ferry and rode thence to Cambridge; . . . By nine or ten o'clock in the morning an expectant audience consisting of the nine Commencers, four junior sophisters, and eight or ten freshmen, together with 'great numbers' of gentlemen, ministers, and others, assembled in the newly-finished college hall, sitting on forms and borrowed chairs. Thesis sheets on the Edinburgh model, hot off Stephen Day's press, are distributed to members and guests. Enters a small but solemn procession, headed by Edward Mitchelson, Marshal-General of Massachusetts Bay. . . . All take seats behind the high table on the dais—the President, as moderator of Commencement, in the center, Governor Winthrop on his right, and Deputy-Governor Endecott on his left. The halberdiers shamble off to the buttery to sample college beer. Marshal-General Mitchelson calls the assembly to order by striking the dais with the butt of his pike-staff, and the 'Solemn Act' begins. Master Shepard offers a long extemporaneous prayer in Latin, praising the singular providence of God for bringing them thither through the dangers and difficulties of the sea, for preserving them in the wilderness from famine, heretics, and infidels, and for thus bringing so early to fruition in good letters and godly learning the first classis of this School of the Prophets. One of the ministers delivers a salutatory oration in Latin, 'wherein all Persons and Orders of any fashion then present, were Addressed with proper Complements and Reflections were made on the most Remarkable Occurrents of the praeceeding Year.' The first scholar among the Commencers delivers an oration in Greek. . . . The audience being suitably impressed and exceedingly fatigued, the assembly adjourns at eleven o'clock for dinner. . . . "When the Board of Overseers has concluded its deliberations, President Dunster
again takes the chair and the second Solemn Act of the day begins. This is in the form of a Latin disputation between Commencers, in syllogistic style. . . . After disputation have been going on for a couple of hours, and the nine Commencers have 'performed their acts, so as gave good proof of their proficiency in the tongues and arts,' comes the solemn moment for the conferring of degrees. . . . Each was mentioned, with a few complimentary remarks, in a valedictory oration delivered by one of the ministers, who closed by invoking the congratulations—not the blessing—of God. The first Harvard Commencement was over."

But even the Puritans did not always take such great occasions too seriously. As early as President Oakes's administration (1675-1681), "The college authorities were becoming alarmed at the excessive hospitality . . . at Commencement, and Presidents Mather and Leverett adopted severe prohibitions against commencers' providing 'Plumb-Cake' and 'mix'd drink made with distill's Spirits' in their chambers, under penalty of losing their degree; nor were they 'to evade it by Plain Cake.' But the crowds increased, and with them the disorder; for the New England people were allowed very few holidays, and the concourse of so many people, coincident with the loosening of collegiate discipline naturally brought together all the cheap-jacks, Indian medicine men, acrobats and public entertainers, that New England afforded. This brought money as well as excitement to placid Cambridge, and created a sort of vested interest in the non-academic features. In 1718, about the time that Cotton Mather wrote to a friend at New Haven that he hoped the Sons of Eli would improve their Commencement with religious conversation, and not indulge in idle and vicious pastimes as at Cambridge!"

"On June 1, 1774, the Boston Port Act and the other coercive acts passed by Parliament as punishment for the famous tea-party went into effect, and Boston was occupied by British regulars. The College Corporation, 'considering the present dark aspect of our public Affairs Voted that there be no public Commencement this Year'; nor was there another until 1781."

"Commencement in 1783, the first since the peace, was particularly brilliant. Honorary degrees were conferred on James Bowdoin, President of the American Academy and donor of the Bowdoin Prizes, and on Edward Augustus Holyoke, President Holyoke's son, and a famous practitioner of Salem, who thereby became Harvard's first M.D. Harrison Gray Otis, 'the first scholar of the first class of a new nation,' delivered the English oration, indulging 'the impulse of a sanguine temperament in building what doubtless seemed . . . castles in the air,' but which as he looked back on them from the bicentennial in 1836 appeared moderate expectations in comparison with the reality that came to be. And Ephraim Eliot (A.B. 1780), for his Master's degree, delivered an Oration on the Art of Medicine, in which he eagerly looked 'forward to the time, when

*The above account is quoted from "The Founding of Harvard College" by Samuel Eliot Morison."
the University of Harvard shall be ranked with that of Edinburgh, now the seat of medical sages; when her sons shall be registered in the same catalogue with a Whytt, a Munro, and a Cutter. . . . May peace be spread throughout the world, and 'Health, without whose cheerful active energy, no rapture swells the breast,' be universally diffused through every land." 3

The College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia, was second only to Harvard in actual operation, and first in many of the benefits which it received and bestowed. Its charter was granted in 1693 by the King and Queen of England for whom it was named, and a year later a coat of arms was presented to it by the College of Heralds.

"There was a commencement at William and Mary College in the year 1700, at which there was a great concourse of people; several planters came thither in coaches, and others in sloops from New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, it being a new thing in that part of America to hear graduates perform their exercises. The Indians themselves had the curiosity, some of them, to visit Williamsburg on that occasion; and the whole country rejoiced as if they had some relish of learning." 4

By 1729, William and Mary had a full faculty, consisting of a president, six professors, usher, and writing master, and it took the initiative in establishing an intercollegiate fraternity (the Phi Beta Kappa), in having an elective system of study, and in becoming a University.

Bruton Church was the scene of the commencement exercises in 1812, for the college chapel was not in good repair. A letter from Mrs. Elizabeth B. Kennon to Samuel Mordecai, dated June 4, tells us briefly of the graduation ceremonies in effect at that time:

"I suppose you have seen the death of Gregory Page in the papers . . . he was two hours in the water, and in that time I suppose all his vital faculties had ceased forever; he is now in his "Narrow house," poor fellow; and his miserable mother is a real picture of woe. I feel for her more than I can express. He was I am told an amiable young man; and every person appears to lament him; they had the pavement taken up under the place where the students delivered their orations, and re-

\*Quoted from "History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia, 1860," by Charles Campbell.
ceived their degrees, and deposited his body there; it is said he was extremely clever; he was striving to get a degree the next time they were distributed; and there is no doubt but it would have been conferred on him at the age of sixteen; and it would have been, I have been informed the first instance in William and Mary of one so young, being thus honored; his afflicted mother affected me very much a day or two ago; Ah, Mrs. Kennon said she; with how much pride, and mental exultation have I looked forward to the Fourth of July; for I anticipated the delight I should experience on that day when I saw my Gregory at his early age receive the uncommon honour of a degree; but behold the reverse, he now lies a breathless corpse, under the very place where I vainly hoped to see his triumph.”

From the faculty minutes of June 24, 1828, there is a resolution, “That the President be authorized to have erected in the Church a scaffold sufficiently large to accommodate the Visitors, the Faculty and the graduates.” This “scaffold” was for the commencement exercises on the following Fourth of July.

By 1855, the exercises were held in the school chapel, and a reminiscence by a graduate of this decade is very informative: “In 1858, there had been many changes since 1776. . . . Educational leadership had become distributed among the many new institutions which had been established, and some of the old ones, which had grown wealthy; yet the city and the college still retained much of their social and educational prestige. . . . From my earliest memory as a boy, my native city, Williamsburg, was stirred with the heart-burst of its citizens on the advent of the Fourth day of July. . . . There were five grand events of the day.

“1. The first event was the general muster. . . . After military evolutions . . . the gallant regiment . . . marched to William and Mary College, reaching there at 11 o’clock, and occupying reserved seats in the college chapel.

“2. The second event was the closing of the commencement exercises of William and Mary College. These exercises opened with prayer. Then came the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Then came the Latin address by the president of the college. Then selected members from the graduating classes faltered forth their theses, with hearts fully nerved to face the learned faculty, the distinguished board of visitors, the military magnates, the critics, and the public, but palpitating with emotion when they encountered the glances of younger and brighter eyes. Then came the conferring of degrees, followed by an address which was always grand and impressive, and conveyed the parting words of the alma mater. The exercises closed about 1 o’clock.

“3. The third great event was the picnic dinners. . . . By the time-honored custom of the country, the Fourth of July was a general holiday. No person dined at home. All feasted at the picnic dinners which served the college campus. . . . When the college exercises were concluded, the feast began. . . .

“4. The fourth event was the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. This occurred about half-past 4 o’clock in the afternoon. At this meeting a limited number of graduates, previously elected, were admitted to membership.

“5. The final event was the closing ball. This was held sometimes at a private residence and sometimes in Apollo Hall, of the old Raleigh Tavern. . . . At this ball, all eyes eagerly explored the watch chains of the graduating classes to see if they bore the Phi Beta Kappa key, which was esteemed a higher honor than graduation.”

The idea is so firmly fixed in our minds that “females”, during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, were very generally illiterate, or nearly so, and considered the more attractive therefor, that it may come as a slight surprise to the average laywoman to find that the foundations for the first girls’ college were laid in 1742! With the arrival of Count Zinzendorf, a distinguished Moravian, in this country, the present site of Bethlehem was selected as the future headquarters of the denomination to which he was so devoted. Zinzendorf’s daughter,
the Countess Benigna, who was at that time a girl of sixteen, was eager to see other girls in the Colonies provided with educational opportunities, and herself organized a school in Germantown. This was soon moved to Bethlehem, and a circular was sent out to the Colonists which read as follows:

“We plan to make a frank and sincere proposal to all German parents living in the country who would like to see their children better cared for without any inconvenience to their household, on next April 6, 1742, at 1 o’clock in the afternoon. Let all fathers and mothers in all townships who are concerned for the welfare of their children please conform to this and report for this purpose at the appointed time and hour at Bechtel’s or the potter Lehman’s house in Germantown. Whoever cannot come in person is to entrust some one else with his opinion.” Parents responded, the girls came, and the school was opened. Back of all educational ideals, character development was the goal held out for all students and the aim which their teachers had always in view. The building of right attitudes was the all-important thing. As pictured in the “Rules” of 1785, all Sisters or teachers are enjoined to “watch with all their might over the health and prevention of harm to body and soul.” They must exhort the children to “good behavior, modesty, industry, cleanliness, good manners and economy; traces of greed are not to be tolerated.”

The growth of the Seminary was steady, even in the face of difficulties, and by the end of the Colonial period it occupied an unrivaled position. Its influence is attested by the fact that from the beginning it numbered among its students girls from the most distinguished Colonial families.
Prominent names found on the roster of the early period include: Eleanor Lee, George Washington's grand-niece; Martha Washington and Cornelia Lott Greene, daughters of General Nathanael Greene; and Maria and Anne Jay, daughters of John Jay, first Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Her lips pursed and the fingers of her left hand caressing the frill of her cambric cap as she guided carefully a quill pen, a little twelve-year-old girl at Moravian Seminary wrote in 1787: “Here I am taught music, both vocal and instrumental, I play the guitar twice a day; am taught the spinet and the pianoforte and sometimes play the organ. After we are in bed, one of the ladies, with her guitar and voice, serenades us to sleep.”

When these charming lines were traced, the Moravian musical tradition in America was already nearly half a century old. To the first comers in Bethlehem, their devotion to Handel, Haydn, and especially Bach had been a golden link with their cultural past. Better yet, it gave expression to the deep religious feeling that animated them.
all. In our own day, the superb Bach Choir has made the community as famous for its musicians as for its steel masters.

In spite of the great age of Moravian Seminary and College, it was not until 1915 that a class was graduated as a whole. Degrees were conferred before that time, but these were bestowed on individuals and not on groups. Instead of conventional commencements, however, there were public examinations and “love feasts”, both of which partook of the commencement character.

“On the 12th of May, 1789, the first examination of the pupils in the branches which had been taught them was held before the Board of Trustees and a few invited guests from town. The exercises of the forenoon were confined to English and German reading, and questions in grammar and arithmetic. After dinner an hour was devoted to geography and history. On the following day the pupils assembled, festively to close the duties of the past school-year, preparatory to entering on the pleasures of a week’s relaxation from study,—the short
vacation which at that time was granted them to recruit from the fatigue of mental application and labor. The meeting was of a religious character,—the love-feast which was partaken of by the company giving, with its concomitants of music and song, a cast of “gladsome piety” suitable to so joyful an occasion. Specimens of writing and drawing were distributed among the guests for inspection, and a review of the past year’s studies, their uses and delights, presented by the pupils in familiar extracts is doubtless referable to Sister Kleit, a tutoress, who for sixteen years drew from the stores of her gifted pupils, with rare skill, clothing the ideas of her poetic fancy in the garb of a simple diction, such as falls naturally and forcibly on the ears of childhood.”

“At the semi-annual close of the schools in the spring of 1791, the 12th of April was announced as the day on which the new house would be consecrated for school-purposes and festively entered.

“In the afternoon we made preparations for entering the new house. We assembled in the chapel to learn the order of the procession; and here we remained until the music of trombones from the new house gave the signal. We walked two-and-two in our room-companies, with our respective tutoresses, to the large sleep-hall in the third story, where we found a respectable number of Brethren and Sisters already assembled. The Messrs. Van Zandt and Moore, of New York, were also present. After singing some suitable verses, we fell on our knees, and our dear Inspector implored the Savior’s blessing on both houses, praying that He would always manifest His gracious presence there, and enable those who were concerned in their education to bring up their youthful charges to His glory and their individual salvation.

“Bishop Ettwein then rose, and enlarged, in a touching manner, on the ‘daily words’ of the Brethren’s church. We then recited our dialogue, and the solemnities were concluded with a love-feast, during which an ode was sung, ourselves as well as the select choir of Brethren and Sisters participating in the same to the music of many instruments. Brother Van Vleck finally intro-

duced us and our tutoresses into our future dwelling-rooms.”

It was a century after the “frank and sincere” Pennsylvanian proposal that another important pioneering project was started in the field of female education, this time at Rockford, Illinois, when Miss Anna P. Sill arrived there to establish a day school. She was a native of Burlington, New York, and had already shown herself successful with similar schools in the east; her invitation to Rockford was extended by the Congregationalist minister. Two years after her arrival, her school was recognized by the Presbyterian and Congregationalist advocates of women’s education in the Northwest Territory as the foundation of Rockford Female Seminary. This grew and prospered, and in 1882 became legally known as Rockford College.

One of the primary purposes of Rockford was to fit young women for the Missionary field, and Miss Sill felt there was no impropriety in giving providence a slight shove when it came to the promotion of such a career. Every year towards graduation time she invited the young men destined for missionaries, who were seniors at Bethune—thirty miles away—to a very proper party at which her own seniors were their fellow guests. It was tacitly understood that this party was given on purpose to afford the male missionaries an opportunity for selecting suitable mates, and authorized courting began at this point as a correlative to the commencement exercises!

Public examinations of the seminary students were held each June until 1854, when the first graduating exercises were held in the then new Middle Hall, which is still an integral part of the college plant. A newspaper account of these ceremonies tells us that the program of speeches and music continued during the forenoon, afternoon,

5 Quoted from “A History of the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies” by Wm. C. Reichel & Wm. H. Bigler. It is interesting to note that a Moravian Bishop, John Amos Kominsky, was invited by Governor Winthrop to become the first President of Harvard.

Other quotations are made freely from the official pamphlets, kindly loaned for that purpose by Dr. Edwin J. Heath, President of the college.
and evening, of July 13th. Compositions delivered by members of the graduating class included “Duty Has but One Voice, that is, Persevere,” “Character is a Secret No One Can Keep,” “Tis Nobler Thus to Rise than Never to Have Fallen,” and the valedictory, “Now and Then.” In 1856, compositions by each member of the graduating class were still the order of the day, and the orations included “Greatness May Build the Tomb, but Goodness Alone Can Write the Epitaph,” “Rome’s Legacy to the World,” “Labor, all Labor is Noble, is Holy,” “As the Sea-Shell Murmurs of the Ocean, so the Soul Murmurs of Eternity,” and “The Voice of Law the Harmony of the World.”

At the close of the Civil War in 1865, Rockford Female Seminary celebrated its sixteenth anniversary. Selected senior compositions included on the program were “Where Is Athens?” “Speech of the Days,” “Burdens We’ll Bear, as Birds Their Wings,” and “Circuits of Nature.” In 1881, when Jane Addams delivered the valedictory, the reporter for the Rockford newspaper observed, “Indeed, the college spirit is taking possession of Rockford Seminary. A year’s length is added to the course of study, to bring it abreast of college standards; the terms “Freshmen” and “Sophomores” are no longer expurgated from the catalogue; the young ladies have made application for admission to the State Oratorical Association, and expect to get it; Junior Exhibition has been successfully inaugurated; the degree of B.A. is to supersede the old-fashioned diploma. The outlook of the seminary was never so full of real promise.” This promise was more than fulfilled. It was at the thirty-first annual commencement exercises in 1882 that Miss Addams returned to the campus to receive, with two other young women, the first degrees granted by Rockford College. Miss Sill was still at the head of the institution which she served as principal from 1849 until 1884.

While girls were thus gaining ground every minute, colleges for young men had also been making great strides. In the Sunday Morning Chronicle, published in Washington, D. C., June 29, 1862, a retrospective news commentator recalls: “The first commencement exercises of Columbian College were held in the year 1824 in a Presbyterian Church on F Street, now known as Willard Hall. Few of our citizens yet live who remember its importance. Both Houses of Congress and the Supreme Court adjourned to enable its members to attend. The President, Judges of the Supreme Court, Ministers from Foreign Powers, the distinguished Lafayette and other magnates of importance contributed to the all-absorbing interest of the occasion.”

News articles published at the time of that first Commencement in the Daily National Journal and the Daily National Intelligencer also comment upon “the great of the Nation” who “graced the exercises.”

In addition to President Monroe, John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay, “the venerable Lafayette,” then upon his farewell visit to America, is listed as “a beloved and honored guest,” in the account of the event carried by the Daily National Journal on December 18, 1824.

The George Washington University in those early days was not located upon its present site. It was then situated upon what was known as College Hill, on Florida Avenue between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, N. W., near what was then the boundary of Washington’s northwest city limits.

It is interesting to note that the location of the University today is approximately that designated by George Washington himself as the site for the institution of higher learning of national significance which he hoped to see rise in the Capital’s midst. In a letter to the “Commissioners of the City of Washington,” written from Mount Vernon on October 21, 1796, which is now in the possession of the Library of Congress, the Father of his Country, with characteristic painstaking, specifically expresses himself on this point.

Ten thousand alumni are foregathering in Washington at commencement time this year to celebrate the Sesquicentennial of the oldest Catholic college in this country. But while Georgetown University, as it exists

*Now George Washington University.
physically today, dates back to its land deed of 1789, its origin goes back much further: to a little schoolhouse opened in 1634, at St. Inigoes, Maryland, by the Rev. Andrew White and his companions who crossed the Atlantic in the *Ark and Dove* with Leonard Calvert to found Maryland. In 1651 the school stood near Calverton Manor on the Wicomico Creek. In 1677 it was moved to Newton Manor and later to Bohemia Manor. In this school John Carroll, a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, received their early education.

It was John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, who proposed the erection of a Catholic college. His proposal was acted upon in 1788, when the first building on the present site was started. This was the "Old South" Building, which remained in use until 1907, when it was demolished for the erection of the present Ryan Building. Its construction was followed in a few years by the erection of the "Old North" Building, which is still in use and from the historic porch of which George Washington, in 1796, and LaFayette, in 1824, addressed convocations of Georgetown students.

When the Society of Jesus was organized in Maryland in 1805, Georgetown College, as it already had begun to be called, was transferred to the fathers of that society, under whose control and direction it remains. Congress, on March 1, 1815, granted the school the power to confer degrees, and the Holy See empowered the college to grant, in its name, degrees in Philosophy and Theology. The formal incorporation of the institution was effected by Congress in 1844.

A Georgetown Diary, describing the conferring of the first Bachelor's Degree from Georgetown upon Charles Dinnies and George Dinnies of New York in June, 1817, tells us that there was present "an immense crowd of spectators and a goodly number of returned home who could not find places. And there was exceeding good band of music who gave their services for the occasion." . . . "In addition," it goes on to say "there was a Latin and a French Ode, a Greek selection, pieces in English, a parliamentary debate of the fourteenth year of George the Second, a discourse in praise of Literature by Thomas Lee of Maryland, and some Congressional Speeches."

An old student of Oxford once said "I wot they were sturdy students in those times" and we might add they were long-suffering audiences who sat through such a long display of learning and accomplishments! The commencement that took place at Georgetown on the 27th of July, 1820, when the degree of Bachelor of Arts was given to Jarvis Roebuck, must have lasted at least five continuous hours. As the record goes, John Faulkner delivered the prologue, then came a debate, then two dramatic speeches by John Leckie and John Roebuck, a Greek Ode by Robert Hardy, a French Ode by Vincent Jarrot, plus a dialogue and an epilogue. These were interspersed with translations and explanations given by "various students."

It was at the closing of this Commencement that three Indian chiefs reached the College, and were escorted to the stage. As the last strains of the music died away one of them arose and addressed the audience, "expressing his gratification at the proficiency of the students and at the evident care taken by the professors to fill their minds with learning."

The Commencement of 29 July, 1822, concludes a long program with two Valedictory speeches, the students being equal in scholarship. These early commencements were always attended by some of the highest dignitaries of the state. At the commencement of July 28, 1823, "The President of the United States came with the Secretary of State, while the Diplomatic Corps was fully represented, as were the Army and the Navy."  "After the exercises were finished" says the *National Journal*, "the President of the United States (James Monroe) with readiness and satisfaction at the request of the President of the College, consented to distribute the premiums to those to whom they had been assigned; and if we can augur from the faces of the innocent youths, the favor and kind feeling which his benevolent countenance expressed will never be eradicated from their minds."

At this Commencement there were three hundred persons, but this large number was far surpassed the following year, for at the Commencement of 1824 there were five hundred in the audience. That day
was made memorable by the visit of General LaFayette to the College, accompanied by a regiment of cavalry. He addressed the students from Old North Porch, where in 1791, General Washington had also spoken.

The Prospectus of August, 1831, describes the uniform worn by students for all classes and solemn Convocations. It prescribes that

“every student must bring with him, a suit of clothes as uniform, which is—in winter a blue cloth coat and pantaloons with a black velvet waist-coat; in summer, white pantaloons with a black silk waist-coat and yellow buttons are used.”

While Georgetown University was thus growing in grace and stature, eight Sisters from the Georgetown Visitation Convent set out, in 1833, by stage and river, to open an academy in a frontier diocese, settling first in Kaskaskia, and later moving to St. Louis. The Superior of these nuns, Mother Mary Agnes Brent, a native of historic Port Tobacco, was a woman of intrepid spirit. She was not only undaunted herself by the hardships of travel and the menace of cholera which met the little band at its journey’s end; she revived the fainting hearts of her companions by her resourcefulness and courage, and spurred them on to effective action. Their first headquarters were in an empty building which had once been a general store; two barrels became the stout supports for a refectory table, boxes were turned into chairs, and pallets were laid on the floor until carpenters could make beds for the sisters. As soon as they were settled (!) they looked about for a suitable building in which to open their academy, and found that the only available vacant property was an old inn, which had once enjoyed a brief day of glory, but which had so suffered through floods, tornadoes, and earthquakes that it had fallen

[ 13 ]
into a state of battered decay. But its foundations were firm and it contained sound lumber. It was swept, garnished and repaired; and a new one was triumphantly hung out which proclaimed the location of the Kaskaskia Academy.

In “The Shepherd of the Valley,” published in St. Louis in 1834, is printed its prospectus. The entire course of study is therein listed at notable length. It is interesting to learn that the Sisters gave lessons in piano, harp and guitar, conducted classes in all of the English branches, and were prepared to give an ambitious list of cultural studies to those ready to undertake them. The closing exercises each year were held late in July, which made the school year a term of eleven months. No graduating medals were bestowed by the academy until 1836, when Miss Sophie Menard received the first crescent awarded by the institution. Miss Menard was an accomplished musician and altogether worthy to head the long list of more than six hundred graduates of the Academy of the Visitation, many of whom have lived to receive the completed crescent bestowed upon those who for fifty years have been loyal daughters of their Alma Mater.

Within three years, more than fifty pupils were in attendance at the Academy, and more Sisters had come out from Georgetown to assist with the school. The need for a new building became imperative, and this was made possible by the generosity of the Menard family, which from the beginning had befriended the Sisters, and which gave its name to the $30,000 structure that records of both the Illinois and Missouri Historical Societies, later pronounced “the finest and most completely equipped building of its kind (and of its time) in the West.” A carpenter in the employ of “Grandpa” Menard, assisted by some lay-brothers from Perryville, made tall four-poster beds of well-seasoned walnut, small square washstands, and various other furnishings which are still the pride of the Academy. But there was no statue in the chapel, and no place in the United States where anything of the sort could be purchased. So when the Sisters wrote their Christmas letters to the other convents of their order, “a little sigh was dropped over this sad lack.” When this letter was read in faraway Mans, the novices of the community were deeply touched. They obtained permission to have a lovely hand-carved wooden statue of Our Lady of Mercy redecorated for their “dear Sisters of Kaskaskia” and sent to them in care of a “respectable ecclesiastic journeying to America.” It arrived safely in 1842, and is now enshrined in St. Louis where the Academy was moved in 1844 from Kaskaskia, following a disastrous flood. After occupying several different headquarters the school is now established in a fine modern plant on Cabanne Avenue. The Visitation Crescent is still bestowed on members of the graduating class who merit distinction for the manner in which they have profited by their convent education."
The early issues of Godey's Lady's Book contain no fashion plates designating filmy frocks as especially suitable for graduation, after the manner of its successors in its special field. But its moving spirit, Sarah Josepha Hale, was one of the first and most enthusiastic “rooters” for Vassar, and never failed to take an opportunity to set its merits forth on her “Editor’s Table.” “Vassar College: Woman's Own” is the heading of her contribution to the June 1864 issue of the magazine, and her exuberant text reads, in part, as follows:

“Again we make this educational wonder our theme, because public feeling demands more information concerning Vassar College, and the mode of its intended management. Happily we can now give the idea of its noble Founder, in his own honest words, showing that his design was, and is, to bestow his gifts for the benefit of woman, in the highest sense which the advantages of collegiate learning, and opportunities of culture and use can bestow on the feminine sex.

“We will give selections from Mr. Vassar’s eloquent Address (would that we had room for the whole!) on the organization of the College Faculty; and also on the religious influences which he would commend. The Character of the Institution Must be Perfect. ‘This Institution, as an impersonality, is the object of our care.’ . . . ‘It is my hope, it was my only hope and desire, indeed it has been the main incentive to all I have already done or may hereafter do, or hope to do, to inaugurate a new era in the history and life of woman.’ . . . ‘I wish to give one sex all the advantages too long monopolized by the other. Ours is, and is to be, an institution for women—not men.’ . . . ‘Let woman then, at least, share the most prominent and responsible positions in your gift, and let them be proffered her as her unquestionable right, as far as she can fill them with equal ability to men.’ . . . ‘Reduce, if it can be so, your nine male professorships by one-half, so that all the rest may be left to the natural province of woman as distinctly hers.’ . . . ‘The strongest incentives to goodness, and the most valuable religious tendencies will be found to flow most of all, like an emanation, from the presence of gifted, cultivated Christian women’ . . .”

Such are the enlightened views of Mr. Vassar. If these are faithfully carried out, his College must become the glory of Christian civilization. From it will go forth an influence essentially subserving the cause of peace and good-will among the churches of our land and of all Christendom. This power of womanly influence has never yet had proper training, right direction, or ample encouragement. Let all women thank God and Mr. Vassar—‘and take courage.’”

Although Mrs. Hale did not feature graduation dresses, this sort of support was far more valuable than fashion plates, and indirectly the Lady’s Book does help us to visualize “Miss Vassar—1865—The First Woman’s College Freshman in the wide world” (to quote Mrs. Hale again). A doll, long a family heirloom, has been dressed in blue and brown plaid taffeta by Mrs. Robert H. Carey of Worcester, Massachusetts, to represent this composite creature, and the costume is copied from a Godey sketch. Eleanor St. George, writing about this doll in “Hobbies” for July 1939, goes on to tell us that the First Freshman, in pursuit of “simple feminine sports,” was always amply clothed.

“Her riding habit was very full, many yards of cloth gathered at the waist and trailing on the floor when she stood. Beneath it she wore two white muslin petticoats, heavily embroidered and stiffly starched, that reached to her ankle.

“The bathing suit was no less revealing, consisting, as it did, of very long, very full trousers of heavy wool gathered at the ankles, long stockings, a full skirt that came well down on the calves, covering the trousers, the neck high and the sleeves long. ‘Her ‘undies’ were none of your flimsy rayon or silk ‘scanties’ but good stout honest muslin heavily adorned with tucks and embroidery. In winter she wore a ‘Balmoral’—a wide substantial petticoat of woolen fabric, pleated to a hip-yoke and edged at the bottom with a fluted ruffle which, in turn, was edged with black worsted braid and black velvet. In all seasons she wore a hoop skirt.

“Her stockings—for she followed the latest from Paris—were white striped in blue. Empress Eugenie had at the moment adopted that style and women everywhere
looked to Eugenie for the latest elegance in dress.

"When chill winds of winter blew about Poughkeepsie, she wore mittens and substituted for her muslin undersleeves, knitted ones, known as 'muffattees.'

"All of these interesting garments, authentic copies are in the wardrobe of the doll—'Miss Vassar—1865'."

To the Daily Graphic, published in New York, we are indebted for visual evidence of the Vassar girl's appearance at commencement. These pictures are so delightfully illuminating that no descriptions are needed to supplement them.

A scrap book belonging to Mary Whiton of the Smith College class of '79 is rich in source material concerning the early days at that institution. It opens on a clipping describing the first Baccalaureate Sermon preached there:

"The new First church at Northampton was filled yesterday afternoon, in spite of a severe shower, to hear President L. Clarke Seelye's baccalaureate sermon to the Smith college girl graduate, the first ever delivered for the college. President Seelye took his text from Matthew vi: 33, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you'... There are two common errors from which the text delivers us: First, the mistake of supposing that because religion is of primal importance, learning is of little consequence; and, second, the error of imagining that intellectual culture can ever supersede a power superior to religion. The former mistake has been that of religious fanatics in every age; it has given birth to the grossest superstitions and the most abominable crimes. Christianity teaches us that religion consists in the best use of every capacity. A truly religious soul will be most earnest in all efforts to promote intelligence."

Two pages further on, another clipping...
pasted in the scrap book describes the commencement as a whole:

"Northampton has enjoyed a college commencement, and Smith college now has an alumnae. And everybody is satisfied with the results of the long-anticipated anniversary—which culminated in the presentation of diplomas to the 11 graduates yesterday noon. Other commencements may be more brilliant, but none can excite more interest among the friends of the college than has this initial one. And yet it has been attended with as little of the traditional commencement 'pomp and pride' as one ever meets with on such occasion. There was no street procession, no public examinations, no graduating essays, no white dresses, no announcement of scholarship rank, no award of prizes. But there was a beautiful hall filled with appreciative people and decked with flowers, an open prayer by Rev. Mr. Leavitt, a magnificent oration by President Eliot of Harvard, a brief poem written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and read by Prof. Churchill, orchestral music, the sound of the same familiar Latin which has from time in memoriam welcomed the young men of our colleges to their degrees, and the final prayer by the president, a prayer which was unusually tender and appropriate, and then the whole was finished, in considerably less than two hours.

"Although it was feared that Social hall in the college building would prove too straight for the people who would wish to attend, sufficient room was found for all by throwing open the adjoining recitation-room, owing to the utmost care on the part of the student ushers. Nearly all the trustees were present and sat, with the faculty, on the platform, which was embellished with appropriate floral decorations, baskets of flowers being also hung from the cross-beams overhead. The class figures '79', wrought in white and red rosebuds, were placed at the opposite end of the room, directly under the Sophia Smith portrait. ... The seniors sat in the front row of seats, and those of the audience seated in the recitation-room faced the side of the platform."

The "College Edition" of The Courant, published at Wellesley, Massachusetts, on June 28, 1889, is another treasure trove. The text is headed with the cut of a fanciful banner and the quotation of a high moral precept, "No day without a deed to crown it." Then, one by one, the days of the week, with an appropriate subtitle, are used as captions:

"SATURDAY.
THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION To '89.

"The festivities of Commencement week began with the President's reception. ... This is the most informal and therefore the most enjoyable of all the receptions tendered to the Senior class. ... Old friends of '86, '87 and '88 turned up most unexpectedly. Class reunions, regardless of the 'reunion scheme,' took place in cozy corners. ... For those who could refrain from talking long enough to enter the dining hall, there were delicious refreshments served."

The advertisements contained in this college edition of The Courant are most illustrative of the tastes and needs of the sweet girl graduate of the day. R. H. Stearns & Co. announces "Sashes, Gloves, Fans, For Commencements." Jos. E. DeWitt is pre-
pared to furnish “Art Supplies and Stationery. For Polite Correspondence, the Latest Novelties in Papeteries.” Oliver Ditson Company reminds his select clientele that “Music and Flowers go well together.” “Prepare to enjoy the genial season by learning Summer Songs, and playing restful Summer Idyls,” he continues, listing such gems as “Hunting 4-leafed Clover,” “Alpine Shepherd,” “Fairy Echo,” and “Forget-Me-Not.” Washburn & Reed, Druggists, “Offer a Full Line of Combs, Hair, Teeth and Nail Brushes, Cologne, Bay Rum, Bulk Perfumes and Sachet Powders.”

“The Eyesight” forms the caption of Leslie Millar’s advertisement which carries in small type, “In the hurry of an establishment where attention to customers is often left to clerks, such delicate work is frequently slighted. The office is in a quiet, central part of the city, perfectly easy of access, and where personal attention will always be given.” J. J. Cawthorn’s “layout” is even more arresting. “Hot Water” is spread boldly across two columns. Underneath in very small letters are the words “Bottles in Various Sizes.” The young ladies of those days were more given to retiring with these comforting companions than their successors, though, be it said in justice, rowing as a sport has flourished from the very beginning at Wellesley.

Hood College, as the Woman’s College of Frederick, Maryland, was organized in 1893 by the transfer of the department for young women of Mercersburg College at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, to Frederick, and its union with the Frederick Female Seminary, established fifty years earlier.

The first graduating class from the Woman’s College, whose members are still all living, was that of 1895. But closing exercises had been marked by special ceremonies the year before. “Closing exercises
at the Woman’s College were continued when the Lesbian Literary Society held their first anniversary in College Chapel, before so large an audience that a number were compelled to stand,” says a contemporary newspaper account. “The program consisted of instrumental and vocal selections, recitations, etc., all of which were rendered in a manner creditable to the scholars and pleasing to the faculty. The stage was prettily decorated, and as the young ladies would emerge from a bower of green they were applauded by their friends in the audience. The members of the Lesbian Literary Society have afforded their friends and the public some very pleasant occasions during the past winter, and the ovation they received last evening only proved that their work has been appreciated. At the conclusion of the first part of the program, Rev. Conrad Clever, D.D., of Baltimore, delivered an oration on, “Our Country,” which proved to be the feature of the evening. Rev. Clever was introduced by Prof. Apple, and commenced his oration by paying a tribute to the ladies. ‘I have always been interested in the ladies,’ he said, ‘and have been so from early life.’ The speaker delivered a most eloquent and stirring address, and at times was interrupted by loud applause from the audience. During the oration, Rev. Clever gave a description of the twentieth century girl, and if he is correct, she will be somewhat more progressive than her nineteenth century sister. ‘She will take the liberty of popping the question without ever waiting for leap year’, said Rev. Clever, ‘and at all times will she be able to take her own part.’ The speaker concluded his address amid a storm of applause.”

And this, it seems to us, is a good place to conclude an article, hoping that this also will elicit at least a little applause!

NOTE: This article is not intended as a comprehensive account of early graduation ceremonies. It is intended only to furnish a general idea of the forms which these took, by giving a few arresting examples. The editor is extremely grateful to the institutions which cooperated with her in assembling material.
"And A Highway Shall Be There . . ."

Maurine Kamps Aust

In connection with the account of earliest educational efforts made in this country, it is interesting to consider some present-day undertakings along the same general lines. Mrs. Aust has written for us an arresting account of the work at Northland College, which is one of the N. S. D. A. R.'s Approved Schools.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. . . ."

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. . . ."

"And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—Isaiah 35.

This text seems peculiarly appropriate for Northland College, at Ashland, Wisconsin, for that institution does provide a highway for the young people of the north country—a highway envisioned by courageous pioneers; built by patience, love, and devotion to ideals; traveled by deserving boys and girls who take their places in the world as well-educated men and women.

Among Wisconsin colleges Northland is unique, for not one of its two hundred students is there because going to college is "the thing to do"; all of them are there because they sincerely and honestly want an education.

About ten years ago Northland was recognized by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and placed on its list of Approved Schools. The basis of recognition of Northland's work was that it is located in a section of the country in which there are no other colleges, and the fact that the population served is made up largely of first-generation people in this country from northern and western Europe.

Northern Wisconsin, northern Michigan, and northern Minnesota are settled in what might be termed "foreign colonies." When large areas of cut-over land were being colonized by land companies, a representative of the company would be sent to Europe to enlist a considerable group of people of the same nationality. For example, the country around Moquah, Herbster, and Cornucopia is settled by Russians; in the Minersville district the population is Finnish; around Butternut and Glidden, German; around Montreal, Jugo-Slav and Italian. Perhaps the predominating nationalities are Scandinavian, usually Swedish and Norwegian.

The student body at Northland is therefore more cosmopolitan than at many institutions of several times its size. Ordinarily fifteen or twenty nationalities are represented in the student body each year.

Another feature that commended Northland to the Daughters of the American Revolution was its adaptation to the needs of a frontier region. Persons living in the more thickly populated sections of the United States do not realize that the whole of northern Wisconsin averages less than thirteen per cent under cultivation, compared with sixty-seven per cent in southern Wisconsin. Within one hundred miles of Northland are about 240,000 people, the majority of whom live on pioneer farms. Instead of attempting to imitate large universities and older, wealthier colleges, Northland has maintained an atmosphere and general plan of operation more in accordance with the financial status and social background of its young people. The result is that most of the students earn their entire expenses while in school. Tuition, board, room, books, and incidentals are included in the unusually low minimum of $375 a year.

Northland was founded in 1892, primarily through the efforts of Rev. E. P. Wheeler, an Ashland pastor, and Rev. G. W. Nelson, Wisconsin home missionary super-
intendent. A few years previously interest had been revived in the history of early mission days, particularly in the old church and mission house on Madeline Island, which had played an important part in evangelizing the Ojibway Indians. This resulted in the organization of the Lake Superior Congregational Club. In 1891 a conference, held at Pratt, was attended by representatives of the clergy and prominent Christian laity of northern Wisconsin, and by leading educators from other parts of the state and from Minnesota. Following their deliberations the North Wisconsin Academy was incorporated, an action later endorsed by the Winnebago convention of the Congregational Church.

Liberal offers of land for a site and generous pledges by Ashland citizens to the subscription list for necessary buildings were factors in locating the school at Ashland, the commercial center of the region.

On July 15, 1892, Mrs. Harriet Wood Wheeler, widow of a pioneer missionary and a missionary herself, wrote to her relatives at Beloit: “I supposed we had our best things at the Island, but the interest culminated yesterday at the laying of the cornerstone of the academy. I send you a program. Professor Blaisdell* outdid himself. He made a most profound impression. I think the citizens of Ashland will not soon forget him.”

Although Northland has continued its relationship with the Congregational denomination, it is a non-sectarian school in every respect. There is, however, a definite Christian atmosphere maintained, because it is not only the tradition of the school but the belief of the present administration that no life is complete without a positive religious conviction and training.

Secondary school work was carried on until 1908, when the academy was rechartered as Northland College and work in advance of high school was offered. The class of 1912 was the first class graduated with the degree of bachelor of arts.

Much of Northland’s success is due to President J. D. Brownell, who entered the academy from Clark County, Wisconsin. The major portion of his college work was taken at Ripon College, though he received his degree from Amherst in 1910. He returned to Northland to teach English and to coach in athletics. At that time there was an enrollment of three juniors, three sophomores, and an entering class of ten.

In 1914 the trustees unanimously chose the young English instructor to head the school. In spite of three disastrous fires, upheaval and change caused by the World War, and the nation-wide depression of later years, Northland has forged ahead to great achievements. When the academy started it had no assets; today the valuation is $350,000, which includes Wheeler Hall, Woods Hall, the Industrial Building, Women’s Memorial Hall, the president’s home, and three faculty homes. A few years ago the president’s friends began to raise a $100,000 fund, known as the J. D. Brownell Foundation. Ripon has conferred upon her former student the degree of doctor of divinity.

* James J. Blaisdell, professor of philosophy at Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
† “In Unnamed Wisconsin,” J. M. Davidson, p. 256; 1895, Milwaukee, Wis.
With the development of high schools throughout the area and the increase in the number of young people seeking education beyond high school, the college department began to outstrip the academy. Academy work was finally discontinued in 1931, so at present only work of college grade is offered.

To make it possible for students to earn their way, all work about the campus is done by students: Cooking and serving meals, dishwashing, laundry work, janitor work, repairs, planting trees, landscaping, and grading. Even with this program, applications far exceeded the number thus employed; consequently, two major industries of a commercial character that would pay their own way and employ students, were established.

The first is the Northland College Press. All college printing is done there and a considerable volume of commercial job printing is handled annually. No faculty member is in charge; the Press is run entirely by students.

The second industry is the Northland Craft Shop, which provides employment of an educational nature and uses native raw materials. Dr. Brownell tells the story of its founding:

“We already knew that these young people possessed originality and skill with their hands. Although no one on the campus knew anything at all about hammering copper, we decided on that at least as an experiment. We provided a dozen hammers and some sheets of copper, together with a pair of old compasses and a roller. Twelve boys were called in and told that with those materials they were to make something.

“Within a few days they were bringing some products to the office, beautiful in design and fairly marketable in workmanship. The Craft Shop has developed very well, so that now at least fifty articles are being produced, ranging all the way from letter openers to fireplace sets.”

Many chapters of the N. S. D. A. R. have found it profitable to themselves, and helpful to Northland students, to have consignments of craft goods sent and placed on sale. A considerable volume of business has been provided for the students in this way. A commission is given to those handling the consignments, and transportation is paid one way on the shipment.

Northland has not been content merely with providing employment for students, but has established an enviable reputation for high scholastic standards. Graduates are received with full credit for and recognition of their degree for graduate work by the various midwestern universities, and are given full credit for teaching by the state departments of public instruction in practically all midwestern states. One of the outstanding developments has been the department of library training.

Perhaps the finest tribute to Northland’s work was paid by Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, statistical expert of the North Central Association of Colleges, who, after a painstaking survey, wrote, “I know of no institution in America where a dollar invested produces larger dividends in intellectually, morally and spiritually trained young men and women.”

Truly, “A highway has been there!”
Magnolia

EUDOCIA LUCKY

Smooth are your petals like the parchment white
Of nuptial prayerbooks. Clasps of burnished filigree
Your heart of gold conceal from vulgar sight.
Your lasting sweetness lures us, near or far,
And yet no ruthless hand essays to touch your bloom;
No fingers wittingly your whiteness mar,
For none will reach to pluck you from the tree
Save those who love your fragrance and revere
Your handsome grace, your noble chastity.
Pure gem encased in leaves of regal sheen,
Resplendent with romance itself, Magnolia fair,
Majestic, bride of June and Southland's queen!
Quaker Wedding

James T. Worthington

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side! I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride. 'Till, "In the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same. I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign; With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine. —Bayard Taylor.

It was at a marriage feast, some two centuries ago, that Robert, a member of the Society of Friends, met the Quaker maiden, Mary. "Never marry but for love" was the admonition of their great leader, William Penn, "but seest that thou lovest what is lovely." And Robert, as did others, saw that sixteen-year-old Mary was lovely, and was so moved by her loveliness that it was in his mind and heart to marry her.

Some years before, Robert, whose first home was in England, "having intention to transport himself to Pennsylvania, in America" (so reads the record), secured from a Monthly Meeting a "certificate of good conversation," meaning, of course, good deportment, and sailed for the New World. His father, John, of Cheshire, once suffered Distress of Goods for attending a Meeting, but two miles from his Dwelling, and such restrictions and persecutions because of his faith oppressed Robert.

His desire was to go to a land where a man could be free; where he could accomplish things—for Robert had the spirit of the pioneer. So he came to America, where, when he presented his "Sertificat" to a Monthly Meeting, it "was Red and well Excepted": such is the spelling of the old record.

That Robert was well accepted by Friends in America is evidenced by records showing that he frequently was given important assignments, among them being attendance at marriages, where it was his duty to "see things decently managed." During wedding celebrations Friends somewhat relaxed their usual restrictions and were merry to a degree not seen in their daily life. It was on such an occasion that Robert met Mary.

Mary had lost her father, and lived in Burlington with her mother, sisters, and brother Richard. Robert was acquainted with Friend Richard Burtis, and with him had inspected the Burtis plantation, where slaves cultivated the land. Soon after meeting Mary, Robert found occasion to visit the home of Friend Richard. He repeated his visits so frequently and gave Mary so much of his attention that it soon became evident how the land lay.

"Lovers," says a chronicler of the customs of the day, "then listened and took sidelong glances when before their parents or elders." "But," observes another commentator, "how these hopefuls behaved in the absence of the aforesaid worthies, we are not informed."

Howbeit, Robert wooed Mary, and, we may be sure, with soft inflections of the "thou's" and "thee's" when he spoke with her. They talked of many things—probably a great deal about themselves.

"Friend Robert," once questioned Mary, "dost think my blue apron too brightly colored?"

"No, Mary," he said, "the women of the Friends in England wear much brighter colors than do our people here. I think color most becoming, Mary, and blue was made for thee."

For her further encouragement he told her that George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, had himself purchased scarlet cloth from which was made a mantle for his wife, and that scarlet was worn by many peasant Friends in the century just past. And green! Why, in parts of England the women Friends were known as "Green Aprons," because they wore such garments.

"But," suggested Robert, "there seems to be a spirit of perversity in thy sex, Mary, for, seest thou—when the stylish folk wear white aprons, thou wearest blue and green:
and when the gay folk wear colored aprons, why, then thou wearest white.”

Mary asked many questions concerning life in England and as to Robert’s travels in America. “Friend Robert,” Mary said, “some say thee hast gone beyond the great mountains; is it true, Friend Robert?”

And Robert, thus prompted, told how, at an inn he had met Van Meter, a Dutchman, who lived and traded with the Indians; how with this man of the frontier, whose clothes of buckskin were fringed as to shirt and leggings and who wore a coonskin cap, he had gone on a long journey through the wilderness of western Pennsylvania, to a wonderful valley beyond the Blue Mountains, in the Colony of Virginia.

He told Mary of crossing a river, called by the Indians Cohongorutan (the call of the wild goose) and by white men Potomac; and of finding another river, the Shenandoah, meaning in the Indian tongue “Daughter of the Stars,” which, flowing at the foot of the Blue Mountains, empties into the Potomac.

Robert spoke of the broad lands, stretching a green carpet from the river and the mountains in the east to other mountains, far in the west; he told of clear springs which fed streams flowing into the Shenandoah; there, he told Mary, the land was peaceful; there were few, if any, Indians, and as to that, no Indian would harm a Friend. In that valley, he said, vast herds of buffalo fed and grew fat in the spacious meadows.

Mary, like all Quaker girls, was industrious, but at times her thoughts strayed from occupations with which her hands were engaged. As she sat at her spinning wheel and while in other ways she played the part of a little housewife, there often was in her mind a picture of a valley where a young wife might be mistress in her own house and where a husband might see great herds of cattle thrive.

Between times when he told Mary she was beautiful, that her eyes were like the blue of heaven and clear and deep like crystal pools; that there were flecks of sunshine in her chestnut hair, and such like things, Robert let it be known to Mary (and at opportune moments reminded her mother and brother) that he was a fairly prosperous merchant in Philadelphia, the great city of more than two thousand people.

Mary gave close heed to matters relating to the blue of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks (likened to peach blossoms) and likewise to statements concerning flecks of sunshine in her hair. Her mother and brother laid greater stress upon Robert’s standing in the community. He was, they thought, a worthy member of the Society of Friends, and, withal, had shown ability in acquiring a portion of the world’s goods.

So there came an eventful evening in late winter when, as they sat upon a high-backed settle beside a fire that made wavering shadows play upon the whitewashed walls and sanded floor, Mary promised to become Robert’s wife. The consent of her mother was soon obtained.

My! There was a flutter among Mary’s Quakeress friends when on a day in spring there appeared, affixed to the Meeting House door, a notice that Robert and Mary had “Intentions to Marry.” There it was for all the world to see, and there it remained a full month.

To the Meeting was submitted a very important document reading: “We, the subscribers” (setting forth their names, parentage, and places of abode) “purpose taking each other in marriage, which we hereby offer for approbation of Friends.”

A committee, under instructions of the Meeting, called upon Robert and questioned him closely as to his “clearness to proceed in marriage,” in order to determine that there was no other engagement. None was found, and so invitations could be sent to relatives and friends, bidding them to a wedding dinner and requesting certain of them to “stand up” with Robert and Mary and set their names to a marriage contract, as witnesses.

About this time Mary, her sister Elisa, and her particular friend, Phebe, might have been seen seated about a table with a pack of playing cards spread between them. What could it mean—a pack of cards—three Quaker girls!

It was well known that one who played cards, “an enticing, vain and Evil Sport,” if convicted, was subject to a fine of five shillings or to confinement, at hard labor, in the House of Correction.

But there was very proper reason for their occupation, as would have been seen
when Phebe, selecting a card, turned it face down, and with a goose-quill pen wrote upon the plain back an invitation addressed to Friend Thomas Huhloke. No one would have thought it strange that Mary, Elisa, and Phebe were so employed; for, in the absence of other suitable material, playing cards were commonly used by Friends and others for such purposes.

The great day arrived, and Mary and her attendants made themselves ready. It was before the period when Quaker garb assumed a uniformity of drab. Friends then reproved nothing as to dress but the extravagance that “all sober men of all sorts readily agree to be evil.” So Mary and the other Quaker girls wore delicately colored garments—such frivolities as white satin petticoats embroidered with flowers.

Mary wore a pearl satin robe, long in the back; also a white satin stomacher, which may be described as embroidered in colors and laced in blue from side to side. Other items of her attire were delicate lawn about the neck, a short blue bodice, and shoes of light-blue brocade with very high heels. The little shoes were sharply pointed at the toes.

Upon her sun-flecked chestnut hair she wore a broad-brimmed “skimming dish” hat, with scarcely any crown, tied with silken cords in a bewitching bow under her chin. It was an expensive hat, made of beaver fur.

Mary's attendants—Phebe Allison, Elisa Burtis, Mary Cowling, and Elizabeth Edwards—were attired in costumes very similar to that which Mary wore: Soft colors, quiet shades of blue, apple green, rose, corn color; set off with laces, lawn, and ribbons; all within the bounds of propriety.

At the Meeting House the screen, or “shutters,” that divided the one large white room when the men and the women, each on their side, held business meetings, had been raised to the ceiling.

In the “high seat,” opposite the entrance, sat Friend Josiah Smallworth, in long-skirted gray coat, breeches and stockings, square-toed shoes and broad-brimmed hat, with hands crossed on top of his cane.

Robert's friends, Samuel Scathsgood and Thomas Huhloke, sat on the men's side. Robert took the vacant seat by Mary, on the women's side. He was outwardly calm, and when he saw Mary and was seated beside her he was more aware than ever before that she was the most precious gem in all the universe; and this gem and her attendants, when not quietly admiring and, perhaps, silently criticizing each other's finery, were impressed by Robert and his clothes.

In truth he was no unworthy object of attention, for Robert's silk-lined, long-skirted coat was of rich wine-colored silk, his smallclothes the same, and embroidered flowers appeared upon a waistcoat of like color and material. There were buckles at the knee where smallclothes and silk stock-
ings met, and a broad-brimmed hat sur-
mounted the whole.
This was a regular meeting of Friends,
not called in connection with a wedding.
The Meeting House was not a place of wor-
ship, and after a period of silence, no one
being moved to speak, and there being no
business matters to consider, Friend Josiah
Smallworth, occupant of the “high seat,”
announced:
“An opportunity is now afforded our
friends to unite themselves in marriage,
according to our rules.”
Robert and Mary stepped into the aisle.
There arose also those who “stood up” with
the man and woman who were to marry.
No priest or minister had any part in that
ceremony; only the man, the woman and
the witnesses.
Clasping Mary’s hand in his, Robert said:
“In the presence of the Lord and before this
assembly, I take thee, Mary Burtis, to be
my wife, promising with Divine assistance,
to be unto thee a loving and faithful hus-
band, until death shall separate us.” And
Mary, clasping Robert’s hand, in like words,
soft but clear, took him to be her husband.
Friend Scathsgood brought a small table,
pen, and ink, and spread upon the table a
certificate reciting in the customary form
that Robert Worthington, of Philadelphia,
in Pennsylvania, and Mary Burtis, of Bur-
lington, Province of New Jersey, had made
the required promises, “and in further con-
firmation thereof have hereunto set their
hands, she after the custom of marriage,
adopting the name of her husband.”
Robert and Mary signed the document
and, after sand had been sifted on the un-
dried ink, an elderly Friend read it aloud
to the congregation. The marriage con-
tract was then signed by witnesses.
They were now man and wife and, amid
rejoicing, they with relatives and friends
repaired to Mary’s home on the long prin-
cipal street, leading down to the Delaware
River. There dinner was served in a room
with whitewashed walls and clean white
sand on the floor.
Some such feasts were prolonged as much
as two days and were trying to all but the
guests; but Mary’s mother and brother
Richard would have none of that.
The party enjoyed the best that fields,
streams, and forest afforded, and vessels
containing wine made the round of the table
for the benefit of the men, for Friends made
no restrictions as to good food, or good
drink either, provided moderation was ob-
erved.
Then Robert took Mary to Philadelphia,
where she was mistress of “a plantation on
the banks of the Delaware” until the day
they moved to the valley of which Robert
had told her.
They did, in fact, very soon make a
journey of some two hundred miles, riding
at first through settled country and then
through a wilderness of brightly colored
autumn leaves.
With them were Robert’s relatives—
Jacob, unmarried, and Samuel and his wife
Sarah, whose name had been Simcock until,
as Samuel acknowledged in open Meeting,
he “stole her from her parents in the night
time” (a fine Quakerish proceeding!).
Packhorses carried their household
goods. On the way, when they had passed
the settlements and had gone beyond the
road that ended at what is now York, Penn-
sylvania, they slept on beds formed of tufts
of pine branches, in “lean-to” shelters made
with saplings and boughs. They cooked
“journey cakes” and roasted venison by the
heat of crackling fires and baked potatoes
(then a new vegetable) in the hot ashes.
When the valley was reached Mary’s
home at first was a two-room house built of
logs; and then, with the aid of their nearest
neighbors, who lived on the Potomac only
ten miles away, Robert built, by a gushing
spring, a stone house which, with the estate
upon which it stood, he called “Quarry
Bank.”
There, in the Valley of the Shenandoah,
the Quaker bride lived to see her children’s
children. She saw a son, another Robert,
grow to manhood and win a commission in
the savage warfare that later descended
upon the valley; she saw the church he
helped to build, St. George’s Chapel; and
she saw a grandson who moved farther to
the west, where he became governor of a
new state.
NOTE—This sketch is based upon records as
to dates, names (except the Quaker elders),
localities, and major events; but descriptive
details as to customs, costumes, etc., while authen-
tic as of the period, are not in all particulars his-
torical as specifically connected with the char-
acters named.—J. T. W.
YOU may have it too, and if so you will understand. For years I have been afflicted with a delightful disease that I call house-itis. Nothing entertains me quite so much as driving along through the country, admiring lovely houses poised in stately fashion on wooded estates or sprawled leisurely in happy valleys. I have an urge to explore them from cellar to attic. I long to see for myself whether they are as charming from the inside looking out as they are from the outside looking in.

I want to meet the people who live in the most intriguing houses, to make sure they deserve their good fortune and appreciate what they have. It makes me actually ill to find an old sour puss living in an exquisite setting. For houses are very sensitive. They have eyes, ears, a heart and a soul. Sometimes they sing for joy. Sometimes they weep bitter tears. Sometimes they become so upset they have a nervous breakdown. And as they grow older character lines develop that tell a vivid story—if you have house-itis—at a glance. Some houses scowl all the time. Others are cursed with a smug look. Many smile. And there are some that laugh out loud.

You can imagine how intrigued I was to learn recently that a charming friend of mine, who knows all there is to know about the art of gracious living as practiced in colonial days, had put two lovely old log houses together to create for herself the setting that she has dreamed of all her life. So great was my attack of house-itis, so great was my desire to see that house, and my friend in it, that I threw my belongings in a bag and started on a thousand-mile journey to visit her.

The house is located on the highway between Nashville and Gallatin, Tennessee. Its owner is Mary Felice Ferrell, famous
authority on Coloniana, a cross between Scarlett and Melanee, who by some strange magic marched right out of the glorious past into the neon-cellophane-automatic present and brought with her all that is mellow and lovely and rare.

She received me—and the friends I had picked up along the way—in a quaint silk-striped dress more than a hundred years old, with the traditional tight bodice and billowing skirt. She made an unforgettable picture, standing in the doorway, slender and graceful and quaint, her brown eyes shining, her hands extended in cordial welcome.

After we had “oh’d” and “ah’d” all over the place, she guided us into the library, which has a restful, mellow atmosphere, and plied us with delicious tea and cookies which she herself had made from her great-great-grandmother’s unequalled recipes. Then and there, at my urging, she told us the story of her house.

First she bought the site of the last tollgate in use in Sumner County, Tennessee, which contains three acres and affords a gorgeous view of rolling hills, fertile valleys and the winding Cumberland River. Then, by shrewd dickering, she purchased two historic log houses, one 137 years old and the other 94, built by early settlers of Sumner County. The houses were razed carefully, each log and window and door carefully numbered, and hauled to the old tollgate site.

Next she scoured the country looking for a very special old man to put them together. He had to be very old to know how it was done years ago, and very special to take enough interest to do it well, because every beam had to go back in its old groove. The first special old man she found took to the bottle and delayed matters for weeks. The second very special old man she found did the job painstakingly.

The houses were combined cleverly to preserve the original floor plans and at the same time more or less crawl up the hill. This meant adding attractive and unexpected little stairways which are a delight to the eye. The spacious entrance hall con-
tains a rare old cherry stairway of graceful proportions which is one of the lovely features of the house. Two architects offered her a fortune for the stairway, which she promptly declined, notwithstanding the fact that cash would have come in handy at this point.

Another lovely feature is the poplar paneling, feather-edged, some pieces fully sixteen inches wide, which she used in the library. Felice discovered this treasure in one of the houses, buried under sixteen coats of paper and one coat of plaster, which she scraped away herself with loving but trembling hands—trembling with excitement and pride and joy. While she was engaged in this lowly, back-breaking task her friends in Gallatin—her home town—pleaded with her to let someone else do the hard work. The town policeman finally drove out to stop her before she gave out completely. But she cast her magic wand of enthusiasm over him, with the result that he put down his gun and his stick and went to work helping her!

One of the houses was used during the War Between the States as headquarters for Union troops, and when the hardwood floors were taken up she found the names of officers and men scratched into the wood. Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston were frequent visitors in this house.

The mantels and doors and fireplaces are exquisite. The rooms are large and the ceilings high. The walls are covered with original colonial wallpaper—which she dug up from heaven knows where—and the floors are spread with colorful old carpets.

The house is charming in every way, but the thing that elates me is that the house and its owner belong together. Their personalities merge and blend and radiate beauty and charm and grace. Felice has not only created for herself a lovely setting, but she has made a real contribution. She has brought to life the very best of a gracious period and dovetailed it into the present. No shrine can give you the same adventure into the past, for here life is being lived to the fullest right now.

And the two old houses are so grateful to their new mistress for their marriage and rejuvenation that they are trying to outdo each other in living up to her highest expectations. They are smiling at each other and at her all day long.
The Little Brown Church in the Vale

JEANNETTE HEGEMAN

“There’s a church in the valley by the wild
wood.
No lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the ‘Little Brown Church’ in the vale.”

Almost everyone is familiar with that old song, but not everyone knows that the church has stood in Bradford, Iowa, a ghost town, since 1862. Made internationally known by the hymn, The Little Brown Church is the setting for many hundreds of weddings each year; and it is said that more than 50,000 tourists sign the register there annually, making it one of Iowa’s “must see” places.

The small church stands beside a country road not far from the town of Nashua, in the northeastern part of the state. The pastor is the Rev. William Kent, a Congregational minister of that place.

A grove of beautiful trees still surrounds the church, but it is not the wildwood of long ago. That has given way to fields of grain. Here and there, not far from the edifice, are the sad remains of the vanished town of Bradford, once a thriving pioneer settlement. But the plain little church is quite unchanged. It is still painted brown, just as it was when it was built. That was the color chosen because it was the cheapest paint to be found.

Inside the building the old organ stands with the hymnal opened to the well-known song. Souvenir hunters have been at work even in this house of worship. Strange that their depredations should be felt here. On four keys where the ivory is missing, these words appear: “Thou Shalt Not Steal.” The other furniture seems to be in good condition. That is true especially of the lovely old walnut table and chairs.

Dr. William S. Pitts, author of “The Church in the Wildwood,” made this statement concerning the song not long before his death in 1918: “One afternoon in June, 1857, I came by stagecoach from McGregor, Iowa, to the village of Bradford, near Nashua. My home then was in Wisconsin. The spot where The Little Brown Church stands was then, as now, a place of rare beauty. There was no church there then but the spot was there waiting for it. When I went back home I wrote that song and composed the music for it.”

Eighty-five years ago the village of Bradford had about 800 inhabitants, all pioneers...
in a new state. Strangely, when the railroad came to Nashua, two miles away, Bradford started to vanish. Business houses were moved to nearby towns or torn down. Even the name of Bradford was given to another postoffice, one in Butler County. Most of the settlers had come from New England, including the first minister, Rev. J. K. Nutting. Times were hard in the village, for the minister reported his cash salary for the year 1859 as four dollars. Vegetables and other farm products made up the rest of it. A few years later, the Civil War took many of the younger men; and still later the war taxes made money still less plentiful. But in spite of all, Reverend Nutting urged the building of a church. Services conducted by the circuit rider and later by the minister, had been held wherever a place could be found—sometimes in a home, other times in the schoolhouse, the hotel dining room or a vacant store building.

Since no funds could be raised for building the church, every man offered to do what he could in the way of manual labor, and the minister acted as architect. “Bees” were held for the cutting of the logs and sawing them into lumber; also for the quarrying of stone, which was used by the village mason in laying the foundation. Some eastern friends of Reverend Nutting took up a collection and supplied the funds for the finishing lumber. This had to be hauled overland for 80 miles by wagon. McGregor, Iowa, was the Mississippi River port for all of these inland towns, and it was to this town that the men of Bradford drove to get this lumber. But it was to Dubuque, still further down the river, that they had to go to bring back their church bell—also a gift of friends back east. Two long years were spent in the building of this small church, a structure which was later to become one of the shrines of the Middle West.

It was in 1863 that Dr. Pitts, a beloved country doctor, moved to Iowa to make his permanent home. He settled at Fredericksburg, 20 miles from Bradford, and began his practice. Singing schools were his hobby and soon he was in charge of several in the surrounding territory.

Early in 1864 the singing school began to hold its sessions in the new church at Bradford, although it was far from finished. There were no seats other than improvised benches. One evening Dr. Pitts brought the manuscript of “The Little Brown Church” with him and sang it to his class, thus giving the song its first public rendition in the church that it was destined to make famous. The following spring the author took his script to H. M. Higgins on Randolph St., Chicago, and sold it to him. The dedication of the church (December 29, 1864) preceded the publication of the song by only a few months. In Dr. Pitts’ words: “It at once became immensely popular and spread itself over the world like a benediction from on high.”

Church services are conducted in the little church every Sunday afternoon, and in the summer the shady churchyard is crowded with the overflow from the edifice. Visitors there, regardless of the hour of the day, are likely to be present at a wedding. Mr. Kent has been referred to as “The Marryin’ Parson” since his church has become the mecca of marrying couples, not only from Iowa but from far distant points. Last year they represented seventeen states; and one bridegroom came all the way from Honolulu. Last Thanksgiving Day, nineteen weddings took place at the little church; and in June—the record-breaking month—there were 156. No wonder the small square of green carpet before the pulpit, where so many thousands have stood to pronounce their vows, was worn out and has had to be replaced twice.

Some brides at The Little Brown Church ring their own wedding bells. As the couple is leaving, the bride pulls the bell rope first; then the groom tugs at it and then both do. Tradition says that the longer the bride rings, the longer will her happiness be. While there are no available statistics to prove the assertion, Mr. Kent says he believes there are few divorces among those married at this church.

The streets of old Bradford have given way to country roads, and the yards and gardens have been replaced by fields of grain. Yet, each year sees more and more visitors to the site of this northern Iowa village. They seem to be heeding the call of that refrain: “Oh come, come, come—Come to the church in the wildwood—Come to the church in the vale.”
WILE her father, John Dunlap, the Philadelphia printer, was busy with his flourishing newspaper, his daughter Mary, under the efficient tutelage of her mother, was learning the arts of the housewife, and compiling a recipe book, painstakingly written with the flourishes that characterized the penmanship of nearly a century and a half ago.

It is interesting to think that during the time that the little printing shop of John Dunlap and his apprentice, David Claypoole (who later became his partner), were busy getting out the famous Packet and the broadsides that carried the eagerly awaited news of the day, that his wife was herself supervising the preparation of the bodily fuel for her patriot husband, perhaps these very dishes that later her daughter was to perpetuate in this little, well-thumbed, calf-bound book.

John Dunlap, whose family emigrated here from County Tyrone, in Ireland, in 1747, was an ardent partisan of the Colonists. He was captain of the First Troop, Philadelphia Cavalry, which was organized in 1774. And it was he who, together with his apprentice, Claypoole, were the first to
spell out and set up that momentous document, The Declaration Of Independence, the day before it had been publicly read, and later chosen for the signal honor of printing the Constitution of The United States, in 1787, and Washington’s Farewell Address in 1796.

The following inscription was placed on the site of the Printing Shop in 1928.


Their printing business prospered greatly, and he was also an astute businessman, for at his death in 1812, he owned large tracts of land in Virginia and Kentucky, much Philadelphia property, besides his sumptuous home at 12th and Market Streets. It was the large stable here that he generously turned over as an emergency hospital during the yellow fever epidemic in 1797.

The diaries that Mary Dunlap (who married Samuel Blight) kept assiduously over a period of forty years, reveal the skill she had acquired in the culinary arts, and the important part that food and its preparation played in the everyday life of the period.

Such entries as “today we had the first cherries, we ate them with loaf sugar, pounded very fine.” “Sukey has at last learned to make a cherry pye.” “I have been to Independence Square this morning and stopped at the Cake Shop for a Gingerbread—the family very kindly said that mine was better.”

Among the recipes contained in her cook book are also the carefully worked out tables for roasting and boiling such as “three ribs of beef, a pig, a goose, a turkey,” and partridges; also much attention is given to the proper degrees of heat, whether the cooking was to be done on the hearth or in the Dutch Oven. Later, in one of her diaries, she tells of the excitement occasioned at the innovation of a stove, and adds that “the servants do not like it.”

There is a recipe for potato yeast and much care is expressed in the cooking for the sick, wine and whey, and chicken broth and barley water, being a few of the recommended foods for the invalid.

The following Wedding Cake must surely have been mixed in the big wooden bread troughs, and would serve a goodly gathering.

**WEDDING CAKE**

- 10 pounds of flour
- 10 pounds of sugar—pounded fine
- 10 pounds of currants
- 8 pounds of butter
- 2 oz. of mace
- 2 nutmegs
- 70 eggs

**FROSTING.**

- 2 pounds of loaf sugar
- 2 oz. mace
- ozs. gum arabic
- 2 oz. starch
- whites of nine eggs.

In contrast to the wedding cake, Quaker cake is very simple and inexpensive.

**QUAKER CAKE**

- 5 cups flour
- 4 eggs
- 3 cups sugar
- brandy

“TO MAKE PEPPER POT”

Take two calf’s chitterlings, wash them very clean. Boil them in about a gallon of water, when tender, take them out and cut them as small as you can, then put them in the same water again, add eight potatoes, cut small, a few dumplings, two onions cut small, a quantity of dry thyme and parsley salt to your taste, and as much cayenne pepper as you can stand. Let this stew slowly for three hours, do not boil over the fire, but stew over the coals.

* * *

Dry pea soup must have been a favorite dish with the family, as she mentions it repeatedly in her records.

**DRY PEASE SOUP**

Take a quart of dry peas, soak them in soft water all night. Stew a knuckle of veal in half a gallon of water, and boil a small peice of pickeled pork in a seperate pot, if you do not boil it in a seperate pot your soup will be very salt.

Let the pease and veal boil together and add a Turnip, cut up, a teaspoonful of dried mint and one onion, cut small, also salt and pepper to your taste.

About half an hour before you send it to the table, add the pork to it, first cutting it in very small peices, then let your soup stew slowly.
"AN OISTER SOUP
To one hundred oisters take one quart of water and the liquor that comes from the oisters, strain. Season it with a little nutmeg, salt, pepper, and a large spoon of grated horseradish. Thicken with flour rolled in the same amount of butter until smooth. It requires very little boiling.

"A PLUMB PUDDING
Take half a pound of solid beef suet, chopped fine, a loaf of stale bread, crumbled fine. half a pound of brown sugar, half a pound of currants, washed and dried, eight eggs, a little cinnamon, and nutmeg. Scald and flower a cloth, tie the pudding up tight and boil it two hours. For a sauce, Serve with drawn butter, sugar, nutmeg and wine."

"TO MAKE TEA BISCUIT
Take three pounds of flour, and mix with it half a pound of butter as you would for pie crust. Then pour into it a pint of milk that is a little warm and a tea cup of yeast. Let them sponge for one hour then mix them up and let them rise an hour. Roll them out and cut into large biscuits and stick them on the top with a fork. Bake them in a tin or in the Dutch oven. You can add a little salt if the butter is not very salt."

"TO MAKE JOHNNY CAKES
Take some Indian meal, a little salt, a small piece of butter, size of an egg, wet it with warm water and work it very well together. Then spread it on a hickory board, such as comes off the top of a barrel. Wet the board and spread the cake on it. Stand it before the fire as you would for toste. When it is done, split it open and butter it hot.

"A CHICKEN PIE
Cut up a pair of young chickens, wash them clean and drain them through a cul-
lender. Put a paste in the bottom of your dish, then put in the chickens with a few slices of ham, cut thin, season with black pepper and salt and few bits of thyme. dust flour over them and pour over it two teacups of water cover with a good paste, Bake one hour.

* * *

"GREEN APPLE PIE

Wash and coar a quarter of a peck of new green apples, It is not necessary to pare them. Put them in an earthen basin with about a teacup of water to prevent them from burning Let them stew over some good coals until they are soft, then take them up to cool, Sweeten them to your taste with some loaf sugar and grate the rind of a lemmom, and two large spoons of rosewater. Bake them in a good paste.

* * *

Among the various recipes for the more commonplace foods are those for mince pies, Naples biscuit, pickling red cabbage, and cucumbers, curing beef and pork and details for caring for utensils. Of the latter, she writes.

“All tubs must be clean and sweet before you put in your meat or whatever you want to keep. It is of material consequence to attend particularly to the sweetness of all utensils that you use. If you neglect this it is very likely to taint your meat, or injure the taste of whatever food you have in them.”

As this month’s “Distinguished Daguerreotype” we have chosen one that seems doubly appropriate for June: Mary Elizabeth Sasnette Little, whom it represents, was an early student at Wesleyan College for Women at Macon, Georgia, the first incorporated college to give diplomas to women; and she is depicted in the “second day dress” which was part of her trousseau. The daguerreotype is now in the possession of Mrs. John F. Little, a member of the Potomac Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Washington, D. C.
PABLO made no answer for a moment. “T—Taos!” he stammered at last. “La señorita go—Taos?”

“Yes—help me to mount, please,” she said peremptorily.

Pablo obeyed, still stupefied with amazement.

“You know the road to Taos, don’t you?”

“Sí, Señorita.”

“Well, something has happened to Ben, el Americano. We must find Kit Carson. He is the only person who can help. Hurry!”

Pablo mounted submissively. It was not for him to question the pale señorita. Had he not always heard that los Americanos were queer—always rushing about from one thing to another? There could be no doubt of it now. A señorita riding astride a horse like a man and going to Taos at night in the midst of a storm! Why, it was a good two hours of hard riding in the best of weather! Of course, Don Ben was her sweetheart and she feared harm had come to him—as no doubt it had! But even so—he shrugged his shoulders. Well, he must give his whole mind to keeping to the Taos road. He hoped the storm had not washed it out in too many places.

Maria had recovered enough from her fright to realize Anne’s intention. Seizing the girl’s dress she cried imploringly, “Señorita, you will kill yourself! I pray you, come home now—let Pablo go alone!”

“Let go, Maria!” replied Anne. “Come, Pablo! Lead the way!”

The town was soon behind them. Anne, leaning low over Jezebel’s rough mane, felt as if all the forces of nature were trying to hold her back. The innumerable, fine fingers of the rain struck her stingingly in the face. The wind strove to restrain her, tugging at her loosened hair. The very darkness, illumined intermittently by quivering, violet
light, opposed her. It pushed against her achy eyeballs and blinded her as she strained to follow the ever vanishing figure of Pablo ahead.

Their horses were already tired and the way led up hill. The sandy road, washed into gullies, made the going precarious. To Anne's agonized impatience they seemed scarcely to make any progress at all, cleaving the darkness like spent swimmers buffeted by the surf. And somewhere in the wild night was Ben. If he still lived——

Finally the storm abated. The thunder rumbled more and more distantly in the hills. The lilac flashes of the lightning came less often and through the flying rack overhead stars began to glitter. Near the top of a long hill a pine tree, blown down by the wind, lay across the road. Pablo dismounted and fumbled about on foot, trying to discover the best way to get around the obstruction. Straightening her aching back Anne peered about in the dimness. The tree appeared to be a large one, stretching from one side of the road to the other. The wind had died down and the only sound was the soft shuffle of Pablo's feet as he worked his way around the fallen tree. From the upturned roots came the rich, earthy smell of wet mold. Jezebel moved restlessly. Anne patted the horse's streaming neck and spoke soothingly.

"There! There! Jezebel!" she said.

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness. Anne's breath stopped in her throat. She sat rigid. It came again—a low moan.

This time Pablo heard it, too, and ran up to Anne excitedly.

"Señorita! Allá, debajo—there, beneath the tree is someone!"

Anne swung herself down from her horse. The groaning grew louder and guided her and Pablo as they fought their way through the stiff, wet boughs. They stripped away the smaller branches and at last a flickering flash from the retreating storm revealed the prostrate form of a man held fast by a limb of the fallen tree.

Pablo tugged at the heavy bough. "Señorita!" he began. But he did not need to tell Anne what to do. In an instant she had dragged the injured man clear of the limb. Pablo bent over him speaking rapidly in Spanish. Anne, who for one wild moment had thought this might be Ben, felt a sharp-ness of disappointment that seemed too painful to be borne.

"It is Don Fernando, Señorita," exclaimed Pablo, "and he say el Americano is——"

Anne heard no more. For in a sudden flash of lightning she had caught sight of another prostrate form pinioned beneath the tree. With a low cry she sprang forward. Together she and Pablo strained their utmost to lift the heavy weight that held Ben fast. The best they could do was to move his inert body a few inches out from under the bough. At least his chest was free! In an agony of fear Anne knelt down and laid her ear softly against Ben's heart. Ah—God be forever praised! He still lived!

She raised her head and exultation was in her voice as she cried, "Pablo—you ride back—and bring help at once—do you hear?"

"Si, Señorita! I go!" replied Pablo. He made Jezebel fast to one of the fallen branches and sprang upon the other horse.

"Oh, be quick, Pablo!" called Anne. Then she turned again to the still form beside her. The sky was clearing fast and in the faint light of the emerging stars she could see the outline of Ben's face—the sharp, clean line of chin and forehead. Brushing back his hair she bent over and laid her lips upon his brow, murmuring a prayer. Softly she took up the limp hand, then started back in horror. It was wet with blood. Gently rolling away the torn, damp sleeve of his shirt she sought the source of the bleeding. There it was—a dark gash in the white flesh above the elbow. Blood still oozed from it. Quickly tearing a long strip from her petticoat she bound it tightly around the arm above the wound. And presently the dark trickle ceased. But she could not lift the weight of the crushing bough from the pinioned legs.

Would help never come? Where was Pablo now—how far had he got? How far would he have to go? She could come to no conclusion about the distance she now was from Santa Fe. The ride through the storm seemed to have taken many hours. Or did it seem so long only because of her anxiety for Ben and her ardent desire to reach Taos? Perhaps they were nearer Taos than Santa Fe! In that case Pablo
should have gone on instead of riding back the way they had come! This thought was torture. She must not dwell on it. Rather she should pray and trust in the goodness of God. The good Bishop had said faith was trust in God’s goodness! Surely God would not take Ben from her! She had already lost so many who were dear to her!

The young Don continued to groan. But even this was better than silence. If only Ben would make a sound—any sound! Fearfully she listened again at his breast. Did she imagine it, or was the heartbeat a little more strong? Very gently she lifted his head from the rough ground and held it on her lap. She kept one hand pressed softly over his heart as if by so doing she could impart some of her own strength to its faint throbbing.

The sky was clear now and luminous with stars. All the tiny wood creatures that rejoice in summer rains lifted up their voices in shrill clamor. Anne sat motionless, her lap cradling Ben’s head, her hand warming his feebly beating heart. A dozen times she thought she heard the approach of hoof beats, only to have the sound prove to be the hammering of her own pulses.

At last, as she had begun to feel sure some disaster had overtaken Pablo, came unmistakable sounds of approaching rescuers. Presently they emerged from the shadows, a score or more of riders. It was a matter of only a few minutes to raise the heavy limb and lift Ben’s limp body to a stretcher. The young Don had now regained consciousness. He gave a broken account of the accident. His father, Don Pedro, a soldierly figure in the dim light, saw that his son and the American were made as comfortable as possible for the journey back. Then he approached Anne.

“I have you to thank, Señorita,” he said in somewhat labored English, “that I find my son. Pablo has acquainted me with the facts. It is to be regretted that my son and the young American quarreled. The young American is badly hurt. He will receive the best of treatment at our hands.”

“Oh—no!” exclaimed Anne. The thought that these terrible Bonillas had Ben in their power was dreadful to her.

“My son wishes it,” explained the old Don. “He says the young man saved his life. They met in the storm and while they engaged in a duel, the tree under which they fought was blown down. The American saw that it was about to fall on my son and rushed forward to push him out of its path. In doing so he himself was caught in a much more serious way. He shall receive every care at our hands. And now, Señorita, allow me!”

With stately politeness he helped her to mount Jezebel. “You and I will hasten on ahead,” he said. “Señora Ramirez must be greatly concerned about you.”

Anne yearned to keep close to Ben and looked longingly back to the place where two horsemen were preparing to carry him on a stretcher slung between their horses. Don Pedro read her anxious thoughts and tried to reassure her.

“You may trust me, Señorita. He shall have every care.”

For weeks Ben’s life hung by a thread. He was bruised about the head and besides breaking both legs the heavy bough that had pinned him to the ground had broken several ribs. The loss of blood from the knife wound on his arm had so weakened him that he had no power of recuperation left. Day after day went by and still he lay inert, unconscious, the only sign of life the faint pulse that seemed always on the verge of ceasing altogether. Then congestion of the lungs set in and his fever rose.

To Anne the days had the nightmarish quality that pervades dreams in which one is forever striving for a goal just out of reach. “If I could only see him!” she thought. “Only be with him!” But Señora Ramirez was horrified at the idea.

“Young girls do not visit young men, my dear,” she said. “Of course, if you were betrothed to him and everyone knew of the engagement, a visit now and then properly chaperoned would not be amiss. But under the circumstances it wouldn’t do at all! Besides,” she added, “he would not know you. They say he has never regained consciousness.”

She spoke with abstraction, her mind on the breadth of blue velvet she was measuring. Another caravan from the States had lately come to town and she had just bought a quantity of material for her winter wardrobe.
“I think,” she continued, “that the velvet should have a train—should you say about six inches?”

Anne did not answer. She sat on a low stool, her needlework lying idly in her lap, her unseeing eyes fixed on the billowing folds of rich velvet Señora Ramirez held up before her.

“Come, my dear!” said Señora Ramirez impatiently, “you are far too self-centered. You should try to take an interest in matters about you. After all, Ben is getting the best of care in the finest house in town. I only hope he will appreciate that, if—if—there, Child! Don’t cry! I don’t mean to be unkind. But really you should pull yourself together! You will go into a decline if you aren’t careful. It is not seemly for a young girl to show her feelings so plainly.”

“If only they would let me see him!” murmured Anne.

“Tut, Child! What good would that do? You wear yourself out with prayers—the whole household is burning candles to all the santos—Mr. Carson brings that famous doctor from Taos—and only last Sunday you said the Bishop (if he is a bishop!) asked for the congregation’s prayers! Though, of course, that would mean only prayers of Indians and poor people. But I understand that prayers are also being said in the Bonilla’s private chapel! What more could you possibly ask, my dear? Come—help me measure off this piece!”

Anne obediently stood up and held the velvet folds against Doña Isabel’s shoulders.

“Maria!” called Doña Isabel, surveying herself complacently in the tilted mirror, “bring the shears!”

The cutting and fitting went on in the quiet room while outside in the Plaza a great throng was gathering to celebrate the ancient fiesta of Santa Fe. Every September for more than two hundred years the townspeople had given a pageant enacting the recapture of the city from the Indians by Captain-General Diego de Vargas in 1692. The country people streamed in on foot and by wagon from the surrounding hillsides and remote mountain valleys to see the ancient banners of old Castile flaunt their scarlet and gold once more before the Royal Palace. Indians, swarthy Mexican peons, arrieros, cowboys, highbred Spanish Dons, weather-beaten frontiersmen from the States, blue-coated soldiers from Ft. Marcy, all rubbed shoulders in the Plaza in anticipation of the pageant. The United States Hotel and the gambling halls were jammed with a holiday crowd bent on drinking as much aguardiente and whisky as possible and winning as much by roulette and monté as Fate would permit.

Señora Ramirez did not stir abroad that day. But she had given permission to Manuel to attend the pageant with Pablo. And now in a fresh white blouse and scarlet and green velvet suit Manuel burst into the room.

“I shall tell you all about it, Anne,” he said, going up to the girl and squeezing her hand, “everything even to the color of the horses.”

Anne put her arm about the boy’s thin shoulders and drew him close for a moment.

“I shall want to hear all about it, so be sure to fill your mind with pictures you can describe!”

“I will! Good-bye, Anne! Hasta la vista Mamecita!” he called as he dashed out of the room.

From time to time, as the hours passed, the booming of cannon and shouts of the crowd penetrated the thick walls of the casa. Whenever this happened Doña Isabel looked up from her sewing and launched forth on reminiscences.

“When my husband was living,” she remarked once, “we always attended the fiesta. We went to church the night before and even carried tapers in the procession. Then for the pageant next day we always had seats near the Governor in the Plaza. But now I care nothing about going. I do not care to encounter so much drunkenness without the protection of a husband. This year with a caravan just arrived it will be worse than ever!” She sewed awhile in silence.

“But,” she continued presently, “I always attend the Conquistadores’ Ball. Don Pedro Bonilla says no baile is official without me! Of course, that is just his gallantry. Though,” she added with no apparent relevancy, “his own wife is a roly-poly little thing—no dignity at all!”

Finally, Anne could stand her complacency no longer. “I wonder if Maria has returned,” she said, jumping up. Every day Maria went to the Casa Bonilla to get the latest news of Ben. Until she returned
Anne knew no repose of either mind or body.

The patio was deserted except for Diablo, who sat motionless on his perch, a stuffed image of a parrot, his feathers brilliant in the blazing September sun, his shoebutton eyes fixed and glassy. Strings of ripening chile hung in festoons from the roof and walls of the kitchen end of the court. Not a leaf stirred. The sky was like burnished metal, too bright to the eye. Yet the heat was not oppressive. Anne paused and lifted up her face, eyes closed, feeling the warmth like wine in her veins. If only Ben could feel it thus and be healed!

The crackle of gun shots and the booming of cannon, followed by wild huzzahs, came from the mock battle in the Public Square. Anne hastened to Maria’s room. The little old woman had not yet returned. All the other servants had gone to the fiesta. She started back across the court, glancing about in search of Rosette. But the little cat was evidently about some business of her own and was not to be found. It must be past noon. Surely Maria would return soon!

The street door opened and Manuel burst in followed by Bishop Lamy.

“Mamma!” called the boy. “I’ve brought a visitor!”

Señora Ramirez welcomed the bishop with an odd mixture of cordiality and condescension. Her manner was designed to suit either eventuality—cordial enough for a real bishop, should he prove to be one, yet with a touch of reserve should he prove to be an imposter.

Manuel drew Anne down to the bench beside him.

“I wish you had seen the pageant, Anne!” he exclaimed. “But see—I not only can tell you all about it but I drew a picture of De Vargas for you! Oh, he was splendid! He rode a white horse with a silver saddle and he planted the cross and the royal banner of Spain in front of the Palace of the Governors.

He unfolded a sheet of paper. “See—I sketched it for you.” With a heavy black pencil he had drawn the outline of a man in helmet and armor who sat erect upon a horse, bearing aloft a banner that streamed away behind him. It was crudely drawn but the line of brow, nose and fierce mustache had a strength and lifelikeness that was arresting. The horse’s head and flowing mane also had a certain force and reality that made Anne exclaim, “Manuel—did you do this? How well you draw!”

“Oh, but this is nothing!” replied Manuel. “If I had paints I could show you the color of the banners and the wonderful blue, brocade satin coat of the Alcalde when he read the edict! And the Indians in their war paint!” He stopped, a far away look in his shining eyes.

Bishop Lamy who had been chatting with Señora Ramirez, turned now and regarded Manuel with grave attention.

Anne handed the Bishop the drawing. “Don’t you think it is good?” she asked.

Bishop Lamy studied the drawing a moment before replying. Finally he said, “I think it is excellent. Have you other sketches?”

Manuel went to a small table and drew several sheets of paper from underneath a pile of school books. “Here is a picture I drew of Diablo,” he said, “and here is Josefina scolding one of her children—her face was so funny!”


“He promised to bring me some oil paints!” cried Manuel. “He will be here next month and my lessons will begin again!”

“But,” observed Señora Ramirez, “you can use the paints only after you have learned your lessons—don’t forget that!”

“It looks to me,” said the Bishop in his deep, pleasant voice, “as if the boy has a rare gift!” He rose to take his departure. Pausing beside Manuel he said softly, “cultivate your gift, my son, and use it always for the good of mankind and the glory of God.”

“Oh—Father!” cried Manuel in deep excitement, “do you think I shall ever be a—a—great painter?”

“Perhaps—who knows?” answered the Bishop. “Paint always what you see with all the force and truth within you—never forgetting to transfigure it with the light of your own spirit.” He smiled at the boy’s flushed face.

“A great painter doesn’t need to have a straight back, does he?” cried Manuel.
“No, Manuel, he does not. A great painter has need of the love of truth, an eye to penetrate to the heart of things and the patience to cultivate the gift of his hand. And where there are thousands of straight backs there is only one artist's eye and hand! Be thankful for the gift God has given you and envy no one!”
For a long time after the Bishop had left, Manuel sat staring straight ahead of him with eyes that saw beyond the narrow confines of the thick-walled room into a glowing future wherein a crooked back was no handicap. The discontent and fretfulness that so often marred the expression of his pale, thin face was gone. His great dark eyes held a new fire and his small, drooping mouth straightened into a firm line. A dream took root in the boy’s soul that day, and began to grow toward fruition.

“Maria! I thought you would never come!” cried Anne, who had been pacing up and down in the waning daylight of the patio. “Tell me—how is he?”

Maria, who had just entered from the street, seized Anne by the arm. The black eyes in the wrinkled, old face shone with intense excitement.

“Come!” she said mysteriously, “quick—before it goes!” She drew Anne after her to a spot in the patio from which one could see the western sky. There in the dusk, twilight blue hung the paper-thin crescent of the new moon, bright as a shaving of silver.

Maria thrust a coin into Anne’s hand. “Quick, Señorita—make a wish—quick—wish—wish!”

“Ah, Maria! What foolishness is this? You know my dearest wish—Our Lady knows it—the good God himself knows it! Tell me—how is he?”

“Wish, Señorita! What one wishes holding money and looking at the new moon comes to pass!”

So Anne obediently wished, and watched the bright arc sink behind the roof of the casa.

“Now, tell me what you have heard!” she urged.

Maria shook her head. “The fever is bad,” she said. “Tonight one will know will he live or—not live. The médico has said he fears—.” Her voice trails into silence as she noticed Anne’s anguished face.

Señora Ramirez had approached them and overheard Maria’s last statement.

“It is the crisis of the fever, no doubt,” she said, taking Anne’s hand and gently patting it. “There, my dear, you must keep up your courage. Every fever must run its course.”

“If I could only go to him!” cried Anne wildly.

“That is out of the question, of course,” replied Señora Ramirez. “You have already made yourself too conspicuous by that wild ride in the storm. But Maria must go over to inquire the very first thing tomorrow.”

“And tonight, at midnight,” said Maria softly, “I light a candle before Our Lady, because only a miracle can save him now.”

Anne did not answer. Suddenly she wanted to be alone. When Manuel followed her to her room for his nightly talk with her before going to bed she sent him away. “Not tonight, Manuel,” she said gently. “I want to be by myself.”

“If I were a man,” said the boy, “I’d make them let you go to him.”

He went away and she closed the door of her room. For a long time she knelt in the darkness, alone with the crude, wooden images of Mary and Joseph, and her own thoughts. As the hours went by her thoughts resolved themselves into a growing determination. She would go to Ben. Nobody should stop her! She must see him! He needed her!

Rising swiftly she caught up a dark cloak and wrapped it round her. She did not know what time it was, but the household was quiet. When she opened her door and slipped into the patio faint sounds of revelry came from the Plaza. The fiesta was not yet over. Should she wake Maria? For a moment she hesitated. The old woman might object to accompanying her, might even arouse Señora Ramirez, who would indeed oppose Anne’s determination. It would be better to go alone. Gliding swiftly across the court she had reached the outer door when a sound caused her to turn. There was Maria, her face in the dimness, peering ghostlike from the dark folds of her rebozo.

“Sh—sh!” she whispered. “I attend la señorita! My old bones—they tell me la señorita will go to her sweetheart. Do I not know the heart of youth?” She spoke in Spanish but Anne understood. Together they sped along the dark streets.

The puerta of the Casa Bonilla was opened to them by a sleepy Indian slave who grunted in amazement at Maria’s request and seemed disposed to dispute their
entrance. But Anne pushed past him. Maria caught her arm.

"Shall I find out for you where the young man is?" she asked.

The girl made no reply. With head held high and with unfluttering step she crossed the unfamiliar patio and as if led by an unseen hand entered a door which stood slightly ajar.

She found herself in a large room lighted by candles set in sconces near the high bed. Several persons stood about, one of them a priest. Anne took no notice of any of them. Indeed she was scarcely aware of their presence. For on the bed lay Ben. His head moved restlessly while through his fever-swollen lips the breath came and went in short, faint gasps. His eyes glittered between half-closed lids. A bright flush stained his drawn and hollow cheeks.

On the bedside stand was a silver ewer of water. Anne dipped her hand into it and moistened Ben’s lips. She laid cool fingers on the hot brow. Then, moved by some deep instinct, she leaned over the emaciated form and gathered together all the forces of her spirit. Silently, wordlessly, in a mighty outpouring of prayer she invoked that vast and mystic Power immanent in the Universe. All the strength of her being gushed forth in this silent prayer for life.

A voice broke the awed silence of the room. It was the doctor speaking. "The fever is broken," he said quietly, "the young man will live!"

"This night," said the priest in a hushed and solemn tone, "have I beheld a miracle!"

The heat of the passing summer had spent itself. At the ancestral ranch of the Ramirez family, tucked away in a fold of the hills, the corn had been gathered and husked and the choice kernels ground into meal on the slate-blue blocks of pumice. The wheat had been threshed in the age-old fashion by the hoofs of sheep and goats on a circular plot of hard-packed mud. It had then been winnowed in the wind, and carried on the backs of burros to the mill for grinding. In the dark, low storerooms were bags of sun-dried apricots, peaches, plums and apples. Heaped about on untidy piles lay melons and squash and great, yellow pumpkins. Bright ristras of chile covered whole walls with a curtain of crimson.

Yet despite these tokens of autumn plenty, the ranch had an air of disorder and decay. The adobe walls of the house were crumbling and the yard underfoot was everywhere befouled with chicken droppings.

Doña Isabel, having ridden out from town early in the day, stood now in the outer court ready to depart after her tour of inspection. She carried a small black lace sunshade as protection against the still nearly vertical rays of the sun. Pedro Garcia, who managed the ranch, stood before her, respectfully bareheaded, twirling his wide hat round and round one brown, work-hardened hand. A shock of black hair fell over his forehead into his eyes. This, with his heavy black mustache, gave him the look of a patient sheep dog.

"Sí Señora," he said humbly to her every suggestion or command. "Sí Señora!" Yet all the while his inscrutable black eyes seemed to be faintly mocking her.

She sighed impatiently, knowing that as soon as she was back at the casa in town he would go his own sweet way without a shadow of regard for her criticisms and suggestions. He would muddle through with the routine of the planting and harvest, the care of the flocks and herds, as he had done every year since her husband’s death. How different it had been when Señor Ramirez was alive! Again Doña Isabel sighed heavily.

Manuel appeared suddenly from behind the shearing-shed, followed by Anne and Ben. It had been Manuel’s suggestion that they invite Ben and make a picnic of the inspection tour of the rancho in the hills.
So they had eaten their lunch from a basket, sitting in the orchard beyond the ranch house. Pedro’s slatternly wife had brought them fresh bread still warm from the outdoor oven and crisp tortillas dripping with syrup.

Señora Ramirez had so far relented toward Ben as to tolerate his presence. The fact that he had been received by the wealthy and powerful Bonilla family and was even yet staying with them, went far toward softening Doña Isabel’s prejudice against the young man. Now that he had recovered from his illness enough to get about, Ben spent part of every day at the Casa Ramirez with Anne. Since this was in utter defiance of the native custom Señora Ramirez was at first reluctant to allow him this freedom.

“When in Rome one should do as the Romans do!” she had told Ben in expostulation when as soon as he was able he had hobbled to the door of the casa, asking to see Anne. But one look at the expression of his face caused her to add hastily, “but of course if the Bonillas understand that in the States among Americans it is considered quite proper for a young man to call upon his fiancée—why, then—you are welcome, I’m sure!” Thus she had saved her dignity.

So every day Ben and Anne had sat in the mellow autumn sunshine of the patio and talked of the days to come. Doña Isabel recalled a conversation she had overheard.

“As soon as I can stand alone without a crutch,” Ben had said, catching Anne’s hand and pressing it to his lips. Doña Isabel sighed gently at the memory of the look in the boy’s eyes.

“When the Reeves get back from Chihuahua!” Anne had added.

“Must we wait for that?” Thus, Ben squaring his thin shoulders indignantly.

“And when the Bishop gets back from Durango!” This from Anne.

“Wait! Wait! Wait!” Ben had growled in mock anger. “But I warn you—the minute I can throw my crutches away I shall pick you up and ride to the nearest minister, Reeves or no Reeves—Bishop or no Bishop!”

Señora Ramirez bridled with the importance of playing chaperon to the young couple in whom, since Ben’s remarkable recovery, the whole town was interested. They would make a handsome pair.

This thought occurred to her again as she watched the two following Manuel across the littered yard in the bright October sunshine. Ben was still thin from his illness and he still walked with crutches. But the days spent in the open had given him a healthy tan and his clear eyes had regained the sparkle of health. As for Anne, there was about her a subtle change. No longer did she suggest a pallid statue. Her manner had gained warmth and decision.

Manuel raced ahead of them, waving a sheet of paper.

“I made a drawing of the old ram!” he cried to his mother.

Doña Isabel dismissed Pedro and turned to her son.

“Good!” she exclaimed. “You have made him look very fierce.” Then she added, “run and tell Pablo to bring the coach around. We will go home now.”

“Never,” remarked Ben a little later as the carriage wound down through the canyon, “have I seen such color! Back home in Philadelphia they wouldn’t believe it! Manuel, you should make it your life’s work to get it down on canvas to startle the world!”

Mountain, desert and mesa were aflame with tawny colors streaked with every shade of red and purple. In all the glowing landscape the only sober hue was the dark evergreen of cedar, spruce or pine on the mountain slopes. And even these were banded about and shot through with the quivering gold of the aspens.

As the carriage wound along it passed crowds of piñon pickers—whole families of natives, from the white-haired grandfather to the tiniest toddler—scouring the countryside for the small, rich, resinous nuts growing in abundance on the wide-spreading, dwarf pines that dotted the lower slopes of the foothills. Now and then a flock of blue jays, disturbed in their feasting, rose with a whirring of wings and soared aloft, a soft blue cloud against the crystal blue of the sky.

“Anne,” said Manuel as they jogged along, suddenly turning around from the front seat where he rode beside Pablo, “what changed your mind about being a nun?”
Anne smiled, while a warm flush dyed her white throat and mounted to her cheeks.

“Yes, Anne,” put in Ben with great gravity, “come—tell us! You never made it really clear! What changed your mind?”

He sat facing Anne and Señora Ramírez and he leaned forward, regarding Anne sternly.

“I’ll never tell!” replied Anne, avoiding Ben’s glance. She gazed out at the long, purple shadows stretching far across the brilliant prairie in the golden haze of late afternoon, but her eye was turned inward to another scene. She relived—as she had a score of times—the first meeting with Ben after he had regained consciousness—when he was still so weak she had had to lean close to the feebly moving lips. She thrilled yet at the memory of his glance and barely whispered words. It was the morning following the crisis of the fever, when after several hours of healing sleep he had at last awakened, his mind clear after weeks of stupor. She had been about to leave the Casa Bonilla, but she had begged to be allowed to see Ben once more before doing so and they had taken her to his room and, ordering even the attendant to retire, had left her alone with him. It was then that he had opened his eyes and whispered the words that were forever graven on her heart.

“Anne—at last—you did come! Oh—my dearest—we belong—together! Say it—say it—do you—love me?”

And she had said it—Oh, she had said it with a joy so deep that even now she trembled at the memory. And then she had promised to be his wife. His wife! She who had thought to be a nun! But that was because she supposed she had lost him! “If joy stands waiting on your doorstep, do not turn it away,” the Bishop had said. Joy had come to her and she had not turned it away.

But she could not joke about it yet, could not enter into the spirit of light badinage, so she continued to gaze in silence at the slowly passing landscape. Not until the carriage stopped at the puerta of the casa de Bonilla to drop Ben off did she rouse herself from dreamy abstraction.

At their own gate Maria greeted them with smiles and the cryptic words, “Josefina waits to dish up the supper. When that is over I have something to show you!”

No coaxing on the part of Manuel would induce her to divulge the secret before the meal. “Eat,” she said, “then you shall see!” When supper was over Manuel, dragging Anne after him, hastened to Maria’s room to learn the mystery. Maria, her black eyes mere slits amid the wrinkles of her wide smile, lighted a candle and bade them follow her. Holding the taper high above her head she led them into the storeroom, picking her way carefully around sacks of meal and piles of pumpkins, to the farthest dark corner. Then, pausing dramatically, she lowered her candle and pointed. On a piece of old sacking, her eyes blinking in the sudden light, lay Rosette. And nuzzling her soft gray fur were three squirming, downy balls—one coal black, one tiger striped and one gray and white like herself. Her expression was beatific, her paws curled and uncurled in a transport of pride and happiness. Her purring was so loud that it seemed as if she must break the delicate machinery that produced it. “Look!” she seemed to say, “are not these, my kittens, wonderful?”

Manuel dropped to his knees beside her. “Oh—Oh—Oh!” was all he said. Then gingerly he picked up one of the fluffy balls. Rosette did not cease her purring but she kept a watchful eye on the kitten Manuel held. Anne picked up the other two and cuddled them. Rosette got up and began weaving in and out between their ankles, still purring ecstatically, but making little mewing sounds the while.

“Let’s show them to Mamma!” cried Manuel. So, with Rosette close at their heels, he and Anne sought Señora Ramírez. There followed a great ado in which Rosette was praised and petted and the kittens were fondled and petted till between pride and anxiety Rosette was in a frenzy. Finally, however, the babies were restored to their mother in her own dark corner and Manuel and Anne retired to the sala to discuss names for the newcomers.

October slipped into November. Cold winds swept down from the Sangre de Cristo mountains, rattling the dried ristras of chile, swirling leaves about the patio, and blowing the smoke back down the wide
chimneys so that the fragrance of cedar and piñon filled the air both indoors and out.

Ben continued to live at the Casa de Bonilla at the urgent request of both Señor de Bonilla and his wife. They missed their own son, Don Fernando, who had joined a caravan going to Mexico in order to fill his marriage chest. The marriage date of the young don and Consuelo was set for the next July. According to the native custom the bridegroom would spend the time of betrothal providing blankets and linens of his own weaving and dyeing for his future household. From Mexico, no doubt, Don Fernando would bring back an Indian slave or two and gorgeous silks and embroidered shawls for his bride.

Anne saw very little of Consuelo that fall. Both girls were busy preparing their trousseaux. Señora Ramirez was in her element managing Anne’s preparations, directing, cutting and sewing while she poured out reminiscences of her own youth.

Before they knew it Christmas was upon them. Vesper bells pealed out in the frosty twilight of the Noche Buena while little bonfires burned in the snow in front of every doorway, celebrating the Nativity. The flames from these humble fires were symbols of the light that shone upon the world in far away Judea on the first Christmas so many centuries ago. In a long, bare dance hall the townspeople gave the ancient miracle play, “Los Pastores” as it had been given year after year at this time as long as the oldest abuelo could remember.

And so the winter passed away. Ben formed the habit of limping over to spend the long evenings with Anne. The cedar logs and fat pine knots standing upright in the fireplace snapped and crackled, throwing a warm light over the long, candle-lit sala. Señora Ramirez bent over her sewing while Manuel did his lessons or drew pictures. Rosette lay on the hearthrug with her kittens tumbling about her. In a cage nearby Diablo chuckled and bobbed on his perch. Anne and Ben sat side by side on a carved old bench. At such times there was little conversation. Each dreamed his dream while the old clock in the corner ticked off the seconds.

“So your guess was right for once!” remarked Mr. Reeves as he prepared to scrape a razor across his round, pink jowl.

“What did you refer to?” demanded his wife.

It was April. The Reeves had arrived from Chihuahua the evening before and were now dressing for breakfast in the casa de Ramirez.

“Why, the young folks—Ben and Anne. They did make a match of it after all—or will, I should say, in an hour or two.”

“Right for once, did you say?” she retorted, pausing in the act of removing a curlpaper and glaring at her husband indignantly. “Right as usual, you should say!”

“Well,” replied her husband, smiling broadly, “shall we compromise by saying right? Gad!” he added shifting his shaving mirror about, “I’ll be glad to get into a house where the walls are less than two feet thick and the windows big enough to let in some light!”

“I only wish,” went on Mrs. Reeves, “that they were going to live beside us in Chicago—as you predicted.”

“As I predicted!” exclaimed Mr. Reeves. “Didn’t you?” she asked serenely.

Mr. Reeves shook his head hopelessly. Then abandoning the argument he said, “It’s a chance in a lifetime for Ben.”

“Marrying Anne?”

“No—getting into this movement to California—getting first pickings of the gold that seems to be lying around on the ground like nuts under a hickory tree after a storm. I swear I’m tempted to kick over the traces and get into it myself!”

“Whoa, there! Steady!” exclaimed his wife.

“Why, in a few years they’ll be having a railroad through!”

“Across the prairie and those mountains?” asked his wife incredulously.

“Certainly! Why not?”

Mrs. Reeves shook her head. “You are a born optimist!” she said. “Why, if a steam engine could carry fuel enough for such a journey there would be no power left to haul passengers!”

“Well,” remarked Mr. Reeves, “time will tell. I have great faith in man’s ingenuity!”

Out in the patio in the bright April sunshine Anne stood fondling Rosette. Manuel gazed mournfully at her.
“When will you come back to see me?” he asked, close to tears.
Anne threw her arm about him. “I’ll come back as often as I can,” she answered seriously. “And in the meantime you are to grow and grow—a little straighter every day! But above all you are to be a great painter!”
“Can’t I be your brother, Anne? I know I can’t take the place of Charles, but can’t I be your brother too?”

“Oh, yes!” cried Anne, her voice suddenly husky. “Such a dear brother! And look—I give Rosette and all her kittens into your charge. You must make a picture of her for me. And that picture, Manuel, will last—even longer than Rosette will live! Isn’t that a wonderful thought? Even longer than you and I shall live!”

“I never thought of that,” said Manuel, then added gravely, “I must make every drawing awfully good—if it is to last so long.”

There was a loud rat-tat-tat at the outer door and presently Ben strode up. He was already dressed for his wedding and looked very handsome in light gray trousers, blue waistcoat and sleek, black coat. His frilled stock was immaculate.

“ Aren’t you afraid you’ll spill coffee on it before the wedding?” asked Manuel.

“I don’t need either food or drink this day!” said Ben softly, his glowing eyes on Anne.

“ Merciful Heavens!” cried a voice from the sala, “don’t tell me you’re here already! Why, don’t you know you shouldn’t see your bride on your wedding day until the wedding?” Señora Ramirez appeared in the doorway, horror written all over her face.

“I’m sorry, ma’am,” answered Ben meekly, “but the harm is done now—I’ve seen her!” Then he added under his breath to Anne, “and can’t keep my eyes off her! Darling—darling—I can hardly believe it’s coming true at last!” He took a step toward her and would have caught her in his arms. But she eluded him and fled to her room.

Señora Ramirez bustled out. “Really, Ben,” she said in exasperation, “I should think you would have some regard for the proprieties!”

“Well,” replied Ben apologetically, “I just couldn’t keep away. And besides, it isn’t as if it was going to be a big church wedding, is it?”

Señora Ramirez sighed. “I suppose not,” she said. It was really a blow to her when she realized that Anne would not be married at St. Francis’s. The girl had insisted she preferred a small home wedding.

“But anyway,” she added, “you will be married by a real Bishop!”

Only the other day Bishop Lamy had returned from Mexico with his credentials so that now there was no longer any doubt of his bishophood.

Mr. Reeves appeared now and greeted Ben heartily.

“Everything ready?” he asked.

“Everything ready!” answered Ben, “the covered wagon waits without! And at Taos we pick up the caravan, then it’s westward ho! for us!”

His eyes sparkled and he straightened his broad shoulders.

“A year to make my fortune in the gold fields!” he went on, “and then on to the orange groves farther south where we’ll build a house, grow our oranges and live like a king and queen!”

“That’s the spirit, young man!” said Mr. Reeves, clapping him on the back.

By midmorning Consuelo had arrived and disappeared into Anne’s room. Activity in the kitchen was at fever heat. Josefina strove to outdo herself with the wedding feast. Ramón in a spotless, white coat hovered between kitchen and dining room, directing Lola in rapid Spanish. Diablo, catching the general excitement, emitted loud squawks at intervals. The old tamarisk tree as if in honor of the day, showed forth faint promises of its soft, mauve blooms.

Betsy Carr, the Reeves’ maid, as awkward and inarticulate as ever, sat on a bench in the sunshine, watching everything with a stolid face. Nobody guessed that under her impassive exterior was an eager soul yearning for the good things of life and bitterly conscious of the unprepossessing exterior which foredoomed her to failure. How wonderful it would be to be like Anne, beautiful, charming, beloved by Ben! The expression of her heavy features was so forbidding that Manuel, who had sidled up to her to engage her in speech, slipped away again, disheartened. Mrs. Reeves helped Doña Isabel deck the little altar in the sala with spring flowers—primroses and blossoms of pear and peach.

Maria was in her element. She flitted about, putting flowers here and there about the casa. Being a privileged character, she
popped in and out of Anne's room, offering advice, giving admonitions.

"Here, Senorita," she said coming in when Anne was dressed except for the wedding veil. "I've brought you this to bring you good fortune in your new life. Keep it always near you." She handed Anne a tiny image of San Antonio. "He will find lost things, Senorita, and—and you may need him later on for another reason!" Her eyes disappeared into her wrinkles as she shook with sly laughter.

"Don't forget me," cried Consuelo gaily, "when my time comes to wed!"

"I shall not forget," answered Maria, gliding out of the room again.

"Sometimes," remarked Consuelo pensively, "I envy American girls from the States! They are more free than we!"

"Ah," replied Anne, "but if you were an American girl from the States—and free, as you call it, you would not be marrying your Fernando!"

"True," said Consuelo, smiling, her usual gaiety returning in full force. "Oh, I do believe the Bishop has arrived!" she added and rushed out to pay her respects to him.

Noon came at last. Ben and Anne stood up before Bishop Lamy and in the presence of the entire household were made man and wife. The candles on the little altar lighted up the faces of the bride and groom—Ben's wide forehead, steady eyes and clean line of jaw and chin; Anne's deepset, dark gray eyes under their well marked eyebrows, her delicately curved cheeks and soft, sweet mouth, tremulous now.

Senora Ramirez wept openly. Mrs. Reeves wiped her eyes but grimly refused to give in to her emotion. The servants stood like statues. Josefina's two youngest children peeped from behind her skirts, like two brown cherubs. Manuel's dark eyes went from Anne's face to Ben's and back again. His heart was wrung with the thought of their departure.

The wedding breakfast was over. The bride and groom had changed to their traveling clothes of dark homespun. A canvas-topped wagon drawn by six mules stood in the narrow street, surrounded by a curious crowd of townspeople. How queerly los Americanos did things! No feasting and dancing! No shouting or singing! And they called it a wedding!

And now Anne had said farewell to all the little household. Ben swung her up to the high seat beside him. They would pick Jezebel up at Taos and she would go with them across the mountains to California. Anne's eye lingered longest on Manuel. He stood close to Bishop Lamy, holding Rosette in his arms. She smiled at him and waved her hand.

"I'll take good care of Rosette," he called. "Good care of Rosette!" The words awoke echoes in Anne's mind and a sudden pain misted her eyes as she recalled another covered wagon and another small boy. But she mustered all her forces and smiled again. An answering smile lighted up Manuel's big, dark eyes. Then the wagon started.

Bishop Lamy stood a moment looking after it, his arm across Manuel's shoulder. In his thoughts he sent an added blessing after the young couple. Disappointments would come to them and they would know sorrow and grief, for that was the way of life. But they loved each other and their hearts were strong in faith. And as for those whose armor is faith, victory is already theirs.

The End.

It Takes Two

JULIE C. KUGLER

Love is a tower built by
Two pairs of hands;
You place a stone, then I,
Until it stands,
Symmetrical and true,

Waiting the layer that you
Could never put in place alone,
Nor I—but both of us can shove
And slowly lift the coping stone
That crowns the tower of love.
Preserving the Star-Spangled Banner

H. M. HOBSON

AMERICAN flags and American women walk together through our national history. In 1777, Betsy Ross of Philadelphia blithely risked her neck to make the first flag of stars and stripes. In 1814, Mary Young Pickersgill of Baltimore spent days and nights upon her knees on the floor working on one of the last war flags made with fifteen stripes and fifteen stars, according to the Act of 1795. With war almost on her doorstep this patriotic woman sewed each star in its place upon the great garrison flag which was destined to call forth our national anthem. More than a century later, Amelia Fowler of Boston bent over heavy wooden frames for six weeks in Washington, as she basted and stitched tirelessly through blistering summer days, that America’s most precious flag might be preserved for future generations.

The original Star-spangled Banner—once the garrison flag of Fort McHenry—is the most prized and beloved flag possessed by the United States. It received its baptism of fire and shell soon after it left the hands of Mary Young Pickersgill. When war with England was ended and peace declared, the famous banner was presented to Major George Armistead, who had been breveted lieutenant-colonel for his brave defense of Fort McHenry.

For a century the great flag was cherished by the family of the man who had fought so courageously beneath its folds. During that century it had become dearer with each passing year, and was watched with adoring eyes whenever it spread its folds upon the air. Until it was too fragile and worn to stand the battling of the wind the Star-spangled Banner shared each important national event. In 1824 it waved above Washington’s war tent to welcome Lafayette, who was the guest of the city of Baltimore. In 1877 it floated right joyously from the Old South Church in Boston, in memory of this epoch-making entry in the annals of Congress:

“Saturday, June 14th, 1777. Resolved, That the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

Full of years and honors the old banner was presented to the National Museum in 1912, by a descendant of Colonel Armistead. Crown jewels could not have been cared for with such devotion and skill as was this worn flag. For a few years it rested in peace and safety, and then the dire tidings went forth that the Original Star-spangled Banner was worn out; it was going to pieces! The whole nation grieved. The historic flag was “tattered and torn and hanging in rags—” but to each American the fragile fragments spoke in trumpet tones of patriotic souls who had—

“Bathed those folds in their life’s tide, And dying blessed, and blessing died!”

Then for the third time in our nation’s history, a patriotic American woman reached forth skilled, constructive hands to the United States flag. This time it was Amelia Fowler of Boston. Mrs. Fowler loved flags. She had studied them for years, and out of that love and study she had developed the unique art of preserving and restoring old and damaged banners. Her magic needle had wrought miracles on priceless flags at Annapolis, and so it was that the fragile folds of the Star-spangled Banner were laid in her hands for preservation.

In the beautiful wing of the Smithsonian known as “The Chapel” great wooden quilting frames were erected, and upon these the linen backing for the flag was stretched. Mrs. Fowler chose Irish linen, because she said the Irish loved the flax from the moment the seeds were planted, until the material had been woven and bleached, ready for use.

Mrs. Fowler placed the huge flag upon the backing herself, and then with skilful and reverent hands she straightened each worn thread, and laid each frayed tatter in place. This was a herculean task, for the
flag is about 32 feet on the fly by 28 on the hoist; the field is 16 by 19 feet five inches, and each star measures 26 inches from point to point.

The material was so worn and fragile that in places it was as thin as a cobweb. After hours and days of labor, the entire banner was spread out flat, each tiny wrinkle was smoothed out, each tatter was patted in place, and each frayed thread was laid where it belonged. So skilfully had the work been done that there was not a puckered spot in the flag; not a wry-pull anywhere.

Mrs. Fowler had coarse but finely finished thread dyed to correspond to each color in the faded banner. The dull blue and red, the white that had grown yellow with age—all these difficult shades were perfectly matched.

Then started one of the most amazing pieces of needlework ever done in this or any other country. With the assistance of several expert sewing women, Mrs. Fowler stitched the entire Star-spangled Banner to its linen backing. She had invented a geometrically perfect stitch for her work on flags; this was used on the banner, fastening it securely to the linen, and at the same time covering its entire surface with a net of thread. This is exquisitely delicate but strong, and holds each fragment in place.

For six weeks Mrs. Fowler and her assistants worked on the flag. Each square inch of the vast surface has ten stitches in it, done with thread that matches the faded material so perfectly that they are almost invisible. In the entire banner there are more than 1,500,000 stitches, and as each is a hexagon, linking with its neighbors on six sides, the amount of needlework is past computing.

Safe and sound with centuries of existence before it, the “Original Star-spangled Banner” is now in a glass case on a wall of its home, the National Museum. Thousands stand before it each year, with love in their hearts and wonder and reverence in their eyes. This is as it should be; as it must ever be. For this mighty banner, that an American woman placed safely between the finest linen cloth and the finest linen thread, symbolizes America; it is a sacred section of our past and a secure promise of our future. It is a glory scroll that is a part of our national life.

What Is Your Flag I.Q.?

Norman C. Schlichter

We all know the famous line by Henry Holcomb Bennett, “Hats off! The Flag Goes By!” but the flag I.Q. of most of us who lift our hats is nothing of which to be proud.

Here are a few questions and answers that should help to improve our knowledge as to our national emblem:

**Question 1**—Why is June 14 Flag Day?

**Answer**—Because it was on this date in 1777 that the Continental Congress asked the Navy Committee to design a national flag.

**Question 2**—Who gave Betsy Ross the design for our first flag which she made?

**Answer**—Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

**Question 3**—How were the stars arranged in our first flag?

**Answer**—In a circle.

**Question 4**—Is the present arrangement of the stars in our flag official?

**Answer**—No. It was made by common custom. There is no Congressional action as to this.

**Question 5**—Where on foreign soil was our first national emblem first flown?

**Answer**—At Fort Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, on January 28, 1778.

**Question 6**—What was the first foreign salute to our first flag?

**Answer**—The French were the first foreigners to salute Old Glory. This was at Fort Nassau. But one of the flags used before our national 1777 flag came into being by our revoltion colonies was saluted by the Dutch in the harbor of Orangetown, in the West Indies, in November, 1776.
BY request, much space this month is devoted to Family Associations, Queries and Answers being deleted to provide necessary space. The value of such organizations as a means of preserving family history and tradition cannot be over-estimated. In the future, these family records will provide needed material for research.


Research in Delaware is difficult. The following notes by Eleanor Bedford (Wilkins) Cooch, Ex-Vice President General of the National Society, is most valuable:

Delaware “Daughters” have recently presented to the D. A. R. Library a number of “Oaths of Fidelity” signed by citizens of that state during and after the American Revolution, renouncing “the King of Great Britain, his heirs or successors” and swearing or affirming allegiance to the “Delaware State.” These papers contain a total of hundreds of names and offer great possibilities for prospective membership in our National Society, is most valuable:

Delaware “Daughters” have recently presented to the D. A. R. Library a number of “Oaths of Fidelity” signed by citizens of that state during and after the American Revolution, renouncing “the King of Great Britain, his heirs or successors” and swearing or affirming allegiance to the “Delaware State.” These papers contain a total of hundreds of names and offer great possibilities for prospective membership in our National Society. It is sincerely hoped that these Delaware Notes, suggested by the names of some of the signers of these Delaware lists, will inspire historians in the other twelve original colonies, to search out the lists in their respective states. The writer feels keenly, however, that these original papers, in fact any original papers, belong in and to the state whose history they preserve and that photostat copies of these documents should be sent out of the state. They answer every purpose.

These photostats sent to the D. A. R. Library by Delaware are signed by a varying number of persons, two being signed by only two, besides the person before whom they take the oath, and the longest containing the names of 227 men and three women. This is the only such paper discovered by the writer on which the names of women appear. They were Mary Longfield, Sarah Biggs and Rachael Still. They were probably residents of Kent County, Delaware, judging by the names of those associated with them and the only explanation of their signing is that they must have been large property owners in their own right. They signed before Caesar Rodney, Esq., Brig. Gen'l of Militia, February, 1777. At the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, he was at his home near Dover and was sent for. History tells us he rode day and night July 1 and 2, 1776, in order to reach Philadelphia in time to affix his signature to the document, as the Delaware delegates were divided in their sentiment towards taking this bold step. With Rodney’s arrival, it gave the majority vote of the Delaware delegation for independence. Unfortunately, Delaware lacked a Long fellow to give to Rodney’s ride the fame and glamour received by Paul Revere.

The “Fidelity” list owned by the American Jewish Historical Society of New York City, a photostat of which is also included, contains several interesting names, the most prominent, perhaps, being that of George Read, the only man, so far as the writer knows, who signed the United States Con-
stitution twice. He signed his own name and that of John Dickinson, another delegate from Delaware, who was unable to be present when the Constitution was signed and wrote Read a letter, the original of which is in the State Archives at Dover, asking Read to sign for him. Dickinson's own signature appears on another of the Fidelity lists, and is small and cramped compared to Read's script, which is large and bold and would seem to denote self-confidence.

The "G. Bedford" whose name appears on the list with George Read, was Gunning Bedford, the Governor of Delaware, a cousin of Gunning Bedford, Jr., the member of the Constitutional Convention and a signer of the Constitution. Gunning Bedford, the Governor, married Mary Read. They lived in New Castle, Delaware, and left no issue.

Gunning Bedford, Jr., the signer of the Constitution, swore Fidelity before George Craghead. Two dates appear on this paper, Feb. 12 and Feb. 16, both 1779. He married Jane Ballareau Parker before he graduated from Princeton and it is reported his wife attended his graduating exercises carrying their first baby. He had two children, a son who died young, unmarried, and a daughter, also unmarried, Miss Henrietta J. Bedford, who lived to a ripe old age and by her will, did all she could to preserve the lustre of the family name and fame. Among other items, she left her father's portrait to the U. S. Government and specified that it be hung in the Capitol at Washington, where it still hangs, on one of the landings on the House of Representatives side.

The parents of Gunning Bedford, Jr., were Gunning Bedford, Sr., of Philadelphia, an architect by profession, a Founder of Old Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, and for many years an Alderman of that city. He was a Lieutenant in the Penna. troops, in the French and Indian Wars, and in 1742, married Susannah Jaquet, a descendant of Jean Paul Jaquet, Governor of Delaware, 1655, under the Dutch, and his wife, Maria de Carpentier, whose ancestry goes back to the French Huguenots and Emperor Charlemagne.

Susannah was the daughter of Peter Jaquet and Ingeborg, daughter of Dr. Tymen Stidham, the first doctor in Delaware, who mentions Ingeborg in his will, filed April 24, 1686. He also mentions "little daughter" Magdolena, and sons Lucas and Erasmus Stiddom (New Castle County, Del. A. 73.) Dr. Stiddom or Stidham, was one of the pioneers from Sweden, the Tercentenary of whose landing in Delaware was extensively celebrated last year.

Gunning Bedford, Sr., and Susannah had eleven children, among whom, besides Gunning Bedford, Jr., the Signer, were Peter Bedford who married Mary Van Solengin, ancestors of the writer; Mary Ann who married a Mr. Young; Elizabeth, married Andrew Bankson, Feb. 13, 1772; Ann, who married Commodore Joshua Barney of Revolutionary and 1812 fame, whose descendant, General Thomas Holcomb, now commands our U. S. Marines.

The names of Peter Jaquet and Lucas Stidham also appear on the list with George Read and they were no doubt descended from these early settlers of Delaware.

Two by the name of Rhoads appear, Richard and Joseph. The Rhoads family have been in the same business in Delaware for over a hundred years, and one of the sons of the present generation bears the name, Joseph Rhoads. They are a family of Friends. These lists of Fidelity furnish evidence the signers were patriots and loyal to the American cause and provide eligibility for those having a Quaker background and a desire to join the D. A. R., or some other similar Society—sometimes a difficult combination!

The other name on the list with Gunning Bedford, Jr., is Patrick O'Flinn, who owned a Tavern called "The Sign of the Ship" at Third and Market Sts., Wilmington. John Marshall was Inn-Keeper during the Revolution when Patrick O'Flinn was serving as a Captain in the Revolutionary forces. Lafayette, Aaron Burr and Commodore Perry were among the distinguished men who stopped here and General Washington mentions it in his Diary, May 12, 1787, (Sat). "With difficulty (on acct of the Wind) crossed the Susquehanna. Breakfasted at the Ferry House on the East side. Dined at the head of Elk (Hollingsworth's Tavern) and lodged at Wilmington at O'Flins."
On the list signed before Wm. Allfree, June 27, 1778, is Duncan Beard's signature. His will was probated 1797 and it begins, "I, Duncan Beard, clockmaker." He bought an acre of ground near Odessa, Delaware, (see Old Delaware Clockmakers by Henry C. Conrad, pub. by the Hist. So. of Delaware), where he doubt built his house and had his shop. He was one of the building committee of Old Drawyers Church, near Odessa, and the beauty of design, both inside and out, of this old Presbyterian church, testifies to the taste and skill of "Duncan Beard, clockmaker." Fortunate is the person who owns one of his clocks! His will (New Castle O 257) mentions his wife Rebekah and Duncan Beard "son of John Beard." He had no children.

On the list signed before Jno. Lea, August 15th, 1778, appears the name of Jacob Broom, another Signer for Delaware of the U. S. Constitution. Two other lists were signed before Jno. Lea, one Feb. 14th and one January 12th, 1786. Thomas Cooch, Jr., signed before Robert Bryan, Esq., Nov. 17, 1778. He was born in England and came to America in 1746 with his parents and sister, Frances Elizabeth Cooch, who mar. 1st, John Armitage and 2nd, John Simonton. Thomas Cooch, Jr., was a private in Col. Samuel Patterson's Battalion, 1776. Nearly 300 of these enlisted men out of 480, mutinied on account of lack of arms, money and supplies. When the men were approached, Thomas Cooch, Jr., answered, "Ready and willing to march." (Scharf's History of Del., Vol. I, p. 239.) He married, 1st, Sarah Griffith, granddaughter of John and Sarah Griffith who came from Wales in 1701. Thomas Cooch, Jr., and Sarah Griffith had two children, William who married Margaret, daughter of Zebulon and Mary (Evans) Hollingsworth of Elkton, Md., and Elizabeth, who married Solomon Maxwell, who later, was one of the thirty delegates to the Convention held by Delaware, Dec. 7th, 1787, which unanimously ratified the U. S. Constitution. Their brick house in Christiana, Delaware, still stands, and is now known as the Webber House. Elizabeth and Solomon are buried in the churchyard of the Welsh Tract Baptist Church, near Newark.

Thomas Cooch, Jr., and his second wife, Sarah Welsh, of Philadelphia, also had two children, Thomas Cooch, 3rd who married, 1st, Hannah and 2nd, Isabella, and moved to Ohio, and Francis Lowen Cooch, born, 1770, mar. 1799, Elizabeth Maris, born 1776. He was named for the brother of Thomas Cooch, Sen.'s wife, Sarah Lowen, whose brother was Francis Lowen of England, who remembered his sister generously in his will, but due to the unpleasantness between England and the Colonies, the money was never secured by the family. The will, however, makes an interesting family record.

Thomas Cooch, Jr., appears No. 32, on a list of 129 names signed before Thomas James, June 29th, 1778. Thomas Cooch, Sr., was born about 1700 in England, bringing his family to Delaware in 1746. He bought the place at Cooch's Bridge that year from one of the James family and the writer's two sons, Thomas and Edward W. Cooch, Jr., are the seventh generation in the direct male line to live in the old homestead. He erected a flour mill on what is now the lawn, being operated by water from Christina Creek, beside it. This mill was burned by the British in 1777 and was rebuilt in 1790 at another location nearby, by his grandson, William Cooch. In 1756, Thomas Cooch, Sr., was a Capt. in the French and Indian Wars and at Christiana Bridge (sometimes called Christiana and Christeen) March 20th, 1775, he was chosen Colonel of Lower Division, Delaware troops, New Castle County. (Penna. Mag. July, 1894, p. 265 and Scharf's Hist. of Del., Vol. I, p. 141). After the Battle of Lexington, messengers were dispatched to arouse the Colonies. Col. Thomas Cooch received the message from Col. Patterson at Christiana Bridge and forwarded it to Tobias Rudolph, Esq., at Head of Elk, now Elkton, Maryland. No telephone or radio then! Col. Thomas Cooch died, 1788, several years after his son. This is a rare example of an old man giving active service in the Revolution. His service was probably more in an executive capacity.

David Barr, whose will is filed in Cecil County, Maryland, gave the land for a cemetery just over the Md. State line in Delaware, to Head of Christiana Church and
lies buried there. He was in the same Delaware company in the French and Indian Wars, 1756, of which Thomas Cooch, Sr., was Captain, David Barr being Lieutenant. He signed the Oath of Fidelity in Cecil County, Maryland, but no evidence has been found of any active military service in the Revolution for him.

The men who signed before Thomas James, besides Col. Thomas Cooch, are practically all men identified with Pencader Hundred, New Castle County. Among them were Isaac Faries, many of whose descendants spell the name Ferris. Another is James McMullen, undoubtedly an ancestor of the present Governor of Delaware, Richard Cann McMullen, who was born in Pencader Hundred, January 2nd, 1868, on a farm which had been in the family many years. Many of the men on this list are identified with the history of the Welsh Tract Baptist Church, whose Congregation organized in Wales in 1701 and came to The Welsh Tract, settled in its present location in 1703 and has continued ever since. And so, beside this tiny church, surrounded by ancient and majestic oaks, we will bring these notes to a close and hope that we have made some of these people of Delaware, live again, and be for you, more than just a name.

Committee of “Old Drowyers” Presbyterian Church, and the beauty of design, both inside and out, of this old church, bears witness to the taste and skill of Duncan Beard, clockmaker. Fortunate is the person who owns one of his clocks.

On the list signed before John Lea on Feb. 14, 1786 appears the name of John Armstrong and on the list signed before the same man, August 15, 1778, is the signature John Armstrong, Jr. John Lea makes this comment “N. B. Please to observe that Joshua North and Richard Kellon both belong to Brandywine Hundred and John Malcolm to Newcastle Hundred. The remaining 54 to Christiana Hundred. Service for John Armstrong of Christiana Hundred has recently been proved and this was no doubt the John Armstrong, Jr., appearing above. John Armstrong, Sr., was the son of Archibald Armstrong and their wills appear in the “Colonial Wills of New Castle County” published by the Colonial Dames of Delaware.

Family Associations

John Crandall Society, affiliated with Descendants of First Families in America. President John C. Crandall, New Woodstock, N. Y. Secretary, Mary Elysabeth Crandall, Three Lakes, Wis. Organized for the compiling and safe keeping of all records and genealogies of the descendants of Elder John Crandall who arrived in Boston about 1635. He settled in the Providence Plantation where he was associated with Roger Williams and became one of the leaders in the affairs of the Rhode Island colony. “John Clarke, John Crandall, Obadiah Holmes and Roger Williams went to England in the year 1663, and obtained from Charles the Second a Charter which secured the Colony of Rhode Island as a Free State, where there was a guarantee forever from the King and all his Successors that all of the inhabitants of the Rhode Island Colony should be given Political and Religious Freedom, no matter what country they came from. “The Colony of Rhode Island and the Colony of Pennsylvania, the one at Rhode Island founded by the Baptists and the one in Pennsylvania by the Quakers, were the only two Colonies that guaranteed absolute liberty, and it was the Constitution of these Colonies and especially the one in Rhode Island and its democratic manner of handling public affairs, that is declared by Thomas Jefferson to be the leaven of Liberty and Democracy of the American Continent.

Beckwith Family Association, Mrs. Alice Richmond, Secretary, Alfred, N. Y.

Clarkson (Southern) Family, Sec. Mrs. Florence C. McCartney, 134 N. Macdonald St., Mesa, Arizona.

the home of Mrs. Guy Hudson, 401 Oakland Street, Decatur, Ga. The 1939 meeting will be the fourth one that we have had.


Eskridge Family Association, meetings, biennial; place—to be designated; Secretary, Mrs. W. T. Rucker, 905 Federal Street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

James Strong Association, Frances Strong Helman, historian, 732 Locust Street, Indiana, Penna.

Helman Association, Blaine Helman Secretary, 732 Locust Street, Indiana Penna.

Little-Cunningham-Brandon, Mrs. J. I. Fyock, R. D. No. 7, Indiana, Penna.

Arnold Family Association, Mrs. John E. Kennedy, Secretary, 1117 College Street, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Randall Association, Long Island Branch, Inc., Secretary, Mrs. S. Denison Smith, 27 West Lena Avenue, Freeport, New York.

Mills-Trotter Family Association of Bond County, Illinois, Historian, Mrs. L. M. McKee, Greenville, Ill.

Campbell Family Association, Mrs. Mary Latham Norton, 2018 Green Street, San Francisco, Calif.

The Reynolds Family Association, 37 Manheim Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. A. C. Rippier, Secretary and Treasurer.

Caldwell Family Association, Mrs. A. C. Ellis, 1830 Laramie Street, Manhattan, Kansas.

The Garton family association has a widespread membership, covering the two main branches of the family here in the United States, and correlated lines in faraway Australia, New Zealand, England, France, and Canada.

The records of the family are all made in duplicate and copies are kept by Fay L. Garton, 308 W. Oklahoma Ave., Blackwell, Oklahoma, and by Ernest Lovejoy Garton, P. O. Box 421, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

The official title is Garton Headquarters, and Ernest L. Garton, P. O. Box 421, Bartlesville, Oklahoma, is Secretary and keeps the various branches informed of new material, marriages, deaths, and births. It is a stupendous task, and he writes hundreds of letters yearly. It is purely a labor of love for there is no salary or funds involved.

This association makes no attempt to hold meetings, but any Garton is welcomed to Headquarters, to peruse records and view the hundreds of old family photographs there collected.

Some of the family have changed the spelling of the name, and end the word in ten or tin. (Mrs. Fay L.) Malinda Dean Garton, Regent, Sarah Harrison Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.

Descendants of First Families in America. Organized for purpose of holding annual conventions in Florida each year to give opportunity for personal contact between those who trace their ancestral lines back to the days of the American Revolution and prior to that time. The first convention was held at Venice, Florida, on January 26, 27 and 28, 1939. The next convention is tentatively scheduled for Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the last week in January, 1940. Dues $1 a year for Charter and Registered Members. Mary Elysabeth Crandall, Secretary, Three Lakes, Wis.

Above is information regarding the D. F. F. A. This organization was started last summer by my father, Bruce V. Crandall, and Mr. Virkus, head of the Institute of American Genealogy.


Alden Society of Steuben Co., N. Y., Miss Minerva Brown, Secretary, 9 Jefferson Street, Danville, N. Y.

Alden Kindred of New York City, Miss Violet M. Turner, Secretary, 353 W. 57th St., New York.

Allen Family, Box 67, Manchester, Mass. Andrew Assn., Mr. C. C. Andrew, 44 Dwight St., New Haven, Conn.

Barton Family, Mrs. Evan O'Brien, Box 61, Mt. Emmons, Utah.

Beers Family Assn., Secretary, Walter Whitney Beers, 1219 Fidelity Blvd., Baltimore, Md.

Azeltine Association, Mrs. L. N. Johnson, Box 86, Marshalltown, Iowa.
Thompson Association, Howard M. Thompson, Secretary, North Easton, Mass. Knapp Family Association of America will hold its third annual meeting Saturday, June 24, Hotel McAlpin, New York, N. Y. Alfred A. Knapp, President; Mrs. Flora Knapp Dickinson, Secretary; Mrs. D. Q. Brown, Treasurer; Ezra Fred Knapp, Genealogist. Headquarters, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Matthew Mitchell Association Annual Meeting, August 19, 1939. Place of meeting to be announced. Mr. Wallace N. Mitchell, President; Mrs. Dorothy Q. Mix, Vice-President; Mr. Asahel W. Mitchell, Treasurer; Mr. Walter LeRoy Mitchell, Jr., Historian; Mrs. Frank W. Seth, Secretary. Address: Mrs. Frank W. Seth, Secretary, 20 North Broadway, White Plains, N. Y.

**GREENE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARRIAGE BONDS**

*(Conclusion)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Groom</th>
<th>Bride</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 1</td>
<td>Robert Henry</td>
<td>Margaret McGill</td>
<td>Hugh Magill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 4</td>
<td>William Kelly</td>
<td>Sarah Ragens</td>
<td>Alexander Armstrong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 6</td>
<td>John Brown</td>
<td>Priscilla Essman</td>
<td>Phanees (?) Essman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Both bond and license)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Francis Antrisan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 7</td>
<td>Stephen Brooks</td>
<td>Margaret Whitenberger</td>
<td>Lawrence Earnest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(or Whitenbarger)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 9</td>
<td>William Reynolds</td>
<td>Elizabeth Weger</td>
<td>Aaron Hopton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 14</td>
<td>William Reynolds</td>
<td>Ruth Woolsey</td>
<td>Nehemiah Woolsey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Joseph St. John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 15</td>
<td>Henry Bowman</td>
<td>Barbara Starns</td>
<td>Leonard Dell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 18</td>
<td>John Moore</td>
<td>Dorcas Clearwater</td>
<td>James Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 20</td>
<td>Wm. Kindle</td>
<td>Elizabeth Webb</td>
<td>John Bird</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 21</td>
<td>Thomas Mooney</td>
<td>Rebeckah Dotson</td>
<td>Edmond Dotson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 27</td>
<td>Thomas Chatham</td>
<td>Mary Wyatt</td>
<td>Thomas Wyatt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 28</td>
<td>Jacob Clearwater</td>
<td>Hannah Fisher</td>
<td>James Dinwoddic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 29</td>
<td>Samuel Coffman (or Coffman)</td>
<td>Jane Spratt</td>
<td>John Newman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 29</td>
<td>John Cannon</td>
<td>Nancy Willon</td>
<td>John Newman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 1</td>
<td>William Guthrie</td>
<td>Hannah Smiley</td>
<td>Robert Smiley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>James Haya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 4</td>
<td>John Perryman</td>
<td>Elizabeth Ann Anderson</td>
<td>James Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John Kelsay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 7</td>
<td>Jesse Lindsay (Both bond and license)</td>
<td>Leah Hurst</td>
<td>Elijah Hurst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 8</td>
<td>Jacob Bird</td>
<td>Mille Dunn</td>
<td>John Bird</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 11</td>
<td>Samuel Sutton</td>
<td>Sarah Hise</td>
<td>Philip Wagner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 23</td>
<td>James Montgomery</td>
<td>Margaret Russell</td>
<td>David Russell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 24</td>
<td>William McBride</td>
<td>Sarah Delaney</td>
<td>Joseph McCoy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 25</td>
<td>Samuel Anderson</td>
<td>Jennet Kelsay</td>
<td>James Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 1</td>
<td>Thomas Loyd</td>
<td>Susanna Webb</td>
<td>John Bird</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 21</td>
<td>Samuel Reed</td>
<td>Anny Jones</td>
<td>John Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 2</td>
<td>Philip Shavor</td>
<td>Jenny Henderson</td>
<td>John Henderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 8</td>
<td>John Kilgore</td>
<td>Lydda Henderson</td>
<td>Daniel Walker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 14</td>
<td>Isaac Cofman</td>
<td>Hannah Gooden</td>
<td>John Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td>(Jones outside)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 9</td>
<td>Jacob Kirkpatrick</td>
<td>Isabel White</td>
<td>David White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td>(or Ezebel)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 21</td>
<td>William Mackey</td>
<td>Mary Parmon</td>
<td>Stephen Woolsey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Kennedy, C.</td>
<td></td>
<td>(or Poeman)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
April 26  Thomas Kennedy          to  Grizely Gilles         N. K. Rawlings
          Wm. Kennedy, C.          to  John Kennedy, Jr.
April 28  George Kerr            to  Susanna Roberts        William Wilson
          William Hall
April 29  Jeremiah Smith         to  Isabella Greene        William Dewoody
      Peter Casteel            to  Susanna Richardson     Larkin Brumly
          N. K. Rawling          to  Shadrach McNew         Thomas Ellis
May  8  James Thomason          to  Catharine Reese       John Hurst
      (or Roy)
May 12  Valentine Pauley        to  Hannah Ray            John Hurst
May 20  Abraham Hurst           to  Mary Dunn            Valentine Pauley
May 21  Hugh Magill            to  Mary Henry            William Magill
May 24  William Russ II         to  Polly Galbraith       Robert Russell
      N. K. Rawling
May 30  James Williams          to  Rachel Crow           Benjamin Crow
June  9  Hugh M Adams           to  Ezebel Brison       James Rankin
      Wm. Kennedy, C.
June 17  William Myers          to  Nancy Carter         John Lescallect
June 26  George Couch           to  Mary Milsaps        John Moier
      Wm. Kennedy, C.
June 30  Joseph Holt           to  Sally Clarke          Samuel Brown
      N. K. Rawlings (both bond and license)
July  1  Adam Hardman          to  Barbara Burnhart     John Hawk
      (or Harmon)
July  3  William Townsend      to  Ellay Paveley       John Paule
      (or Pauly)
July  8  Joab Moore            to  Elizabeth Couch      George Couch
      Henry Kellar          to  Mary Carter           Daniel Keller
      (or Keller)
July 14  Samuel Brewer         to  Margaret Moore       Daniel Rawlings
July 24  Abraham Lester        to  Jane Evens Magill    Hugh Magill
      Wm. Kennedy, C.
July 28  Elisha Knox           to  Rachel King          Henry McCulloch
      (or McCullugh)
July 28  Benjamin Parker       to  Cath(erie) Gray     Joseph Jones
      (no clerk)
July 30  Jacob Woolsey         to  Elizabeth Wever      Henry Gragg
      (or Weyer)
July 30  John West, Jun.       to  Sarah Rodgers         Christopher Conway
      (Letter from Robert Rodgers, father)
      John West, Sen.
Aug.  2  Samuel Rodgers        to  Susanna Ross         John Rodgers
Aug.  7  George Campbell       to  Margaret Gillis       Holden Shanks
Aug.  8  John Melone           to  Margaret Casteel     Larkin Brumly
      (Bond, license and certificate)
Aug. 16  Samuel Henderson      to  Sarah Kilgore        Daniel Walker
Aug. 16  Moses Roddy           to  Sarah Hays           James Hays, Sen.
Sept.  8  William Johnson       to  Eliz(abeth) Bowman  Joseph St. John
      (or Souder)
Sept.  8  Gravener Marsh       to  Eliz(abeth) Oliphant  James Oliphant
Sept.  9  Smith Farrel         to  Mary McCowan         Alexander Anderson
      (or McEwen)
Sept. 10  Michael Woods        to  Esther Shields       Robert O'Neil
Sept. 15  George Sturms        to  Kezia Davis         William Lamkin
      (or Sturms)
Sept. 15  John Mackey          to  Barbara Fann        James Hall
Sept. 20  Frederick Louder     to  Mary Casner          John Hughes
      (or Souder)
Sept. 22  Samuel Dallton       to  Rebecca Stanfield    Philip Stout
      (Both bond and license)
Sept. 23  William Dawson       to  Nancy Cleveland     Thomas Palmer
      (Letter from mother, Fanny Shaw)
Oct.  13  Aaron Beene          to  Mary Barbara Nigh    John Kennedy
      (or Beane)
Oct.  22  William L. Watson     to  Jenny Hall          William Hall
      William Kennedy, C.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Groom</th>
<th>Bride</th>
<th>Groom's Father</th>
<th>Bride's Father</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 29</td>
<td>Andrew Bryan</td>
<td>Mary Crosby</td>
<td>James Hays</td>
<td>Thomas Crosby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 5</td>
<td>Nicholas Eily</td>
<td>Elizabeth Smelser</td>
<td>James McKeehen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 25</td>
<td>Henry Gragg</td>
<td>Elizabeth Pharaoh</td>
<td>Benjamin Crow</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 26</td>
<td>Benjamin Mackey</td>
<td>Mary Potter</td>
<td>William Green</td>
<td>John Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 27</td>
<td>Ezekiel Carter</td>
<td>Martha Stanly</td>
<td>Abraham Carter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 1</td>
<td>William Weger</td>
<td>Elizabeth Gragg</td>
<td>James Potter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 4</td>
<td>John Henderson</td>
<td>Rachel Parman</td>
<td>Giles Parman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 8</td>
<td>Josiah Temple</td>
<td>Isabella Fain</td>
<td>John Temple</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
<td>Daniel Conlee</td>
<td>Susanna Randolph</td>
<td>Isaac Conlee</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 12</td>
<td>William Dickson</td>
<td>Eliza Douglas</td>
<td>William Dewoody</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 13</td>
<td>Simon Pope</td>
<td>Rebeckah West</td>
<td>William West</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 20</td>
<td>Andrew Campbell</td>
<td>Mary Reed</td>
<td>John McPharman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 20</td>
<td>Michael Fries</td>
<td>Jean Hannah</td>
<td>John Doan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 29</td>
<td>Samuel Hanna</td>
<td>Ann Carter</td>
<td>John McPharman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 31</td>
<td>John King</td>
<td>Agnes Gass</td>
<td>John Hughes</td>
<td>Cornelius Newman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A letter from Robert Wylie, to be security for Philip Chance, but no girl named. Bond missing.

(These marriage bonds were copied by Florence Morey Brown of the Nolachucky Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., from the Greene County court House, Greeneville, Tennessee)

✦ ✦ ✦

MARRIAGE RECORD

REBA MAHAN STEVENS

Israel married Betsy Clemmer;  
Eliza, Christian Bouteman;  
Sally married Joseph Baker,  
And Thomas, a Gillespie.

So runs the list,  
Prosaically enough;  
But near the ending of the page  
I find—  
John married Nancy Leaf!

Nancy Leaf!  
Sweet fragrant name!  
She must have worn green petticoats  
That swished and billowed  
With each dancing step,  
And rounded bodice laced with silver threads.

Only pink rosebuds would have served  
To fasten her white fichu;  
In her hands,  
White hands beneath  
Neat black lace mitts,  
She must have held a tight nosegay  
Of half-blown roses  
Set about with mignonette  
And fresh fern leaves.

Betsy and Kate, Delilah and Elizabeth;  
Israel and Thomas, Jacob and Eli  
Who married them—  
Good men and women all  
Beyond a doubt.

But I—  
I thank you, John,  
For choosing Nancy Leaf!
HERALDRY

JEAN STEPHENSON

DRAWINGS BY AZALEA GREEN BADGLEY

Supporters and Charges

LAST month various armorial insignia were explained. There is yet another, supporters. Very few Americans are entitled to use supporters; yet many reputable firms and artists in furnishing a copy of the arms of a family will depict it with supporters. This is due to a lack of understanding of the meaning of supporters.

Supporters do not appertain to the arms of a family. They designate rank, and the rank of a specific person, and are used only with the arms of that person. In England the use of supporters is limited to peers and to a very few persons whose ancestors in the male line have continuously used supporters “from time immemorial” and so have established an hereditary right to them. In Scotland, the same rule holds, except that heads of certain clans or houses are permitted to use them, probably on the theory that the status of such individuals during the Middle Ages was comparable to that of a peer.

If a descendant of the Osborne family displays the arms of Osborne with supporters, he is not displaying his own or his family arms, but the arms of the Earl of Leeds. This nobleman and his distant American cousin may both descend from a common ancestor and both have an hereditary right to use the arms, but only the peer may inherit the use of the supporters. When supporters are shown with arms, the rank of the individual, by which he is entitled to them, should be indicated.

The rare American who may be said to have a right to supporters is one who is the eldest male heir of a man who was entitled to and used supporters, one who if he were not an American but an Englishman or Scotchman, would have the rank of the ancestor. Even in such a case, only that individual as such should use them, his brothers or sons may not.

In early days, supporters were changed at will, each generation selecting the animal or human figure he preferred to show as supporting his shield. Now, they are usually considered as inherited with the rank.

The figures on the shield may be formal heraldic devices or may be natural objects, usually somewhat formalized. An explanation of them is beyond the scope of these articles. There are hundreds of books devoted to the subject of heraldry. For the beginner, or for general reading and reference, one of the best is Boutell’s Manual of Heraldry, revised by V. Wheeler-Holohan (1931).

As has been stated before, one well versed in heraldry can often deduce relationships from the distinctive charges of one family appearing in the arms of another. One must, however, be careful not to assume without evidence that the relationship is a blood one. Often it was a feudal bond. Sometimes it had not even a friendly origin.

An example in point is found by comparing the arms of Johnston of Westerhall with those of Douglas. As is well known, the arms borne by “The Black Douglas” consisted of a shield, the lower part being silver and the upper one-third blue with three silver stars. When Douglas, taking the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, was killed in battle against the Moors in Spain, his heirs put on the silver shield a red heart. This “Douglas heart” is a definitely recognizable charge wherever it is found. Now, Johnston of Westerhall has, for a difference, the Douglas heart. But it does not indicate descent from Douglas. The ancestor of this branch of the Johnston family distinguished himself and laid the foundations of the family fortunes by aiding the King in a campaign against Douglas in 1455; so when his descendants needed to difference their arms from other Johnstons, they added the Douglas heart. Even under such circumstances, however, its use would furnish a clue to aid in identification of the family.
The early arms of the Johnstons of Annandale were black with three silver cushions. Later, but still early, some branches used it as red with three gold cushions; others placed the cushions on a chief (upper third of shield) of a different color; others added the saltire (cross) of various colors. Many of the several hundred variations are described in *Heraldry of Johnston*, by G. H. Johnston.

Aside from the arms borne by the many branches of the Johnstons of Annandale in Scotland, there were at least fifteen other Johnston families in Scotland entitled to arms. There were over a hundred different arms borne by Johnston and Johnson families in England.

The arms shown indicate many “differences”, the fleur-de-lis, the annulet, and the heart having been added one by one for this purpose.

**Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Steel</th>
<th>Gold</th>
<th>Silver</th>
<th>Black</th>
<th>Red</th>
<th>Blue</th>
<th>Green</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**(ENGLISH)**

*Arms: Argent, a saltire sable charged with five fleur-de-lis of the field between an annulet sable in chief and a man’s heart gules crowned or in base; on a chief gules three cushions or*

*Crest: A winged spur or, leathered gules.*

This is another of those long, lusty novels of the American Revolution which have been so much in vogue during the past year. It varies from others of its kind, however, in that it tells the story of the losers rather than the winners, and that for the first time it presents the Hessian "mercenaries" in a skillful and sympathetic manner, revealing the circumstances under which they were literally sold into bondage, eventually emerging from it, in many cases, to become solid citizens of the new republic against which they personally had no quarrel.

The hypothesis on which the English wit and beau, affectionately known as "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, set out through the American wilderness down Champlain, was that battles were fought when two lines of infantry, advancing on each other in perfect order, arrived within mutual range, at which point they fired on command. It was a surprise and a shock to him and the soldiers with him to find they were not fighting "a parade ground war." Consequently they blundered on, against terrific odds, hoping the rebels would some day fight the way their opponents wished, instead of springing out suddenly from behind the trees of deep forests, or casually leaving their plows to pick up muskets which they aimed with deadly accuracy. "What kind of a sign is it?" one of them inquired, "when a farmer shoots your hat off your head and another shoots it out of your hand when you try to pick it up?"

They did not know. They could not learn. And therefore they went down to defeat, after a campaign that was doomed to disaster even before it started. They were generously treated by their conquerors, and when the chance finally came to sail Eastward across the Atlantic, many of them declined to embrace it. Kurt Ahrens, the hero of the story, marries a charming young rebel, the daughter of a professor at Harvard, and goes back to the desolate "round hill beyond Fort Auve," determined to "bring life to it again"—"First a cabin, then a village, then a town"—that was the way Kurt and his Judith visualized it. That is no doubt what eventually came to pass, for of such dreams come true the country was made.

But the love story, though more arresting than many which have appeared in other tales of this character, is not the dominant theme of the book, nor are the tender passages which it does contain the most convincing and appealing. The splendid swing of the story, its obvious historical authenticity, the touches of humor which enliven it, the spirit of justice and courage which permeates its pages—these constitute its strongest claim to attention. The bibliophile will delight in its fine format. The student will revel in its enlightening content. At the same time, the reader whose one object is to seek entertainment of a vigorous and vital sort will find what he is looking after.

F. P. K.


The British authors of "Man the World Over," with native self-control, resisted the temptation to call their book "Geography for the Georgian," and therefore a decent respect for their opinions inhibits the label
“Streamlined.” It is not an ordinary geography, and should not be purchased as such. It would be too small a shield for extra-curricular activities and provides no tables to refresh our decimated recollection of area, population, capital, and chief city of each state. But, though its style is perhaps slightly mature for a child and slightly unsophisticated for an adult, it contains much of basic importance to an understanding of current events and would be a more valuable companion for round-the-world travelers than many they take with them.

It represents a commendable and successful attempt to expose the situation of mankind, with particular emphasis on causation by natural forces. Assuming some elementary acquaintance with geography but little with any other science, and presuming the availability of a comprehensive atlas, the illustrators and writers diagram and describe each portion of our globe, sketch the history of its inhabitants, and then set forth their status and prospects. We learn few statistics (none in vacuo) and as many reasons as results. In North America, for instance, the most people live where the most rain falls—it's as simple as that.

Naturally, not all there is to know about humans and how they exist where they do can be put in a single volume; and a great difficulty in composing this one must have been deciding what to leave out. Though one is seldom conscious of condensation, little of prime significance is omitted. What needs to be said is stated, in few words. Generalities abound, but they must. There is little room for explanation. Much is told by drawings, which are well reproduced; and by fine photographs, many of which are not.

Objectivity abounds, but occasionally gives way to that patriotism and philosophy without which Britain would not have perpetrated her peculiar errors or gained her successes. The greatness of her empire is frankly traced, not only as to the qualities of the race but also as to its fortunate situation on an island created by the end of the latest ice age. However, we are carefully instructed that “British control . . . has put an end to warfare and done much to secure liberty and just dealing” in India, in which opinion Ghandi may or may not concur; and Americans now being urged to stand fast with their mother country may wonder at the wisdom of including the following passage:

“The rivalry of (England and France) ended in the British capture of Canada, whose French habitants became as loyal subjects of our King as the Dutch of South Africa are today. It was the British colonists who found reason to rebel and set up the independent United States.”

As one of the characters in “Lady Precious Stream” pointed out—facetiously correcting the common statement—“We live, but we do not learn.”

Spaniards and Italians are given only a few almost contemptuous words, and of Russia it is said with a hint of condescension that farm profits are “partly divided among the workers and partly spent on supplying hospitals, schools, amusements and other things the Government thinks good for them.” Yet the problem of a potential enemy in the Far East is thus sympathetically summarized:

“The likeness in position between Japan and Britain should be noticed. Each consists of a group of islands beside a continent from which it borrowed its earliest civilisation, and each looks out over a wide ocean. But Japan has come late into prominence. There are now no empty regions of the world to satisfy her needs, and those needs are more pressing than were England’s in the days of her conquests and colonisation.”

Perhaps most British of all is the restrained prophecy already partially and tragically fulfilled: “At the time of going to press the boundaries of Czecho-Slovakia and its adjacent countries are in the process of change.”

HENRY W. KEYES.

Latin America, A Brief History. Frederick Alexander Kirkpatrick. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

F. A. Kirkpatrick is Emeritus Reader in Spanish at the University of Cambridge, and is the author of a group of Spanish
books, among them “The Spanish Conquistadores,” now published in five languages. In this one volume of 456 pages the author has given a remarkably complete history of Latin America. He has divided his book into two parts, the first covering the period from the discovery to the gaining of independence. This relates the conquests by Spain and Brazil and the movements toward independence in both North and South America. The second part deals with the independent states of Latin America, giving the history of each up to date. In his last chapters the author touches upon the relations of the Latin American states with the United States. Either of the two parts of the book might well have been expanded into a full-length history, as they are so full of vitally interesting and valuable information. The student should revel in having his data so condensed, but he may wish that the historian had gone more fully into the nature and types of the people of these intriguing countries. The student may also long for more definite documentation and a greater number of the illuminating footnotes so helpful in a work of such importance and such timely value. The brevity of the work has of necessity made personalities little more than names, a fact to be regretted in the light of the attractive style in which the book is written.

The arrangement of the material, itself so impressively valuable, is excellent, and its presentation incisive and of commanding interest and fairness. The book leaves the reader a satisfying sense of its authenticity and a belief in the author’s complete mastery of the controversial elements involved, not only at present but such issues as have arisen in the past fifty years.

For a number of years Mr. Kirkpatrick has worked almost alone in England at the serious study of Latin American history, and has written several interesting books on the subject.

In his “Latin America” he has given a much-needed and condensed survey of its political history from the Spanish and Portuguese conquests to the present day. His book is one that should be in the possession of all who wish to be intelligently informed on the past and present political history of our South American neighbors.

EDNA M. COLMAN.


If you would better understand the complex problems of land waste and human waste in the United States and the underlying conditions which have brought about this present situation, you will find a reading of Carleton Beals’ “American Earth” absorbing, informative, distressing, and, withal, stimulating. The book reads like a novel, but, unhappily, it is fact, not fiction.

It is a history of America told in terms of the land and the relationship of the people to the land—the Americanization of an alien civilization, a process three hundred years and more old and still developing. In the struggle, Americans: colonists, pioneers, exploiters—have forced drastic, even disastrous changes on the land and in turn the land has forced corresponding changes in the pattern of American life. So long as the frontier lasted there was an escape, a chance for evasion, mental and physical, of the problems which faced the people. Now with the frontier gone there can be no further escape or evasion. We must face the consequences of the careless and reckless misuse of our nation’s physical resources.

Part Two deals largely with the present situation. Mr. Beals has traveled the country over, north and south, east and west, and shows us from personal observations the conditions in rural areas in various sections of our country—the victims of the Mississippi flood, the plight of the fur trappers of the Louisiana swamps, of the tenant farmers, of the Share-Croppers’ Union in the Black Belt, of the Migs (migratory workers of the southwest)—in terms of the broken lives of individuals whom he saw and with whom he talked.

His conclusion is that any real solution of their problem must depend on scientific distribution and use of the soil itself. Other countries, such as Denmark, Sweden, and Holland, have succeeded, against greater difficulties than ours, in developing active, productive, contented societies. It is not yet too late for us to solve such problems, too.

DOROTHY K. CLEvelleland.
As the newly-elected National President of the Children of the American Revolution, I greet you. I thank you for your cooperation in the past and look for your continued support in this most important work which is more necessary today than ever before in the history of our Organization.

All national projects which have been sponsored by the National Society, C. A. R., under the able leadership of Mrs. William H. Pouch in the last two years will be carried on, and Mrs. Pouch as our Honorary National President will continue her active work in the Organization which she has led to such heights during her administration.

Realizing the responsibility I have assumed as National President, I pledge myself to fulfill them to the highest intent; and with the motto of our Organization ever before me, “For God and Country,” I trust we will continue to grow and prosper.

Sincerely,

FRANCES WASHINGTON KERR,
National President, N. S. C. A. R.
MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL MACOMB CHAPTER IN COLONIAL COSTUMES

**Anniversary Celebrations**

The General Macomb Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Macomb, Illinois, recently participated in the Northwest Territory sesquicentennial celebration with a Pioneer Day observance. Exhibits of old china, quilts, furniture, war mementoes, and newspapers were shown in windows of business houses. Many floats of historic character were in the parade. An interesting feature was the old stage coach owned by Carl Lundberg, which was on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair. The chapter regent, Mrs. Rupert Simpkins, with other members of the chapter dressed in colonial costumes and rode in the stagecoach.

The Koussinoc Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Augusta, Maine, recently celebrated Guest Night with an interesting program entitled “Song and Story of Many Lands.” Children of the American Revolution, Junior American Citizens, and a Boy Scout wore attractive costumes representing the “many lands.” A quartet of members of the chapter sang American songs.

In celebration of the sesquicentennial of the Constitution, the Oneonta Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Oneonta, New York, has, since 1937, conducted a constitutional study class which had as its objective an inquiry not only into constitutional history but the reasons therefor. Miss Elbina Bender, dean of women at Hartwick College, has served as leader of the “Constitution Class.” Among the topics studied were: The Articles of the Confederation; the first deputies from the various states; ratification; the Bill of Rights; and the signers of the Constitution. The class was recently closed with a colonial tea which was held in cooperation with all the members of the chapter.

A recent meeting of the Old Boston Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Boston, Massachusetts, celebrated the 93rd birthday anniversary of one of its members, Miss Serena Frances Perry of Boston, who is a real granddaughter of the Revolution. The program was arranged solely in Miss Perry’s honor and for her entertainment. The chapter presented her with a bouquet and a huge birthday cake.

**Dedication of Markers**

At a recent meeting of the southeastern district conference of Georgia, held in Waycross, the site of the first water mill in Ware County, built in 1856 by George W. Stansell, pioneer settler, was formally marked; the park surrounding it was dedicated to the youth of the county. The Lyman Hall Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., sponsored the dedication, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson were the donors of the site for the park.

A marker commemorating the services of Count D’Estaing, a gallant Frenchman who aided the Colonies in their War for Independence, was recently unveiled by the Elijah Clarke Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Athens, Georgia. The marker, of beautiful Georgia marble, was secured through the cooperation of the Georgia Department of Natural Resources and State Parks, and was placed by the local chapter with the cooperation of the Georgia Society. The marker was dedicated by Mrs.
Joel A. Wier, regent of the chapter, and a sketch of Count D’Estaing was read by Miss Elizabeth Woods, historian, from which the following excerpt is made:

“In 1774, Louis XVI became King of France and was proclaimed ‘Protector of the Rights of Mankind.’ In the midst of the rejoicing over the new reign came news from across the Atlantic that the patriots were arrayed against the tyranny of the British Crown. Among the French noblemen was Count D’Estaing, who used his influence in persuading Louis to aid the Colonists.

“Jean Baptiste Charles Hector D’Estaing was born in Auvergne, France. At an early age he entered the French Army as a Colonel of the Infantry, and was promoted to Brigadier General; in 1777 he became Vice Admiral of the French Army.

“In 1778, in accordance with the treaty between France and the United States, France fitted out a fleet of twelve ships and four frigates to aid the latter in the struggle against Great Britain. D’Estaing was placed in command. He captured some prizes off the Coast of New Jersey and subsequently took from the British St. Vincent, Granada, and the West Indies. Later, he was invited to cooperate with the American Forces in their efforts to drive the British from Savannah. The attempt to capture Savannah was ineffectual, and Count D’Estaing, twice wounded, returned to France in 1780. Three years later he was made Commander of the allied fleets of France and Spain, and in 1792 was chosen Admiral of the French Navy.

“In acknowledgment of his services, he was granted twenty thousand acres of land by the Legislature of Georgia, and was at the same time ‘Admitted to all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of a free citizen of this State.’ The grant consisted of four tracts of five thousand acres each.”

As far as records show, Count D’Estaing never saw the land that was given to him. It was sold for taxes in 1813 and was purchased by Stevens Thomas, John Billups, and John Brown. Stevens Thomas later bought the claims of Billups and Brown, and on March 16, 1816, received a deed to the entire twenty thousand acres. It is interesting to know that Stevens Thomas was the great-grandfather of the present regent of the chapter, Mrs. Joel A. Wier.

The General Arthur St. Clair Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Indianapolis, Indiana, recently dedicated a bronze tablet, honoring its namesake. The tablet was erected in a garden wall niche of the Central Public Library. Impressive ceremonies accompanied the dedication and the unveiling. Concluding the dedication, James C. MacLauchlan, a Scot, played bagpipe airs.

Magazine Subscribers

With the organization of the General David Blackshear Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Rochelle, Georgia, comes the news that more than half of the charter members are subscribers to the Magazine! Mrs. Henry Mashburn, organizing regent of this chapter, has outlined a list of the chapter, but under strenuous undertakings for her able guidance all this and more will be accomplished.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE thirty-eighth annual State Conference of the District of Columbia, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held in Memorial Continental Hall on Sunday, March 12, through Tuesday, March 14, 1939.

The Memorial Service which opened the Conference was both beautiful and dignified, with the State Chaplain, Mrs. Alexander Bell, conducting the service. Louis A. Potter, Fellow, American Guild of Organists, and Louis A. Potter, Jr., cellist, rendered appropriate music. Following invocation by the Rev. Paul D. Wilbur, S. T. B., Miss Lillian Chenoweth, State Regent, paid tribute to the District Daughters who had died during the year. Ceremonies were concluded by the benediction by Dr. James Shera Montgomery, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and sounding of Taps and echo by two members of the Marine Band. The wreath was placed on the grave of Mrs. Samuel McCrory, former State historian.

Monday's business session opened with a colorful entrance march, with pages escorting National and State Officers to the platform where greetings were given by Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President General, D. A. R.; Mr. Frank Steele, Secretary and Registrar General, S. A. R.; Mr. Chalmers Seymour McConnell, President, D. C. S. A. R.; Mr. Charles Colfax Long, President, D. C. S. R.; Mrs. James Henry Harper, State President, C. A. R.; Mrs. C. A. Swann Sinclair, State Regent of Virginia; and Mrs. Edward G. Harris, State Regent of Cuba. The reports of State officers and State chairmen were interspersed with music by Mrs. Francis Shore, contralto, and Mrs. Guy Withers, soprano, both singers being accompanied by Mrs. Lois Marshall Hicks. One of the highlights of the Conference was the luncheon given by the Chapter Regent's Club in honor of the State officers and visiting officials. At the same hour the eighteen lovely girls who acted as pages were entertained at a luncheon by the Conference.

In the afternoon reports of State chairmen were continued and Mrs. Harry Colfax Grove reported for the Chapter House Corporation and Mrs. Harper for the C. A. R. Selma Last sang.

Regent's Night opened with a concert by the Marine Band. Escort by pages the entrance of the State Regent, National and State Officers and sixty Chapter Regents, laden with flowers, marching to the strains of "Stars and Stripes Forever" was a beautiful sight. The invocation was given by Dr. Albert Joseph McCartney and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag was led by Mrs. William Leetch. Helen Belt, violinist, accompanied by Alexander Clayton; Maxwell Galloway, soprano, accompanied by Dorothy Loftus; Winifred Kemp and Irving Filler of the Marine Band; and Mrs. J. Frank Rice who led the assemblage in group singing, furnished the delightful music which interspersed the Regents' reports.

Tuesday morning Ann Plain and Kenneth Kinsella gave the musical part of the program which included a pageant by the Junior American Citizens, under the direction of Mrs. William Wagner.

At the noon hour the Conference adjourned to the Washington Cathedral for ceremonies incident to the presentation of a Flag, which was accepted for the Cathedral by the Right Reverend Bishop Freeman. At the afternoon session the presentation of Good Citizenship medals was made by Mrs. Haig. A splendid address by Lee R. Pennington, Jr., Administrative Assistant, Federal Bureau of Investigation, on the subject "The F. B. I. and the War on Crime" was followed by a fine program arranged by Mrs. Claude Cook and presented by the Girl Home Makers. An old spinning wheel, dating back to the 17th century, was presented to the District Room in Continental Hall by Mrs. Fred Hopkins, through Lucy Holcombe Chapter, in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Chenoweth, mother of the State Regent.

A brilliant evening including music, a humorous skit, and a banquet at which six hundred and forty were present, brought to a close the State Conference.

ELLA R. FALES,
State Recording Secretary.
THE forty-first annual conference of the Alabama Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held in Birmingham, March 14 to 16, 1939. The General Sumter, Old Elyton, John Parke Custis, William Speer, Pickett, and Princess Sehoy Chapters of Birmingham, and the Jones Valley Chapter of Bessemer, acted as hostesses.

Following a luncheon given by the Princess Sehoy Chapter, in honor of the State Regent, Mrs. E. R. Barnes, the State Board of Management met for a brief business session. At this time the keynote of the conference was sounded, to complete our Golden Jubilee Project, the purchase of the farm at Kate Duncan Smith School by 1940. Later, at the Officers' Club meeting, an acre of ground was bought in memory of Mrs. Watt T. Brown, a former state regent.

The session Tuesday night was presided over by the state regent, Mrs. Barnes. Following the processional, the greetings from the city and other patriotic organizations, the Good Citizenship Girl, Miss Jean Espy, from Gadsden was presented. The main address of the evening was given by Mr. Thomas W. Martin, president of the Alabama Power Company. He discussed "The Vine and Olive Colony," which was founded by the former soldiers of Napoleon at Demopolis, Alabama. At the close of Mr. Martin's splendid talk a beautiful panoramic wallpaper painted in France in 1818, and supposed to depict the life of the colony, was unveiled. Mr. Martin presented this to the Department of Archives and History, of the State of Alabama. It is hoped that Demopolis will build a museum to house this most generous gift. At the close of the session the hostess chapters entertained with an informal reception.

Wednesday morning opened with group breakfasts. The Regents, the Historians, the Chairmen of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage, and the pages all met for informal discussions. The business session was given over to the reports of the work in the state. The Conference was happy to welcome Mrs. William H. Schlosser, State Regent of Indiana, who, with the Indiana daughters, is doing so much for the Kate Duncan Smith School. Amid much enthusiasm Mrs. Schlosser reported a gift of five thousand dollars from the Ball Foundation for another teacheraage.

The banquet Wednesday evening was a Kate Duncan Smith School party, presided over by Alabama's charming First Lady, Mrs. Frank M. Dixon. The speakers were Mrs. E. R. Barnes, Mrs. William H. Pouch, Mrs. William H. Schlosser, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex and Mr. Wilson Evans, the principal of the school.

Mrs. Rex made a most interesting talk on the American Indian Institute in Wichita, Kansas, at the evening session. Brief reports by the chapter regents were given at this time.

Plans were made, Thursday morning, for the breaking of ground for the model Farm House, March 21.

A beautiful and impressive memorial hour, conducted by Mrs. M. J. Bell, state chaplain, closed the forty-first State Conference.

EUGENIA OSBURN YEUELL,
State Historian.
two reasons: First, it gave the Minnesota Daughters an opportunity to appraise the accomplishments of our hard-working National Defense chairman; and second, because of Mrs. Emery’s able presentation, it made the listeners realize the fine work which our National Society has done and is continuing to do for peace by an educational campaign that is not surpassed by any organization in this country.

When this State Conference opened, the thought uppermost in the minds of those present was whether sufficient funds could be raised to complete the purchase of the Bishop Whipple Indian collection. This collection represents gifts made to Bishop Whipple, during his life, by the Indians of Minnesota as expressions of appreciation for his labors among them during his long and devoted Christian life. The early history of Minnesota is so closely linked to the life of this great and good man, the first Episcopal bishop in the state, that the Minnesota Daughters felt this collection was so vital a part of the development of the state that it should be kept intact and preserved for future generations. Miss Grace Longfellow spoke of Bishop Whipple's work and before the close of the meeting on Thursday afternoon, the balance needed to pay for this collection had been oversubscribed.

At the opening session in the afternoon, the Honorable William H. Fallon, mayor of St. Paul, extended a most cordial welcome to the conference.

A business session of the conference was held on Tuesday evening at which time our State Chairman of American Music, Mrs. Florence Earle Wichman, presented a pageant she had prepared entitled “Century of Progress in American Music.”

Immediately at the close of the morning session on Wednesday, a beautiful memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. J. R. McGiffert, assisted by the State Historian, Mrs. H. W. Hurlbut.

As the conference closed and the members were leaving for their homes, there was a feeling that this had been one of Minnesota’s outstanding State Conferences. The many reports and the necessary items of business were presented and acted upon with great dispatch. The whole atmosphere of the conference had been one of cooperation and good feeling. The credit for this belongs to our gracious State Regent, who presided so efficiently.

EVA L. BECK,
Reporter.

MAINE

THE annual State Conference of Maine was held March 15 and 16 at the Eastland Hotel, Portland, Maine, by invitation of Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter. Mrs. Fred C. Morgan, State Regent, presided. The program featured the music of George Washington's time.

Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, Registrar General, explained the need and the attractive plans for the history and document room. Mrs. Nason was also guest of honor at a breakfast where she explained the “do’s and don’ts” of a registrar’s office. The contribution which she made to the conference was outstanding.

Patriotic addresses were given by Rev. Wm. Dawes Veazie and Hon. Oliver L. Hall, Maine State Librarian.

State Chairman of Approved Schools Margaret E. McIlroy (also State Vice Regent) presented an unusual program when she presented Superintendent Foster and a group of boys from Opportunity Farm. The boys won the hearts of the audience with their charming personalities and program. We wanted to send them one and all to the Continental Congress.

Owing to the illness of the regent of the hostess chapter, Mrs. Edward C. Paine, the Vice Regent, Mrs. Edwin S. Cox, made a gracious substitute.

The conference voted to print and publish the graves of Revolutionary Soldiers marked in Maine. This was accepted for the Golden Jubilee Project for the state.

MRS. HOWARD R. HOUSTON,
State Historian.

MARYLAND

On March 15, 1939, the Maryland Daughters gathered in Baltimore for the opening session of the two-day thirty-fourth Maryland State Conference.
The State Regent presided over all regular sessions with efficiency and dispatch, and the reports given attested to a fine spirit of cooperation and enthusiasm under her able leadership.

Following the opening ceremony of Invocation, Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, and singing of the National Anthem, an impressive “Patriotic Procession” composed of representatives of the Gilman Country School for Boys, McDonogh School, C. A. R., Girl Home Makers, Junior American Citizens, Junior Groups, Junior Chapter (being organized), and D. A. R. Good Citizenship Pilgrimage approached the platform where each in turn declared their patriotism and pledge of service.

In commemoration of the Constitution Sesquicentennial, Mrs. Arthur Beaven, a member of Maryland’s committee, on behalf of the Captain Jeremiah Baker Chapter, presented to the State Regent a gavel fashioned from wood from Richard’s Oak, in Cecil County, Maryland, under which Lafayette and his soldiers camped on April 12, 1781, and under which, during the Civil War, a detachment of cavalry sought shelter. Honorable Howard W. Jackson, mayor of Baltimore, gave greetings preceding those greetings by other distinguished members and guests. Commander Leland P. Lovette, United States Navy, addressed the conference on “The Present Naval Program.” Reports by state officers evinced an earnestness of purpose, application to their respective duties and untiring effort in the work of the organization. Memorial Services, the State Chaplain, Mrs. Anthony Bonn presiding, paid honor to twenty-four members who had entered into Life Eternal. A dinner attended by members and guests preceded the evening program which included addresses by two outstanding speakers.

The second day’s regular sessions were preceded by an informal breakfast meeting when Miss Eleanor Greenwood, National Chairman, Junior American Citizens, spoke concerning the formation of Junior American Citizens Clubs. The conference resumed presentation of reports and conduct of business. In celebration of the Constitution Sesquicentennial, a handsome replica of the Shrine of the Constitution and framed portraits of all of the signers were presented by the Maryland State Society to the Board of Education. A scarlet oak was planted on the grounds of the Supreme Court of the United States with appropriate program and other trees planted throughout Maryland in memory of the signers and the mothers of the Maryland signers.

The Penny Pine Project exhibit received a blue ribbon and gold medal award, and ten acres of Penny Pines have been subscribed to by members and chapters. The “Hodges Papers,” six volumes of valuable Revolutionary records, are being typed and indexed for preservation.

The conference elected Mrs. H. Frederick Jones, state editor to fill out the unexpired term of Mrs. George Burleigh Moulton, resigned. Mrs. Moulton presented to the State Society a large scrapbook containing valuable press clippings which indicated a vast amount of publicity effected during her office and while serving as National Vice-Chairman of Press Relations.

The conference endorsed the action of the state legislature in its effort to bring about the return of the United States Frigate Constellation to Baltimore, its birthplace, and to provide a permanent berth for that illustrious vessel at Fort McHenry, the site where it inspired the words of the National Anthem.

Retirement of Colors concluded a fine Maryland program arranged and so successfully carried out by the conference committee, Mrs. C. O’Donnell Mackall, chairman and Mrs. Frank Edmondson, vice-chairman and the conference stood adjourned. Neel Z. Stanwood, (Mrs. Henry Chapman) State Recording Secretary.
dress of welcome was given by the Honorable John F. Collins, mayor of the City of Providence. Greetings were extended by ex Vice President General Mrs. Albert L. Calder, 2nd, and ex State Regents Mrs. Edward S. Moulton and Mrs. Philip Caswell.

The reports of the state officers and State chairmen were evidence of the fine work that had been done in Rhode Island during the past year. After the retiring of the Colors, recess was called until the following morning.

Thursday at 10:00 a.m. the conference was again called to order and the State Regent conducted the opening ceremonies. The reports of the chapter regents were given at the morning session. Later a beautiful and impressive memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. I. Morton Ferrier.

A reception for the State Regent and the State Officers preceded the afternoon session. At 2:30 p.m. the conference reconvened for the program of the afternoon.

The Honorable William H. Vanderbilt, governor of the State of Rhode Island sent greetings and regrets that urgent business prevented his attending the conference.

Miss Gladys Calladine, State President of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims Club of Rhode Island spoke briefly on the activities of the club.

A group of harp selections were beautifully rendered by Miss Anita Mills. Miss Alice Mary Baxter of Newport, a senior at Rogers High School, was presented to the conference as the 1939 Rhode Island Pilgrim. Miss Baxter will be a charming addition to the growing group of Rhode Island Pilgrims.

Miss Charlotte Manchester, State President of the S. A. R.—D. A. R. Junior Assembly and Miss Evelyn F. Adams, Junior State President of the Children of the American Revolution reported to the conference.

A group of boys from Hillside School, Marlboro, Massachusetts, accompanied by Mrs. Lemuel Sanford of the school, gave a fine program which included solos, group selections on brass instruments, and singing. The conference voted to send one of the Hillside Boys to Washington in April.

After a brief business session and the singing of "Blest Be The Tie That Binds," the forty-fifth State Conference was declared adjourned.

MARIAN Q. CORDIN,
(Mrs. Ernest P.)
State Historian.

TExAS

THE fortieth Annual State Conference of the Texas Daughters of the American Revolution, honoring past State Regents of Texas, was held on March 15, 16, and 17, in Abilene, Texas. Fourteen chapters, of Division One of West Texas, were hostesses.

The formal opening of the conference was Wednesday evening, when our regal leader, Miss Marion Day Mullins, State Regent, preceded by pages, state officers and distinguished guests, took her place upon the beautifully lighted stage and, at the fall of her gavel, pronounced the fortieth Annual Conference of the Texas Daughters of the American Revolution in session. Many distinguished guests were present and extended cordial greetings. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of a check for $2,320.00 to West Texas State Teachers College, as a payment on the $5,000 student loan fund which the Texas Daughters of the American Revolution will complete this year.

Thursday morning from nine o'clock to eleven were heard splendid reports from National Officers, National Chairmen and National Vice Chairmen. Promptly at eleven was held the beautiful memorial service for our beloved Daughters who are resting from their earthly tasks.

Thursday afternoon reports and roundtable discussions were heard on various phases of the work. An address, "America's Rendezvous with Destiny," was given by Mrs. William Dingus of Texas Technological College of Lubbock. Dr. C. P. Smith, representing Sul Ross State Teachers College of Alpine, gave an illustrated lecture on Big Bend Park, which is an outstanding conservation project just now in Texas.

As is the custom, Historical Evening was observed on Thursday evening. Mrs. George T. Spears, State Historian, presided. The history of the Texas Society of the
Daughters of the American Revolution, for the past forty years, was given in picture-book form with living pictures.

Friday was a day of transacting serious business including the reports of state officers and state committees, in the morning, with roundtable discussions and pledging in the afternoon.

Dr. L. A. Woods, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was the speaker for Friday afternoon. His subject was “Maintaining Our Representative Democracy.”

Friday evening was chapter regents evening, at which time reports from all chapters were given. While each delegate gave a summary of her chapter's work, she also stressed some special project in which that chapter was interested. This gave variety to the reports and was most interesting.

Saturday morning unfinished business was concluded. Appreciation was expressed for courtesies extended and especially for the beautiful music that added much to each program.

Announcement was made that the forty-first State Conference of the Texas Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be held March 1940 at the Texas State College for Women, Denton, Texas.

With a high note of enthusiasm for the ongoing of the work of the National and State Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the pleasant and profitable fortieth Texas State Conference was brought to a close while the State Regent joined hands with national and state officers, and other members, and all joined in singing “Blest Be the Tie that Binds.”

MRS. GEORGE T. SPEARS,
State Historian.

MISSISSIPPI

THE Thirty-third Conference of the Mississippi Daughters was held at Greenville March 16th, 17th, 18th, with Belvidere Chapter as hostess. We were honored by the presence of Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President-General, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, Chaplain-General, and Mrs. William Kennedy Herrin, Jr., Corresponding Secretary-General.

The Opening of Conference was brilliant and beautiful. Representatives of the C. A. R. and Boy Scouts carried the United States, D. A. R., and C. A. R. Flags. With Greenville High School Band playing, the Processional was led by D. A. R. and C. A. R. Pages and local Junior Members escorting our Good Citizenship-Pilgrimage Girl, Catherine Brown. Conference was called to order by the State Regent. Mrs. Clive Metcalfe, Regent of the Hostess Chapter, presided, introducing the State Regent who gave a brief address on the Constitution and Magna Charta. Greetings were extended Conference by Mayor Milton Smith of Greenville. Mrs. Lotta Armistead gave the Address of Welcome for Belvidere. Mrs. Nathaniel Hoggatt, Second Vice-Regent, responded. Telegrams were read from our President-General, Mrs. Robert, our Vice President-General, Mrs. Belk, the Governor of Mississippi, Honorable Hugh White and Mrs. White. Greetings from eight state patriotic organizations were brought by their Presidents or personal representatives.

During the entire Conference the National Officers and visiting Regents gave interesting and inspirational talks. The Chaplain-General addressed the Conference.

An unusual feature of the Conference was the Emblem Breakfast at which Belvidere Chapter entertained. It was voted that the Address of Miss Sue Pelham Trigg, Belvidere Chapter, on the History and Symbolism of our D. A. R. Emblem, be published in the Conference Report. The D. A. R. Cheer Song, composed by Mrs. J. C. Cowan and Mrs. E. W. Francis of Belvidere Chapter, was sung by local Junior Members and adopted as our State Song. An address by Mrs. Nellie Nugent Somerville on “Our Republic” was inspiring.

At the luncheon with Mrs. John Morson as Toastmistress the outstanding feature was a playlet written by Mrs. Harry Ogden, Hon. State Vice-Regent, entitled “Rosalie”, charmingly produced in costume by the C. A. R. of Rosedale.

Morning and afternoon sessions were devoted to reports, all of which were interesting, promising greater activity for the coming year. Mrs. F. D. Brown, Sr., State Historian and local Chairman of Restoration, interestingly described the recent restoration of Rosalie. The gift of a garden plot was reported, to be converted into a
Historic garden. Several other gifts were donated, including a beautiful and intricately designed hand embossed Memory Book, to be placed at Rosalie. Financial statement was made by Mrs. Harry Ogden, Chairman of Rosalie Maintenance of Chapter, and personal pledges paid and further donations promised.

The Conference Banquet honoring Mrs. Quin, Mrs. Herrin, and visiting National Board Members was cleverly presided over by Mrs. Hanum Gardner, First Vice-Regent. Many distinguished guests including Dr. Wm. McCain, State Archivist, were introduced. Mrs. Herrin introduced the specially invited Legislators who had assisted in securing from the State the appropriation of two-thirds of the purchase price for Rosalie. This was cleverly described in an original poem, "That Gal, Rosalie", rendered by Mrs. Harry Ogden. Mr. Wm. T. Wynn of Greenville, son of the late Mrs. Wm. T. Wynn, our former State Regent, gave a stirring patriotic address. Among the features enjoyed were dances, music, and a talk on Americanism by the winner of the American Legion Eighth District Award. The Banquet was closed by a group of songs rendered by Mrs. Haig, Vice President-General.

Saturday morning the Memorial Service for departed members was held. Special Resolutions of Respect were passed in memory of Miss Myra Hazard, our lamented Honorary State Regent and Honorary Curator-General, who at her passing was National Vice-President of the C. A. R. The awarding of several prizes was made; resolutions of thanks to our Governor, State Legislature, Mrs. Herrin and her Board for the purchase of Rosalie, to Belvidere Chapter, Conference Committees, local Committees, Musicians, and all who assisted in making our Conference beautiful and inspiring. The newly elected Officers were installed. The invitation of the Natchez Chapter to entertain the 1940 Conference was accepted with thanks, and Conference was adjourned.

IDAHO

PIONEER Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Boise, Idaho, was hostess to seventy-six delegates and eight officers at the twenty-seventh annual State Conference held on March 17 and 18.

Mrs. W. W. Brothers, State Regent for Idaho, presided at the meetings of the conference. Mrs. C. W. Pursell, honorary State Regent and the first regent of Pioneer Chapter, also the first State Regent of Idaho, extended greetings from Boise to the members of the State Conference.

One of the most interesting highlights of the conference was brought by Miss Maxine Sower, of Nampa, Idaho, who was Idaho's 1938 Good Citizenship Girl Pilgrim. Miss Sower gave her impressions and experiences of her trip to the Continental Congress last April. Miss Ruth Nelson of Boise, Idaho, a daughter of a member of Pioneer Chapter, D. A. R., Idaho's 1939 Girl Pilgrim, was also introduced at the same meeting.

The newly elected officers for the coming biennium were: Mrs. T. F. Warner of Twin Falls, State Regent; Mrs. Henry Ashcroft of Payette, Vice Regent; Mrs. Torsen of Lewiston, recording secretary; Mrs. Wilbur Hill of Twin Falls, corresponding secretary; Mrs. O. W. Schroeder of Moscow, treasurer; Miss Mabel C. Gupton of Nampa, registrar; Mrs. E. A. Wheeler of Caldwell, historian; Mrs. Martha S. Rubey of Boise, auditor; Mrs. H. P. Blodgett of Gooding, chaplain, and Mrs. W. C. Furchner, Blackfoot, librarian.

Selection of the 1940 convention city will be decided by a committee later this year.

IOWA

IOWA Daughters of the American Revolution held their fortieth annual State Conference on March 20-21-22, at the Hotel Fort Des Moines, Des Moines, Iowa, with three Des Moines Chapters, Abigail Adams, Beacon Hill and Mercy Otis acting as hostesses, and the State Regent, Mrs. Harry E. Narey presiding at all sessions. Mrs. Robert H. S. Johnston served as parliamentarian.

The formal opening of the conference was conducted by the State Regent, Mrs. Narey. The Flag Processional, with the color bearer supporting the national colors,
the Iowa State Flag, and the D. A. R. Flag was a colorful prelude to each session.

Dr. William Petersen of the Research Department, State Historical Society of Iowa was the first speaker of the afternoon. His address was followed by the reports of Board of Management, Standing Rules Committee, State Officers and District Chairmen.

On Monday evening the Iowa Society entertained at dinner the Sons of the American Revolution, and its Good Citizenship Pilgrims of the past five years. Mrs. Max Mayer, director of the Jewish Community Center, was the speaker and addressed the conference on "Palestine, Past and Present."

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Imogene B. Emery was named honorary State Regent of Iowa. During the noon recess the Past Officers Club gave a luncheon in the lounge at which Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Emery were honored guests. The brief business session was presided over by Mrs. Clyde E. Brenton, and new officers were named for 1939 and 1940.

When the conference convened at 1:45, the President General, Mrs. Robert, was introduced, and report of resolutions committee was given by Mrs. J. E. Fitzgerald, of Sioux City. Mrs. H. C. Houghton, Jr., of Red Oak, Iowa's director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, addressed an audience of five hundred members and guests on "Builders."

Preceding the evening session the annual banquet was held in the large ballroom, presided over by the State Regent, Mrs. Narey. The highlight of the evening came when Mrs. Robert addressed the company on "Educational Defenses."

The conference convened on Wednesday at 9:00 a.m. Mrs. Emery, National Chairman of the D. A. R. Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education spoke. At 11:30 a.m. the conference paused to conduct a memorial service in memory of those who had passed on within the past year. Mrs. Othel Kendall, State Chaplain, presided and special tribute was paid to Mrs. Drayton W. Bushnell, Honorary Vice President General, Mrs. Seth Thomas, State Vice-Regent and Mrs. Alice Bailey Gorst, charter member of Abigail Adams. The final business sessions were occupied with election of officers, final reports of resolutions committees and reports of chapter regents.

The conference will return to Des Moines in 1940.

A fine spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation marked this fortieth Annual State Conference of Iowa which adjourned following the retiring of the colors and singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

(Mrs. John A.) GLADYS S. HALL,
State Historian.

MASSACHUSETTS

TWO beautiful days, with just a hint of spring in the bright sunshine, greeted the Massachusetts Daughters, who assembled at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, in historic Copley Square, Boston, to attend the forty-fifth State Conference on Wednesday and Thursday, March 22 and 23, 1939.

Following the usual dignified entrance of the state officers and distinguished guests, escorted by the color-bearers and Pages, the State Regent, Miss Ethel Lane Hersey, who presided at all sessions, called the meeting to order. Miss Hersey extended a welcome to the gathering, the largest in many years, which numbered nearly nine hundred Daughters and their guests. Good Citizenship Pilgrims filled the balcony, as special guests of the Daughters. Following a brief word of greeting from Mrs. Frank L. Nason, Registrar-General, the State Regent presented her first annual report, which was a concise account of her many activities.

The conference was honored by the arrival of the Mayor of Boston, Hon. Maurice J. Tobin, who brought the greetings of the city. The reports of state officers showed much real work accomplished in all lines.

Following recess for luncheon, the afternoon meeting opened with a beautiful memorial service for those Daughters who have passed on during the last year. Three-minute reports of State Chairmen proved that chapters are working steadily in one line of work, or another, to make a fine total of accomplishments. During the afternoon, two recommendations were adopted: 1—that Massachusetts' share in the Golden
Jubilee Project of the National Society, the building of the new document room, to be raised by gifts from the chapters; and 2—that a drive for new members of the organization be undertaken, under the direction of the state officers.

After the usual colorful reception to state officers and guests, members enjoyed the banquet which followed. The State Regent was a capable toastmistress, as she introduced her guests. “Alexander Hamilton, the Genius of American Politics” was the subject of the biographical sketch given by the speaker of the evening, Mr. Melville C. Freeman, head of the History Department, High School of Practical Arts in Boston.

The second morning session was opened at 9:30 a.m. Thursday, in the usual manner. After further reports of State Chairmen, Mrs. G. Loring Briggs, State Chairman, National Historical Magazine Committee, awarded a prize to Col. Thomas Gardner Chapter for having the largest number of subscribers in proportion to its membership. Following the report of Mrs. Fred J. Clarke, State Chairman of Approved Schools, Dr. Chester S. McGown, President, American International College, expressed his appreciation for the help and support of the Daughters. A gift of money for a beautiful desk from chapter regents in the state was announced by Mrs. Jackson, Chairman of the House Committee, for use at State headquarters.

Following the adoption of the customary courtesy resolutions and the reading of the minutes by the secretary, Mrs. Daniels, the retirement of the colors brought adjournment to another inspiring conference.

RUTH D. MERRIAM,
State Historian.

WISCONSIN

THE Wisconsin State Conference held its forty-third annual State Meeting in Wausau, March 26, 27 and 28, 1939.

At ten-thirty o’clock, a band struck up the processional in the ballroom of the Hotel Wausau and the conference was called to order by the State Regent, Mrs. Helen Kimberly Stuart. After greetings from distinguished guests, Mrs. Stuart read her message as State Regent, stressing the fact that the changes made during her term of office were possible because of the help of all the members in the state. She outlined the six-point program accomplished during her regime, and spoke of the innovation so deeply appreciated throughout the state—the publishing and sending out of eighteen issues of her Newslatter to every Wisconsin Daughter at her own expense.

At this time, Mrs. William H. Cudworth, State Vice-Regent, took over the gavel and presided at the remaining business sessions.

At the afternoon session, Miss Jocelyn Knight, Vice-President of the N. S. C. A. R. in Wisconsin, gave her report of the fine work done by their organization. Mrs. Vincent W. Koch, State Historian, gave her report on the project of purchasing and restoring the surgeons’ quarters at Old Fort Winnebago, Portage. The completion of the purchase of the property at a cost of $1,000.00 was reported. Mrs. Campbell told of the needs of the southern approved schools and made a strong plea for support of the $10,000 fund to be raised for a new library at Northland College, Wisconsin’s own approved school. Mrs. Averill told of the wonderful 200 per cent increase since last year in candidates for the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage.

In the late afternoon, the lovely memorial service, arranged by Mrs. Louis A. Pradt, State Chaplain, was held in the First Universalist Church, with beautiful organ and choral music.

In the evening, the State Conference dinner was held in the ballroom of the Hotel Wausau. An outstanding address on “Can Democracy Survive” was given by William David Saltiel of Chicago.

The State song, “Star of Wisconsin,” was beautifully sung at the opening of the Tuesday morning session. The conference voted on amendments to the by-laws, creating the office of State Second Vice-Regent, and the payment by voting members of a registration fee of $1.00 at future State Conferences.

Mrs. Duxbury gave a splendid address on the historical work of the Society, but warned chapters against confining their interests to any one line of work. Mrs. Leslie E. Pease, State Chairman of Student Loan Fund reported eight new loans made since March, 1938.
The conference elected Mrs. Stuart, Honorary State Regent and endorsed her as a candidate for Vice-President General from Wisconsin. With this gesture of appreciation for Mrs. Stuart’s fine work during her regency, the business of the conference was at an end.

As those attending the conference left for their several destinations, beams of the Northern Lights illumined the sky, just as the inspiration and influence of the conference were radiating from Wausau to the four corners of the earth. Those going forth from the forty-third Annual State Conference were symbols of change as surely as the Northern Lights in the star-spangled sky.

Ardelia Olden Koch,
State Historian.

SOUTHERN CAROLINA

The South Carolina Society Daughters of the American Revolution held its forty-third Annual State Conference in Spartanburg March 27, 28 and 29, with Cowpens and Kate Barry Chapters as hostesses. The State Conference was quite notable for the unusual number of distinguished guests.

The memorial services were held for departed members. Mrs. Howard B. V. Carlisle, regent of Cowpens chapter, was hostess later at a reception honoring Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General of the N. S. D. A. R., and other distinguished guests.

The memorial services were held for departed members. Mrs. Howard B. V. Carlisle, regent of Cowpens chapter, was hostess later at a reception honoring Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General of the N. S. D. A. R., and other distinguished guests.

The South Carolina dinner was given Monday evening. Mrs. Jesse Willson, general chairman, presided. She introduced Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent, who presented the President General. Mrs. David E. Barnett, state chairman of American Music, was in charge of the program on American Music, which featured South Carolina composers. Mrs. H. C. McCain sang “A Banner Needs a Breeze,” the words of which were composed by Mrs. John Logan Marshall, and the music by Mrs. McCain.

The formal opening of the conference took place in the Converse College auditorium at 8:30 that evening. Mrs. H. B. Carlisle welcomed the conference and most graciously presented the golden key to the city of Spartanburg to Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General N. S. D. A. R. Mrs. William S. Allan, State Vice-regent, gave the response.

The first business session of conference was called to order Tuesday morning by Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent. Mrs. Marshall presented all of the distinguished guests, following which the state officers reported, showing the S. C. Valley Forge Bell paid for, the sum being $1650; the holding of the six district meetings during the year, each well attended; the S. C. D. A. R. giving more than $4056 to Tamasee; good membership; many records compiled; and a splendid traveling library in use.

Mrs. Marshall reported her year’s work as State Regent. Mrs. Mauldin, state chairman of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, told of the splendid publication it had grown to be and urged the members to send in more subscriptions. Miss Lola Wilson gave an excellent report of the work of the S. C. Children of the American Revolution. Reporting for Tamasee board, Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun outlined tentative plans for expansion of the school, that the children might be cared for properly. Mrs. W. W. Holland of the Legion Auxiliary made a contribution toward a heating plant.

Tuesday afternoon the conference was called to order by Mrs. Marshall. A round-table discussion was led by Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, which proved unusually interesting.

Tuesday evening a candlelight dinner complimenting all chapter regents of the S. C. D. A. R. was held, a courtesy of Cowpens and Kate Barry chapters. Presentation of all awards offered through the S. C. D. A. R. were made.

The final business session was given over to reports of State Chairmen, which were excellent; reports of conference committees; recommendations of state officers. Mrs. Robert Moultrie Bratton, on behalf of the S. C. D. A. R., presented Mrs. John Logan Marshall a beautiful silver water pitcher and six goblets with the love of the
South Carolina Daughters, in appreciation of her splendid service during the past three years. Officers for the ensuing three years were elected.

On Monday, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General N. S. D. A. R., gave a most interesting radio address, her subject being "Mothers of the Constitution." As far as it is known, Mrs. Robert is the first to handle this subject, and it was quite timely, as the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States will close on April 30.

MRS. ROBERT KING,
State Chairman of Press Relations.

KANSAS

MORE than two hundred Daughters of the American Revolution met March 29, 30, and 31 in Newton for their forty-first Annual State Conference. Miss Marion Seelye, State Regent, presided at all sessions.

Mrs. Walter Foltz was the local chairman for the outstanding event of the conference which was the banquet in the Hotel Ripley, March 30. The National Defense Chairman, Mrs. Imogen Emery, was the guest speaker. She used the conference theme of "Bells" for her subject. She made a plea for the D. A. R. to be well informed on National affairs. She urged them to be crusaders and work with our youth to keep the bells of democracy ever ringing. The programs were silver bells on a blue-covered booklet. Tiny jugs of Newton water, resting on a beautiful blue fringed napkin, were given as favors. The music for this occasion was furnished by the Newton school children under the direction of Miss Helen Stith. American folk songs were sung and acted out. The Spirit of '76, the Federal and Confederate troops dressed in the period of the 'sixties, appeared and sang "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie;" then Abe Lincoln appeared, and the North and South joined hands. Many songs were sung to show the advancement of American music. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see American history unfolded on the stage by Newton youth.

Mrs. A. J. Berger, Arkansas City, Vice Regent of Kansas and chairman of Valley Forge Bells reported the Kansas bells are now ringing at Valley Forge because they have been paid for this year.

Two hundred attended the Thursday luncheon. Mrs. A. W. Geiger was hostess in the absence of her mother, Mrs. Mooreshedd, at their beautiful home, Moorlands, at dinner for the state officers, March 29. At the same hour a dinner for the state chairmen was given at the Ripley Hotel. At eight o'clock the conference and guests gathered in the Lindley High School hall to see a student play and to hear Dr. Claude Flory of McPherson College. Mr. Walter Reese and Mrs. Lenard Nelson were in charge of the music. The orchestra played patriotic airs. At 10:30, all members gathered in the Ripley Hotel for a coffee hour. Mrs. A. J. Wheeler was the committee chairman for this lovely social hour.

The Kansas Daughters deeply mourn the loss of fifty-one of their members by death last year. A memorial service was held the afternoon of March 30. The State Chaplain, Mrs. W. T. Chaney and the local chairman, Mrs. M. D. McKee, were in charge. Mrs. F. H. Dickenson, State Registrar, read the names, as the pages placed a lily in the tall vases for each departed member. Special tribute was paid three women who had been State and National officers, our beloved Mrs. George T. Guernsey, Honorary President General, Mrs. W. E. Stanley, past Vice President General, and Mrs. C. F. Adams, past State Auditor. The Newton Chapter Regent, Mrs. J. B. Heffelfinger, presented a marker from her chapter to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Reese for the grave of their daughter, Mrs. Jeanne Reese Mayberry. Mrs. Harry Kettler sang two solos and Miss Ruth Regier gave an organ number.

Regents and chairmen gave their reports the thirty-first.

Miss Seelye, State Regent, thanked all for the successful conference and announced that the forty-second conference would meet in Topeka in March, 1940.

(MRS. JOHN C.) CORNIS REESE,
Reporter.
THE thirty-ninth Annual Conference of the Michigan Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has become history, but the memory will linger long in the minds of the nearly two hundred who attended any or all of the three-day session, March 29-31, at the Bancroft House, Saginaw.

The State Regent, Mrs. Bessie Howe Geagley, presided at all meetings, with the exception of Thursday p. m., when chapter regents’ reports were presented before the state Vice-Regent, Mrs. Osmond D. Heavenrich. Mrs. Alfred W. Norris of Saginaw Chapter was general chairman and other hostess chapters were from Bay City, Mount Pleasant, Midland, and Alma-Ithaca.

Prominent speakers were heard Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Roy Golze, winner of the patriotic award, told the story of “The Stars In Our Flag.”

Subscription breakfasts, luncheons, and parliamentary law classes filled in every moment, so one barely had time to see the fine display of handiwork from the approved schools, under the supervision of Miss Harriet Simons; the Indian basketry exhibited by Miss Gwinn, in charge of Indian work in the state; the exhibit of historic buildings in Michigan; and the splendid display of scrapbooks showing the year’s work of the chapter press chairmen.

On Wednesday, a deeply impressive twilight vesper memorial service for Daughters who had passed away during the year was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. A. L. Nichols.

Impressive and inspiring music filled the splendid programs. The Chevrolet Octet stirred everyone deeply with its rendition of Irving Berlin’s “God Bless America.” Hardin Van Deursen, of the University of Michigan School of Music, sang several numbers at the banquet. Grove Patterson, editor of the Toledo Blade, in his address on “American Education For What?” Thursday evening at the banquet, said he was deeply impressed by the work of the D. A. R. and challenged the organization to help carry out his three points:

1—education for a real understanding of humanity;
2—for a new social democracy;
3—for the spiritual direction of democracy.

Friday, one hundred and twenty-five senior girls from high schools throughout the state were honored as Good Citizenship Pilgrims with Mrs. Curtis T. Wolford in charge.

Important changes in the by-laws were voted in order to add a second vice regent to the board. Instead of “Year Book” we will have “Proceedings of the Thirty-ninth State Conference.” Chapter group meetings about the state in the fall are to be arranged to establish better contacts.

Mrs. Joy endorsed Mrs. Geagley, State Regent, for the office of Vice President General for 1940.

Junior groups added much to the atmosphere of the splendid conference. Awards for outstanding work among Juniors were given two members of Louisa St. Clair chapter of Detroit; Mrs. Ralph E. Wisner receiving a gold bar pin, and Miss Marion Brooke a silver loving cup.

Mrs. Donald K. Moore, American Music chairman, spoke at the Friday afternoon session closing a most inspiring conference.

Avis L. Thompson,
Chairman, Press Relations.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The National Society will celebrate its day at the World’s Fair in New York on Flag Day, Wednesday, June 14. Details as to the time and place are in the hands of the State Regents, and all Daughters are invited to attend.
THE material presented to you each month in this department is carefully prepared by the Editorial Committee of the Motion Picture Preview Committee. This latter group consists at present of thirty members chosen from Chapters in New York City and vicinity.

The group is so divided that at least three members attend each screening and then submit their reviews of the picture to the Editorial Committee. Comments are made under the following classifications—entertainment, ethics, artistry, educational and pictorial values, story development and audience suitability.

All members attend a monthly motion picture study class under a competent instructor. They realize that to keep abreast of a changing and developing screen constant study and reading of the subject is necessary.

The Editorial Committee has at present seven members selected for their interest in motion pictures and their ability and experience in analyzing them. They meet twice a month to read over all reviews submitted and to write the consensus of opinion of the reviewers. The members of the Editorial Committee are: Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery, Chairman, Mrs. J. W. Cooper, Miss Edith Ford, Mrs. Leon Gibson, Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Mrs. Leon McIntire, and Mrs. Lola Taussig.

Some of the best of the pictures made during the last few years are to be reissued during the summer. Among them are MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, SAN FRANCISCO, DAVID COPPERFIELD and SWEETHEARTS. It is hoped that there will be a reissue of THE PRESIDENT VANISHES, one of Walter Wanger’s fine productions, for it would be as timely now as when it was first made.

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.

**Aidance 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.

**EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN (Universal)**
Joan Blondell, Bing Crosby, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey.

An entertaining comedy-romance between a “Cruising Troubadour” and a telephone operator. Sympathetic direction, enjoyable music and an adorable baby, who steals each scene in which he appears, are the high points of a delightful picture. Comedy and human interest abound in an enjoyable story, excellently acted by a fine cast. Family.

**HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)**
Evelyn Venable, Donald Woods.

An out-of-the-ordinary Western with a fast moving action adventure tale, expert photography of beautiful outdoor scenes and an appealing romance. Family.

**IT’S A WONDERFUL WORLD (MGM)**
Claudette Colbert, James Stewart, Guy Kibbee, Ernest Truex.

A detective mystery in which pleasant romance and gay comedy situations help to make light entertainment of a delightful type. W. S. Van Dyke who directed “The Thin Man” has missed no opportunity for hilarious comedy. Adults and young people.

**THE JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD (20th Century-Fox)**

When Mr. Jones is elected to represent the Maryville Post at the American Legion Convention in Hollywood, he decides to take his family and travel by trailer. Their experiences in the studios, Mr. Jones’ part in Legion parades down Hollywood Boulevard and the final return of the family to their home town are all part of a delightfully amusing story of family life with a commendable undercurrent of seriousness. Family.

**MAN OF CONQUEST (Republic)**
Richard Dix, Edward Ellis, Gail Patrick.

An historical and romantic biography of thrilling episodes in the life of Sam Houston which
include his great friendship for Andrew Jackson, his services in the Battle of New Orleans, his fight to help his Indian friends retain their lands, the famous Battle of the Alamo and the great part he played in freeing Texas from Mexico, making it an independent state and bringing it into the Union. Family.

**ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS**  
*(Columbia)*

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Richard Barthelmess.

A romantic melodrama of aviation with its background in Chile where a group of well-seasoned pilots fly over the Andes through fine weather and bad carrying on their regular commercial air-transport service. Good. Family.

**THE OUTSIDER**  
*(Alliance Films—British)*

Mary Maguire, George Sanders, Peter Murray Hill, Frederick Leister.

The humane work of the scientist who is not a registered physician is emphasized in this story of the cure of a crippled girl by “an outsider.” It is reminiscent of “The Citadel” and “The Story of Louis Pasteur” in its comments on the rigidly academic attitude of the medical profession. Adults and young people.

**Marion Lee Montgomery,**  
*(Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery)*,  
National Chairman,  
Motion Picture Committee.

**Report of Junior American Citizens Committee**

AND so, the forty-eighth Continental Congress has come and gone, and its inspiration lingers with us. We are thrilled with the reports of the many committees as they have been given, becoming more and more impressed with the tremendous scope and achievements of our National Society.

To those who were unable to attend the Congress, now is the time to report the achievements of the Junior American Citizens Clubs. The aim of the National Chairman was that we might have 100,000 members this year. Last year 81,417 were registered with the National Society at the time of Congress, with a total of 2,370 clubs. This year, at the Congress, the National Chairman, with a song in her heart, reported a total of 117,316 members, and 3,254 clubs, giving a net gain of 884 clubs and 35,899 members. Thus do we see how the interest in the work is gaining, and how the Daughters are aroused to the need of this work with all the youth of our land.

The particular incentive may perhaps lie in the fact that the clubs are formed of all boys and girls, regardless of race, creed, or color, and in every city and town and hamlet. The local chapter, sponsoring the club work, stands as the link between it and the National Society, encouraging the members by words of praise and commendation, by interest in what the clubs are doing or want to do, and by presenting them with flags or posters, as an expression of their cooperation and belief in the club work.

From practically every state in the Union have come to the National Chairman stories of work which the clubs are doing, and the varied interest of the members is interesting to note. One club is a harmonica club, for instance; another is a safety patrol, still another is a stamp club where the members study the lives of the men whose images appear on the stamps. Still other clubs are studying town, state and national government, visit Americanization courts, prepare dolls, scrapbooks and toys for crippled children and for children’s hospitals. Other clubs present pageants, plays, and write songs. Then we hear of clubs among the underprivileged—how they have brought up the standards of living in their communities through the ideals of the club work. Clubs have presented delightful radio programs of original songs, essays and poems, as fine as any juvenile program which a station can broadcast.

When one realizes the scope of the club work with Junior American Citizens, one is immediately enthused and eager to push it. At the Mayflower Hotel, on April 19, a special breakfast was held with more than 250 in attendance—women eager to know what was being done in the country, and eager, also, to go forth among the youth.
of the land to do their share in this great work.

Prizes were offered at the breakfast for various accomplishments by the states, and the following were given:

For the largest net gain in clubs, $10 went to Mrs. S. L. Smith, State Chairman of North Carolina; $5 to Mrs. Eugene Crutcher of Tennessee, and $3 to Mrs. Ralph B. Summers of Arizona. Honorable mention went to South Carolina, Arkansas, and Massachusetts.

For the largest net gain in members, $10 went to Mrs. S. L. Smith of North Carolina; $5 to Mrs. Eugene Crutcher of Tennessee, and $3 to Mrs. Thomas F. Short of Arkansas. Honorable mention went to South Carolina, Arizona and Massachusetts.

For the Chapter sponsoring the largest number of clubs, Betsy Ross Chapter of Massachusetts received $10; Major General Robert Howe of North Carolina, received $5, and $3 went to Sophie De Marsac Campen Chapter of Michigan. Honorable mention went to Columbia Chapter, South Carolina; Colonel Arthur Erwin Chapter, Florida; Pocahontas Chapter, Texas, and Henry Dawson, Kansas.

For the Chapter sponsoring the largest number of members, new and old, $10 went to Queen Alliquippa Chapter, Pennsylvania; $5 to Major General Robert Howe, North Carolina, and $3 to Betsy Ross Chapter, Massachusetts. Honorable mention went to Sophie De Marsac Campen Chapter, Michigan; John McKnitt Alexander, Texas; Columbia Chapter, South Carolina, and Fort Vasquez, Colorado.

Ten dollars was also given California for outstanding club work, $5 to South Carolina, and $3 to Colorado, with honorable mention for Massachusetts, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kansas, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maine, Texas, Florida, Arizona, Arkansas and Iowa.

Let us go forward another year, eager, alive, alert to our responsibility toward Junior American Citizens, our own boys and girls of this vast land, and bring them all under the guidance of this club work.

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman,
Junior American Citizens Committee.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC

When one mentions the month of July one’s mind instinctively travels forward four days, to the anniversary of the birth of our independent nation. There are quite a number of compositions suited for use on this patriotic occasion. Among these is the famous Liberty Bell March for piano, by John Philip Sousa; and various other musical expressions of freedom. In one chorus, the country is spoken of as the Bride of Freedom.

Because July Fourth is a great picnic day, music depicting forests and glens where such scenes are laid, would be most appropriate for a mid-summer program. It is also a time for the children to visit the Zoo and this phase of holiday activity has been vividly portrayed in music by a prominent contemporary American composer.

Music from the pen of those born in July is rather interesting and the composers themselves, outstanding. On the list are several university professors who are also composers and a concert pianist-composer. Probably the July composer most widely known is the American song writer, Stephen Collins Foster, who was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Independence Day, 1826. His folksong type of music swept the country. On the opening page of the booklet of the Stephen Foster Memorial of the University of Pittsburgh, the dedication committee refer to this composer as one “whose melodies have become the heart songs of the American people.” Be this as it may, we did not have another composer until Ethelbert Nevin (1862-1901), who was such a master in the smaller musical form. The music of both men is enjoyed and not easily forgotten, because of its melody, rather than its greatness.
In keeping with the season, music inspired by “just a summer’s day with clouds adrift in the sky” would be quite suitable for a July program and help to round out the musical possibilities for the month. And so with Ernest Charles, we sing:

I. Seasonal Music

### Piano
- Mid-Summer .................................................. (A. P. Schmidt Co.)
- Summer ........................................................... (Composers Press, Inc.)
- Solo—voice
  - Down in the Glen ...........................................(Composers Press, Inc.)
  - Summer Afternoon .........................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
  - Clouds .........................................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

### Solo—voice
- Down in the Glen ...........................................(Composers Press, Inc.)
- Summer Afternoon .........................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- Clouds .........................................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

### Violin
- Dance Rustique ................................................(Carl Fischer, Inc.)
- Summer Idyl, Op. 21, No. 2 ................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

### Women’s Chorus
- One Summer Day ................................................(A. P. Schmidt Co.)
- The Fairy Ring .................................................(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

II. Occasional Music—Independence Day

### Piano
- Polonaise Américaine .........................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- At the Zoo ......................................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- Liberty Bell March ............................................(John Church Co.)

### Chorus
- Freedom’s Bride ................................................(A. P. Schmidt Co.)
- For the State ....................................................(Presbyterian Hymnal)

### Violoncello and Piano
- A Silhouette, Op. 21, No. 1 ................................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

### Women’s Voices
- Song of Liberty ................................................(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

III. Music by Composers Born in July

### Sonatina for Organ
- (Paraphrase by John Tasker Howard) .......................... (G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair—for Solo—Voice ....(J. Fischer & Bro.)
- Now With the Sun’s Declining Ray—for Organ ..........(The H. W. Gray Co.)

### Piano
- Three Miniatures, Op. 27, for Piano .........................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- Two Florentine Sketches, for Piano .........................(G. Schirmer, Inc.)
- Victory Ball ......................................................(Victor Record 1127-8)

Clouds adrift in the summer sky
Resemble Life, as they wander by.
Whence they come and whither they go
We often wonder but never know;
Part of the infinite, shall we say,
Part of the moment we call today.
Junior D. A. R. Assembly

The third annual Junior D. A. R. Assembly was held on Tuesday, April 18, 1939, in Memorial Continental Hall. Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General and National Chairman of Junior Membership, called the meeting to order. Following the opening exercises and greetings to the assembled Juniors and guests, Mrs. Schermerhorn introduced Miss Dorothy Evans, of Oak Park, Illinois, Chairman of the 1939 Junior Assembly, who presided over the Assembly.

The Juniors were honored by the presence of the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., and two Honorary Presidents General, Mrs. William Russell Magna and Mrs. William A. Becker, all of whom extended greetings. Mrs. William H. Pouch, the Past National Director and Honorary Advisor to the Junior Assembly, also greeted the Juniors.

Reports were read by the 1939 Assembly officers and committee chairmen. Two-minute talks on Junior activities were given by a number of Juniors from different sections of the country.

The recommendation of the Helen Pouch Memorial Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools Committee, sponsored by the Junior Groups and the Junior Assembly, that a $100 scholarship be given to Tamasee and Kate Duncan Smith Schools each year, and that a third scholarship of $100 be given a different Approved School each year, was adopted. The third scholarship this year is to go to Northland College. Pledges of nearly $150 were made to the fund for the 1940 scholarships.

The following resolutions were presented by the Resolutions Committee and adopted:

1. That Junior Groups undertake an extensive study of the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution and
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Ruben Garland, Atlanta, Georgia.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Verna Young, Washington, D. C.

Treasurer—Mrs. Wm. F. Streitk, Detroit, Michigan.

Editor of the “Echoes”—Mrs. Margaret Gillian Payne, Charlotte, N. C.

Chairman Junior Page, NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE—Miss Olive Webster, 91 Hillside Ave., West Newton, Massachusetts.

Chairman Helen Pouch Memorial Scholarship Fund—Mrs. Frank L. Harris, Racine, Wisconsin.

Chairman of Coca Cola Booth—Miss Elvyn Cook, Kenmore, New York.

Chairman of Exhibits—Miss Charlotte Sayer, Point Pleasant, West Virginia.

Chairman of Special Arrangements—Mrs. Cornelia Hartman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chairman of Registration—Miss Mabel Claxton, French Lick, Indiana.

Advisors to 1940 Assembly Committee—Mrs. William H. Pouch, Miss Deane VanLandingham, Mrs. Frank L. Harris, Miss Dorothy Evans.

The officers for the 1940 Junior Assembly were introduced. On motion, the third annual Junior D. A. R. Assembly was adjourned.

The large number of Juniors registered at the Junior registration desk took part in all the activities during the week of Continental Congress. Many were pages, and others helped at the Junior Bazaar and coca cola booth. On Monday, a most successful Junior Membership breakfast was held at the Mayflower Hotel. On Thursday afternoon all the Juniors marched to Constitution Hall and stood on the platform while Miss Dorothy Evans gave a report of the 1939 Junior Assembly.

HELEN M. SCOTT,
Chairman, Junior Page,
NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

———

Message from Chairman of 1939 Junior Assembly

THE 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly is past. We hope you enjoyed it. This closing message is to thank all those who had any part in this Junior Assembly for making it as fine as it was. All year these girls have worked and the result has been the completed Junior Assembly.

Thank you all for what you have done, the way you have cooperated, and the satisfaction you have brought to the many people interested in the Junior D. A. R. Assembly.

DOROTHY EVANS, Chairman,
1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly.

All material for the Junior Page in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE should now be sent to the new chairman, Miss Olive Webster, 91 Hillside Avenue, West Newton, Massachusetts.

———

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNIORS

ON November 19, 1938, the Junior D. A. R.’s and S. A. R.’s of the District of Columbia held their first Assembly at the Sulgrave Club. The membership is limited to eighty couples. There were seventy-five couples present and the evening was an assured success. This dance created new friends for the D. A. R.’s and the S. A. R.’s. We are eagerly looking forward to next year’s affair. Both organizations acquired new members.

February 2, 1939, the District Junior D. A. R. gave a dinner at the Y. W. C. A. with Mrs. George Schermerhorn, National Organizing Secretary General and Chairman of Junior Membership, as guest of honor. The President General, State Regent, and other National and State Officers were present. The Junior Chairmen gave their reports for the year. At this meeting, the Juniors voted $15 toward the Helen Pouch Scholarship Fund.

HELEN F. EVERETT,
State Chairman of Junior Membership.

———

Junior Activities at North Carolina State Conference

THE keen interest and enthusiasm displayed by the North Carolina Juniors at the 39th State Conference was very gratifying, and we hope that the inspiration
which they carried away will spread the Junior work and membership through the State so that eventually we will have a Junior Group in every place that has a Senior Chapter.

During Conference the Statesville Group was joint hostess with the Senior Chapter; the Juniors’ responsibility being to entertain the pages and visiting Juniors.

On Tuesday they gave a beautiful luncheon at the Statesville Woman’s Club in honor of the pages. This event introduced girls from all over the State and started their “Paging Days” in a happy, friendly manner.

On Wednesday, there was an elaborate luncheon for all delegates and Juniors attending the State Conference. The Juniors were in charge of the program for the luncheon, and through the ingenuity of the toastmistress, Mrs. Noel Walker Robbins, of Charlotte, N. C., the official pages were introduced by means of a clever rhyme. In turn, the pages toasted the distinguished guests, also in rhyme, including our Honorary President General, Mrs. W. A. Becker; National President C. A. R., Mrs. W. H. Pouch; and the State officials.

After luncheon the Juniors assembled and filed into the afternoon session in procession, led by a member who carried the new Junior D. A. R. Banner, which was a gift from the State Organization. Following the official presentation of the banner, Mrs. Davis asked for the annual reports of each Junior Group.

Announcement was made of the organization of a new Junior Group at Wadesboro, N. C., and a D. A. R. bracelet was presented to the organizing chairman by Mrs. Margaret Gilliam Payne, Editor of North Carolina Junior Echoes.

Wednesday evening a ball was given in honor of the pages and Juniors, and a perfectly delightful time was enjoyed by all attending.

On Thursday morning we arose early to attend the Junior breakfast at 7:30. In spite of the hour, everyone seemed wide awake with plans and ideas for the coming year.

The hostess Juniors, as well as those representing Junior Groups from all over the State, played a very definite part in the Conference this year and we feel, now, that the Junior movement is really alive in the State.

The aim of the Junior Membership is to familiarize our young women with the work of the D. A. R. through Junior Groups and thereby to interest them in taking an active part in their Senior Chapters.

Thelma Welles Campbell,
State Chairman Junior Membership.

Norristown, Pennsylvania, Juniors

The Junior Group of Valley Forge Chapter, Norristown, Pa., organized in November, with Mrs. C. Howard Harry, Jr., president; Mrs. Theodore Heysham, Jr., secretary, and Mrs. Armand DuPaul, senior sponsor. Since then we have lost no time becoming an active group; first, sending a Christmas box to Tamassee, and recently taking complete charge of decorations and servings as aides at the chapter’s card party. This, the event of the year, was given to raise funds for the “Health House” at Tamassee.

Under the capable leadership of Mrs. Richard D. Oberholtzer, the club house was decorated in Victorian theme. A charming living room was arranged on the stage, exhibiting mellowed pieces of furniture, rare bits of china, glass, and handiwork, recreating the atmosphere of that famous era. The walls of the auditorium were hung with rare and beautifully patterned quilts, cherished heirlooms of members. Particularly interesting was an “album” quilt made by the graduating class of 1848 of the Oakland Female Institute in Norristown, an early girls’ boarding school in this country.

Members of the group assisted at the tea table and as aides, dressed in gowns running the gamut of the Victorian period, from wide, billowing hoops and bustles to the wasp waists of 1900.

One may picture the charm the colorful setting and picturesque costumes gave to this successful affair.

Virginia Fell Heysham,
Secretary.
CONTRIBUTOR is asking for collaboration! Catherine Cate Coblentz, whose poems, articles, and book reviews have frequently graced the pages of this magazine, has struck a snag in her research work and is asking for help: "Since the readers of the 'National Historical Magazine' are interested in historical source material, and since I am very much interested in locating a certain incident, would it be possible to ask whether any of them could help me? A Jacob Carter and his family, which included a daughter, Bessie, stopped a few weeks at a frontier post, and eventually settled a section not far from the post. There they were attacked by Indians (Sioux) and Bessie summoned help by sending one of her pet pigeons to the fort. Does anyone know where this incident occurred and where the reference to it may be located?"

Our contributor, Mrs. Mae F. Havi-land, whose article "Come Forth and Bring Your Garlands" appeared in the April issue, has sent in some additional material to supplement her own article—a valuable form of collaboration! The following items seem to the editor especially interesting:

"Benjamin Franklin was particularly fond of the lyrics of Isaac Watts. The first book issued from Franklin's press in Philadelphia was an edition of Watts' 'Psalms and Hymns.'"

"John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse, besides writing the large number of hymns in his 'Poems of Religion and Society.' One of his poems, first published in 1807, carries the same central idea as Henry Vaughan's 'Retreat' and as Wordsworth's of 'Immortality,' published the same year."

"President Woodrow Wilson edited the hymn book, 'In Excelsis.'"

Mr. M. C. McConkey, whose article entitled "When Washington Crossed the Delaware" appeared in the December issue, is another contributor who has been kind enough to send some supplementary mate-rial. He writes: "Perhaps one sidelight I have on the article may interest you. Just who the Tory was who tried to warn Rall has long been in dispute. Legend has offered at least two names—a German spy named Wahl, and a notorious Tory guer- rilla named Doane. So far as I have gone, the evidence points clearly to the latter. In Revolutionary times, he acquired a very bad name. Late research has considerably enhanced his character. Rather than cruel, he seems to have been honestly a Tory, a lover of adventure, strong, ener-getic, resourceful, with a flair for the comi-cal and dramatic; altogether an interesting rascal. His family were an offshoot of the Doanes of Plymouth, Massachusetts, a highly respected family who settled there within a couple of decades of its founding. They are from a very old English family; an offshoot were the Doones of Lorna Doone story, at least according to one author. The Doanes must have been a virile stock; the old English pictures of them remind me very much of my mother, who was a direct descendant of the Plymouth Doanes."

Mrs. Ralph Decker, State Magazine Chairman for Pennsylvania, sends us the following little story: "Last fall, while visiting out in Michigan, a dear old lady told me this story. 'When my father, Orrin Trumbull, was married to my mother, Elizabeth Wells, they left New York State and came out here in Kent County, Michigan, to start a new home. Believing that every farm should have plenty of fruit trees, my father brought with him a small bag of apple seeds. As soon as a piece of land could be made ready, the apple seeds were planted. And when those little trees poked their heads up through the soil, mother said the farmers came from all around to see. You can hardly imagine the excitement when the first apple was discovered in our apple orchard! My brother, Cassins, was about four years old. It was a beautiful red apple and very tempting, but he was reminded that it was not to be picked until father picked it. One morning mother missed Cassins, and as she hurried out to..."
the field to call father—for there were Indians in the country then—she fell over a chair standing under the apple tree, where the one red apple had hung. Now there was only a small core hanging from the little limb. But the apple had not been picked! No, I don’t believe father punished brother, for you see he hadn’t really disobeyed.” The story, “Apple Blossom Time,” by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie in last year’s May Magazine made this story even more interesting to me. They are yet raising apples on this farm, and no doubt from the children and grandchildren of those first little trees from the seeds brought from New York State so long ago.”

The editor has already expressed her gratitude for the gesture made by the Georgia and Kentucky State Conferences, in using miniature copies of the Magazine for favors at their state banquets. In like measure, she is grateful for the generous action of the Florida State Conference as outlined in the following letter: “The Florida Daughters of the American Revolution at the State Conference held in Tampa, Florida, March 7-11, expressed the highest appreciation of the value of the ‘National Historical Magazine,’ and upon motion, I was instructed to write you, as editor, to thank you for the very great help the organ is to the State Society as well as to the National Society.”

Among orders for subscriptions that have been received recently at this office, one bearing the letterhead of the Roumanian Legation and written by Madame Iremescu, the American-born wife of the Roumanian Minister, is especially gratifying: “Enclosed is two dollars for which please send me your ‘National Historical Magazine,’ for having read the March number, I find it most interesting and instructive. Please begin the subscription with the August, 1938 issue if possible. I wish the magazine much prosperity.”

Among orders for single copies, one came from Mrs. Percy B. Scott, Managing Editor of Guide, the Women’s National Political Review, which pleased the editor very much: “Permit me to congratulate you on the magazine. The February, 1939 issue is the first that I have seen and I can assure you that I have read it with a great deal of interest and enjoyment. As it just happened that it came to my desk through the kindness of a friend, I am not able to keep this magazine in my possession and therefore, I am going to ask you to send me a copy of the January, February, and March issues and I am enclosing $1 in stamps to cover the cost. It seems to me that your magazine should be read by young Americans in every corner of the forty-eight states.”

We are always interested in knowing which issues have seemed the best to our subscribers, for such information is helpful in assembling future material. Therefore, this comment was welcome: “All my family are enjoying the ‘National Historical Magazine,’ especially this last, the March number.” (May the editor tell you a secret in view of this? The March issue is the one with which she herself has felt most nearly satisfied so far!)

And of course we are always delighted to hear from satisfied advertisers: “Thank you for the review of our Roster of Revolutionary Soldiers in the February issue. This morning I received the first order as the result of the review and advertisement. I hope many more will follow,” writes one of them. From another comes this comment: “I am enclosing a check for my advertisement and another for a subscription to your Magazine. It has never been our policy to advertise, but hearing from my customers recently so much about the Magazine, and knowing what a fine class of women come to Washington for the Continental Congress, I thought it might be a good investment. I was thrilled at the space given me. I know that many people will see the advertisement, and perhaps remember it in the future. All good wishes to your organization and to your wonderful Magazine.”
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Memorialized—October 11, 1890)

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

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT
1938-1939

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

Vice-Presidents General
(Term of office expires 1940)

Mrs. Frank M. Dick,
"Dunmovin," Cambridge, Md.

Mrs. Elmer H. Whittaker,
124 E. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

Mrs. Wm. Henry Belk,
220 Hawthorne Lane, Charlotte, N. C.

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

Mrs. Charles E. Head,
4536 47th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

Miss Bonnie Farwell,
1107 S. Center St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Mrs. Maurice Clark Turner,
3820 Gillon Ave., Dallas, Texas.

Mrs. Charles H. Adams,
800 Pennsylvania St., Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Val Taylor,
Water St., Uniontown, Ala.

Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham,
Bedford Ave., Altavista, Va.

Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, 207 Wilson Lane, Bethesda, Md.

Mrs. John Logan Marshall,
Clemson College, S. C.

Mrs. Arthur J. Rahn,
113 Hawthorne Ave., Lewistown, Mont.

Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins,
Lisbon, N. H.

Mrs. Chester S. McMartin,
1620 Palmcroft Drive, Phoenix, Ariz.

Mrs. Robert Keene Arnold,
Versailles, Ky.

Mrs. Harper Donelson Sheppard,
117 Frederick St., Hanover, Pa.

Mrs. Homer Fergus Sloan,
Willbuth Plantation, Marked Tree, Ark.

Mrs. Frederick Palmer Latimer,
40 Kenyon St., Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Henry Clay Chiles,
Lafayette Arms, Lexington, Mo.

Mrs. Robert J. Johnston, Humboldt, Iowa.

Chaplain General
Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, 310 E. Elm St., Wichita, Kansas.

Recording Secretary General
Mrs. John S. Haume,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Corresponding Secretary General
Mrs. Wm. Kennedy Hering, Jr.,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Organizing Secretary General
Mrs. George D. Schermherhorn,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Treasurer General
Miss Pace Schwarzwalder,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Registrar General
Mrs. Frank Leon Nason,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Historian General
Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Librarian General
Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Curator General
Mrs. Willard Steele,
Memorial Continental Hall.

Report General to Smithsonian Institution
Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young, 32 Bellevue Ave., Piedmont, Calif.
### National Board of Management—Continued

#### State Regents and State Vice Regents for 1938-39

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Name and Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alabama</td>
<td>Mrs. Elay Ruff Barnes, 18 Wilson St., Montgomery.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. T. H. Napier, Montevallo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alaska</td>
<td>Mrs. Donald MacDonald, Fairbanks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. John Elton Yoeck, Lock Box 291, Fairbanks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arizona</td>
<td>Mrs. John Wallace Chappell, 525 E. Speedway, Tucson.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. William J. Oliver, 209 N. Pleasant St., Prescott.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arkansas</td>
<td>Mrs. Charles Henry Miller, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Thomas Francis Short, DeQueen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California</td>
<td>Mrs. John Whitting Howe Hocke, 158 No. June St., Los Angeles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Perry Wallace MacDonald, 434 Fais Ave., Piedmont.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colorado</td>
<td>Mrs. Carbon Gissapir, 1505 Ninth St., Boulder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Frederick C. Krueller, 1740 Sherman St., Denver.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connecticut</td>
<td>Miss Mary Channa Welch, 40 Thomaston St., Hartford.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delaware</td>
<td>Mrs. James Hutchinson Scott, 400 No. Franklin St., Wilmington.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Walter S. Williams, 101 Rodman Road, Penny Hill, Wilmington.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
<td>Miss Lillian Chewey, 1350 Meridian Place, Washington.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florida</td>
<td>Mrs. C. T. Macfie, Zelle-Claire Villa, Plant City.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Charles T. Paxon, 223 West Seventh St., Jacksonville.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>Mrs. Wm. Harrison Hightower, No. Church St., Thomaston.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawaii</td>
<td>Mrs. Jessie Powers Cameron, P. O. Box 2426, Honolulu.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Byron Eldred Noble, 2152 Atherton Road, Honolulu.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho</td>
<td>Mrs. Thomas F. Warner, 206 8th Ave., East, Twin Falls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Ashcroft, 1110 First Ave., Payette.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>Miss Helen May McMakin, 413 No. Broadway, Salem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Frederick Arthur Sapp, 862 Congress St., Ottawa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiana</td>
<td>Mrs. William H. Schlosser, 99 No. Fordsye St., Franklin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. LaFayette LeVan Porter, 600 Ridge Ave., Greensocket.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. T. B. Throckmorton, 915 45th St., Des Moines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas</td>
<td>Miss Marion Eleanor Seelye, 1105 N. Buckeye Ave., Abilene.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. A. J. Berck, Box 379, Arkansas City.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentucky</td>
<td>Mrs. Frederick Alfred Walls, 616 Pleasant St., Paris.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Curtis Marshall McGee, Burkherville.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louisiana</td>
<td>Mrs. Charles M. Flower, 1105 No. First St., Monroe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Joseph O. Lambert, 942Eric St., Shreveport.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maine</td>
<td>Mrs. Fred C. Morgan, 326 Main St., Seco.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Margaret Emily McBryde, 657 Main St., Lewiston.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland</td>
<td>Mrs. William Bummla Blakeelee, 222 St. Dunstans Rd., Homeland, Baltimore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Maud Holt Mauler, 4503 Roland Ave., Baltimore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>Miss Ethel Lane Hersey, 154 South St., Hingham.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Frederick G. Smith, 146 Highland Ave., Somerville.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan</td>
<td>Mrs. William Carl Grabert, 1115 So. Genesee Drive, Lansing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Osmond Dora Havenreich, 1504 Greenwood St., Jackson.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnesota</td>
<td>Mrs. Floyd William Bennett, 330 Prospect Ave., Minneapolis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Nellie L. Sloan, Chicago City.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mississippi</td>
<td>Mrs. Flory E. Quin, North.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Harri Gardner, East Beach, Gulfport.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>Mrs. Walter Eugene Tarlton, Park Plaza Hotel, St. Louis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Frank Gaines Harris, 605 W. Broadway, Columbia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montana</td>
<td>Mrs. Charles E. Darson, 245 Connell Ave., Missoula.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Lewis D. Smith, 130 S. Third St., Livingston.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebraska</td>
<td>Mrs. George H. Holdeman, 305 College Ave., York.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. R. M. Armstrong, 1517 Eye St., Auburn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nevada</td>
<td>Mrs. William Munsen Gardner, 453 Granite St., Reno.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. B. R. Anderson, 867 S. Virginia St., Reno.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>Mrs. Ralph L. Crockett, Redstone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Robert F. Crockett, Denver.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Jersey</td>
<td>Mrs. J. Warren Perkins, 17 Hawthorne Ave., East Orange.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Raymond C. Goodfellow, 115 So. Kingman Road, South Orange.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Mexico</td>
<td>Mrs. Robert K. Bell, Fairwood.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Rolla Roberts Hinkle, 303 So. Missouri Ave., Roswell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>Mrs. George Duff, Orchard St., Fort Plain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Stanley Thorne Manlove, 360 Carpenter Ave., Newburgh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Carolina</td>
<td>Mrs. Eugene Northcutt Davis, 107 E. Lane St., Raleigh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Curtis Wayne Spencer, 514 Princess St., Willington.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Dakota</td>
<td>Mrs. Raymond W. Shriner, 607 6th Ave., N. W., Mandan.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Joe Cuttig, 610 Main St., Willington.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>Mrs. James F. Donahue, 2850 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights, Cleveland.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Alonzo Hathaway Durham, 318 Grifon Ave., Dayton.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oklahoma</td>
<td>Mrs. James J. McNeill, 801 E. Moses St., Cushing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Frank Gordon Musser, 625 Chocuw Ave., Alus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon</td>
<td>Mrs. Gilbert E. Holt, 225 River Drive, Pendleton.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Howard F. Arnst, 4166 E. E. Beamont St., Portland.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Benjamin Ramace Williams, 428 N. McKeen St., Butler.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>Mrs. Ruth Bradley Shepard, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Mark R. Carlson, P. O. Box 2137, Manila.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. T. Frederick Chace, 209 Point St., Providence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Carolina</td>
<td>Mrs. Wm. Sutherland Allan, 5 Bennett St., Charleston.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. E. Clay Fogg, Seneca.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Dakota</td>
<td>Mrs. MacDonald Taylor Greene, 415 E. 5th Ave., Mitchell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Dean Wade Lucas, 196 Capitol Ave., Pierre.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
National Board of Management—Continued

TENNESSEE
Mrs. Walter M. Berry, Route 5, Box 870, Memphis.
Mrs. Clarence G. King, 519 Alabama St., Bristol.

TEXAS
Mrs. Marion D. Mullins, 1424 Cooper St., Fort Worth.
Miss. J. D. Sandef, 2202 Hickory St., Abilene.

UTAH
Mrs. Robert Willies Fisher, 511 E. 3rd South St., Salt Lake City.
Mrs. Walter John Hillarrant, Wattis.

VERMONT
Mrs. Clarence Raymond Arkinson, 19 Messenger St., St. Albans.
Mrs. Birney Batcheller, Wallingford.

VIRGINIA
Mrs. C. A. Swann Sinclair, 305 Braddock Road, Alexandria.
Mrs. George C. Stone, 109 Hawthorne Drive, Danville.

WASHINGTON
Mrs. Edwin E. Rhodes, 119 E. 35th St., Tacoma.
Miss Walter Osborne Bradbury, Route 2, Wapato.

WEST VIRGINIA
Mrs. David E. French, 2126 Reid Ave., Bluefield.
Mrs. Wilson H. S. White, Shepherdstown.

WISCONSIN
Mrs. Frank G. Wheeler, 810 E. College Ave., Appleton.

WYOMING
Mrs. Wilbur Kem Miller, 2514 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne.
Mrs. John G. N., Buffalo.

HONORARY OFFICERS ELECTED FOR LIFE

Honorary Presidents General
Mrs. Grace H. L. Broshaun 3128 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Horace 3128 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Russell W. Magna 178 Madison Ave., Holyoke, Mass.

Honorary Vice-Presidents General
Mrs. Alvin Valentine Lake 1936 Melrose Court, Dallas, Texas
Mrs. William B. Bunty 1937 1817 Senate St., Columbia, S. C.
Mrs. Robert Jeffrey Reed 1938 Emerson Road, Wooddale, Wheeling, W. Va.
Mrs. Charles Beach Booth 1938 3036 Oak St., South Pasadena, Calif.

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

AMERICAN INDIAN INSTITUTE Mr. Robert M. Muir Wichita, Kansas
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE Dr. C. S. McGown Springfield, Massachusetts
Berea College Dr. William J. Hutchins Berea, Kentucky
The Berry Schools Miss Martha Berry Mount Berry, Georgia
Blue Ridge Industrial School Dr. George P. Mayo Briss, Virginia
Carr Creek Community Center, Inc. Mr. W. T. Francis Carr Creek, Kentucky
Crossnore School Dr. Mary Martin Sloop Crossnore, North Carolina
Hillside School Mr. Lemuel Sanford Marlborough, Massachusetts
Hindman Settlement School Miss May Stone Hindman, Kentucky
Kaye Duncan Smith D. A. R. School Mrs. Wilson Evans Grant, Alabama
Lincoln Memorial University Dr. Stewart W. McGeeland Harrogate, Tennessee
Maryville College Miss Clemmie I. Henry Maryville, Tennessee
Montverde School Mr. H. P. Carpenter Montverde, Florida
Northland College Dr. J. D. Brownell Ashland, Wisconsin
Pine Mountain Settlement School Mr. Glynn A. Morris Pine Mountain, Kentucky
Schauffler College Dr. Raymond G. Clapp Cleveland, Ohio
Tamassee D. A. R. School Mr. Ralph H. Cain Tamassee, South Carolina
National Committees, 1938-1939

NATIONAL CHAIRMEN

ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC
MRS. EDWARD G. MEAD, 504 E. Church St., Oxford, Ohio.

AMERICANISM
MRS. JOSEPH J. RICHARDSON, 325 Failing Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

APPROVED SCHOOLS
MRS. SAMUEL JAMES CAMPBELL, 111 W. Broadway, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

CAROLINE E. HOLZ SCHOLARSHIP FUND
MRS. RUTH BRADLEY SHELTON, 803 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

CONSERVATION
MRS. ORIN B. WESTON, 209 Durden St., Vidalia, Ga.

Vice-Chairman in Charge of American Indians
MRS. B. D. WEEMS, Bacone College, Bacone, Okla.

CORRECT USE OF THE FLAG

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
MRS. ROSSO C. O'BYRNE, 912 Main St., Brookville, Ind.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP
MRS. VICTOR ABBOT BINFORD, Roxbury, Maine.

MUSEUM
MRS. LEROY MONTGOMERY, 94 Lincoln Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.

STUDENT LOAN FUND
MRS. CLAUDINE MUTTER, 122 Harrison St., Lynchburg, Va.

ELLIS ISLAND
MRS. FRANK L. NASON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

CREDENTIALS
MISS KEYSER FRY, 325 Douglass St., Reading, Pa.

RESOLUTIONS
MRS. JOHN TRIGG MOSS, 6017 Enright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

INSIGNIA
MRS. JOSEPH E. PRYOR, 127 Whittredge Rd., Summit, N. J.

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION
MRS. JOHN KERR, 404 6th Ave., S., Jamestown, N. Dak.

ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEES

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

FINANCE
MRS. JOHN S. HEARNE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

AUDITING
MRS. VINTON E. Sisson, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

PRINTING
MRS. FRANK BOUDINOT WHITLOCK, 94 Lincoln Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.

BUILDING AND GROUNDS
MRS. FRANK L. NASON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

ART CRITICS

D. A. R. HANDBOOK
MRS. W. S. MUSCHAI, Laurel, Md.

Board of Management National Society Children of the American Revolution

National President
MRS. JOHN MORRISON KERR

National Vice Presidents
MRS. EDMUND BURKE BALL, Indiana
MRS. WILLIAM A. BECKER, Indiana
MRS. GRACE H. L. BRESSARD, N. Y.
MRS. RYLAND C. BRYANT, D. C.
MRS. LOUISE MOSELEY HEATON, Miss.
MRS. HENRY BOURNE JOY, Michigan
MRS. F. LOUIS STOECKLE, Oregon

National Chaplain
MRS. WILLIAM HENRY BELK

National Recording Secretary
MRS. CHARLES CARROLL HAGH

National Organising Secretary
MRS. GEOFFREY CREWE

National Corresponding Secretary
MRS. B. HARRISON LINCOLN

National Treasurer
MRS. THADEUS M. JONES

[ 94 ]