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THE CHAPEL AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, WHERE JOHN PAUL JONES IS BURIED

John Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy

EDITH BANE

The most dramatic role in America's struggle for Independence was played by her first great Naval Commander

NAVY Day, October 27th, turns the nation's thought back to the romantic life, devoted service and heroic deeds of John Paul Jones, Father and Founder of the American Navy. He was the controlling spirit of the committee that presented the bill to the Continental Congress on October 27th, 1775, recommending the construction of the first American warships. Navy Day is the anniversary of that momentous event.

The purpose of the observance of Navy Day is to show the nation's appreciation of the service and splendid efficiency of our fleet today and to do honor and draw inspiration from the lives of naval heroes of the past who have achieved great names and performed great deeds in the ever glorious annals of the sea.

No name has shed more luster and honor on American Naval traditions than that of
John Paul Jones. He hoisted the first stars and stripes that ever waved over an American ship of war and who can say that the matchless heroism with which he ever defended that flag on the high seas was not the deciding factor in securing our independence.

His immortal words “I have not yet begun to fight” are still an inspiration to every man who wears the naval uniform and will continue to ring down through the centuries like a trumpet call to battle when any foe assails our freedom or independence.

John Paul Jones was born in a fishing hamlet on the shores of Solway Firth in southern Scotland July 6, 1747. The family name was Paul, therefore, he was known as John Paul until 1773 when he came to America to live and assumed the name of Jones. His father was a lowlander and held the humble position of master gardener and fish warden to a country squire. His mother was by birth “a Hieland Lassie” and had the romantic name of Jeanne McDuff. She was the daughter of an Argyle Highlander and a descendant of one of the fierce clans that had their home in the heathered hills of Scotland. John Paul’s scorn of peril, exultant valor, and the deathless grit that made him conqueror when others would have succumbed were perhaps the heritage of his mother’s intrepid ancestors in the Grampian Hills.

As a lad he was sturdy, fearless, had a passion for the sea, and early developed remarkable skill in handling his father’s fishing yawls. His youthful imagination was kindled by stories of distant lands and adventures at sea told by sailors from all parts of the world whose boats found anchor in the shelter of the Firth and he begged his father to let him ship aboard some merchant vessel bound for the new world. He finally secured his father’s consent and in 1759, when only twelve years of age, he went across the Solway to Whitehaven, the principal port on the Firth, and was duly bound shipmaster’s apprentice. A few days thereafter, the stout brig Friendship of one hundred forty-eight tons, James Younger, owner, Richard Benison, master, and John Paul, master’s apprentice, sailed for Virginia and the West Indies. Such was the sea-birth and such the Neptune’s christening of the Scottish peasant lad, who was destined to be an international hero, the idol of kings and queens, a Chevalier of France, a Vice-admiral of Russia, the champion of American freedom, the Founder of the American Navy, and the greatest sea-victor of his age.

The destination of John Paul’s first voyage was the Rappahannock River in Virginia. On this and succeeding voyages to America he learned to know and love the novel and independent life of the American colonies. This was a love that never faltered, for long afterwards he said “America has been the country of my fond election from the age of twelve when I first saw it.”

The next sixteen years of his life were spent in the rough schooling of the sea, dealing without help or guidance with the crudest of men in the hardest of times. Every effort and every event of his life during this period seem to have been divinely planned to prepare him for the great work he was destined to do for the cause of American freedom. He was employed by various merchant companies which took him not only to the American colonies and the West Indies, but to Spain, Africa, and around the Cape of Good Hope to India, thus making him familiar with the sea routes and the various peoples and conditions in the world. He served in every capacity from deck-hand to captain and learned by hard experience every detail of practical navigation. He was not only a dependable and conscientious seaman but an arduous student as well. Had this not been true his future career would have been impossible for his early education was very meager. When on duty he studied the ever-varying pathway of the winds, the sweep of the ocean currents by day, and the position of the stars by night. When off duty he kept up a systematic midnight toil in the study of languages, history, philosophy, diplomacy, and an exhaustive study of the science of navigation. His most careful biographer said, “This symmetrically developed man was wholly self-made, everything that he was or that he did, or that he knew, was the fruit of self incentive and self-help, to a degree that was and still is, unexampled in the histories of great men.”

A decision early in his career showed his
aborrence of human oppression and resulted in proving his ability as a navigator. In 1766 he was employed as first-mate on a slaver operating between Africa and Jamaica. The injustice and cruelty of this trade in human beings affected him so deeply that he resigned his position and sailed on a passenger vessel for home. During the voyage yellow fever took the lives of the captain, mate, and most of the crew, and John Paul, passenger, then only nineteen years of age, took command and brought the ship safely to harbor. The owners showed their appreciation by giving him a generous reward and raising him to the rank of captain.

In 1773 he was called to Virginia by the death of a brother who had preceded him to the new world. Then came to pass his change of name from John Paul to John Paul Jones. Historians disagree as to his reason for doing this. Some say it was a provision in an American kinsman’s will that he assume the name of Jones in order to secure an inheritance. Others say it was because of his affectionate regard for an American family by that name who had befriended him when he was in need. Whatever the reason, his subsequent heroic deeds have placed both names high on the roll of honor.

From 1773 to 1775 he gave up the strenuous life of the sea and settled in Virginia as a landed proprietor. During this time America was in a state of unrest and war clouds were gathering fast. His love for freedom, justice, and human rights made his decision inevitable, and at the first blast of the Revolution he cast his all with the cause of the colonies. He wrote immediately to the Continental Congress offering the assistance of his sea-faring experience to the formation of a naval force. At that time the colonies had no naval officers and not a single ship with which to fight at sea. The new marine committee invited him to lay before them any information he might consider useful. The wisdom, directness, and broad scope of his answers carried with them such great weight and influence, that they were accepted almost without change as the basis of their decisions. The following quotation from one of these letters shows his broad vision and loyal patriotism.

“You are called upon to found a new navy; to lay the foundations of a new power afloat that must sometime, in the course of human events, become formidable enough to dispute even with England the mastery of the ocean. Neither you nor I may live to see such growth, but we are here at the planting of the tree and maybe some of us must in the course of destiny water its feeble roots with our blood. If so, let it be so! We must do the best we can with what we have at hand”.

The colonies were not financially able to build new warships and he was indeed the man to help them use what they had at hand. With his clear practical knowledge of the construction, armament and equipment of vessels of war, he personally superintended the reconstruction of old merchant vessels into warships. As captain of the Providence, one of the first ships completed, he sped through the waters from Bermuda to Nova Scotia and in six weeks had captured sixteen boats and a large number of fishing smacks. The seas traversed by the Providence were swarming with English cruisers superior to the Providence in everything except the resource and bravery of her commander and the courage of her crew. Later he was ordered to take command of two ships, the Alfred and the Providence. He was equally successful on this cruise. In thirty-three days he captured seven British warships and brought back rich cargoes of ammunition and clothing much needed by the Continental army.

Jones was a man of broad vision and although he was meeting with great success harassing the enemy in American waters, he believed that the hostilities should be taken into the enemies’ waters and to the very doors of Britain. He used all his influence to bring this about and finally laid his plans before General Washington. Washington was convinced and exclaimed “Captain Jones, you have conceived the right project and you are the man to execute it”. Thus it came about that on June 14th, 1777, Congress passed a resolution appointing him captain of the warship Ranger for service in European waters. By a strange coincidence the resolution to adopt the stars and stripes as our national emblem was
passed at the same time. Jones was much impressed with this joint resolution and wrote "The flag and I are twins, born the same hour, we cannot be parted in life or in death. So long as we can float we float together. If we sink we shall go down as one".

On November 1st, 1777, he received orders to sail to France. It was a memorable day for America, for this cruise was fraught with more momentous consequences than any other single cruise in our history. As he left our shores, he proudly hoisted his beloved flag to the masthead of the Ranger and flung to the breeze the first stars and stripes that ever waved over an American ship of war. He bore under seal the official information of the first great American victory on land, Burgoyne's surrender, which won France to the colonial cause. He received from the French fleet off the coast of France the first salute ever given by a foreign power to the American flag. He defeated the Drake, a superior English sloop of war, and thus forced the first foreign ship of war to strike its colors to the stars and stripes. Through these victories John Paul Jones immediately became a great hero in the eyes of the French as well as of the Americans. But greater victories and greater honors awaited him.

On September 23rd, 1779, as captain of the Bonhomme Richard, he engaged the British frigate Serapis. The Bonhomme Richard was in no sense a match for the Serapis, being an old merchantman converted into a warship and mounted with inferior guns. Jones knew he could not withstand the fire of the Serapis in open sea, and that his only hope of success was to force his way to the side of the enemy and reduce the battle to a hand to hand conflict. With his matchless skill as a navigator he finally succeeded and came so close that the spars and rigging of the vessels became entangled, and with his own hands he lashed the ships together. After nearly three hours of desperate fighting, his ship hopelessly disabled and on fire, the British captain hailed him with the question "Have you struck your colors?" Then flashed from his lips that immortal answer "No, I have not yet begun to fight".

From that moment the victory was won. Every man who heard his voice became as much a hero as himself. At his command they leaped over the rail to the decks of the Serapis and, in one of the most deadly mortal combats in history, forced the British captain to surrender. This was a turning point in the Revolution, and John Paul Jones was immortal. Louis Sixteenth presented him with a gold hilted sword, conferred upon him the Royal Order of Military Merit, and made him a Chevalier of France. In return he kept his gallant promise to lay a captured frigate at the feet of his friend and patroness, the lovely Duchess de Chartres. The American Congress presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his gallant service, and although he was only thirty-two years of age, he was raised to the rank of Commodore.

Following the victorious end of the Revolutionary War came his brilliant achievements as a diplomat. As America's envoy to foreign courts, he was charged with the most delicate and intricate of missions—the adjudication and collection of international claims. In this capacity his service to America was comparable to his naval victories.

In 1788, America independent and at peace, with no more employment for his talents, he accepted the appointment of rear-admiral in the Russian Navy. Although he was successful in battle, he became involved in a net of intrigues and misrepresentations. Deeply affected by these personal attacks, he returned to France in 1790 broken in health. He lived in comparative retirement for two years and on the evening of the 18th of July, 1792, at the untimely age of 45, he succumbed to that conqueror no human power can resist—Death. A touching evidence of his love for America is to be found in his will. Instead of using any of the many titles that had been bestowed upon him, he designated himself, "I, John Paul Jones, citizen of the United States".

And so it was fitting indeed that on July 6, 1905, the anniversary of his birth, the body of John Paul Jones was conveyed back to America to repose on the soil of the land he loved, for whose liberty he fought, and whose honor he maintained in battle.
Informal Commodore

The life and exploits of Abraham Whipple, sea hero of the Revolution who relied as much upon his cunning as upon his cannon

ERNEST E. LANNOY

In March we published an article entitled "The First Commander", a biographical sketch of Artemas Ward who has been described as an early American hero "too long overlooked". The following outline of Commodore Whipple's career also brings to light many episodes which have been "overlooked" in the life of an arresting American figure.

[6]
CAPTAIN ABRAHAM WHIPPLE, commanding a Yankee merchantman and privateer homeward bound from the rich West Indies trade, found himself pursued by a privateer of France. It was the time of the old French War; the ships of England's American colonies and the ships of France customarily gave battle whenever they met. But this Frenchman, Whipple soon saw, was too formidable a fellow; he showed more guns and his decks bristled with men. Clearly outmatched, Whipple made a run to escape. First one way and then another he sailed, but no matter what tack he took the enemy craft drew steadily nearer. Whipple sailed directly into the wind; the other ship gained upon him even more swiftly.

Whereupon the imperturbable Captain Whipple had his crew wheel wooden "Quaker" guns into place beside the all too few real ones, had his crew place hats on handspikes and set them up to look like men at station. Abruptly then he put about—dummy guns and scarecrow crew showing to awesome advantage in turning—and bore down upon his pursuer.

To the startled Frenchman there was but one explanation for the Yankee's behavior: flight had been a ruse to draw him closer—to lure him to destruction. Panic-stricken he turned and fled. Whipple was careful not to catch him.

This stratagem of an almost fictional audacity was only one of many daring deceptions practiced by Abraham Whipple before and during the War of the American Revolution. The full record of what he accomplished on the sea with a minimum of gunfire and a maximum of Yankee guile might furnish exciting action for half a dozen novels, save that as fiction the incidents would be received as romantic and improbable, however reliable they are as fact.

But just why the historians should have neglected Whipple is hard to explain. Occasionally mention is made of Whipple's deeds, but seldom is he credited with their doing. It has always been thus; his personality seems to have been overlooked from the beginning. To James Fenimore Cooper, writing his pioneer "Naval History" at a time when Whipple's less colorful comrades-in-arms were still well remembered, Whipple was no more than a name. Later writers on the Navy and on the Revolution have not known him better.

Yet Whipple, in all probability, was the first upon the sea to fire a gun for freedom; he was typical of the privateersman at his best; and his services to his country were incalculable. He was fully as important as contemporaries who have remained better known. That he should be so neglected is, then, a matter of marvel. But to speculate on the reason for this state of affairs would be profitless. What matters more is to rectify it.

* * *

The wily Commodore who relied as much upon his cunning as upon his cannon was a native of maritime Rhode Island. Abraham was born in 1733 of the line of John Whipple, one of the original proprietors of the Providence Plantation. His formal schooling was meagre, for he went early to sea. To that hard school he took little but an endowment of Yankee wit and enterprise; in it he learned seamanship, navigation—and the keeping of accounts. This last, it should be remarked, was an important item in a merchant captain's training: he was a man of trade, and adventure was incidental. Whipple's career is itself a case in point, for almost every daring enterprise he undertook had as basis some practical matter of business.

Abraham Whipple learned his craft rapidly and well, and achieved command at sea while still a very young man. As a ship's captain he was a man of position and he married well. His wife was Sarah Hopkins, sister to the Governor of Rhode Island. The Whipple children were three, a son and two daughters. Of the daughters, Catherine, the elder, married Colonel Ebenezer Sproat; the younger married a Dr. Comstock. The son, John, followed the sea as had his father.

In the years before the Revolution Whipple commanded a ship in the West Indies trade "with credit to himself and profit to his employer"—and be it added, with frequent loss to the shipping of other nations! Colonial trade was restricted by England to British possessions and the two foreign ports of Surinam and Saint Croix, a serious
curtailment of opportunity. Many Colonial ships, therefore, availed themselves when they could of the richer profits of privateering. Whipple, during the wars with France and Spain, held letters of marque from the English king. His privateer, the Gamecock, captured more French ships than any craft in the Indies trade, and bold stratagems accounted for many of them.

For Whipple this privateering proved an apt, if ironic, apprenticeship to the service he was later to render the Colonies. When British restraint of trade became at length intolerable, the tricks Whipple had learned in taking ships for the glory of the English Crown were turned to use against His Majesty's own vessels.

* * *

Into Narragansett Bay in 1772 came one of His Majesty's ships of war, with the schooner Gaspé as tender, to enforce the odious maritime restrictions in Whipple's home waters. In June the packet Hannah, Captain Linzee, was ordered to stop for examination. Linzee, with guilty reasons for refusing, sailed defiantly by. The man-of-war was no match for the speedy packet so it was the schooner Gaspé, terror of Newport and Providence, that gave chase. Linzee cleverly led her on the shoals at Nanquit Point, where she went aground; the lighter draft Hannah safely made port.

That afternoon the town crier shouted the news of the Gaspé's predicament and excitement ran high in the streets of Providence. That evening, as dusk was settling upon the harbor, the thickset figure of an "Indian" appeared on the roof of a shed near the waterfront. The "Indian", who tradition says was Captain Whipple, bid for attention, made reference to the Gaspé, and called for volunteers; then he vanished.

That night sixty-four seafarers of the port chose Whipple as their leader and embarked in eight launches to take the stranded schooner. For armament they had one musket (Whipple objected to this) and a cargo of paving stones.

The small craft slipped quietly through the night. They were close to the Gaspé when the nervous sentry challenged. "Who commands those boats?"

"The sheriff of the county of Kent." It was Whipple who replied. "I've come to arrest Captain Buddington."

Buddington came on deck, a pistol in his hand. He warned the boats to come no closer. They drew nearer and he fired. The lad with the musket returned the shot, wounding Buddington in the leg. With a volley of paving stones the Rhode Islanders boarded the schooner, secured the crew and set them ashore. H. M. S. Gaspé they burned.

To Rhode Island came a Commission of Inquiry. It offered, under the King's authority, a reward of £500 for the name of anyone implicated in the treasonable seizure of the Gaspé, with twice that amount for the name of the leader. Yet maritime Rhode Island so disliked the King's restraint of its trade that his reward went unclaimed. The Commission of Inquiry sat at Providence from January until June of 1773, ready to try, and to hang, the traitors. All this time and longer the prudent Captain Whipple was absent on a voyage to the Indies.

* * *

But Whipple was home again when the Colonies came to an open rupture with England. Two days before the Battle of Bunker Hill the legislature of Rhode Island purchased and armed two small sloops. Whipple took command of them—a risky employment no one else cared for—sailed boldly into Narragansett Bay and attacked the three tenders of His Majesty's frigate Rose. Two he crippled; the other he took prize and added to his own small fleet.

The engagement was not particularly spectacular, yet it was significant. Whipple had fired the first gun upon the sea in the War of the American Revolution. That honor is customarily assigned to the people of Machias, Maine, who a month before had attacked the Margaretta, schooner of the lovely name. But their action had been unauthorized; Whipple's was the first overt act on the sea under any Colonial authority.

Captain Sir James Wallace of the Rose was angered by the destruction of his tenders. The details of the Gaspé affair being no longer secret, he sent his tormentor this note:
"You, Abraham Whipple, on the 17th of June, 1772, burned His Majesty's vessel, the Gaspé, and I will hang you at the yard-arm.

James Wallace"

In return he got this Yankee answer:

"Sir: Always catch a man before you hang him. Abraham Whipple"

Wallace had the halter ready but he could not accomplish the preliminary of catching his man. Whipple sailed the Bay until fall, fighting several actions of minor importance, and he left those waters only when dispatched to other duty. Toward the end of the year he sailed to Bermuda to seize the powder stored there, but the voyage was a fruitless one, for the powder had been transferred. So ended the first of Whipple's many years of service to the Cause of Independence, and the only year, incidentally, for which he received pay.

The following year, 1776, was for Whipple one of varied activity. In the spring he commanded the Columbus, a ship of twenty guns, in the fleet with which Commodore Esek Hopkins seized the island of New Providence and its wealth of military stores. On the voyage home the other ships of the expedition fought an action with a British man-of-war, but Whipple's ship for want of wind was not engaged. Notwithstanding his daring capture of a bombship a few days later, Whipple was accused of cowardice, a preposterous charge to those who knew him. He demanded a court martial; upon a full examination he was honorably acquitted and reaffirmed in his command of the Columbus.

In August Whipple sailed to the eastward and off the coast of Newfoundland intercepted the Jamaican fleet homeward bound for England with rich cargoes of sugar. Of the five ships he captured and manned with prize-crews, only two reached port; the others were retaken as they tried to slip through the tight blockade the British maintained about the American coast.

On his return from this two months voyage Whipple was honored with the command of the Providence, a fine new frigate then building in Rhode Island. At Newport he superintended the fitting of the Providence and its sister ship, the Warrent. Before the new ships could put to sea the British fleet sailed into Newport harbor, and Whipple was forced to run his ships upriver to Providence and the protection of its batteries.

The year 1777 was one of idleness. Whipple and the new ships were confined at Providence. The inactivity must have been galling to a man who thrived on activity and danger. Fair weather at sea was likely to find him in a testy humor. Captain Whipple would sulk upon his quarter-deck and concern himself with the rigid discipline of a crew who were too devoted to require much scolding. But let a storm threaten or an enemy sail heave into sight and Whipple was a different man. He would grow animated and cheerful, and his thickset figure would pace the deck in anticipation. At such a time he might cast aside his dignity and whistle!

Oddly, it was in the sole interlude of this otherwise idle year that Whipple suffered his only injury. An enemy frigate, the Syren, had run aground near Point Judith and had been abandoned. Whipple was sent to salvage the armament of the grounded ship, and while supervising this work he fell overside and hurt his hip so that he was permanently lame.

Meanwhile, other American warships were having difficulty in running the coastal blockade and the Continental Congress long had been without communication with the American commissioners in France. By the spring of 1778 the matter had become urgent; dispatches had to be carried to France. In recognition of his resourcefulness this mission was entrusted to Whipple.

The Providence was prepared for the voyage and Whipple took on board her the crew of the Warrent in addition to his own. When everything was made ready there seemed little likelihood that the ship could so much as reach the sea. The three passages from Providence River were guarded by enemy frigates, now more than ever on the alert, for spies had informed the British that Whipple would make a run for the sea.

Whipple waited and chose his time well. A boisterous northeast gale filled the air with rain and sleet on the night the Providence left her moorings. Whipple elected the westerly outlet, between Conanicut
Island and the Narragansett shore. Two ships were on guard in that channel, the Lark opposite the island and the Renown farther down, both moored with cables sprung ready to give instant chase. Beyond in the Bay a dozen more ships cruised, alert and waiting.

Through the dark night the Providence glided undetected to the side of the Lark. At pointblank range Whipple blasted the Lark with a broadside and raked her decks with musketry. Before the fire could be returned the Providence was past, out of range.

But down channel the Renown had heard. Whipple could see the lights as her guns were manned for action. He approached straight on. Nearing, he bellowed to the helmsman loudly enough to be heard on the Renown, “Pass her on the Narragansett side!” The British gunners made ready for him on that side. Unexpectedly, his ship luffed and passed on the opposite side. The old privateer trick, the “rule of contrary”, caught the British napping and Whipple’s guns loosed a crippling fire in passing.

Out in the dark Bay Whipple dodged through the fire of eleven ships. On the high seas next morning he outsailed, with crippled rigging, a ship of the line. Then, with mended rigging and straining sail he bowled on to Nantes in twenty-six days.

The American commissioners in France—Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Arthur Lee—were grateful for the dispatches brought them. And it was they who made Captain Whipple an informal Commodore; the Ranger and the Boston were added to his charge for the voyage home. Since the Continental Congress had defined a commodore as a man who commanded three or more ships, Whipple was accorded the title of commodore from this time on.

When the new Commodore sailed for home, his three vessels were loaded like merchantmen with military stores. On the way he picked up three prizes, and he had a narrow squeak himself.

In a fog off the Newfoundland Banks Whipple had the ship’s bell struck repeatedly to inform the accompanying vessels of his position. But a ship of the British line heard the bell, too, and investigated. She was alongside, gun ports closed and lying low in the water like a merchantman, before Whipple realized her identity.

“Strike your colors and drop astern!” the British captain ordered.

“Aye, aye, sir,” said Whipple. Quietly he gave a few orders of his own.

“Hurry!” called the Briton, “or be fired upon.”

“I can’t haul down my colors until I’ve first run them up,” Whipple grumbled. He dropped astern and the colors unfurled. He stamped his foot and a broadside—tampions and all, for the gunners had no time to remove them—crashed into the Briton’s rudder. A moment later Whipple had vanished into the fog.

General Washington wrote Whipple his thanks for the precious military stores brought from France. Supplies for the army were hard to obtain, since “our rascally privateersmen” (Washington’s phrase) served Mammon before their country. Whipple, too, could have been growing rich all this while; his devotion to the Cause was indeed unselfish. Yet, curiously, it is he who must be credited with the most audacious foray against British commerce.

Once again he raided the sugar trade, this time (in 1779) with three ships. Off Newfoundland he fell in with the Jamaica fleet of 150 sail and its several armed consorts. For two days he posed as having come from loyal Halifax to join the convoy. Their confidence won, Whipple invited the captains of neighboring ships to come aboard and visit. Then, when a captain was lured upon his deck, Whipple would dispatch a party of American seamen to seize the unfortunate captain’s ship with its leaderless and unsuspecting crew. In the night the boarding party would alter course; in the morning it would be well on its way to an American port.

The warship which led the convoy carried a light aloft to guide the fleet at night. On the night he left this gullible company, Whipple, too, put up a light and decoyed several sugar ships away from their protection. Next day he fell upon these defenseless merchantmen and compelled their surrender. He manned the captured vessels with prize crews until he ran short of men. Only then did he sail reluctantly for home.

Eight of the prizes reached American
ports. His share of the money from their sale made Whipple a wealthy man. He bought a house and lot in Providence, a farm at Cranston, and considered himself well provided against the day when he could no longer make his living upon the sea.

The raid on the sugar fleet proved to be Commodore Whipple's last major exploit. Toward the close of 1779 he and his ships were assigned to aid General Benjamin Lincoln in the defense of Charleston, South Carolina. As the city was closely invested by land the ships' men and cannon were stationed on shore. The long winter of the siege was severely cold. His sailors were ill-clothed and Whipple advanced the money to buy them warm clothing.

The city capitulated in May of 1780. Whipple and his crew, never captured at sea, were taken prisoner along with the army. For the next two years and a half the seamen were in custody at Chester, Pennsylvania. Fortunately, the commander of the prison camp was Admiral Arbuthnot, a man with a grudging admiration for the humane Commodore's knavish tricks against the British. Whipple was able in consequence to do much to relieve the terrible privation of his men. When they were taken ill in an epidemic he rented a house for their comfort.

The long war ended. Whipple was released in 1783; he quit the Navy, abandoned the sea. He was fifty years old, already enfeebled and destitute. His health had been impaired in the prison camp; his money had gone for his keep in custody and for the welfare of his men. He farmed for a living until his farm at Cranston was mortgaged and lost. Then he petitioned Congress to pay his back salary and to reimburse him for the money he had spent in his country's service. A grateful government paid part of his claim—in worthless paper.

No longer fit for the sea, Whipple looked to another horizon, the West. Washington's former officers banded together in 1787 to form the Ohio Company and trade their pay certificates for western land. Whipple's son-in-law, Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, was one of this band. Whipple threw in his lot as well, emigrating with them to found the town of Marietta.

The Commodore's career belongs to the annals of the Revolution; it is scarcely a part of the story of Marietta. Whipple was but a bystander there. He must have been a lonely man at Marietta, one aged and idle seaman among citizen-soldiers founding a new empire. He, who had seen British ships of the line belch fire at him on the high seas, saw only flatboats and pirogues on the broad Ohio and the muddy Muskingum.

Throughout the Indian Wars of 1791-1796 Whipple and his wife lived in Campus Martius, the fortified stockade, and the Commodore was reduced to the trifling occupation of tending a melon patch. With the coming of peace he moved up the Muskingum and grubbed from a twelve acre farm a meagre living for himself and his wife.

When he was nearing seventy, a ship was built at Marietta and rigged for the sea. Perhaps he heard the siren call of the sea again, perhaps he felt it to be the civic obligation of the only seaman in the settlement. At all events, Whipple sailed the vessel to New Orleans, across the Gulf to Havana, and then up to Philadelphia, where he sold the craft for its builders. It was as risky a voyage as he ever made; his crew were landsmen all, and no one could navigate save himself.

The Commodore returned to his farming. Only when he had reached the age of seventy-eight and could no longer coax a living from the soil did he ask Congress for a pension. Thirty dollars a month, half pay of a captain in the Navy, supported him in frugal comfort for the eight remaining years of his life. He died in 1819.

His grave at Marietta is out of sight of water, even that of the Ohio or the Muskingum, but his weathered monument proclaims that this was the man "First to hurl defiance at proud Britain upon the seas."
Contentment

MAY WEST OWEN

Upon a bluff above the foaming main,
I love to watch, through misty, greenish light,
Full masted ships sail by in birdlike flight—
To inlets where adventures never wane.
Then, to my humble cottage in the lane,
When splashing rain hides all the world from sight,
I come content to hear the dripping night
Beat music on my rose-wreathed window-pane.

Contentment does not lie in glory won,
Nor near strange scenes beneath a distant sun,
It is the mystic life of joy and love,
As shown by our exemplar—Him above.
Each tree—each bloom—bird note and sunset rare,
Proclaims His Presence through the scented air.
The Ballad of the Yankee Mandarin
(Frederick Townsend Ward)

GLEN BAKER

All the Wards were seagoing folk
  From that day when my grandfather ran
His tiny sloop through the long blockade
  And the Yankee sea power began.

My sire and uncles sailed clipper ships
  Into every port under the sun,
They brought home tea from the Orient
  And ivory from the Kamerun.

And I remember the tall slim ships
  And the varnished hats of the sailors,
The haunting fragrance of sandalwood
  And the raucous smell of the whalers.

And they bred me up to follow the sea,
  To know sailors and seafaring things,
But destiny marked me for her own
  And I walked in the way of kings.

It was an age of high adventure
  When a man by his courage alone
Might carve for himself an empire
  Or raise himself to a throne.

Thus the world and its wars called to me
  And I rode with Garibaldi then,
I learned the trade of the filibuster
  With William Walker and his men.

Then east and east to Old China
  I followed the searoad and a star
To become a Yankee Mandarin
  And the Loyalist leader in war.

And I held a throne for an empress,
  Broke the back of the Taiping Strife,
Gave to China her first unity
  And paid for it with my life.

And so at last to this narrow crypt,
  A saint by a people's decree,
Honored by youth and age alike
  Irrespective of earthly degree.

And now I am one with the long afternoon,
  One with the wild geese that go flying,
My spirit is part of the ancient rune
  I found as I lay a-dying.
ARMAMENTS this year will cost the world nineteen and a half billions of dollars. Our own national defense budget has reached the peacetime-high of two billions. There are some eight million men now under arms and the world is wondering when and if the white war of nerves will become a red war of blood. Peace with Honor, a Munich Peace, or War are the three alternate courses now open to us.

It is not necessary to turn back through the pages of history to determine which course we prefer. Our daily newspapers and magazines remind us of the unthinkable horrors of modern war. We covet no neighbor's possessions. We are a nation of peacefully inclined people with a form of government which permits the people to choose the national policies. We do not prefer war. We have seen brave and determined people unprepared for the swift march of events maneuvered by forces beyond their control into positions which left them no choice but to accept a Munich Peace. We want no such peace.

To pursue the course of Peace with Honor is not easy under the conditions existing throughout the world today. Forward think-
ing and planning are necessary to avoid being maneuvered into one of the other two courses. Not only must we make the correct decision at each turning point but that decision must be made and executed at the correct time.

There are those critics of our form of government who maintain that a democracy is incapable of transforming the will of the people into action quickly enough to cope with the moves of more autocratic forms of government. It can not be denied that we have given some reason for this criticism. The change from wishful thinking to final activity in regard to national defense is an illustration. At the close of the World War we had built and were building a great navy, the largest and most powerful in the world. But in 1922 our government, reflecting the desire of the people, agreed to a drastic reduction in our naval strength, in the altruistic move to encourage disarmament by example. This voluntary sacrifice was made in the hope that civilization was at last approaching that stage which would admit of nations settling their difficulties without resort to the sword. But this hope was soon dashed against the rocks of reality as we heard the clash of swords in the Far East. Japan was wresting from China control of Manchukuo. Then in North Africa, Italy conquered and annexed Ethiopia. But our people, though informed by a free press of these proofs of the fallacy of their hopes of world peace, still hesitated. Those in the best informed circles saw the handwriting on the wall and urged action. In 1933 the President, realizing the danger of sitting idly by and hoping while other nations built men-of-war by the dozens, courageously allocated $238,000,000 for emergency funds for the construction of 32 naval vessels. In 1934 the Congress enacted the Vinson-Trammell Act which authorized the building up of our navy to then existing treaty strength. In 1937 an act was passed which authorized construction of needed auxiliary vessels. But it was not until after Ethiopia, Manchukuo, China and Munich that our people demanded adequate rearming in line with realities. In 1938 the Congress in answer to these demands passed the Naval Expansion Act providing for a 20 percent increase in authorized under age tonnage over the old treaty limit established under the Vinson-Trammell Act.

But there is a long delay between acts of Congress and the first boom from a new ship’s gun. This fact is hard for the average citizen to understand. He has a well deserved high opinion of the miracle-working power of American industry. It is difficult to believe that with all its high-speed cutting tools, its efficient lifting and handling gear, its highly developed welding technique, it can not build a battleship in less than four years and that even a submarine takes more than two years. It is such lack of understanding which causes the time lag of which our critics of democracy speak. Let us examine the effect of such delay.

In the unhappy event of war today, our battle line would be no stronger than it was sixteen years ago. Not since 1923 has a new battleship been added to our fleet. Not one of the eight battleships now under construction will be ready for service before 1942 and the two 45,000 ton ships will not be finished until late in 1943. Satisfactory termination of a war, a Peace with Honor, can not be gained with battleships on building ways.

Though we have had no new additions to our battle line since 1923, our Navy as a whole has been materially strengthened and better balanced. Five aircraft carriers and 2000 aircrafts have been put in service. Eighteen heavy and eighteen light cruisers have been added. Fifty-eight faster and better armed destroyers and fifty-one faster and more efficient submarines have replaced wornout vessels. Six auxiliary vessels have replaced slower and less-efficient craft to service the fleet.

Not until August of the current year did we let the first contract for beginning construction on our long-needed system of outlying bases. The authorization and appropriations cover only those bases most urgently needed. It will be years before our system of bases approaches adequacy but work will begin in the very near future on air base facilities at Kaneohe Bay and Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands and at Midway, Johnston and Palmyra Islands.

It is more than probable that there would have been no Munich had France and Eng-
land rearmed before September, 1938, as they have rearmed since. And one can hardly help wondering whether British citizens in China would have been so inconvenienced if the battleships on the building ways in England had been on duty at Singapore. The proper timing of moves is indeed often as important as the moves themselves.

To quote Doctor A. Lawrence Lowell: "Maybe the policy which seeks to attain peace should not be a mere waiting for some move by a perhaps unsuspected foe, but a prevision and precaution before trouble becomes acute. The danger of conceding the initiative to an opponent lies in the possibility that he will take up a position from which it will be hard for him to retire without national humiliation. We then should have to yield or fight: whereas if we had thought the matter out beforehand, and let our attitude be known, he would not have put himself in any such position—unless, indeed, he deliberately intended to force on us a war, which no nation now wishes or perhaps ever will wish."

In its century and a half as a nation, the United States has made phenomenal progress. The fringe of frontier settlements on the Atlantic seaboard has expanded rapidly westward to the Pacific. The ingenuity and adventurous spirit of our people has projected our trade to the remotest parts of the earth. The wealth from our mountains, rivers, and plains has given us the highest standard of living over so vast a country in the history of mankind. Our forefathers conceived and fought for the system of government which with its flaws remains the most conducive to life, freedom, and the pursuit of happiness ever applied over so great an area with so large a population.

In the frontier days our problems were real but simple. Our relative insignificance in the community of nations limited our concern to local problems. This was the era of the blockhouse when one could wait until he heard the warwhoop before grabbing his gun for defense of loved ones and property. Today our nation is no longer relatively unimportant in the community of nations. It is, in fact, the important member of that community. As such our moves have a profound effect upon all nations. It can not be gainsaid that great democracies today have definite responsibilities to face.

Nor can we wait for the sound of the warwhoop to look to our defenses; we must envision the need for a battleship four years before we can use it. To insure Peace with Honor, we must plan our moves more than one jump ahead. Such planning requires objective study of past history, present conditions, and an accurate deduction of the trends of forces.

When a ship is fitted out for a long voyage, its captain does not try to figure his provisions so closely that he will arrive at his destination with the last pound of beef on the galley range. He errs on the side of safety, taking too much rather than too little food for his crew. He realizes that there may be storms or breakdowns not possible of prediction. It would seem wise for our people to err on the side of safety in providing for the national defense rather than to wait until the time has arrived for a move requiring additional potential military power for effect. We should divest ourselves of nineteenth century ideas and consider our twentieth century problems in the light of twentieth century conditions.

An excellent opportunity will be afforded many citizens to gain first hand information on the condition of our first line of defense on Navy Day, October 27, the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt. The Navy will be at home on ships and shore stations, willing and glad to welcome the people’s inspection.

Not only our government but our national defense as well is “of the people, by the people, and for the people.” It is their intelligent forward thinking and planning which will insure a Peace with Honor.

[NOTE: The opinions and the assertions contained in the above article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or as reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.—B. L. A.]
Severance of Shelburne

Part IV—Shelburne

Florence Stevens Cummings

(Continued from September issue)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS:

Martin Severance, a boy of Old Deerfield in western Massachusetts, grows up during the early eighteenth century amid the alarms and fears of Indian raids. During an interval of peace he serves under his uncle, Captain Joseph Kellogg, who is in charge of the Truck House, formerly Fort Dummer, far up the Connecticut River beyond the settlements where fair trading is carried on with the Indians to win their friendship.

Martin and his friend, Matt Cleson, enjoy this life in the wilderness, and soon are familiar with every mountain and stream between the Connecticut River and the Hudson valley.

In the spring of 1744, war breaks out between
France and England, and the governor of Massachusetts builds a line of forts from the Connecticut River to the New York line across northwestern Massachusetts to cut off the approach of the enemy from the St. Lawrence. Martin and Matt join the scouts or rangers who patrol this cordon of forts.

While on furlough, the next year, Martin meets Patty Fairfield, whom he knew in Deerfield as a child, and after a short courtship takes her back to Fort Dummer as his bride. Matt Clesson has just brought his wife, Abigail, here also.

When France and England make peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, Martin and Patty start to make their home in Hinsdale, but fear of Indian attacks soon sends them back to the protection of Fort Dummer with their three children, Elisha, Catherine and Experience. At Fort Dummer, two more children, Martin, Jr., and Abigail, are born. Martin and Matt are away from the fort most of the time on long scouts, often going as far as Lake Champlain, and on one of these scouts Matt Clesson dies.

Shaken with grief at the loss of his friend, Martin throws himself wholeheartedly into the attempt which the frontiermen are making to force back the hordes of French and Indians and prove that “the lakes” (Lake George and Lake Champlain) are English territory.

Martin becomes one of “Rogers’ Rangers,” and during a scout near Sabbath Day Point on Lake George in 1758, he is taken captive together with his nephew, Mathew Severance, Agrippa Wells of Deerfield, and William Clark of Colrain. Mathew escapes, but the others are taken to Canada and then to France where they are imprisoned until the end of the war.

On being released, they are taken to England where Martin meets again the Earl of Shelburne whom he has known in the “Old French War.” The captives are sent home as soon as possible. Martin finds his wife and children waiting for him in Deerfield. Patty has chosen the name, Submit, for the little daughter who has been born during Martin’s captivity, and she and Martin feel that the name will always have an underlying meaning for them.

CHAPTER XX

EVERYONE agreed that the Indians would never more be feared in Massachusetts. England now had possession of Canada, and would hold in check all the fierce tribes along the St. Lawrence. There would never be any more war. Settlements could be extended to the north and west without hindrance. Each man was free to build and live where he pleased.

The taverns and stores where the Rangers had obtained their supplies or had dropped in for a mug of ale were now full of young men buying farm implements, swapping horses, discussing the best soil for crops; and everywhere land agents bustled. They were a queer breed, Martin thought, pale and spindling, yet given to extolling the advantages of settling wild tracts.

Martin was undecided what he and Patience should do. He rather suspected that Patty would like to stay in Deerfield, but he could not endure that. There were too many people in Deerfield, and the houses were too close together. Martin was ready to settle down and hoe a field of corn, but he simply could not live shut in by other houses full of people on every side. The deep snows of winter were almost melted. If he settled anywhere this year, he must do it soon; but he hated to rush into any undertaking that he might regret. He was still turning over various possibilities in his mind when Jim Ryder’s son, a splendid, energetic boy of nineteen came to him one night.

“Evening, Mr. Severance. Mind if I sit a minute? I was jest going by—”

“Glad to see you, my boy. How’s your father?”

“No so good, Mr. Severance. He’s getting on in years, you know.”

“Yes, yes, I suppose so. You still live down at the end of the street?”

“I do now; but I got married last month, so I’m starting off to build me a cabin by myself. That’s what I came to see you about, Mr. Severance. You know my father and Jonathan Catlin started to clear a tract of land up the Deerfield River by the Salmon Falls in the Northwest Pastures. Then they got drove out ‘cause they was afraid of Injins. I’ve decided to take up Father’s tract up there and Mr. Catlin is trying to find someone to buy his twenty acres. He has a saw mill now, up Green River way. Doing good business right now, so he hasn’t any use for this land of his’n in the Northwest.”

“Is it near the Falls?”

“Well, ’course you know the General Court keeps the land right close to the falls for them as come for fish to use. The Catlin tract borders right on that.”

“I see,” mused Martin thoughtfully.

“I—I guess I’ll be goin’ on, Mr. Severance. You kinder think over what I’ve said, won’t ye? If you should want that land, I’m sure Mr. Catlin would make you a good price on it. And I’d like it fine to have you up there next to me. My wife...
don’t think any too much of going up there. Off in the wilderness, she calls it. I know she’d be right pleased to have Mrs. Severance nigh her."

“I’ll see you tomorrow!” Martin sprang up so quickly he almost snapped the stem of the long pipe he had brought home with him from England. “Tomorrow morning. I want to sleep on it before I decide. Thanks. Goodnight.”

Before the slush left by the snow had dried, Daniel Ryder and Martin left for Deerfield Northwest, as it was called, walking beside their laden horses.

They stopped for a drink at the spring near the foot of the Falls and stood looking at the rush of water. Then they scrambled up the perpendicular wall of the ravine to the banks of the river above the Falls.

“I’ll show you how the holdings lie,” Dan Ryder said, striding to the east. “I brought my father up here last fall, and we found the stakes he and Jonathan Catlin measured before the Last French War. Here’s the first of your land. It begins here and goes from the river to the top of that mountain and extends from the ravine to that rise of land you see toward the north. Mine joins it there and extends the same distance north. Want to swap some so you’ll have more river bank and less forest?”

“No,” said Martin slowly, “No, thank ye kindly. I believe I like it best this way. I think I’d rather build up on the slope than down on the river bank.”

“Jest as you like. ’Pears to me we’ve both got about all the land we can manage for a few years yet.”

Martin made no reply, but stood looking thoughtfully over the wooded hillside which was now his. White drifts of snow showed through the thick growth of pines and hemlocks. Bare branches of oaks and white birch creaked as the wind swept by.

Ryder shivered as he gazed at the high, black cliffs.

“I think there’s a bit of Catlin’s cabin still standing,” he said. “Father’s was nearer the river bank, and the Injins burned it.”

A tangle of alders, witch hazel and sumac had grown up on the clearing made ten years before, completely hiding the remains of the cabin. Very little was left of the roof, but the four walls and the fireplace were intact. The two men spent their first day rebuilding the roof and thatching it with hemlock boughs. By night they had cleared the leaves from the floor, also laid bunks of hemlock and balsam, and were ready for their hearty supper of fried salt pork and cornmeal cakes.

“I reckon this is real luxury for an old ranger like you,” laughed Ryder, “but I guess I’ll find that bough bed hard before morning.”

Daniel Ryder built his cabin on the south end of his land so as to be as near to Martin’s home as possible.

“My missus is sure to find it lonesome here, so I’ll keep nigh to you,” he explained.

Martin found a clear spring on the hillside near the Falls, and cleared a place beside it for his cabin. He could see the top of the cataract through the trees when the underbrush was cleared away, and the roar of the water came to him continually.

Behind him towered a mass of crags and cliffs. From his site Martin could see mountains nearly as high on the opposite side of the river. He could also catch glimpses of any passersby on the Indian trail which ran along the river bank. All around was virgin forest with quantities of fine yellow pine and chestnut for building. The pines rose forty feet high and were a foot and a half in diameter.

The ground under the trees was still frozen and in places covered with snow, which made it possible for the two men to drag the logs to the sites each had chosen. From watching the Dutch settlers above Albany, Martin had picked up the value of the sled. Young Ryder was enthusiastic over the crude sled which Martin constructed to carry their logs.

Martin’s cabin was a small, two-room affair with walls about eight feet high, and made of whole logs, notched and smoothed with a broad axe so that they would lie one on the other. From the limbs and tips of the spruce he made poles which were laid to a ridge pole for a roof and covered with long strips of bark. The logs for the sills and door were laboriously leveled with a dish of water placed on each end for a gauge. The cabin rose slowly, for the work of making a home in the wilderness was
tremendous. Martin knew it would be a sorry affair compared with the well built frame houses of Deerfield, but it had a fine fireplace with built-in ovens at the side.

Before he brought Patience and the children to live in it, Martin made several rude stools; and he took a special trip to the sawmill in Deerfield to get a long board, an inch and a half thick, from which he made a table four feet wide and eight feet long. Elisha took great pride in polishing this table; and from the smooth white wood of the bass trees growing on the slope of Mt. Massamet he made a bowl and trencher for each member of the family.

On a second trip to Deerfield, Martin secured planks for a heavy door, which he hung on wooden hinges and provided with a wooden latch and a tow pull-string. When this was in place he went to the village again, this time to bring his family to the new home. Patience, holding the baby, rode Dolly, sitting none too comfortably because of the willow baskets of clothing, blankets and provisions fastened on both sides of the saddle. These baskets were the ones which King Hendrick had made his Indians weave for her when she first went to Fort Dummer.

"Remember how we went to Dummer the first time?" asked Martin, coming to the horse's side and smiling up at his wife.

"That was a long time ago," sighed Patience.

"You haven't changed a mite!" declared Martin, and he actually believed it, although in truth Patience was now a very different person from the happy, lighthearted girl who had ridden pillion behind Martin to Fort Dummer. Her name, Patience, had become incongruous, for all the lines of her face, every motion of her thin, wiry body expressed boundless vigor and relentless determination. She might name her daughter Submit in a sincere feeling of yielding to a higher power but she met with erect shoulders and firm chin the everyday events which were within her power to manage.

Catherine and Experience walked beside her; and little Martin, five years old now, trudged along beside his father, imitating his stride and begging for a pack of his own to carry, furiously angry when his father, thinking him tired, attempted to lift him to his shoulder. Abbie, who had been rather frail that spring, was left in Deerfield with Abigail Clesson for a month or more.

It was a joyous family which reached the falls just before sundown. Lisha, who had already helped his father with the building and who was in one of his likable moods, started frying pork and hoecakes for them over the fireplace in the old cabin which he and his father and Ryder still used. Wild pigeons, just roasted, sent up a tantalizing odor; and for a special treat, Lisha had been saving a birchbark bowl of wild honey, which he and his father had discovered while chopping in the forest.

Martin's eyes continually turned to search his wife's face to see how she liked her new home, and looked relieved and happy when he saw that Patience viewed the cabin with pride. She at once unpacked her cherished pewter plates to place them on the narrow shelf over the fireplace, putting in the center a china mug which the soldiers at Dummer had given Abbie.

"I haven't used the fireplace yet," Martin told her, "I wanted you to light the first fire on our hearth," and, leading Patience to the fire he had laid of dry logs and chips, he placed a handful of shredded bark under the chips and, putting a small charge of powder into his gun, he handed it to his
wife. Holding the gun carefully over the kindlings, she pulled the trigger. The spark ignited the dry bark, and the first fire blazed on the hearth of their new home.

CHAPTER XXI

That spring as the peas and beans began to grow in the hillside, marauding animals appeared in great numbers. A brush fence was not enough to check them; and it was only when an almost continuous row of traps and snares had been placed that the crops could come up through the ground un molested.

When the corn had been planted with a fish in each hill, according to the Indian custom, they discovered, the next morning, bear tracks leading to each of the hills, the hills themselves torn open and the fish clawed out. At once, at the edge of the cornfield near the forest, Martin built a big trap of the deadfall type.

It was little Martin who, the next morning when he went for a bucket of fresh water, saw that the trap had been sprung. Shouting to his father and brother, he ran across the cornfield and was jumping excitedly about in front of the trap as they came up. It required all the combined strength of his father and Lisha to lift the heavy weight of the deadfall.

"Pull out the bear, Martie," said his father.

"Let me help!" cried Experience, running up.

Puffing and panting, the two little ones tugged at the heavy bear which, yielding slowly at first, suddenly gave a lurch and fell sideways upon them.

"It's alive!" screamed Eppie in a panic and, struggling out from beneath the heavy bulk, the two children ran screeching to the house.

"There must be a bear's den near here!" cried their mother, "I'll never feel safe!"

"Probably up in those high ledges to the north," said Martin with a face as serious as hers. "Guess the best thing I can do is to take a day off and go hunting."

"You do need a change, you've been working so hard; but I hate to have you go bear hunting all alone."

"Pshaw!" replied Martin, and, picking up his gun and powder horn, he started with his swinging stride up toward the ledges which could be seen high and barren to the north.

He was home sooner than Patience had anticipated, and without a bear. The questioning children were sent to gather some wild strawberries that he had noticed nearby.

"You'll be safe if you take turns looking out for danger," he told them.

Then, sitting down on the rough stone step before the cabin door, he began to clean his gun. Patience heard him chuckling to himself and brought her knitting to the doorway.

"You would a-laughed, wouldn't you, Patty, if you'd a-seen me a-coming home screeching the way Little Martie did this morning?"

"What happened?" Patty asked, dropping a needleful of stitches.

"Weel, I'm here all safe and sound, but I got the biggest scare of my life this morning. I found bear tracks, here and there up the side of the mountain where the ground was soft. Led right up to those high ledges, they did. I followed 'til I could see a place where it looked like they went into an opening in the rocks; then I skirted 'round, and came a-creeping up from the back. I was climbing along on my hands and knees up to the top of a heap of rocks so I could look over to get my bearings, when all of a sud-
den the rocks all slipped out from under me, and down I went kerslam more'n eight feet drop down into a cave! And I landed right on top of the biggest bear I ever see! He squawked and I squawked, and then we rolled over and over as we tried to beat each other to the opening. There was other bears in the den, too. Perhaps not more than two, but seemed like a dozen at least,—all of us scared stiff, and a-clawing to get out of that little opening."

He laughed, but Patty gave a trembling little sigh.

"I swear I beat 'em all to it," he continued. "I went half crawling and half rolling down that cliff like a spilt bucket er water. I finally fetched up agin a big pine so hard that it knocked the breath out er me. I just lay up agin it gasping for a minute; then I looked back, and there was that ole bear more'n half a mile away, legging it in the opposite direction, jest as scared as I was! Bet he don't stop 'til he gets to the St. Lawrence!"

Although they saw no traces of the bears again near their cabin, the Severance family kept a sharp lookout for them, until Martin, telling his adventure in Saxton's tavern to the great enjoyment of his listeners, easily persuaded Sam Hunter and a number of other reckless youths to come up to the Falls on a hunting trip. They tracked the bears to their new den and exterminated them.

The first harvest at the Falls was a matter of pride to the whole Severance family, for they had worked hard all summer. The great golden pumpkins were cut in slices, dried in the sun and hung on poles across the rafters. The small crop of wheat and oats was laboriously reaped with a sickle, tied in bundles and placed across poles, which had been fitted into grooves and extended horizontally about a foot above the shed floor. Then Catherine and Eppie covered the floor under the poles with sheets so that as they thrashed the grain the kernels fell onto the cloth. After this, for several days whenever there was a breeze, the girls stood out in the sunshine carefully dipping up the kernels with a dried gourd and pouring them very slowly from high in the air into a tub on the ground, so that the wind would blow the chaff away as the grain fell into the tub. Each bushel had to be taken to Deerfield to be ground. It was a good deal of labor for one bag of wheat flour, but the hot cakes of freshly ground wheat tasted wonderfully good!

The woods back of the cabin were full of chestnut trees and the children gathered so many nuts that Elisha built a little structure on the same plan as a corn crib in which to store them. Patience found them a valuable food for the family, and many a supper they had of fresh roasted chestnuts and milk.

One day Elisha ran in to tell them that the wild ducks flying south were settling on the river in such numbers that he could in a few minutes get a supply of game for a week.

"Easy, son," said Martin. "We are almost out of powder, so don't shoot more than twice."

"I don't need a gun at all!" cried Elisha dashing out of the cabin with a stout club in his hand.

Getting into the rude boat he had made by burning out the center of half a huge log, he paddled as silently as possible up the river, beyond where the ducks were bobbing up and down as they rested together on the water some distance above the Falls. When the birds, which had been disturbed by Lisha's paddle, were again floating peacefully on the water, Lisha, sitting motionless in his dugout, let it float as obtrusively as a log down the stream until it found its way into the midst of the ducks; then suddenly rising Lisha stunned with his club a dozen or more before the rest of the flock took fright and flew away with a loud clapping of wings.

So winter found the Severance family well established in their new home, with a store of food and fuel, ready to laugh at blizzards and sleetly winds and enjoying to the fullest their family circle about the blazing hearth.

CHAPTER XXII

Dan Ryder's young wife found life lonely in the Northwest, so the Severance children often ran through their father's cornfield to her cabin. The first year there was always a hardbeaten path between the cornhills where their bare feet had pattered back and
forth, so the next year Martin left a space for them through the center of his corn patch, never dreaming that, a century later, this path would be a much traveled highway.

“I don’t think any other family will ever settle near us, do you?” Mrs. Ryder complained to Catherine one day.

“There are the Rices, the Hawks and the Taylors up beyond us in Charlemont,” replied the girl.

“Too far away to be neighbors with us,” sniffed Mrs. Ryder.

“I know. But we do see them going by on the trail once in a while. Othniel Taylor goes down every week for the mail.”

“There are the Wilsons and the Lawsons, too,” put in Eppie, “but they are even farther away. Seems funny to think that they are here in Deerfield Northwest, but that we can’t get through the forests to see them and have to go ’way down to Deerfield and come back up over the Green River road.”

“Father says the land there is not near as good as here. I don’t see why they ever settled way up there,” mused Catherine.

“They had the whole pick of the Northwest, too,” continued Mrs. Ryder in her whining voice. “Archibald Lawson bought his first fifty acres with fifty yards of linen cloth that he wove himself. The agent in Deerfield told him that he wouldn’t go into the Northwest for all the land there, and he told Mr. Lawson to take his fifty anywhere he wanted to. I agree with the agent. I think it’s a wilderness that will never be anything else!”

No one did come to settle near the falls for some time, but the next year along the slope of hills toward the Green River several cabins were built. Alexander Clark came down from Colrain and, with money he had earned during the Last French War, erected the first frame house in Deerfield Northwest, hewing the chestnut timbers by hand and making bricks for the chimney in a clay pit near by. From Deerfield came Daniel Nims, John Taylor and Stephen Kellog; and farther north, Ebenezer Fiske and Watson Freeman located. In two years there were in all fourteen families in Deerfield Northwest.

Samuel was born that first winter after the Severances came to the Falls and Patience, even with Catherine and Experience to help her, was busy from dawn to long after sundown.

The mountains on the east and west of their cabin each cut off half an hour of daylight which the Severances sorely missed during the short winter days. The girls insisted that they could not get their stints of spinning done with only the fireplace and pine splinters for light during the long winter evenings, so Lisha and Martie took down to the Deerfield stores some fine beaver pelts which they had trapped and exchanged them for a bucket of mutton tallow.

The whole family joined in the laborious task of dipping the lengths of tightly twisted tow string in the hot tallow until the tallow clung in layers and the dips increased to usable size. It was a joy to have light in all parts of the cabin at night.

“We must start a flock of sheep of our own,” declared Martin, and in a few days returned from the Rice farm up the river with a ram and two ewes. A leanto was made for the sheep on the side of the shed he had built and, around the whole, was built a stockade of upright logs with sharpened ends to protect the animals from the wolves which prowled about almost continually that winter.

It was during planting time the next spring that their old iron kettle cracked beyond repair. Patience did not know what to do. There was nothing else in which to cook except an iron skillet and a small brass kettle that held scarcely a quart. All their money had gone for seeds and more farm equipment. She inventoried in her mind everything that they owned, inside the cabin and out, but there was nothing they could spare to sell.

“They buy logs, sometimes, at the mill in Greenfield,” suggested Eppie.

“I know. We’ve a whole forest of timber,” said her mother, “but who would cut and haul it? Your father and the boys must work every minute on the land.”

“The ram hasn’t been sheared,” said Catherine.

Her mother nodded thoughtfully. The ram’s fleece was especially fine and thick. Catherine’s mild blue eyes held an unexpected gleam of daring.

“Come on, Ma! I’ll hold him!”

The young ram got the surprise of his
life when the three determined females descended upon him, one with shears, the other two with strong strips of linen webbing. He gave them a fine chase, but they cornered him at last. The girls held and tied him, while Patience, with grimly set teeth, cut off the long soft rolls of wool.

"Well, the wool looks all right anyway!" said Eppie, when it was over, and they were walking triumphantly back to the cabin while a still dazed and resentful ram stamped his feet and shook his despoiled sides.

"Yes, but your father will probably wonder if the ram is molting," laughed her mother. "It ought to bring enough for a kettle. It's splendid wool."

"It would be nice to weave some blankets from wool like this, wouldn't it?" Catherine remarked, trying to speak casually, but with a blush spreading over her cheeks. Then, at Eppie's giggle and her mother's stare, she continued defiantly. "Well, I only mean that most girls do start a chest of bedding. Some time before they're grown up, they do. And I'm sixteen."

As soon as the wool was washed and dried, it was crammed into a linen bag and on the first pleasant morning Patience, shouldering the bag, started for Deerfield, leaving her daughters in charge of the household. Dolly could not be spared, for the ploughing had to be done quickly. It was already late to be planting. Patience strode off alone along the blazed trail.

The wool brought more than she had expected; she was given in exchange not only a fine new kettle, but a bag of dried hops and a little round wooden box of spices, hard, wrinkled nutmegs and tight curls of cinnamon bark. Then after dinner and a few minutes' chat with Abigail Clesson she started home.

Out of the forest on the side of Mt. Massa-met, back of Martin's cabin, Agrippa Wells came one day that summer, having walked there through the wilderness from the banks of Green River.

"Lawrence Kemp and Samuel Hunter have settled over there on the hills this side of Greenfield," Agrippa told them. "My cousin, John Wells, is there, too. I've about decided to buy me a tract er land myself on top one er those hills where you can look right down on Green River. I've been up several times to look at this site. It's a mighty likely spot."
"You couldn't do better," said Martin.
"But I wish it was nearer," sighed Patience.
"It's not five miles as the crow flies."
"But I'm not a crow."
"Perhaps we'll build a road some day," joked Martin, and they all laughed at the idea of a road over the steep rocky hills through the dense, unbroken forests.

But a blazed trail was made, which in a very few years was widened to a rough bridlepath, for to the Falls came one day a sober, well-dressed, but plain man of middle age who rode a carefully groomed horse. After looking over the falls and vicinity for some time, he came to Martin's cabin.

"I'm Jonathan Wood," he explained at once, "and I'm up here looking over the possibilities of erecting a grist mill."
"A grist mill!" exclaimed Martin. "Why there is one in Deerfield!"
"There's excellent power here for one."
"But would it pay? There are only two families here."
"More are coming all the time," said Mr. Wood, with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eyes. "I understand there are ten or more families over the hills toward Greenfield. The commonwealth owns the land around the falls, but I find I can lease it for this project. It looks to me like a good investment."

So Jonathan Wood began to build a grist mill, and soon this part of Deerfield Northwest was always called "The Falls." A few farms were clustered about the home of Daniel Nims, who had chosen a hilltop near the center of the Northwest and established the first tavern. This was called "The Center." In the northern portion, near the Colrain line, was the most thickly settled as well as the oldest cultivated part of the Northwest.

"They give themselves airs—they folks up north of us do," declared a sharp-voiced matron at The Center. "They think because they've been here a leetle mite longer than us, that they're a pattern for the rest of us!"

Amused at her remark, other women repeated the epitaph, until gradually everyone, imitating her short, clipped words, began calling this district "The Patten."

For some time only a blazed trail led from the Falls east to the Center. It was a perilous journey over rough crags and through dark forests. Patience had an experience there which would have terrified a more timid woman.

Returning one late afternoon from a visit to Agrippa Wells' wife to see a new baby, she was overtaken by a sudden thunderstorm. An unusually loud crash of thunder simultaneous with blinding lightning caused Dolly to rear and dash from the path into the forest. When Patience attempted to turn her back, she became completely lost in the pelting rain. Darkness settled down and, although the rain soon ceased, she could not see her way. She tried giving Dolly her head, thinking the mare might find her way home by herself, but, after wandering bewilderedly about among the dripping trees for some time, she became as lost as her mistress.

Coming to a thick spruce which afforded some shelter from the wind, Patience found here a carpet of dry spills and cones. Fastening Dolly to a limb of the tree, she broke off dense branches which she set up for a screen against the cold wind. Then she collected a pile of cones and dry leaves and lighted them with the flint and steel, which she carried in the huge pocket sewn into one of her many petticoats. As the cones blazed, she added twigs and small branches and soon had a glowing fire at which she could warm her numb hands and feet.

Relaxing, she began to wonder if anyone would come to search for her. She wasn't afraid to spend a night in the open and was thinking of scooping a hollow in the soft leaf-mold in order to lie comfortably by her fire, when she heard the snapping of a twig, silence, and then another snap nearer. Springing up, she looked in that direction and saw two glowing eyeballs gleaming at her. A short distance away, two more pairs glowed like live coals.

Wolves!

Dolly began to stamp and rear, threatening to break the bridle. Patience, looking wildly about, saw eyes on every side. No time to dally! Rushing at the fire, she snatched up a burning branch and threw it with all her strength at the nearest glittering eyes. There was a crash of underbrush and the eyes disappeared.
Patience piled her fire high with wood and the wolves retreated out of the range of the light. Talking reassuringly to Dolly, she waved a blazing torch back and forth until all the glowing eyes faded into the darkness.

She passed an endless night. The wolves never relaxed their watch and came nearer and nearer when her fire burned low. Branch after branch she broke into lengths and heaped on her fire until it seemed as if there would be no more wood within her reach.

When she was exhausted and her nerves strained to the breaking point, there came that change in the air that always precedes dawn. The wind died down and, for a while, all was still except as an occasional drop of water fell from the trees or as the fire crackled in licking up the green sticks. Then the air grew clear and fresh; a light breeze, playing coyly with the long beech leaves, blew in gentle gusts through the woods, bringing the scent of fields and fresh damp earth.

The wolves had disappeared, so Patience let the fire die down. Dolly, humped against the trunk of a tree, was asleep. The top of the hills toward the east became dull blue outlines against the faintly lighter blue of the sky. Then the heavens flamed with a sudden crimson light, which faded slowly to a dull pink and then to an opal tint, and the golden sun burned its way through the mists and clouds to appear over the hills in a blaze of warm, invigorating light.

Patience, shaking off the horror of the night as casually as she shook the raindrops from her woolen shawl, calmly led Dolly out to an open space which she now could see through the trees. There, looking toward the rising sun for her direction and carefully noting the familiar hilltops she could see about her, she mounted Dolly and rode off in the direction of her home.

CHAPTER XXIII

Elisha had always been erratic. Martin insisted that he had been ruined by his childhood at Fort Dummer where he had been petted by the soldiers and had continually heard stories of wild excitement and adventure. He was old enough now to be of considerable help with the increasing brood of brothers and sisters, but instead he rushed from one thing to another and never completed any task. One day one of the Taylors of Charlemont drove a herd of longhorn cattle down the trail to market them in Northampton and as he passed the cabin, Elisha walked on with him.

"Tell Mother I'm going to help Oth Taylor get these cows to Northampton," he told one of his little sisters and, cutting a willow whip he walked gaily down the trail, gently urging the reluctant animals to step more lively.

He never returned. News trickled back slowly. Someone had seen him in Springfield; later a report came that he had been in Hartford. More than a year later, a message came from him through many relays that he was sailing on a sloop for the West Indies; and after that they never heard again.

Martin never ceased to ask any stranger who came up from Connecticut if he had known him; and years later, when Cheapside became a river port, he often went to wander about the docks and casually inquire from the sailors on the West Indies boats if they had ever known a young man named Severance, but he never picked up the slightest trace of him.

Elisha faded out of their life. The older children, busy with their own affairs, gradually forgot him. The younger ones, born after the family came to the Falls, had not been old enough to know him. In Patience's heart, however, nothing ever came to ease the ache left by the absence of her firstborn. Every mother has in her heart a special place for each of her children no matter how large her family may be; but the love for her firstborn is always surrounded by the memory of that first ecstasy of wonder and awe.

The next loss that came to Martin and Patience was through the marriage of their eldest daughter, Catherine. It was a shock to her mother, for although Catherine had been pushed out of her cradle by a sister before she could walk and, from then on, had always helped care for the rapidly arriving babies, no one had noticed that she herself had grown up. At seventeen she was a sweet, serious girl with chestnut hair and large, dark-grey eyes shaded by darker lashes.
“If she was only marrying someone her own age, I wouldn’t feel so badly,” grieved Patience.

“Hinsdale is only ten years older,” said Martin impatiently, “and has better prospects than a boy. Would you rather have her go away with some stripling without a shilling in his pocket?”

“Of course not! But a widower—”

Her mother’s dissatisfaction did not reach Catherine. She never imagined that anyone could find anything to criticize in her suitor, for to the girl he was perfection.

“It really is wonderful how things come about!” she told Experience and Abigail, as they sat together hemming the innumerable napkins which every table of that day demanded because of the lack of individual dishes and forks. “When he came with his bride to Fort Dummer to visit, I was only eight, but I thought they were both the most wonderful people I had ever seen. She had dark curls all around her face and big, brown eyes. He was tall and straight, just as he is now, and so devoted to her. He’s very good looking, don’t you think so?”

“I don’t think his eyes are as nice a blue as Dad’s, and he never smiles with them as Dad does,” declared Abigail.

“His eyes are a wonderful blue!” Catherine was indignant. “And if he doesn’t smile all the time, it’s because life has treated him too harshly!”

“His first wife died soon after they were married, didn’t she?” Experience had heard the story a dozen times, but she didn’t want Catherine to be offended by what Abigail had said and she could think of nothing else to say at the moment.

“She died before they had been married a year! It was so sad. I yearned even then to do something for him. I remember I picked a bunch of swamp pinks one time to put on her grave and he came along as I was placing it there. He put his hand on my shoulder and we stood looking down at her grave without saying a word. If I can only give him a little comfort and happiness after all he has suffered, I shall have everything I want.”

Her wide, grey eyes grew dark and earnest. Her sisters looked intently at their work. Privately they did not think Elisha Hinsdale wonderful, but, since Catherine was happy, they would not let her know their thoughts for the world. And it was nice she was marrying someone who could buy a farm with land already cleared, so that she would not have to work as hard as most brides. Her future husband had the Hinsdale love of property and had bought and sold, always at a profit, until now he could give their sister every luxury known to them.

So Catherine went out of the home into a life of her own. They saw her every Sabbath at meeting after the regular church was established and she frequently rode over in good weather to spend a day with them, but she never was a part of their lives again.

The next year another little girl, Sophia, was born to Martin and Patience and soon after still another, Sarah. They were plump, laughing babies, so much alike as they grew up that many thought them twins. They were the plainest of the Severance girls, but there was a charm about their freckled faces and blue eyes that won for them friends of all ages.

For some time there had been talk among the families of Deerfield Northwest of separating from Deerfield and establishing a town of their own. John Wells and John Taylor rode from farm to farm trying to stir up interest. Martin thought the change wholly unnecessary, but, when the petition was drawn up to be sent to Deerfield and to the General Court, he finally signed it with the others.

When it seemed probable that the petition to incorporate as a town would be granted, a meeting of the men of the Northwest was called at the home of Daniel Nims, which seemed to be most centrally located.

“You’re going, ain’t you, Dad?” asked Martin, Jr. anxiously. He felt that sometimes his father did not take as much interest in the affairs of the settlement as he ought to, but was content to hoe a few rows of corn and then spend the rest of his time roaming over the hills, gun on shoulder, looking for partridge or wild turkey.

“Oh, yes, I’m going,” replied Martin.

Patience, who had looked up from her spinning wheel at the question, gave a little sigh of approval and set the wheel whirring faster.

There was quite a group of men gathered
before Daniel Nims' log cabin the next day. "I didn't realize there were so many liv-
ing in these parts," remarked Jonathan Wood, who with his brother Aaron had ridden over with Martin.

Martin only nodded. He didn't think much of crowds.

"We're discussing a name for the town," said Archibald Lawson, coming over to them. "It's a powerful important matter, I think. Some say 'Northwest Town' or 'North Town' but them names don't sound like nothin' to me. Robert Wilson favors us calling ourselves 'North Deerfield', but I don't see no sense to that, if we are aiming to be a town all by ourselves, a-separated from Deerfield."

"Has the petition been accepted?" asked Aaron Wood.

"Not yet, but it's sure to be, soon as General Court gets 'round to it."

The men began assembling in the big Nims kitchen. John Taylor, who had been moderator at the two informal meetings they had already held, took his place on the fireside settle which had been turned so that it faced the room. Daniel Nims and Robert Wilson sat down beside him. The others took places about the room on stools and benches. Martin with several others found a seat on a wide oak plank which had been placed across two short upright logs. He listened without comment as the meeting progressed until the question of the name was brought up; then he rose to his full height. All turned in surprise for Martin's voice was seldom heard in public gatherings; and all showed unconscious admiration for the splendid figure of the man as he stood there.

"Mr. Severance," said John Taylor, acknowledging him.

"Mr. Moderator," Martin began slowly, "some of you men who fought in the Old French War knew William Fitzmaurice. He was just a common soldier in the English army then, but a promising lad. He made friends with everybody. He's the Earl of Shelburne now and I reckon I don't need to tell you what he's doing in England to help the Colonies. They say he's one of the most eloquent men in the House of Lords. He did a lot for us when he was head of the Board of Trade for regulating traffic with us. He's with Lord Chatham's ministry now and I know he's trying to see that we always get a square deal. I think that you'll agree with me that we haven't got any better friend than the Earl of Shelburne. I think it would be a fine thing to name our town Shelburne."

There was silence as he sat down. This was an entirely new idea to everyone there. Then John Wells shouted, "Fine!" and everyone began to clap more and more enthusiastically until Martin's ears and neck became red with embarrassment.

"Anything to be said?" asked the moderator.

"Ye don't think it would be a mite too—too—" began Deacon Childs. He was hunting in his mind for the word presumptuous, but couldn't quite tree it. "Well, what I mean is, would the Earl of Shelburne like it?"

"Why not?" cried Agrippa Wells, springing up. "We all hope to make a fine town here, don't we? We don't plan to ever let it be such that any man will be ashamed to be connected with, do we? It will give us something to live up to—having a fine sounding name like that! Mr. Moderator, I make the motion that, when we get the right to incorporate, we name our town Shelburne."

It was carried unanimously.

The choice of name caused a sensation. Wives and daughters approved of it heartily when told of it that evening.

"Such a fine sounding name!" they all agreed.

"Mother," cried Abigail two days later, "did you know that it was Father who sug-
gested naming our town Shelburne?"

"He didn't say anything about it at home."

"I know he didn't, but it was his idea. Aren't you proud?"

"He always has fine ideas," said Patience trying to speak casually, but with pride in her voice.

"Mighty high sounding name they've chosen!" exclaimed the people of Deerfield and Greenfield during the next weeks. "Wonder what his lordship, the Earl of Shelburne, will think when they tell him he's been honored by having a few square miles of mountains full of bears and wild cats named for him!"

But when the report finally reached the
Earl of Shelburne, he was pleased in the midst of discouragements, for he was fighting a losing battle for the welfare of the Colonies against those who were indifferent to justice and fairness. It was a very small token of appreciation perhaps, but he knew and valued the spirit which had prompted it. At once he made plans for sending the village a bell—one of the most valued possessions a village could have in those days.

To Patience and Martin the establishment of a church marked the most important step forward in the incorporation of the town. For a year the services were held at the home of Daniel Nims, but the following spring the town voted to erect a log meeting house on the hill next west of his at the Center and every Sunday Martin brought his entire family over the five miles of rough trail, on a crude springless cart in summer, on a still more clumsy sled in winter, always drawn by a huge ox with a shaggy mane reaching almost to his knees.

The log meeting house built in 1769 was small, full of drafts and in constant need of repairs. So, in 1773, when a gift to the church society made it possible, a new frame meeting house was built just north of the old log one. It was a plain, unadorned, boxlike structure and years passed before sufficient money could be raised to put a steeple on it. But it was so much better than the log house that every one was very proud to come to it at the sound of the conch shell.

Rev. Robert Hubbard, the new minister just graduated from Yale, preached his long sermons high up in the little pulpit, wearing in winter his great coat, muffler and large woolen mittens. White vapor formed in the air about his face as he spoke, but he went on serenely, carefully turning the hour glass when one side was emptied and always preaching two full hours.

Afterwards the congregation gathered at Daniel Nims’ home, which had been enlarged now to serve as a tavern, where they warmed themselves, ate the lunch which they had brought and sipped the hot flip and toddy which Mrs. Nims provided. Thus fortified, they stoically returned to listen to another two hours’ flow of rhetoric and admonitions.

Since the Severances had come to the Falls, crops had been good and the family now faced the winters with a fine store of food. Also in winter they made plans for the spring sugaring. This was an art which the pioneers had learned from the Indians, valuable because white sugar brought from a distance was expensive. Around each cabin in Shelburne grew maple trees yielding dark, but delicious, sugar, but, like all the good things of this new land, “sugaring” demanded hours of preparation and toil.
First Martin and his sons had to find a basswood tree at least sixteen inches in diameter. This, cut into logs three feet long, was split into halves, which were dug out until each half became a trough large enough to hold a good size pailful of sap. One of these was placed under each maple tree and into the tree was driven a hollow, wooden tube which caused the sap as it went up from the roots of the tree in early spring to drip into the basswood trough. On the first warm days the sap ran in continuous streams and the whole family was kept busy bringing the sap from the trees, for some of the maples were some distance away. Usually the run of sap was early enough in the spring so that there was enough snow on which to drag a sled to bring in the barrels of sap filled from the troughs.

Martie also made a neck yoke so that he could carry two buckets more easily where it was too rough for the sled. One day when Martie was using the sled to drag down more wood from the hillside for the fire under the sap kettle, Eppie attempted to use the neck yoke.

"The troughs are full of sap, Mother. I'm not going to wait until Martie gets back with the sled. I'm going to use his neck yoke."

"Be careful," cautioned her mother who was busy stirring the bubbling liquid in the huge kettle. Thirty gallons of sap must be boiled down to make one pound of sugar, so in those days when their sole equipment was a big kettle on a tripod over a wood fire out of doors on the snow, some one must stand and stir the sap for hours and hours to keep it from burning or bubbling over.

Martin and the boys could not see why it could not be done inside the cabin over the fireplace, but Patience hated to have their small living space filled with the sweetish vapor of the steaming sap. Then, too, she could not cook meals for her large family, if the fireplace were cluttered with a sap kettle with someone stirring it all the time!

"It will take so much less work to get the wood," she told Martin, "if we 'sugar off' out of doors. We can burn bigger logs and you won't have to carry them so far."

"Guess you're right," agreed Martin finally, and he built a crude shed for the work and the whole family did nothing else but attend to it as long as there was a run of sap.

Eppie, coming back on snowshoes with two full buckets of sap pulling on the yoke across her neck, tripped over a rock protruding through the melting snow and fell into the drift beyond. She was so weighted down by the yoke and heavy buckets that she could not untangle herself, but lay almost completely out of sight in the soft snow with one foot in its huge snowshoe waving frantically in the air. Submit saw her and ran to help, but it finally took the combined efforts of her mother and Abbie to pull Eppie and the jumble of buckets out of the snow.

Eppie was ready to cry at the loss of the sap.

"Be glad you didn't break the buckets," said Submit, who was always practical.

"Or any of your bones!" exclaimed her mother.

Night and day some one of the family tended the kettle and after a strenuous week they were the proud possessors of almost a full barrel of maple sugar.

That summer the little apple trees which they had brought from Deerfield bore their first fruit; and a little pear seedling which Patience had brought to her new home, carefully planted in a small brass kettle, gave them its first juicy pears. The hills were like gorgeous Persian carpets that fall and a mellow haze enfolded them day after day. Nature had never seemed so beautiful and Martin, sitting in his cabin doorway listening to the murmur of the falls, smoked his long pipe and felt that nothing could disturb his contentment.

CHAPTER XXIV

The summer after the incorporation of the town, Mary was born, a quiet happy baby with soft brown eyes like her mother's, two years later a little boy came along whom they named Selah and who from the first reminded Martin of his brother Jonathan.

About the same time Experience married Eleaser Scott and went with him to Wendi; and Abigail, by far the prettiest of the Severance girls, married David Hosley, who had for several years been looking
admiringly at her across the meeting house during the long sermons. Young Hosley had bought a farm in the north of Shelburne, which was always called the Patten. Martin had not been wholly in favor of having the scattered farmers try to become a township, but he saw the advantages when the church and district schools were organized and the farmers began to work out plans for roads to replace the blazed trails and bridle paths which led from one cabin to another.

There were still only three homes near the Falls, but every day in good weather men came in from miles around bringing their grain to the mill. Lieutenant Poole had built a saw mill near the grist mill of Jonathan Wood, and there was a small carding mill there too. While the great stones of the grist mill ground their grain into flour or the shrieking saw made the logs that they had brought into boards, the men gossiped and argued. There was plenty of material for discussion these days, for the colonists were beginning to question the justice of the mother country, and any new development was avidly seized upon and tossed this way and that.

Deerfield had always kept closely in touch with Boston or “The Bay”, as they called it. Benjamin Franklin, when he was made postmaster of the colonies had inaugurated a system which brought fairly regular mail to towns of any size. As the Tories began to fear the influence of the Whigs, Franklin was relieved of his position and the postal system, never very strong, collapsed entirely; but Deerfield had for some time been supplementing the public post by private subscription and now these men began to handle it entirely. Each subscriber paid William Mosman twelve shillings yearly for riding post to Boston. His mail was delivered at David Hoyt’s tavern, The Old Indian House, in Deerfield and most of the settlers along the upper Deerfield River planned their trading trips for that eventful day. Thus the news of the Sugar Act of 1764 and the Stamp Act the next year quickly reached the outlying settlements and were discussed by the men in the taverns and wherever else they met.

They had been vaguely aware before this that England had made laws trying to compel the colonists to trade with her alone, but England had always been too preoccupied to enforce them and the colonists had considered it a natural thing to smuggle in their molasses and sugar from any place where they could buy it cheapest. It was a New England policy always to obtain necessities for the least money. Now England was suddenly aware that the trade of the growing Colonies was considerable and must be kept in her hands.

“But these here stamps what they tell us we’ve got to put on our deeds and such like,” said Archibald Lawson, leaning over the side of the mill and spitting into the river whirling by, “they tell us that the money raised thusly will be used to pay troops on our western frontier. That ain’t so bad, now.”

“If we want troops for the west, we’ll raise them ourselves,” growled Lawrence Kemp. “No one else is a-going to say what our taxes are a-going to be! We have our own assemblies.”

“That’s right!” the men standing around them agreed. “We’ll handle our taxes ourselves. Just let them try to sell us stamps up here.”

But the opposition to the Stamp Act at “the Bay” and other seaport towns was so bitter that the distributors were forced to resign; and the various colonies in their assemblies that year declared that no taxes were legal except those imposed by the colonists on themselves.

“What if it doesn’t affect us much?” the settlers of western Massachusetts shouted, as they boiled with fury on hearing that several companies of Royal Artillery had been sent to enforce England’s demands and had actually fired upon people in Boston. “It means the same to us as if those cursed lobster-backs had massacred our own people in front of our own meeting house! We won’t endure it!”

By 1772 tattered copies of Boston’s Gazette were passed around until most of the men knew by heart Sam Adams’ fiery words—“The tragedy of American freedom is nearly completed. A tyranny seems to be at the very door. They who lie under oppression deserve what they suffer . . . Could millions be enslaved if all possessed the independent spirit of Brutus, who, to his immortal honor, expelled the tyrant of
Rome . . . The liberties of our country are worth defending at all hazards."

Each town of Massachusetts was ready to cooperate, when Samuel Adams made the suggestion that a "Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety" be appointed for closer communication among the colonies.

"Great man, Sam Adams!" declared Agrippa Wells.

"Don't you think he's a leetle mite hasty?" asked Martin of his friend.

Grip glared at him and brought his sledgehammer fist down on the table in a mighty blow.

"By Judas, Mart! Won't you folks ever wake up to what's going on in this country? England's treating us like we was bound boys. Taking everything we have! Taxing us for everything we use! Not allowing us to manufacture anything for ourselves! Making us buy everything from her! How long are we a-going to stand it, I ask you?"

"I reckon I'm getting old, Grip, but I feel it will all come out right if we're patient."

Grip snorted, and turned away, muttering, "I only hope you're right, but I think you're blind."

Agrippa Wells was planning to move to Greenfield as soon as his cousin to whom he had sold his farm could come up from Connecticut to take possession of it. Agrippa's oldest boy and namesake had been drowned that summer and his wife felt she could no longer endure the loneliness of their isolated farm.

"We hate to have you go," Martin told Grip.

"Oh, you'll like my cousin, David Wells," Grip told him. "I hate to give up my farm. I've always liked these hills, but it will mean a lot to my wife to get down nearer her people. I may be able to better myself some in Greenfield. I'm putting what I've saved up into a blacksmith shop. There's none there, now. Looks like a good venture."

"I wish you luck, Grip," and Martin shook his old friend's hand heartily.

David Wells, who came up from Colchester with his family to take Agrippa's farm, proved a valuable addition to the town. He was as quick and active as his cousin, Agrippa, but with a keen wisdom and foresight which Grip did not always seem to have. He had been a captain in the local militia in Connecticut and, when this was known, the men of Shelburne begged him to form a company as most of the neighboring towns were doing. David Wells was very willing to do this and as soon as he obtained from the General Court his commission as captain and a lieutenant's commission for Benjamin Nash, a company was formed.

Meanwhile news from the Bay was more and more upsetting. There were brought back to Deerfield copies of those famous letters written to England in the interest of the Tories by Hutchinson which Franklin had discovered and sent to Samuel Adams. Everywhere groups of men argued and cursed. The tax then being imposed on tea did not affect Shelburne very much as they were all too poor to have tea often, but they were indignant just the same. "It's the principle of the thing!" they shouted to each other, as they thumped their hard fists into the palms of their horny hands.

Roars of boisterous laughter greeted the news of the Boston Tea Party. Old Deerfield rocked with the news for days, for there were many Tories there who saw no humor in Boston's Tea Party. But Shelburne delighted in the affair.

"We'll show 'em!" was the general comment.

Martin's children, Submit and Samuel, learned to sing a ditty in praise of those—"Who went aboard the British ship their vengeance to administer
And didn't care a tarnel bit for any king or minister;  
Who made a deuced mess of tea in one of the biggest dishes,  
Steeped the Bohea in the sea, and treated all the fishes?"

But affairs became more serious than Martin had thought possible. The Port Bill of 1773 was nothing to smile over. Boston was now declared to be in a state of siege and fresh troops arrived from England under General Gage.

"I don't like the way things are going, Patty!" Martin told his wife in worried tones.

"But it doesn't affect us, Martin," was Patience's usual reply.

"I jest can't understand it," Martin continued. "Why can't the folks at the heads of these two governments talk it over peaceable like, and patch it up agreeable to all? I know we ought to obey laws, but these taxes are unfair."

"Don't you bother your head over it. We'll never have money enough to buy tea for a family the size of ours," said Patience, attempting to joke. "We'll always have to make out best we can with pennyroyal or catnip."

"Parson Ashley sent a pound of tea to the wife of Parson Roger Newton in Greenfield last week," spoke up Catherine who had ridden over with her baby, Hannah, to spend the day with her mother. "Mary Wells told me."

"Did Parson Newton and his wife drink it?" asked Patience.

"Of course they did! All parsons are Tories!" cried young Martie. "I'd rather drink my children's blood than to drink a cup of tea!"

"Where did you pick up that?" demanded his father.

"Agrippa Wells said it to Parson Ashley, they say."

"Sounds like hotheaded Grippa," said Martin, smiling in spite of himself. "But it's altogether too strong for a boy your age, with a withering glance at fifteen-year-old Martie."

"He's too hotheaded, Grip is. He doesn't stop to think. He'll do something rash some day that he'll be sorry for," declared Patience.

"Oh, I don't know, Mother," said Martin crisply. "Sometimes I think this country needs a few more rash young men with guts like Sam Adams and Grip. Then we'd get something done!" and he slammed out of the house in a manner very unusual for mild-tempered Martin.

CHAPTER XXV

"I never saw your father in such a ruffle as he is over this tea affair at the Bay," exclaimed Patience to her daughters.

"Elisha is just as upset," said Catherine calmly, as she bent over her baby Hannah, who was lying beside month-old Baby Patty in the low wooden cradle with a hood like a little gable at one end, "but I'm so busy taking care of Hannah, I don't have time to worry over anything else."

Patience smiled. "When you've had twelve—" she began.

Catherine lifted her eyebrows in horror. "I'll never have twelve children!" she declared.

Submit laughed and picked up Baby Patty, who was beginning to fret.

"I'm glad you had twelve, Ma," she remarked. "This littlest sister of mine is the dearest baby I've ever seen! If I had one of my own, she couldn't seem a bit sweeter. And I'm glad you named this nicest one for you," and she gave her mother a loving glance over the baby's soft, fuzzy head.

"I wish Hannah looked as much like me as Baby Patty does like you, Mother," said Catherine wistfully. "If only things at the Bay get settled, and this fuss quiets down,
we'll all be so happy together, won't we?"

But the news that continued to come from Boston was more and more disturbing and the unsettled conditions made everyone nervous and irritable. When the Port Bill, closing the port of Boston until payment had been made for the destroyed tea, went into effect, June 1, 1774, the little Whig towns of Massachusetts declared it a Day of Mourning, to be observed by fasting and prayer.

On July 20, 1774, every man of Shelburne prepared to attend town meeting held in the Meeting House at the Center. The sound of the conch shell calling them together sent a shiver of fear through all hearers, for all felt that they were approaching a crisis.

Through the Committee of Correspondence had come a letter asking if they would sign a covenant not to purchase English goods. This was quickly agreed upon. All were in favor of signing. Then came the question of contributing to the expenses for delegates from Massachusetts to attend the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Everyone expected this would cause considerable debating. The farmers of Shelburne were not men to spend five pounds of the town’s money lightly; also, sending delegates to a congress of this sort was an active step in the direction of rebellion which might be most disastrous for the town and for the delegates themselves. Every time the men of Shelburne had gone to Deerfield for mail or supplies, they had met Tories who bitterly prophesied all that would happen to those refusing to comply with England's demands; and the Tories of Deerfield were the prosperous land owners, the lawyers, the ministers. How did the simple farmers on the isolated hills of Shelburne presume to form opinions different from theirs?

But the crucial part of the question of sending delegates to a congress outside of New England was that they would thus join with other colonies of which they knew nothing; would intrust their own vital affairs to men whom they considered "foreigners". Every man's face showed the night of consideration and prayer through which he had passed in apprehension of this meeting. Eyes glanced surreptitiously at neighbors as that item of the warrant was read—

"to see if the town will pay its share of the expenses for delegates from Massachusetts to the Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia in September."

Stephen Kellogg rose quickly to his feet, "I make the motion that this sum of five pounds be appropriated."

"Second the motion," said John Taylor.

A tense silence followed.

Moses Hawks, the town clerk, looked from one to another of the men before him in surprise. He and everyone else had expected a heated discussion, perhaps verging on personal violence like the town meetings in Deerfield.

"Are there any remarks?"

Still silence.

"If there are none opposed—" Another pause, but to the surprise of all, no voice was raised in protest,—"the motion is carried." The Continental Congress, meeting at Philadelphia in September, respectfully petitioned the King to put an end to their grievances, specifying thirteen acts of Parliament which they deemed "infringements and violations" of their rights. After a six weeks' consideration of various problems of the colonies represented, the Congress
adjourned after calling a new Congress to meet the following May.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which met in October to learn what had been done at Philadelphia, took prompt action. It directed each town of Massachusetts to organize a Committee of Safety, to collect powder and military stores at once, and it ordered that one-fourth of the militia hold itself ready to march at a minute's notice—thus coining the expression, "Minute Men".

When, early in 1775, the petition sent to King George by the Continental Congress met with obstinate indifference and the King declared Massachusetts to be in rebellion, every Whig in the colony felt a personal grievance.

"England isn't trying to be fair or just!" they cried. "It's more than we'll endure."

These men had been for several generations now far away from the servility and prejudices of Europe. They had a quiet pride in themselves and their homes. In isolated settlements along the frontiers they had had to think for themselves and act quickly, to make decisions with only their own sense of right and justice for guide. They might be ruined and shattered by a selfish, pompous king, but they would never be mastered by him.

The faces of the men as they gathered at the taverns and saw mills were tense and serious. No shouted arguments now, no pounding of fists to emphasize sentiments, no roars of laughter as had greeted the chagrin of the English sympathizers after the Boston Tea Party. Voices were low and almost furtive. Even the children gathered in groups and whispered, instead of spending their few leisure moments in play.

"What is it, Martin?" demanded Patience. "What were you all talking about so seriously down at the mill?"

"There's going to be another town meeting tomorrow."

"Yes, I know. What's so serious about that?"

"David Wells has resigned as Captain of our militia."

"But why?"

"He says he won't hold a commission from a royal governor, feeling as he does about England's attitude toward the colonies. You know we heard last week that public offenders are to be sent to England for trial. That's the last straw!"

Patience nodded and waited for him to continue.

"So at the town meeting, today, we are going to consider whether we, as a town, will raise and pay wages to a company of Minute Men."

"Minute Men? What do you mean?"

"Minute Men are soldiers who are going to train and be ready to march any minute they may be needed."

"Martin! You don't think things are going to happen up here! Like that massacre in Boston!"

"God knows I hope not. We can't tell. We've got to be ready for anything. We've got to show we intend to get our rights."

"Do you think it's right," asked Patience in a low voice, "to take a stand like this against the King?"

Martin turned and looked at her squarely, his blue-grey eyes clear and shining, "I've thought about it, Patty. I've prayed about it. And I believe I'm doing right."

His wife drew a deep breath. "It scares me, Martin, but I believe you are, too."

The next morning, March 6th, the men of Shelburne assembled quietly at the Meeting House at the call of the conch shell, to take up the article of the warrant—"To see if the town cares to raise and maintain a company of Minute Men."

There was a low buzz of conversation for a minute, then Ebenezer Fisk rose quietly, "Friends, we have all considered this carefully. I believe it is our duty to raise a company of Minute Men and pay them for their services from the town funds."

"I second the motion," said John Taylor quickly.

"Will all those in favor rise," said the moderator.

Every man of Shelburne was present, and every man rose unhesitatingly to his feet. A half audible sigh of relief went up from the standing men. One thing could be depended on now. Shelburne was united in purpose. Every man was prepared to maintain the ideals and principles for which the country had been settled.

(To be continued)
Autumn Trilogy
BESSIE SCHENCK BUN TEN

I. Sassafras Tree

Why are you standing wrapped in crimson flame?
What secret voice, by other trees unheard,
Whispered to you resplendent Autumn's name?
Of all the forest, you alone are stirred;
The others dream that all is still the same;
You wave bright banners at some magic word.

II. Forsaken

Waiting for Summer's balmy days in vain,
The Willow gathers close her thinning leaves,
Still shining golden in the Autumn rain;
She sees the corn shocks and the garnered sheaves;
"I miss the sun, it's very cold", she grieves,
And sheds her leaves in amber tears of pain.

III. Autumn Miracle

"The glory of the Lord shone round about",
It is recorded once of ancient days;
And we, who are so oft inclined to scout
The miracles of old, look with amaze
At this transforming gold and crimson blaze
That Autumn flings about us; and our doubt
Melts with the colors, in a purple haze.
ALWAYS when I think of my quests for pewter I hear the words “P-e-w-t-e-r, that there soft sawder, now what in time do you want of that there?” The expression on the face of that old time Yankee, way back in the hills of New England, is even today, only too often reflected by my friends when looking at my treasures. I see the self-same “soft sawder” look on their faces and feel, if I do not hear, the spoken thought.

The collecting microbe early evidenced itself in me. Bugs, butterflies, flowers and stones; cards, stamps and post-marks, each had their turn until childish things were put away. I know the charm of pewter had its beginning in childhood days, for it must have been the big pewter platter which fascinated me as a little girl, high up on the long shelf in the little old carpet weaver’s home, wedged in between the pink bowl, and toby jug. Tiring of the mysteries of the loom with its horse and treadles, bobbins and shuttles, the queer old things about the room attracted me; so meager, yet so enthralling, so different from anything elsewhere. Yes, it must have been that platter for it always looked down at me. I remember it was promised me, “when you get married”; but the little old lady died and that might have been all, had not the germ of desire and possession been planted within me.

Old china, lustre ware, old glass and cup plates have each had attention, and I have been even accused of “collecting ancestors”, but Pewter is my first love, which has grown stronger with the years.

It was many a long year before I secured my first trophy, hauled home in “rabjous” joy! A sorry looking piece bent and battered; corroded and black from long use, a nail hole in the rim, “for mother always used it to dry her apples on”. It is a long story of what was tried to make that particular piece respectable and presentable. Cleansing agents were of no use; then ashes and sand were tried. Unlimited
amounts of patience and elbow grease finally cleared the way for the tinner who straightened the rim and filled in the nail hole. The goodly company which has since joined it includes my largest platter, or charger, salvaged from the top of a pork barrel, large enough to cover and weighty enough to hold the meat down under the brine. Then a piece was given me, taken from under the salt keg in a Pennsylvania "out kitchen". Imagination lends much thought to this piece, for in earlier years it was part of the "housen stuff" of one William Wallis of Central Pennsylvania, friend of James Wilson, the Signer, whose untimely death plunged Wallis into serious financial difficulties, but whose Savery Desk and Highboy are still held in proud possession by his descendants. This old platter may well have been a "lordly dish" in William's household!

A wood shed yielded up still another platter where its daily duty was to carry out the ashes from the kitchen stove and, lastly, one of my most beautiful pieces, without dent or blemish, came from a country spare room where, under the slop jar, "it saved the carpet." All of these in homely use, mutely testifying of other days. Genuine through and through; humble service did not harm or hurt. Restored by careful consideration and labor of loving hands, they repose now peacefully in their glorified old age with me.

Pewter's claim to attention lies not in its intrinsic value, for it was ever a modest ware; the softness of its silvery color with a sheen, "bloom", if you will, resting and pleasing to the eye, has given it the name of "moonlight metal." The smooth feel to the touch, which no other metal has—"you just know it is pewter". There's a subtle attractiveness which cannot be explained any more than a taste for olives or old prints.

One writer, a lover of antiques, puts it this way—"its beauty is rather that of some quaint, sweet-faced old lady in a lace cap than that of a blooming ball room belle. Some people do not care for old ladies, some do, and that is the whole story in a nutshell." To those who do love this plain ware of graceful form and simple line, it speaks a wondrous language of days long gone.

Pewter is always made in the same way of the self-same alloy—tin-brass—sometimes antimony. Why, the dawning light of civilization is bound up with the story of pewter. Nothing used by man has ever been more closely associated with the human race.

The history of pewter is buried deeply in the dust of ages. To appreciate how important a part it has played in the affairs of men from earliest days down to our own, we must go back to the ancient civilization of the Eastern World, Egypt, Phoenicia and Chaldea. Herodotus says that these two metals—lead and tin—were the chief inducements that brought the Phoenician traders to the shores of Britain. While an English writer says "these two metals, tin and lead, made the early fame of Britain; they brought here the Phoenician trader and had much to do with the Roman occupation of this distant Isle". The first sure knowledge of the use of pewter is during the days of the Roman Empire. Plautus describes a magnificent feast served on pewter; and Suetonius relates how Vitellius removed the silver vessels from the temples and substituted pewter. The splendor that was Rome's becomes more real and intimate when we reflect that for nearly five hundred years it flourished on British soil. Rome planted the first civilization in England, our Mother Country. Stories of the intimate home life there are enshrined for us by humble pewter.

That the Romans used pewter coins and seals of office it was learned when a quantity of diverse shape and size was ploughed up in Westmoreland County not so many years ago, left there by the Roman legions who went away in 411, never to return; but what price glory? To the traveling tinkers and local tinners these priceless insignia were but "soft sawder" eagerly appropriated for mending the good housewives' ware.

When Europe emerged from the Dark Ages, with the new impetus given to all trades on the continent and England, the Guilds developed, for mutual protection of the crafts. In 1348 the Worshipful Company of Pewterers was organized in London. It is still in existence with its Guild Hall on the original site in Lime Street.

The earliest regulations of the London
Company seem to have been drawn to enforce the making of a high quality of pewter. The original ordinances were submitted to Mayor and Alderman for their approval and they are still a part of the records. These regulations governed the craft of the pewterer and were most jealously guarded and enforced for the credit of the trade. As may be judged, the Company became very powerful and did much to maintain the quality of the ware and to encourage skillful craftsmanship. They also attempted to compel and record what may be termed “hallmarks”, which had they been entirely successful, would have made it as easy to tell the date of a piece of pewter as it is of old silver.

Marking for purity began in 1474, the design as referred to above, was a rose usually with a crown stamped in the pewter, the regulation London Guild Quality mark. The “touch mark” was the trade mark of the maker.

The earliest marks are very small, tiny initials only so it is quite impossible to identify many. The marks on these plates went back as far as the fifteenth century, while the last “touch” recorded at Pewterer’s Hall is dated 1824.

An apprentice was obliged to serve six years before he became a journeyman or “yeoman”, then three years more making an “admission” piece before he could qualify as a Master Pewterer. I have one of these admission pieces, stamped on the back “John David” and above his mark is the characteristic hall mark of the London Guild, the rose and crown bearing these words “apprentice for John Freeman London.”

Beside this London Company in England, there were others; best known, that of York, while in Scotland the craft flourished. The incorporation of “The Hammermen” of Edinboro organized in 1483 included pewterers, said to be second only to the London Company. James VI of Scotland divided the manufacture of pewter into two grades; the best to be marked with crown and thistle, the second with the maker’s name, unfortunately all of these touch plates have been lost. Scotch pewter now in existence bears no marks whatever.

By the fifteenth century pewter had practically supplanted wooden ware, its manufacture steadily progressed, growing in importance all over northern Europe and in the next two centuries reached the height of its popularity. It is said France excelled, as might be expected, in making the most elaborately ornamented ware. Holland and Germany soon superseded France, making very rich and heavily decorated pieces. The pewterers at Nuremberg ranked the best, making the richly worked plates and platters with careful detail of religious subjects for use in the churches. Dishes embellished with secular designs were strictly ornamental for the heavily carved dressers of the burghers and middle class people, in imitation of the collections of silver plate displayed by the very wealthy class folk.

The first use of pewter was no doubt for ecclesiastical purposes, then by the clergy and nobility, slowly but surely growing more important for domestic purposes. The record of the coronation of Edward I, gives the first definite mention of pewter in England; the meat for the ceremonies was boiled in huge pewter cauldrons and further mention is made of the “100 dishes, 100 platters and 100 salt ‘salers’” that formed part of the odd pewter vessels owned by the king.

An inventory of the contents of a house in Gillingham, gives us a fair idea of a “set” or “garnishes” of pewter. “The wine cellar, one quart pewter pot; in the pantry two basins and ewers and two pewter trays; in the ‘kythicine’ 24 saucers, 24 dishes, great and small, 24 platter, great and small, 4 chargers and 12 more dishes, also 12 saucers and 12 sallette dishes, 24 great dishes, 18 great platters and 1 charger of the greatest sort.” A charger may have been a large platter or “dish” 30 to 36 inches in diameter, which would be set over the board around which the family gathered, each dipping his “sop” as need or opportunity offered. The largest charger I have knowledge of is in Old Chester, England, said to be 48 inches in diameter, in the Cateral family, where it has come down all these generations from the first Cateral, who is said to be the original “Cheshire Cat.” He, when on the field of battle unhorsed, helmet gone, rushed on undaunted displaying a most horrible grin, was recog-
"ADMISSION" PIECE OF JOHN DAVID FROM THE COUNTRY CHURCH IN NEW ASHFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Cateral, Cateral, the Cheshire Cat", was taken up as a war cry.*

An old record of Shakespeare's time refers thus to the good old days (i.e., earlier) — "For so common were all sorts of 'treene' stuff in olde time, that a man could hardly find four pieces of pewter in a good farmer's house. But now a farmer will think his gains very small if he cannot have a fair 'garnishe' of pewter on his cupboards, a bowl for wine and a dozen of spoons to furnish up the suit."

Shakespeare's day is not far removed as visitors to "Anne Hathaway's cottage by the field of Shottery" know. Who does not remember the "Dresser in the kitchen, opposite the settle, near the fireplace, where Will was wont to sit with Anne, and where we too, dropped down and looked across at Anne's dishes." "Treen ware, pewter trenchers and old blue ware." Three periods of table furniture bridged by Shakespeare's life. First, the simple homely wooden ware or treen, slowly ousted from its place of duty by the fairer pewter which in turn had to give way to the charm and spell of old blue china. There they are on the self-same shelves, which knew the lively poet, evidencing the changes which come in the span of man's life.

While we have been giving attention to the history of pewter on the continent and England, America has been discovered. Colonies have been planted and towns established. That the settlers brought with them some pewter is found by search of early records.

In 1647 note is made of the marriage of the widow Coyte to John Winthrop, bringing to him an estate of her late husband's and pewter valued at 135 pounds. Ten years later in 1657 Governor Bradford died. In the inventory of his estate 69 pieces of pewter are mentioned.

A list of needful things as "every planter doth", or ought to provide to go to New England, was sent by a member of Governor Endicott's staff in 1669. Pewter is not mentioned; but wooden platters, dishes, spoons and trenchers as well as something "to eat off them" is advised. A second list was sent to England later of things desired "seed, grain, potatoes, tame turkies, copper kettles, and pewter bottles of pyntes and quartes." (It was not long however before

* This story was told to me in Old Chester by the Cateral who now owns the large charger.
the settlers were receiving other pewter articles from the home land.)

The aspiration of every colonial housewife, as well as a favorite wedding gift, could it be managed, was a full set or "garnish" of pewter for the dresser, and for particular use. 6 dozen large dishes, 6 dozen plates, 2 1/2 dozen large dishes, 8 quart and 12 pint tankards, and two dishes for scraps for the poor.

Pewter craftsmen followed in the wake of Pilgrims and Puritans, Quakers and Cavalier to the new world, setting up shops and soon at work. The Pewteries of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and smaller towns had to compete with that powerful organization, "The Worshipful Guild of London."

Streams of English pewter poured into the Colonies, followed later by much German and some French. Today it is estimated an average of 100 to 125 English plates may be found to one American plate. We of this day can scarcely realize the many, innumerable and diverse articles made in pewter. Every conceivable thing needed for household use, inside or out: Rain spouts, sun dials, and garden ornaments, to say nothing of dolls and toys for boys and girls. The desperate need of the American army for raw material during the Revolutionary War well nigh swept the country of metals. Tons of pewter were melted up or disappeared, while small boys of later generations did their part making "bullets" at the kitchen stove, out of that "old junk". The tin peddler as he drove from door to door, with his nice red cart and jingling bells, claimed his share of old pewter, along with a brass kettle or two, and the winter's accumulation of rags. Bright new tin ware was far more desired by the thrifty housewives of the 70's and 80's than pewter. Yet today in spite of the many strange and odd agents of destruction, English and Continental pewter with some American, are still to be found by the determined seeker, not easily discouraged. Why, one of my chief treasures is a family heirloom: A pewter coffee pot bearing the family cipher, traced three years after it had been sold to a junk man. Referring to the breaking up of an old home brought to me my first knowledge there had been pewter in the attic. I started on a still hunt, junkman after junkman, second-hand man and, finally, a furniture man, who had sensed its attraction, bought it. When I told him of my long search he gladly gave it to me.

Coming down the years the new and improved ways of making glass, with china and more china coming to our shores, slowly but surely pushed pewter aside. Manufacture began to diminish. The 19th century with its many and wonderful inventions of machinery taking the place of
hand labor. German silver, the various white metals and lastly, electro-plating dealt the final death blow and the day of pewter on the table was ended forever.

The skill and activity of English silversmiths served to keep down the value of pewter, although it was the fast increasing knowledge and manufacture of china in the last days of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries, which superseded pewter. Even in the 19th century it was still used by many wealthy families who owned beautiful china. John Hancock, the Revolutionary patriot, clinging to it. Gouty and irritable, in his great house on Beacon Hill, the clatter of china with each penetrating clink became unbearable. He roared to his black butler, “Out with the d— china, I’ll have me pewter for to eat from. Pewter and peace, no more porcelain, out with it—out.”

Most of us today cannot realize the better days of this modest metal, nor how long it held sway. Pewter, from 400 to 500 years, journeyed through castle gate, banquet hall, family dining room to servants’ quarters, kitchen, then the back door and rubbish heap!

The rapidity with which changes this modern world, and how completely the discard is forgotten is shown by the fact that no longer ago than 1887 the entertainment committee of a small English Artists’ Society wanted to stage a discussion on pewter. Mr. H. J. Masse was appointed to arrange the matter as he was the only one known then who “owned a piece of pewter”. He conducted the meeting alone as there were no pewter lovers to help him. Here then the interest was revived in a handicraft that had been for generations wrapped up in the most intimate and habitual doings of a nation.

When the first desire came to me to know more of my pewter possessions, it was Mr. Masse’s book which gave me my help. Afterward came others, all English until in 1925. The first volume devoted to American Pewter was published and I greedily devoured its pages.

Someone said they liked “Antiquers” because they were such nice people. At any rate I know Pewter people are! Never will I forget the little old man into whose shop I wandered one day in search of pewter.

He was gruff and short in manner. Nothing I might say had any interest for him, until I used an old time word in describing something. He brightened up, lost his gruffness and shortly we were discussing “shop”. When I remarked, “Really, I am looking for pewter”, he found some for me, a few pieces which he had hidden—they shortly became mine. As I was leaving he said, “One moment, please, in your search look out for American pewter, there is not much, but it is more to be desired than silver or fine gold.” The years have proved his words true. “Touches” by early Colonial pewterers are continually being sought for, on basin, plate or porringer, to say nothing of lamps and candlesticks and men of the “Coffee Pot Era”. A well authenticated marked piece commands a price which places early pewter in the class with the tulip bulb craze of Goldsmith’s day!

Perhaps the question most often put to me by those who want to know, “is why American pewter is so much better than English?” I reply that it is not. Only our desire as Americans “to cherish the spirit of the hand made” and the days of “home spun”, when men wrought well not only from dire necessity and need, but because their heart was in their work, “and the heart giveth grace to every art.”

Old English pewter here in America can tell stirring tales in few words. It crossed the stormy seas along with the men and women, passengers on those frail boats, that set sail from Plymouth Harbor, 1620. In daily use on board, or hidden in many a good wife’s “kist”. To me Old English pewter speaks in tones that should be heard. Who would dare throw out Miles Standish’s platter in Plymouth Hall “as English”, part and parcel of his daily life along with his sword and kettle. Viewed close at hand we may note on it the early marks of tiny initials characteristic of the early English pewter. The study of English pewter marks alone is a study worth while. Facsimiles of these marks are to be found in Mr. Masse’s book, consideration of them brings conjecture, until one is possessed. “Is my name written there” with the idea of appropriating a “mark” for a book plate! Many pewter lovers today are devoted to the pewter of old England, others French, Conti-
nental, yes! and Chinese. Among the early workers here in America in the craft of pewterer are both men and women. New England, New York and Philadelphia, in fact all through our eastern states to the South and West and along the Ohio are to be found names of master pewterers. "By your works men shall know ye," has been truly said. These artisans of old have passed on but they left much of their handiwork. Mention of Bassetts and Boardman, Austin, Melville and Trask, Baily and Belcher, Wills, Boyd and Barnes, Badger, Calder with Stafford and Lee—but why? Look them up for yourself. Today books, papers and magazines are filled with antique articles so he who runs may read, while the careful student may find a volume or two on pewter in most libraries.

The early churches in America, particularly near the seaboard under the patronage of Queen Anne, had communion vessels of silver, but in most of our churches pewter sets were used: simple in design, but beautiful in line and proportion. Some of these vessels are still to be found. Cherished by loving consecrated hands they have come down the years in wonderful condition.

Journeying one day leisurely through Pennsylvania we turned from the main highway, chancing a narrow road that looked promising, and came to a large old hostelry that captivated us. Entering, we found a genial host who spoke of the times that were, "when father's tavern was the meeting place of four states," providing cheer to all who came, man or beast. Evil days befell, when the state road passed around and not through the village. We inquired for pewter. "Why, yes, upstairs, just got it, do a little business once in a while." We climbed the rickety staircase to a back room filled to over-flowing with all sorts of everything. No pewter, then came, "Now pewter you wanted. Here 'tis, got it the other day." Three pieces of a most beautiful communion set soon became ours—a flagon and two slender graceful chalices—the maker, Col. William Will of Philadelphia. The price—modest. Even today they rank not only as our choicest possessions, but are counted as outstanding by pewter lovers.

Again, in the Pennsylvania country, in the line of duty, looking up Revolutionary soldiers' graves, we found a country graveyard and church close by. The old caretaker was pleased to see us and invited us into the church, which we soon found was his labor of love. I spied a pewter tankard, looked at it aghast, for I spied a rare name. Sounded the good soul on the chance of taking it with me, but he was adamant. Five long years I waited with not a word to any one, then one day I started a plan of action inveigling a friend who knew his country folk. A long process of haggling and arbitration before we settled the problem of possession, and the pieces became mine. Pieces, yes, twelve, came out of that little church, including the tankard first seen and its mate. Four chalices, two chargers, and four smaller plates. The price, ah! that is another story. Sitting in at that church officers' meeting, hearing, "We may dispose of these vessels if enough can be realized to insure perpetual care of the graves of the founders of this church." What could you do?

Space only forbids to tell of other sets. Boardman's—Trask—Stafford—rare and beautiful. The set I cherish most came from the little village in Massachusetts (which you should know for it prides itself on making the first election returns in all these United States) with its church on the hilltop. Seven pieces of a beautiful communion set were given to me "to have and to hold" as a direct descendant of one of the founders of that church, a captain in the Revolutionary Army. All these one time Sacred Vessels still inspire reverence and oft times thought of Obed-edom, "For the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his house."

Many sets bear the names of master workmen of the craft, and two sets at one time were the only examples extant of the work of Philadelphia Pewterers of Revolutionary days, men in the service of their country. "Porringers that in a row hung high and made a glittering show". I hear it today from many who look at mine for the first time.

"Oh your bleeders, what a wonderful number," a little shopkeeper of Warwickshire said. Alice Morse Earle explains in her "Home Life," that porringer as used by English collectors, means a deep cup with cover and two handles known as "bleeding basins or tasters", while here we use
“taster” for a small shallow silver cup. Small porringer means to me the dish of New England childhood, for bread and milk, and it is known that a certain Quaker female school of Eastern Pennsylvania had their evening meal in porringer. Today, Westtown porringer are eagerly sought for by collectors. My porringer list is long, from those of 5 1/2 inches in diameter to the toy baby one of one inch. Most of them are marked, but the "Richard Lee’s", Melville, Calder and Hamlin are choicest.

Many little things in pewter have come to me by queer turns. The small snuff box, kicked up in a gray dusty country road, and as gray, but square, no relation to the sticks and stones nearby. A quick rub, and the glint of pewter revealed itself. A cruet—crumpled and bent, resembling nothing so much as a dead spider, from a hen house, where it had hung on a nail forgotten for many a long year. When straightened and polished, the mark of a master pewterer was discovered. A miner’s lamp said to be one of the first used in Pittsburgh, came a strange circuitous journey to find a home with me. Least of all, a dainty patch box of some colonial belle no larger than a twenty-five cent piece, milled at the edges, top and bottom pieces fitting perfectly and scarce one-quarter inch in height. “A pretty piece of work, a pretty piece, indeed” has been the pronouncement of those who know their pewter.

The toys and miniatures deserve a chapter all by themselves; the nice man doll with head of wood and hands and feet of pewter molded so delicately; with his ruffled shirt and stock, to say nothing of his small clothes, belongs, one can easily see, to the “Old school type.”

The quaint shapes and forms of the many small pieces of table ware are many, fascinating beyond any attempt to describe or enumerate, plates, cups and saucers, bowls and basins, a “fair garnish” indeed. The soup tureen is said to have belonged to a small princess across the water; but the tiny cruet set with its four bottles of blown glass, fragile as a soap bubble is strictly American. A small six-sided food jar with initials and date “1761” enclosed in finely etched scrolls causes conjecture, what for and when? The little Tea Service made, it was told me, by Tiffany for a little lady in New York more than a century ago, “for her very own use”. When mamma served tea then the little girl had her charming
set before her and learned to serve her guests just like mamma did.

The bowl of a large pewter spoon was ploughed up here in Pennsylvania and brought to me: Close by it is a “museum piece”, a rattail spoon dug up by chance at the foot of the Taconics, not far from a door-stone of an early settler—who? The mind of man goes not back, only the door-stone with the lilac bush remains. The most beautiful spoon I have is the basting spoon from the Robinson family, whose part in Bennington fight is history, brought vividly to mind on our way to Bennington Monument, when we see the “Robinson House” (1759) hard by Catamount Tavern, alas! now in other hands for brother and sister, last of kin, have passed on, but the spoon is mine. Nowhere else have I seen so beautiful a spoon, and spoons, mind you, are counted rare. Bent, broken, thrown out, remelted, recast for others, few old ones have come down to us. They are eagerly sought for. To platters and plates, basins and jugs, have been added master salts, muffineers, beakers and noggins, “jiggers and thimbles,” measures and mugs, tankards and steins, with candlesticks and lamps, “whale oil lamps” and courting lamps. The petticoat lamps and peg lamps always command attention, these latter a step up from the candlestick maker, for both are designed to brighten up the humble candle light. A peg lamp was named such owing to a projection at the base which could be inserted in a candle stick, or placed in a corresponding socket on many an old “four poster”. The petticoat lamp is but a glorified peg lamp, having a nice skirt at the base, concealing the peg as it fitted over the humble candle stick, making a more impressive lighting device.

Of plates, basins, tea pots, coffee pots, sugar bowls and cream jugs, large water jugs or cider pitchers, covered and uncovered, there are many. The coffee pot I found, tucked away on the top shelf of that pantry in the country home, “was grandmother’s new one”. A week later the “old one”, leaky and bent was found in a neglected corner of the barn, where it had lain for years—now the two are side by each over my fireplace.

To the special few my pewter cupboard of choice pieces is opened, the long row of “English muffineers” always evoke an expression of wonderment as do the many diversified salts or “salers” and the small plates and queer “tricks”—miniatures, if you will—of other days.

Special mention is made of the cistern dated 1769. When George Washington and contemporaries went traveling they carried their drinking water in a “cistern”. Some are found with a depression large enough to hold a glass and these are called “toddy warmers”. I had a long search to prove a “cistern” was not a bed warmer, and I finally won. The “pynte” bottle close by is English, by way of Ireland, brought to this country by one Robert Brown, when at the call of his adopted country in ’61, he enlisted, carrying the bottle all through the war and as “Captain” Brown brought it back and years later it was given to me by his only daughter.

Yes, pewter was my first love growing stronger with the years as they pass. It is the halo of past association which most warmly endears the soft gray metal to me, for it ever murmurs in sweet tones of other days, of my Forebears “all New England” within their native hills; of times when men could think, when they knew happiness did not consist of material things, but spiritual and treasure laid up in Heaven. Seemingly, we their children have journeyed far from their way yet we are their children. Seed planted, given a chance will sprout and grow. Fields may be stony, thorny, barren; but there is plenty of good ground which will bring forth good fruit. Why how else can be explained the harking back of this generation for things of earlier day? Because they awake within us a spirit for that which has gone before and speak to us of the years that brought forth the strong men and women of America who made our nation. Let us not forget our precious heritage made visible by the tangible evidences of those days, a clarion call to him who will listen—the tocsin cry—duty—responsibility!
The Story of Janesville, Wisconsin

Theodora Garbutt

This fertile valley of Rock River was a fascinating place for the Black Hawk Indians. They held Lake Koshkonong in high esteem as a hunting and fishing ground. They had cornfields there and here in the bend of the river at South Janesville. When volunteer soldiers were aroused against them, they kept closely to the Rock River Valley. They killed quite a few settlers a little farther north and brought away, with them two young girls, named Sylvia and Rachel Hall. They were brought to Janesville, and the encampment was made at a beautiful grove on the outskirts of the city. There was a deep winding stream which added to their convenience and here they remained for some time. At last the girls were ransomed for $2,000.00, the sum being paid in horses, etc. The Indian camp fires were visible after the settling of Janesville.

While Black Hawk was camped here, the army under General Atkinson was coming up the valley in pursuit. When they reached the mouth of the Pecatonica River, they broke camp and moved up to the foot of Lake Koshkonong at Indian Ford, named for the reason that the Black Hawk Indians crossed the river there.

General Atkinson and his army entered Rock County in June, 1832, and camped where Beloit now is. The next day they struck out and went to Lake Koshkonong but missed Black Hawk. General Dodge, however, overtook them at the Wisconsin River and there they were defeated and the volunteer army disbanded and dispersed.

For years, Black Hawk woods have been a favorite place for outdoor gatherings on account of the sightly location and beautiful trees. Just recently it has been made a Memorial Park. The old river bed is still there and young people love to wander along and talk of Black Hawk who bathed in the streams, roamed the streets of Janesville, and loved our valley.

There is a store named for him with his picture commanding attention, close by the woods, and a picturesque street is also named Black Hawk.

When the city of Janesville, Wisconsin, was hostess several years ago to the Daughters of the American Revolution at their state conference, one of the outstanding pleasures enjoyed by the delegates was the visit made to a noted dahlia garden, which was then in its full glory of bloom. Many of the delegates returned to the sessions, refreshed and ready again for arduous work after a trip to this scene of autumn loveliness. Here they saw many gorgeous importations from Germany, Holland, England and Japan, as well as the finest introductions of our own country.

Throughout the whole conference baskets of these flowers greeted the eye from the lobby, the lounge, and from the platform of the Women's Club building. In the Country Club, the night of the banquet, the tables for over two hundred guests were beautifully decorated with the smaller flowered dahlias in rose, buff and coral shades, while the mantel was done in white dahlias and green foliage. Large dahlias adorned the side tables.

Started as a hobby just after the turn of the century, this garden has grown to international fame. Dahlia roots have been sent to many countries; Italy, Holland, Iran, China, and the Philippines, South America and Mexico are among them.

A most gracious letter came from Mrs. Calvin Coolidge while she was the first lady of the land, acknowledging a huge box of dahlias sent to their train as the Coolidges were leaving Wisconsin after spending their summer vacation on the Brule River. Also a picture of Mrs. Hoover is a proud possession, showing her holding a flower from a basket of dahlias presented on a train when the Hoovers made a brief stop in Janesville.

A gold medal, the highest award for a commercial exhibit at A Century of Progress, 1933, is among the many prizes that have been received.

[46]
William Penn, Liberator and Founder of Pennsylvania, was born October 14, 1644, in the shadow of the Tower of London, where later in life he was imprisoned because of his "strange religious belief."

William's father, an admiral in the British Navy, was away from home a great deal of the time, but his mother, a devout woman, early instilled the principles of religion into her son. At the age of eleven, William suddenly declared that he had seen a vision in which he was drawn very near to God. In time, he became a member of the Quaker Society, regardless of the fact that the Friends were being persecuted because of their religious belief which embraced the theory that all men were created equal and that all wars were wicked. Penn preached this doctrine, and for this so-called misdemeanor was imprisoned for eight months. After his imprisonment, Penn became more determined than ever in his conviction that the world should strive for religious freedom and refrain from wars.

After he witnessed persecutions in England, mass massacres in Germany, Ireland, and Flanders, Penn fearlessly proclaimed that he had a plan for world peace and forthwith published it. Many nations recognized the wisdom of the plan and it was used from time to time when countries of Europe were holding peace congresses. From this movement, Penn won the title of "Peacemaker."

Stories came to Penn of gold and fertile land across the sea, where many people seeking religious freedom had gone. He decided that the new world would be a refuge for the persecuted Quakers and dedicated his inheritance, received at the death of his father, to furthering the cause. Penn appealed to King Charles for a "royal grant near Jersey" and received a charter on March 4, 1681, for a tract of land "bound on the east by the Delaware River, on the west limited to the Province of Maryland, and to the northward, to extend as far as plantable." The King called the land "Pennsylvania"—which means "Penn's Woods"—in honor of Admiral Penn.

Aided by friends, he then drew up the form of government which was published in May, 1681. It was afterward modified, but to this day, its leading features are found in the present state constitution. In the autumn of the same year, Penn, with about one hundred others including carpenters, farmers, shoemakers, weavers, and "useful citizens," sailed for the new world in his ship Welcome. Upon arrival, the settlers selected "a high place where two rivers came together and where there were two miles of waterfront" for the capital city. Penn called this "Philadelphia," meaning "City of Brotherly Love." Here streets were laid out, houses built, and at the end of the first year over three hundred homes and a meeting house had been constructed.

Although Penn was temporarily deprived of his government and province in 1692, by an order of Council in August, 1694, all was restored to him. He took up his residence on Second Street between Walnut and Chestnut Streets in Philadelphia. Here his son John was born, who became known as "the American."

The permanent boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland was marked by a row of stones with the arms of Penn on the northern side and those of the Baltimores on the southern side. This has since been known as the Mason and Dixon line, for the men who surveyed the land.

William Penn later returned to his native England where he died in Berkshire on July 30, 1718.
"BELVEDERE"—the name is magical, possessing a legendary charm that recalls the elegance of entertaining in both the old and the new Baltimore, as well as the fame of the city's most distinguished Revolutionary hero, Colonel John Eager Howard. Belvedere, the home of Colonel Howard, was located in a section that is now the...
center of the city's business activities. This home represented all that was delightful in the gracious hospitality of old Maryland.

In recent times a magnificent hotel of this name has been erected near the site of Colonel Howard's home, a hotel famed for its notable guests, and its unsurpassed cuisine, which features the sea food and other epicurean delicacies for which Maryland is noted. For over twenty-five years, with only a slight interval, this hotel has been the home of Maryland Daughters of the American Revolution: the monthly meetings of the state society and the annual State Conferences having been held there. Therefore its background is one that has special significance for members of the National Society.

John Eager Howard was one of the most gallant and distinguished figures of the American Revolution; by magnificent leadership and unparalleled courage he saved the American army at the battle of Cowpens, turning defeat into victory by skillful use of the bayonet charge; for this he received the commendation of his superior officers and the thanks of Congress, attested by the presentation of a medal for distinguished service. The Maryland historian, J. Thomas Scharf, says of this service: "He was with Washington at Monmouth, with Gates at Camden, with Greene at Guilford, Hobkirk's Hill and Eutaw; and at Cowpens, though not first in command, was the most prominent hero of the day. No American officer during those seven years was more frequently engaged in desperate conflicts with the enemy, and by none were performed more numerous acts of heroic daring."

John Eager Howard, the son of Cornelius and Ruth Eager Howard, was born June 14, 1752, in Baltimore County, Maryland. Both the Howards and Eagers were large land owners in the district which today constitutes an important part of the city of Baltimore. They were among the wealthy and prominent people of their time.

From the luxurious life of a young Maryland gentleman with its sports and amusements, Howard turned, at the early age of twenty-four, to face the hardships and sacrifices of the Revolution. He was not only brave, but modest as to his abilities, declining a colonel's commission, and choosing a captain's rank in the second Maryland battalion of the "Flying Camp," commanded by Colonel J. Carville Hall, July, 1776. Two days later he was on his way to join Washington's army in New York, taking part in the battle of White Plains, October 28, 1776.

On April 10, 1777, Howard was commissioned major, in the Fourth Maryland regiment, also commanded by Colonel Hall. This officer being early disabled at the battle of Germantown, Howard took command. He engaged the British Light Infantry in advance of their main body, pursuing them to their standing tents, until the attack upon the Chew House, used as temporary headquarters by the British, was unsuccessful. The death of the British officer in command put an end to further conflict. It is a singular coincidence that the Chew House was the home of Judge Benjamin Chew, whose daughter, Peggy, afterwards married Colonel Howard.

In June, 1779, Howard was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Fifth Maryland regiment, taking part in the battle of Monmouth on October 22, 1779. Later he was transferred to the Second Maryland regiment. But it was in the Southern campaign that he was to win immortal glory and fame. He showed magnificent qualities of leadership in the battle of Camden. Attacked in both front and rear, the Continentals were overpowered and driven to the swamps. Howard was, however, successful in keeping together enough of his men to form the nucleus of the splendid troops which accomplished the victory of Cowpens.

Here on January 17, 1781, the British under General Tarleton engaged the Continental forces commanded by General Morgan. The crowning event of the day was the bayonet charge made by the Maryland men under Colonel Howard. So skilfully was this accomplished that it completely turned the tide of battle in favor of the American Army. It is said that at the end of the conflict, Colonel Howard stood with the swords of seven British officers in his hands.

At this time Howard showed himself merciful as well as brave. His attention
was called to the altercation of his men with a British officer who refused to give up a match, used for firing cannon. The man would have been bayonetted had not Colonel Howard interfered in his behalf. On this occasion he also saved the life of the British General O'Hara, who was found clinging to his stirrup and claiming quarter.

It is interesting to note that the flag carried by the Maryland troops at Cowpens and other engagements is the only “Star Spangled Banner” of that period in existence today. Maryland carefully guards this symbol of the valor of her troops. It lies in the State House at Annapolis. At Cowpens this historic banner was carried by William Bachelor. When he was later wounded and sent home to Baltimore, he took with him his victorious ensign, carefully preserving the sacred folds that were later to float over the American forces in the war of 1812, this time held proudly aloft by William Bachelor II.

At the close of the Revolution rich political honors were showered on Colonel Howard. He was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1787-88, retiring in the latter year to become Governor of Maryland for three one-year terms. At the close of his administration, Colonel Howard retired to private life, declining a position in the army as major-general. In 1794 he also declined the high office of Minister of War in the cabinet of George Washington, President of the United States. Washington's regret over this decision was expressed in the following manner:

"Had your inclination and private pursuits permitted you to take the office that was offered you, it would have been a very pleasing circumstance to me, and I am persuaded, as I observed to you on a former occasion, a very acceptable one to the public. But the reasons which you have assigned for not doing so, carry conviction along with them, and must, however reluctantly, be submitted to."

In 1796 Colonel Howard was elected to the Senate of the United States, serving until 1803. He was, at one time, president "pro tempore" of this august body. Anticipating war with France, George Washington made Colonel Howard a brigadier-general in 1798. He had been prominent in the councils of the Federalist party until the time of the War of 1812, but he did not approve the stand of his party in this war.

In 1816 Colonel Howard was nominated for the office of Vice-President of the United States by the Federalist party; but the stand of this party in regard to the war had weakened its prestige and Colonel Howard was defeated. He accepted this defeat without regret, for he greatly preferred the quiet of home life and the society of his charming wife to the arena of politics.

At the close of the Revolution Colonel Howard had married Margaret Oswald Chew, daughter of Judge Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia, who had built a fine residence at "Cliveden," Germantown. It was around this residence, as has already been noted, that a great battle was waged between the British and Continental forces in which Colonel Howard took a distinguished part.

The wedding of John Eager Howard and Peggy Chew took place at the town residence of the Chew family on May 18, 1787. General Washington and other notables attended the brilliant ceremony. Peggy Chew had become acquainted with many officers of the British army during the occupation of Philadelphia, 1777-78, and Major John Andre was greatly impressed by her beauty. After a ball, finding a bow of ribbon, which she had dropped in dancing, he returned it to her with a poem recording her many charms.

"If I mistake not, 'tis the accomplished Chew, To whom this ornamental bow is due."

I haste to send it, to resume its place For beauty should not sorry o'er a bow's disgrace."

Andre also made Peggy Chew "a queen of Love and Beauty," when he acted as her knight in the "Mischianza" in May 18, 1778. Her feelings for the young Englishman are not known, but it is certain that her life with the dashing Colonel Howard was a happy one. The young bride came as mistress to Belvedere (at that time spelled Belvidere), the handsome mansion Colonel
Howard had erected near picturesque Howard’s woods, on the land left him by his mother. This house stood obliquely across what is now Calvert Street. It was demolished in 1875-76, when Calvert street was cut through. The present Hotel Belvedere, its namesake, stands near the site of the original mansion at the southeast corner of Chase and Charles Streets.

At Belvedere Colonel Howard and his wife delighted to entertain the notables of their day. Their home was considered the republican Court of Maryland. General Washington, Charles Carroll (a connection by marriage), Samuel Chase, the Adamses and Bishop Kemp were among the frequent visitors. Lafayette was a guest there in 1824. An interesting visitor to Belvedere was Thomas Twining of England who is said to have helped lay the foundation of her Indian empire; he travelled extensively in that country and America, and was received by General Washington. Twining wrote his impressions of his visit to Belvedere in a volume entitled “America One Hundred Years ago,” published in 1894. He says:

“Belvedere is only about half a mile from the top of the town—Baltimore—to the right. The beauty of the section exceeds even the accounts I had received of it. It (Belvedere) was upon the plan and possessed all the elegance of an English villa. Situated on the verge of the descent upon which Baltimore stands, its grounds formed a beautiful slant towards the Chesapeake. From the taste with which these were laid out, it seems that America already possessed a Haverfield or a Repton; the spot thus indebted to nature and judiciously embellished was enchanting within its own proper limits, as is the fine view which extended far beyond them. The foreground presented luxurious shrubberies and a sloping lawn, the distance the line of the Patapsco and the country bordering Chesapeake Bay.

“I spent the greater part of the forenoon at Belvedere, detained by the attention of Colonel Howard’s family and the attraction of his villa, which seemed hardly to belong to the same age or country as the forests I had just passed in so rude a conveyance; it was indeed less a specimen of the actual state of general improvement than evidence of the refinement towards which America in 1795 was advancing. I ventured to walk back to Baltimore but Colonel Howard would order his carriage for me. I was accompanied by two young ladies of the name of Albro who were staying at Belvedere, and took the opportunity of shopping and paying a few visits. I dined with Mr. Gilmore and stayed until a late hour.”

Mrs. Howard died in 1824 and her devoted husband took little interest and pleasure in public life afterwards, nor did he long survive her. He died himself on October 12, 1827. His funeral was impressive, the ceremonies befitting the distinguished service he had rendered the nation. Among the many prominent persons present on this occasion was President John Quincy Adams.

The memory of Colonel Howard lives in Baltimore, not alone for his splendid military achievements, but because of his valuable service to the city in the days of her foundation, and for his generous gifts which made possible important landmarks of the town. He helped to lay out many of the streets and was influential in securing an adequate water system for the city. He may well be called “the Father of Baltimore.” His benefactions include: the ground for Westminster Church, where repose the mortal remains of Edgar Allan Poe; part of the land for the Catholic Cathedral, the site of old St. Paul’s Rectory; the sites for Lexington and Richmond Markets, and for the University of Maryland. He also gave a lot for the interment of indigent strangers, showing him to be a true democrat who loved the poor and friendless. Perhaps his most interesting gift was the site of the Washington Monument, the first of importance to be dedicated to the “Father of his Country.” The squares around the monument were laid open to the public by Colonel Howard’s heirs after his death.

An equestrian statue has been erected in Mount Vernon Place to honor the memory of Colonel Howard himself. It shows him as a warrior leading troops to battle. At the dedication ceremonies, Daniel Coit Gilman, then President of Johns Hopkins University, delivered the address of eulogy.
Distinguished Daguerreotypes

IX

“Lieutenant Whiting's picture is a copy of a crayon sketch made by Kosciusko in 1780, when the latter was engaged in fortification work at West Point. The school our sons attend is deeply interested in this picture as it represents a Minuteman, Timothy Jr., who with his brother John and their father Timothy answered Paul Revere's alarm, fighting in the battles of Lexington and Concord. The next two generations are from daguerreotypes, taken probably at the time of the marriage of each couple. The last two, my grandmother and mother, are of each, alone.”

Augusta Ellen Bull, grandmother of Mrs. Burrell, born November 5, 1844; married Edwin L. Church, October 20th, 1868, at Bath, New York, and died September 21, 1881. Two sons and one daughter.

Lieut. Timothy Whiting, Jr., born June 17, 1758, in Lancaster, Massachusetts, son of Timothy Whiting and Sarah Osgood. Lieut. Whiting, with his brother John, and their father Timothy, answered Paul Revere's alarm and fought in the Battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. During the war Timothy, Jr., was Capt. and aide to the Quartermaster General. In the historical register, Officers of the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War by F. B. Heitman of the War Department, published 1893 at page 433, his record in the army is given as follows:

"He was 2nd Lieutenant in the 16th Continental Infantry 1 January to December 1776. Served subsequently as assistant to Deputy Quartermaster General to June 1780.

"Mr. Whiting was one of the delegates from Lancaster to the County Convention at Worcester on 2nd Tuesday April, 1783. "To take into consideration the many grievances that the good people of the County labored under," and he was chosen Secretary of the Convention. Served as Justice of the Peace the town (Lancaster) from 1797 to 1803.”

Married on the 21st of August 1781 to Abigail, daughter of Samuel Kidder and Abigail Hill, their intentions to marry having been filed in the Lancaster town clerk’s office, April 12, 1781.

Placed on the pension roll of Worcester County, 1818 for services of Lieutenant of militia. Died January 13, 1826.
Twelve children survived, the oldest John, born October 10, 1782; married Nancy Carter, June 28, 1800. Moved to Bath, New York in 1814-15. They settled on the site of the present Veterans' Administration Facility at Bath, New York. Died January 14, 1853. Their children numbered twelve, of whom
Sarah Upton Whiting, born June 12, 1807; married William Howell Bull September 20, 1829, at Bath, New York. Died March 14, 1853. Four daughters survived, one of whom was Augusta Ellen Bull (see page 52).
Susan Dudley Church, mother of Mrs. Burrell, born December 5, 1872; married Wilbur P. Fish September 4, 1894, at Bath, New York. Died July 31, 1911, one son and one daughter, Eleanor Fish.
The following letter, mentioning a visit to the “White Sulphur” in 1846, was sent to Miss Margaret Alderson, a grand-daughter of Elder John Alderson, who brought the first wagon across the Allegheny Mountains in 1776. The original is in the possession of Mrs. James E. Greever of Logan, West Virginia.

LEBANON, VA., July 8, 1846.

DEAREST MARGARET:

Persuant to my promise, I now write to you. I did not get home in time to write to you by last Monday’s mail, and consequently this is the first opportunity. I arrived at Lewisburg the evening I left you and took quarters at Rev. John McElhenney’s. I remained there until the next Thursday morning. I did not mix much with the people of Lewisburg. I found it to me rather a dry, uninteresting place. I called on James Remley and found him and his family quite interesting.

Charles L. Creigh was from home. I did not see him. Frank and myself were at the old man Creigh’s, but, Charley not Lewis being there, we did not tarry long.

I visited the White Sulphur on Wednesday, which I found a beautiful and pleasant place. We left for home on Thursday morning and arrived here on Saturday evening. I reached home in very bad health, and have been so ever since, but, having gone through a course of medicine, I think I am about well now, except that I am very weak from the effects of the medicine. In a day or two more I am in hopes I will be fully restored.

I hope you are in good health and spirits, entirely cheerful and lively, having nothing on earth to disturb your quiet and repose.

Upon consulting with Thomas, we came to the conclusion that it was best to put off our marriage until the 18th day of August, as to set an earlier day would not give Thomas an opportunity to visit his friends or even to stay a day at his Pa’s, and by fixing on the 18th will give him sufficient time after our court to visit all his friends and be ready to return with us to Russell. I hope this arrangement will meet with your approbation. Please inform your Pa of it.

Time drags somewhat heavily with me, but it is only a little more than a month now ere I see you again, by divine permission when I hope we will meet not to be parted soon, except as the ordinary business of life shall require.

Permanent happiness on this earth we need not expect, but I think we can live together and enjoy our fair proportion of earthly happiness. It is true our path is not to bestrewed all the way with roses; we need not expect that. There will, no doubt, be many thorns in our path. We have all the inconveniences and troubles that poverty brings to contend with from the start, but if we try properly to cheer each other up and smooth each other’s path through life, as we should do, we will find that those anticipated difficulties will vanish as we approach them.

Your friends here are generally well. I have had many inquiries made of me since my return about you &c. &c., and some mistaken friends have wished me much joy.

I have not news of interest to give you, and consequently will give you none.

I expect Mack and Augustus and Doc’t Kernan will probably come with me, though I have not yet said anything to them about it. I will expect by tomorrow week’s mail to receive a letter from you and will answer it immediately, and being this evening something in a bad condition for writing, I hope you will excuse this dry, uninteresting epistle, and believe me to be, dearest Margaret, your devoted and affectionate friend,

WILLIAM B. ASTON.

Give my love to Sarah Martha. Write when you receive this.
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE BEFORE THE COLONNADES COTTAGE AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS. THE COTTAGE WAS BUILT BY GENERAL WADE HAMPTON AS HIS OWN HOME ON THE ESTATE OF THE OLD WHITE IN 1853, AND WAS OFTEN A MEETING PLACE FOR THE GOVERNORS OF SOUTHERN STATES

They Call It "The White"

KATHERINE BARRETT POZER

In this article, we present the third famous hostelry among those we have selected as suitable to illustrate the general subject. Mission Inn, at Riverside, was the first; the second was the famous Spa at Saratoga.

WHERE fashion beckons the world will follow. Sometimes it takes a difficult trail. One of the most difficult was in the early 1830's, 40's and 50's when it turned its attention to the White Sulphur Springs, deep in the Allegheny Mountains of Vir-

[58]
GUESTS BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WHICH NOW HOUSES THE OLD WHITE MUSEUM, AND WHICH HAS BEEN THE SUMMER HOME OF THREE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTS, MARTIN VAN BUREN, JOHN TYLER, AND MILLARD FILLMORE. TYLER SPENT HIS HONEYMOON THERE DURING THE SUMMER OF 1844 WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, JULIA GARDINER, WHOM HE HAD MET AND WooED THE PREVIOUS SUMMER AT WHITE SULPHUR

Virginia. It was a spot far removed from early centers and could only be reached over crude roads, after days and often weeks of travel. It was a simple place with cottages grouped around the springs whose curative waters had been used by nearby settlers since 1778. After 1800 it added to the fame of its cures the increasing charm of its social life and the beauty of the belles who gathered for the summer season.

By 1820 “The White” was definitely established as a fashion center and we are told that gay blades came from as far as Alexandria on horseback “armed with a rifle or pistol for venison or against footpads, a bottle of fine French brandy, a pack of cards and their spring wardrobe in saddle-bags.” In the next decade all of fashionable America was aware of these Virginia springs. Many rich planters from the
"deep South" came to escape the yellow fever. They arrived with their families and retinues of servants. Writers of the time tell of their coming with trains of vehicles which stretched out for half a mile, diligences and baggage wagons, vehicles filled with servants and others acting as outriders. They lived in cottages in "The Rows" which took on the aspect of miniature plantations, with children and pickaninnies playing on the lawns and mammies gossiping in the sun, trying to outdo one another in tales of grandeur left behind at the family plantations. On the porches matrons and young ladies held court.

An item from the Alexandria Gazette—incidentally America's oldest daily newspaper—of 1828 throws an interesting light on the Hon. Henry Clay's visit to Sulphur Springs:

"The Hon. Henry Clay passed up the valley last week on his way to Kentucky, for the benefit of his health. As his intentions was to avoid all the populous towns on the route, he passed to the south of Winchester; and left the main road at Harrisonburg. At the latter place he remained about two hours on the 25th ult, and was introduced to several of the citizens. The editor happened to be in Harrisonburg at the time and it gives him real pleasure to state that Mr. Clay's health has greatly improved since the winter. Although much enfeebled in body, he was cheerful and animated and sustained a conversation of upwards of an hour in a large company without any apparent fatigue: He intended remaining a few days at the Sulphur Springs in Greenbrier County and will probably not reach Kentucky before the end of July. The allegation that his visit was intended to operate on the governor's election in that state, which takes place early in August, is therefore entirely unfounded. His usual stages are about twenty-five miles per day. He travels in a plain neat carriage, with two young gentlemen, inmates of his family."

Following a visit by President Andrew Jackson in the early 1830's it became a favored vacation spot for many presidents and their families and was frequently called "The Summer White House". Little is known of President Jackson's visit other than that he remained for a rather prolonged stay. There is, however, a letter written by him from the Hermitage, in 1836, in which he speaks of directing the Secretary of War to give General Gaines a furlough "to enable him to visit the White Sulphur Springs."

The next presidential visitor was Martin Van Buren, who came several times during his term of office and occupied the "Presidents Cottage." He took part in the social life and in the deer hunts, which were a popular sport, as the Caldwells, owners of the spa, maintained a kennel of forty or fifty deer hounds of famous pedigree. During the financial panic of 1837, President Van Buren was joined at the springs by a number of foreign statesmen who came to discuss the problems which had arisen following the panic.

It was at "The White" during the summer of 1843, that President John Tyler met and wooed his future wife, the lovely Julia Gardener. The next summer they returned for their honeymoon and occupied the "Presidents Cottage." In after years they were frequent visitors and in 1854 when President and Mrs. Pierce came for a six weeks stay it was ex-President Tyler who made the address of welcome.

The only other President of the United States who is definitely known to have occupied the "Presidents Cottage," is President Fillmore. This cottage, which was built in 1816, by Mr. S. Henderson, of New Orleans, still stands and is used as a museum. It is generally supposed, however, that it was the summer residence of other presidential visitors which included Presidents Zachary Taylor, Buchanan, Arthur, Harrison, and more lately William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson.

Chroniclers of the White Sulphur Springs are many, and from old letters and publications one obtains an excellent picture of life at the springs as it progressed from a rude camp to a place of fashionable elegance. From the first there was always excitement and apparently it was always overcrowded. Guests slept on mattresses in the public rooms and every available space was piled high with luggage and the travelling impediments of the day.

"We arrived at the White Sulphur at 1 1/2 p.m. and found it overflowing with company, humming like a beehive. This is the great lion of the Virginia Mountains, and like worshippers of the Juggernaut, the votaries of pleasure are willing to be crushed to death to obtain a chance of lay-
ing their offerings on the shrine that fashion has set up in this happy valley,” wrote one Peregrine Prolix, of Philadelphia, in 1835, in his “Letters From the Virginia Springs.” He proves to be an interesting historian of the daily life at the springs and the difficulties of travel in reaching them. He describes the trip by boat to Potomac Landing, “nine hilly miles to Fredericksburg,” then to Orange Court House, “stone turn pike, bad repair.” After Orange, Charlottesville, “road not bad, breakfast is.” Then the White Sulphur with “four hundred people in quarters calculated for half the number.”

“I am here amidst confusion and strangers,” wrote a visitor in 1883. “The society is of every grade from snowy white to sooty black in both custom and manners. There is at this time about 800 persons at the springs. The improvements at the springs are both elegant and substantial. It is amusing to be there just after breakfast. Then is the time of coming in and going off — From daybreak to dark it is like a bee hive. We are all sorts of people here from members of Congress to blacklegs and pickpockets. I could get no Venison at the Springs and I am living ¾ of a mile from them where we have it in abundance three times a day. I am fat as usual and shall continue for Venison are not bad living.”

Of society at the springs Prolix says “From the East, consolodationists, tarrifites and philanthropists. From the Middle, professors, chemical analysists and letter writers. From the West orators and gentlemen who can jump higher, dive deeper and come out drier than all creation besides. From the South nullifiers, political economists and statesmen.”

Life swept gaily on. Added accommodations could not supply the ever-increasing number of guests. Leading publications kept correspondents on the spot. The belles of The White became national figures and their affairs were as much discussed as those of a present day movie star. One wonders about those early belles, so fragile in appearance that one enthusiastic swain wrote: “Miss — looking as ethereal as if she fed on rose leaves and drank hyacinthe fluid from cups the size of an acorn and the consistence of a canary’s egg.” Yet these same fragile creatures could survive the difficult and dangerous travel to the springs and the months of social life which included early morning dances, horseback excursions, eve-
ning parties and balls followed by serenades which lasted far into the night. One feels that they must have been a sturdy lot in spite of their fragile and ethereal air and could give the present day girl keen competition in any field she chose to undertake.

“At no other place is the custom of belleship so decided,” wrote the male correspondent of the Springfield, Mass., Homestead. “Every season must have its special favorite and no girl who has ever been a belle at the ‘Old White’ ever cares to be anything else except a matron. Occasionally her reign will last over one season but this is only when she is exceptionally beautiful and witty besides.” He continues, “There are three things which the girl at the White Sulphur must do. She must dance well, she must be even tempered and she must understand the coquetry of the thimble. The man who cannot be fetched by a dance, who doesn’t care for a picturesque gown, who isn’t interested in books or music, falls a victim of this housewifely act.”

With the battle of belleship carried into all fields of endeavor and almost a matter of life and death, one can readily understand the feelings of a young lady who arrived in 1835 to find her room was not ready and she must wait in the public rooms. “There is no drawing room and you are ushered in the ball room where you have to wait in your soiled, dusty travelling habit till your cabin is ready. There you undergo the scrutiny of those who, ready dressed, parade the room in all the consciousness of looking well, while you have the consoling reflection to feed upon that ‘first impressions are very important,’ and that you must look very interesting in your dusty condition with all the inseparable concomitants of travelling ugliness and a disarranged head. This is indeed below dispar; for ladies can hide blighted affections and be gay—smile though the heart be breaking—yes disregarded friendship and unrequited love may be borne; but this is a trial too great for the philosophy of woman. Her fragile form was ne’er designed for scenes like this.”

Later in the same letter the lady recovered her spirits and had her revenge by criticizing the costumes and customs of her rivals. “Young ladies who have not cities seen, here display their love of lace and jewels to perfection, appearing in silk bonnets, loaded with flowers—they literally sink under the weight of their ornaments,” and of others “who affect to think the Springs are only resorted to as a place to wear out old clothes. A half worn black silk and dustable ‘that hath six summers seen’ may be considered to be their uniform.” Later she advises visitors to bring “a goodly supply of pins, needles and combs as our sex generally considers the aforesaid articles as common property.—This lamentable want of honesty among the fair part of creation shows that they are not always just in their dealings as the catechism enjoins.” (From “A Trip to Virginia Springs, or the Belles and Beaux of 1835.” By a Lady, Monitor.)

For the male contingent there were varied interests besides paying court to the current belles. Riding, fencing, greyhound racing, bowling and politics were interspersed with juleps, punches and games of chance. The unattached males were established in Compulsion Row and Wolf’s Row, which you were told to avoid by an early visitor “unless young and foolish, fond of noise and nonsense, frolic and fun, wine and wassail, sleepless nights and days of headache. For Mercury and Nimrod have taken up abode and McBethlike nightly murder sleep.”

Nearby was “The Wolf” where the faro dealers held sway. These gentlemen played an important part in the life of men both young and old, in spite of of the opinion of an English lady who in 1836 encountered two of them on the stage and wrote: “These two men were rather self important during the journey, it was a comfort to see how poor a figure they cut at the springs. They seemed to sink into deepest insignificance.” But they did not cut an insignificant figure in Compulsion and Wolf’s Row, or for that matter in feminine gossip. Although no delicately reared female would mention “The Wolf” in public, curiosity overcame discipline and there were many whispered conversations as to what happened in that interesting quarter when rumors crept through of high stakes, jealous quarrels, threatened duels and all the fascinating
male pursuits of which the delicately reared female was supposed to know nothing.

The gay life at The White and its beaux and belles did not escape criticism. Some thought them foolish, some too worldly, Southern papers railed at the publicity given social events in Northern publications, “where even ladies names are mentioned in print.” But more and more fashionables joined in the gay parade, which led through the 40’s and 50’s and on until the dark cloud of war descended and blotted out so much that was gay and beautiful.

After the war The White re-opened its doors and remnants of the earlier throng returned. Among the post-war visitors was General Robert E. Lee who came during the summer of 1867, 1868 and 1869 and took up residence in Baltimore Row. With him was Mrs. Lee, who was in frail health, and their son and daughter. They were joined from time to time by other members of the family, close personal friends, and his generals.

He became a familiar figure, as he rode his horse Traveller around the mountain roads and in the grounds which surrounded the springs. Traveller was born and raised nearby at Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County. General Lee’s interest in young people was ever present and he was always interested in their activities and good times, and deplored any show of resentment or ill feeling towards the North as expressed by them. When the circus came Captain R. E. Lee gave an interesting account of his purchasing tickets. “A circus came—the manager rode over to my father’s cottage and insisted on leaving several tickets. These my father courteously declined but bought many tickets which he presented to his many little friends at the Springs.”

Leaders of both North and South joined General Lee at the White Sulphur to discuss problems of reconstruction. Among them was General Rosencrans who attended a levee in General Lee’s cottage where were present many of the South’s leading men. Later, General Lee addressed a letter to General Rosencrans which was signed by him and by thirty other leaders of the South. In this was set forth their attitude toward Union, slavery and reconstruction. The document has become known as “The White Sulphur Manifesto,” and was General Lee’s first and last public statement regarding post-war politics.

Gradually the tempo of pre-war days returned and new belles came and held court. Many a matron of to-day can recount the gaieties of the nineties when she followed in mother’s and grandmother’s footsteps and led the Germans and took part in the usual festivities. The “Old White” took its place again as part of the tradition of many American families, a tradition which led back a hundred years or more of gay, happy and carefree days—Days to which we look back with rather wistful eyes from the interesting—perhaps too interesting world in which we live.

"A Day That Is Dead"

The editor found this short story, which is more factual than fictional, so fascinating that once she had begun it she stayed after office hours to finish it at a sitting, after a long, hard day! She believes that most other readers will find it equally delightful.

JULIA LESTARJETTE GLOVER

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

LOOKING through an old desk one day in search of certain family papers, I came upon a sheet from some old volume, containing the record of the marriage of Godfrey Champion and Dorothy Golightly, dated far back in Colonial days, before the Revolution. Now, Godfrey Champion and Dorothy
his wife were ancestors of mine. Their portraits are still in existence—a handsome couple, he in a buttoned coat, she in a tight-fitting, long-waisted blue gown, with a rope of pearls in her dark hair. A sweet lady she must have been, and one who ruled her household well, judging from the light in her blue eyes and the firm set of her mouth. I knew that he had been a colonel in the Revolution, and had taken an active part in the defense of Charles Town, and that he owned a fine old plantation on the Santee River; but I thought I should like to know more about them, and the life they lived in that closed chapter of the past.

Pursuing my investigations down the page, I read the names of their six daughters: Henrietta, Elizabeth, Mary, Rachel, Dorothy, and Anne. Madam Champion must have needed all her firmness and wisdom to rule and guide those six girls—if girls were the same then as now.

Elizabeth died of fever, aged twenty, “in the bloom of life,” as the record quaintly puts it. Then followed the marriages of four of the sisters, to men whose names are honored in history. And last of all was a line evidently added by the same hand that had copied the record from the Champion family Bible:
“Miss Anne remained single.”

That was all. Records are most unsatisfactory things. They pique your curiosity, and then tell you nothing of the things you would like to know; mere lists of names and dates, they give no hint of the personalities of those who bore those names and lived, loved, and suffered, before they passed on to give place to other actors in the drama of life.

So I sat looking at the names of the six Champion sisters, and wondering about them, but most of all about Anne, who “remained single.”

Why did she remain single, in a day when girls were brought up to look to marriage as the natural and inevitable lot of woman, long before advanced views and women’s rights had come into fashion? Had she a suitor? Somehow, I felt sure she was pretty. And did he die, or prove faithless? The provoking record gave no aid in solving the mystery. It merely stated the bald fact that “Miss Anne remained single.”

I felt as if the curtain that screens the past from us had been lifted for an instant to give me a half-glimpse into Anne Champion’s life, and then as suddenly dropped in my face.

Searching further in the old desk, I presently found a little packet hidden at the back of a drawer, out of sight; and opening it with a curious feeling of excitement, like one on the verge of some discovery, I found a handful of old letters, tied together with a bit of faded ribbon, ready to fall apart at a touch, and what seemed a fragment of an old journal, written in a neat girlish hand. As I turned the time-yellowed pages, a folded paper fell out. Unfolding it carefully, I found two locks of hair, a sunny curl and a dark waving tress, twined together and fastened to the paper in a circle, held in place by a few silken stitches. Within the circle was written in tiny characters, “Lionel Maltby—Anne Champion, Feb. . . . . , 1780,” joined with a true-love knot, beautifully drawn in pencil.

It was the date of their betrothal!

At the bottom of the packet was a miniature which must without doubt be Anne Champion herself, as she looked in 1780. It shows a lovely oval face, blue eyes, black-lashed, dark hair in puffs on the top of her head. She wore a pale-violet gown, showing a white throat. If “Miss Anne” were half so lovely as her portrait, it is small wonder that Lionel Maltby was her suitor. He must have had a heart of adamant if he were not.

What had I chanced upon? A glance at the letters and diary told me. These little relics were all that remained of Anne Champion’s love story. They would reveal the secret of why she “remained single.” It cannot matter to her now that we should know. The loving, passionate hearts have been stilled and the grass has grown green on her grave and his for more than a hundred years.

And so, tenderly, reverently, with eyes dim with tears I read the letters and diary, and gathered this little story of long ago, misty with the “tender grace” of a day long dead.

On a certain February day the southern woods were green and brown, a soft blending of tints, melting into a dreamy blue on the distant horizon. The river flowed tranquilly between its low, marsh-bordered banks, reflecting an azure sky. The hazy sunshine lay soft over woods and water and brown, plowed fields, and on the old Champion house at Fairhaven; lighting up the windows, flickering on the walls in broken patches of light and shadow as it filtered through the boughs of the live-oaks.

It was a typical plantation house; raised high from the ground on brick pillars, with wide piazzas round three sides, and old-fashioned, deep, many-paned windows. The gable faced the river, and in front a green lawn sloped down to the water’s edge on one side, an avenue of moss-draped live-oaks forming the approach to the house on the other.

It all looked very peaceful and home-like to the man who came riding up the avenue beneath the over-arching branches of the venerable trees; a young man in the uniform of the Carolina militia, who looked about him with interest as he cantered easily along.

As he drew near, the door opened suddenly and a girl came out on the piazza—a slender young figure in a blue gown, with
waving dark hair and a winsome face. She made a fair picture, standing there with the spring sunshine making a glory about her. She was gazing wistfully toward the fields and the river; but at the sound of the horse’s feet she turned and saw the approaching rider. Instantly the wistful look vanished and a light of surprised recognition flashed over her face. She moved to the top step and stood there waiting for him.

He dismounted at the foot of the steps, and throwing the bridle to the little darkey who had suddenly appeared from nowhere, ran up to greet the waiting figure. She gave him her hand frankly.

“Lionel—Captain Maltby—is it really you?”

“Why did you correct yourself? It always used to be Lionel,” he said, bowing over the little hand. “It is of no use trying to be ceremonious with me, Anne. You will always be forgetting.”

“Lionel, then. It is hard to remember,” she acknowledged, blushing and smiling. “Come in. Mother will be glad to see you.”

He followed her into the wide, oak-panelled hall, decorated with antlers, trophies of many a bygone hunt. A door at one side opened into the family sitting-room, as he knew, for the house had been familiar to him from childhood, when, living on the adjoining plantation, Broad Oaks, he had spent most of his time at Fairhaven, playing with the little Champion girls, his fast friends, especially Anne, the youngest of the group.

Henrietta and Elizabeth were both older than he, and seemed almost young ladies to his inexperience. Mary was always quiet, kind and gentle. Rachel and Dorothy were two merry hoydens, always together. The little curly-headed Anne was his comrade.

The children grew up. Lionel was sent to England to be educated, and Anne and her sisters learned such things as were deemed necessary for girls to know: to play the harp and spinet, and to sing prettily; to spin and weave and do exquisite plain sewing and embroidery. There is still in existence a little lace cap, netted of finest thread with her own hands for an infant nephew.

When the call of war brought Lionel home again, he had hastened to join one of the militia companies, and was now stationed near his childhood’s friends once more.

Anne led the way into the parlor, where her mother and sisters sat at work. Embroidery and fine sewing occupied their fingers while one read aloud. Two of the six sisters were missing from the group. Henrietta was married to a prosperous planter, and lived some miles away. Elizabeth had died of fever two years before, while Lionel was absent in England.

Madam Champion, a stately lady with a crown of white hair, gave him a kind, dignified greeting, and the girls rose to meet their old playmate.

“But what brings you to this neighborhood, Lionel? No ill tidings, I hope,” said Madam Champion anxiously, when the greetings were over.

“Oh, no, madam,” he returned lightly. “I had a day’s leave, and I wanted to see you all.”

“And what is the news from the war? We hear but little in this secluded place.”

“You heard that Sir Henry Clinton landed at Savannah a few days since?”

“No, we had not heard. Do you know aught of his plans?”

“We hear that he intends to push on to Charles Town. They suffered greatly by storms on the voyage, and lost all their horses. Tarleton’s cavalry is completely dismounted. He has advanced to Port Royal, and, we hear, is determined to secure all the horses in the surrounding country. Should he visit this section, I should advise you to conceal yours if possible, madam.”

Madam Champion divined that this warning was the real object of Captain Maltby’s visit, careful as he had been to speak lightly.

“What!” she exclaimed. “Deliberately take possession of our horses? He shall not have them.”

“He will not scruple, madam, if he can find them,” said Lionel, and crossed the room to look at the embroidery in Dorothy’s frame for a moment. “What protection have you?” he added.

“No, we had not heard. Do you know of his plans?”

“We hear that he intends to push on to Charles Town. They suffered greatly by storms on the voyage, and lost all their horses. Tarleton’s cavalry is completely dismounted. He has advanced to Port Royal, and, we hear, is determined to secure all the horses in the surrounding country. Should he visit this section, I should advise you to conceal yours if possible, madam.”
a besieged city would be worse than remaining here. Old Paris and Moses will watch over their master’s interests like their own. I have no fear,” concluded Madam Champion proudly.

“Suppose you send one of the men to hide the horses in the swamp,” he suggested. “They would not be likely to find them, not knowing the country.”

“I will do so. I wish it were possible to send word to my daughter Henrietta. She would be sorry to lose her grays.”

“If you will permit, madam, I will ride over and tell her. And—would you allow Anne to go with me? I will take care of her, you need not fear. The dragoons are not likely to come so soon. It will be quite safe.”

Anne looked pleadingly at her mother. “Let me go, Mamma. If we are to lose the horses—perhaps—I should like a last ride on Bellefleur. We will be so careful. May I?”

Madam Champion hesitated a moment, and then gave consent. Lionel would guard one of her girls as their own father would. She did not fear to trust Anne with him. And the child looked pale—the ride would do her good. So she assented, only stipulating—

“Take one of my horses, Lionel, and leave yours to rest. And do not stay long, or I shall be anxious.”

They promised, and as soon as Anne could put on her hat and habit, and the horses could be saddled, they were on their way. Side by side, along the smooth, level low-country roads they rode, two blithe young hearts with the bright February sunshine about them.

As they rode Lionel told Anne the old story, that is ever fresh and new—as fresh to the girl who hears it for the first time today as it was to pretty Anne Champion so many years ago.

With his hand on her horse’s mane, and looking deep into her innocent eyes, he told her that he loved her, and their childish friendship gave place to betrothal.

The ride ended all too soon. They reached Henrietta’s home, delivered their message of warning, and after a short visit started for home, mindful of Madam Champion’s injunction. They had covered scarcely half the distance when they met a frightened negro hurrying toward them, his face ashen with terror. They paused to speak to him, and he stammered forth his tidings.

The British were coming. There was a party of soldiers not a mile behind him. They had been at Fairhaven, and Madam had sent him to meet and warn them.

Lionel’s heart sank. Fool that he had been, to expose Anne to this danger solely for the pleasure of a ride with her. But he had not dreamed that the enemy would come so soon. She looked at him with wide, frightened eyes, thinking of his peril, as he thought only of hers.

“You will be taken prisoner! Oh, Lionel, what shall we do?”

He thought rapidly. It was too late to turn back. They would most probably be overtaken before they could reach a place of safety.

“We will try to outwit them. This way, Anne—through the woods.”

He turned his horse sharply and struck into the thick woods that skirted the road. Anne followed him blindly, crashing through canebrake and undergrowth so thick that the sunlight scarcely filtered through. She guessed Lionel’s plan. By cutting through the woods they would reach a road running parallel to the one they had left. Following this, and diverging into wood roads and bridle paths, they could reach Fairhaven without again emerging upon the public road.

But within two hundred yards of the road, Lionel pulled up his horse so sharply that Anne barely checked Bellefleur in time to avoid a collision. He held up his hand for silence, swung himself from the saddle, and with the bridle on his arm, came to her side.

“Listen,” he whispered.

His practiced ear had caught the sound of horses’ hoofs and men’s voices from the road for which they had been making. Another party of dragoons was passing. Caught between two dangers, they were in a trap. There was nothing to do but keep still. Should one of their horses whinny, or should a gleam from the facing of Lionel’s uniform catch some sharp eye, they must inevitably be discovered. Lionel would be taken, Madam Champion’s horses confiscated, and Anne, perhaps, left in these
woods, miles from home, to make her way
back on foot and alone, if she were not
taken prisoner also. It must not be. In
desperation he tried to form a plan.
"Keep quiet, Anne. Don't let Bellefleur
whinny if you can help it."

He lifted her down and cautiously led the
horses to shelter behind two large trees,
placing Anne and himself so as to be out of
view as much as possible. She did not
speak, but clung to him, trembling.

"Listen, Anne, if they find us, I will give
up myself and the horses instantly and go
to meet them. You must lie hidden here—in
your dark dress they may not see you—and
when they are out of sight, make your
way home. You understand?"

He slipped the sidesaddle from Bellefleur
as he spoke, and laid it on the ground.
"They must think I was hiding the horses,"
he whispered.

Anne assented by only a look.

The tramping sounded nearer. The sol-
diers were approaching; but unless their
suspicions were aroused, they would not
venture into the trackless woods in an un-
known country, for fear of an ambuscade.

Through the trees a gleam of scarlet was
visible. A whinny now, or a sudden stamp,
would be their undoing. In an agony of
terror, Anne threw her arms about Belle-
fleur's neck, whispering soothing words,
praying in her extremity, her face hidden
in the silky mane. Lionel stood holding
his own horse by the bridle, his face white
and set.

A few moments only—but they seemed
like hours. Then the enemy had passed
and they were safe. He breathed again.
"Thank heaven! Let us get home, Anne.
If I can but get you safely home!"

Fearing to take the open road again, lest
more dragoons might be scouring the coun-
try, they remounted and held their way
through the woods and fields, by secluded
plantation roads, until they reached Fair-
haven again.

Here they found a scene of confusion and
alarm. Madam was in great anxiety about
them. A party of soldiers had left after
a thorough search, which resulted only in
finding of Lionel's horse, old Paris having
vanished with the carriage horses not ten
minutes before their arrival. Only Belle-
fleur and the horse Lionel had ridden were
left. How was he to return to his com-
mand?

"Take Bellefleur," said Anne. "You
helped me save her. She is my own, Lio-
nel, I can give her to you if I choose.
I should like her to help fight for the
country. Please take her!"

He drew her to him for an instant.
"I will borrow her, then, Anne, since
there is no other way of getting back to
camp. I will bring her back to you myself,
as soon as I can."

"No, keep her till the war is over. I
want you to have her. My pretty Belle-
fleur!"

Anne threw her arms about Bellefleur's
neck and laid her face against it. Lionel
stooped as if to caress the horse, and kissed
the satiny-smooth cheek next him, whisper-
ing—

"Then when I bring her back, sweetheart,
I shall claim yourself in exchange."

. . . And so Anne's gallant young suitor
rode away, and she was left to her woman's
part of waiting. She kept a little diary at
this time, in which she recorded the events
of her daily life and such news of the war
as came from time to time through letters
or messages from Colonel Champion in
Charles Town.

. . . March. The enemy under Sir
Henry Clinton are advancing on Charles
Town, as we learn by a letter from Papa,
sent by a faithful hand, the boy Cuffee,
who succeeded in slipping past the lines
at night.

"General Lincoln is strengthening the de-
fences and preparing for an attack. Gov-
ernor Rutledge has called out the militia,
and General Lincoln, yielding to the peo-
dle's entreaties, has shut himself up in the
city, leaving only some cavalry and light
troops outside to harass the enemy and pro-
tect the country from marauding parties.
Lionel's troop is one of these . . .

"April. Our thoughts are constantly in
our besieged city. General Woodford has
arrived with reinforcements, but the enemy
have passed Sullivan's Island and Fort
Moultrie, and the siege is established.

"Our land forces are harassed by Colonel
Tarleton, the same fierce, dark-faced soldier
who tried to steal our horses and so nar-
rowly missed finding Bellefleur.
“My pretty Bellefleur! She still carries Lionel to fight for our beloved country. I pray for her, as well as for Papa and Lionel, that they may come safely home. I hope it is not wrong.

“. . . All hope is gone. Sir Henry has been reinforced, and Charles Town can no longer hold out. General Lincoln has capitulated. The garrison were allowed some honors of war. They are released as paroled prisoners, and we shall have Papa at home again, for a time at least. Lionel’s troop has gone to the Santee hills to join the cavalry gathered there to oppose Colonel Tarleton. He had not time for even a flying visit to us, and there is no knowing when we shall see him again. I can but trust, but it is weary work.”

Thus Anne chronicled her hopes and her despair in the little journal irregularly kept during this time of suspense. It was nearly two years before she saw Lionel again, and in that time many things had happened. The British, having taken Charles Town, proceeded to subdue South Carolina by sending out bands of soldiers to pillage and harass the colony. This led to a sort of partisan warfare all over the state, and Captain Maltby with his little band joined John Laurens, who had volunteered to go and protect the defenseless plantations.

The troops were encamped near Fairhaven plantation. Madam Champion, learning of their arrival, arranged to give a ball—a ball that was long remembered by those who were present. The old halls of Fairhaven were lighted and decorated. Friends from the neighboring plantations were gathered, and merriment reigned. The negro musicians drew spirited strains from fiddle and banjo, and the dancing went gaily on.

Thus Anne and Lionel met again. In her white dress, scarcely whiter than her dimpled arms; with her dark hair puffed high on her head and wreathed with rows of pearls, and her young face softly flushed, she was very lovely that night—fairer than he had ever seen her—than anyone would ever see her again.

He drew her into the embrasure of a deep window and took the white figure in his arms.

“Anne—Sweetheart—I have come back to you, as I promised.”

“Yes, Lionel. It has been a long time,” she whispered happily.

“And Bellefleur,” he said after a pause. “She has carried me bravely through many a fight. She is a gallant little spirit—like her mistress. Tomorrow I will bring her back to you. And now, Anne, I want our betrothal made known to the world. I am proud to claim you before all men, my bonny Anne.”

So they talked on, absorbed in the present, dreaming of the future, all else forgotten for the time. The dance was at its height. The strains of music went quivering through the flower-scented air.

Suddenly an alarm thrilled through the room, from lip to lip, wordless at first, then taking shape. A scout had just come in, breathless, with the news of a sudden advance of the enemy. They were close at hand.

Instantly the gay scene changed. The dance stopped short. There were hasty farewells with scarcely time for a word. Officers and men sprang to their saddles and away into the midnight stillness, so rudely broken by the clatter of sword and spur and the tramp of horses’ feet.

Lionel caught Anne in his arms for an instant, to whisper, “Tomorrow, Love!”

Tomorrow! They learned the story of that night. How the gallant little troop had charged the British soldiery and, fearless of danger, had ridden straight into an ambuscade. The fighting was soon over—the engagement was an unimportant one in the annals of the war. The enemy were repulsed; but Lionel Maltby fell in the front of the fight, with his horse shot under him at the same instant.

Sadly his comrades brought him home to Madam Champion’s, where but a few hours ago he had been the gayest of the throng.

“Keep Anne away,” Madam ordered, but too late. Anne had heard sounds of approach, and, expecting Lionel, came swiftly down the broad staircase, the light from a diamond-paned window falling on her slim young figure and brightening her hair—came down, smiling, to learn without an instant’s warning what had happened.
The group stood still in the doorway. One look at the soldiers, one look at the covered figure on the improvised 'stretcher they bore, and Anne dropped as if the bullet that had shot Maltby dead had reached her own heart.

This is Anne Champion's love story. Here it ends. Another hand had briefly added the last scene. No other line was even written by her in the little diary. No voice speaks out of the past to tell the history of her later life.

Lionel was buried on the plantation, and Bellefleur, that had carried him so gallantly to his death, received honorable burial on the battlefield.

Years afterward, they laid Anne by Maltby's side—Anne Champion still. The grass and wild flowers and tangled vines have grown green and faded and grown again for more than a hundred years, over their graves near the quiet waters of the Santee.

And all that is left to hint of her faithfulness is that one brief line in the genealogical record—

"Miss Anne remained single."

POSTLUDE

Mariette Bowles

I know, my dear, we both have found it good
    That our two paths, which separate mile on mile
We swiftly walked as through a lonely wood,
    Thus chanced to run together for a while.
I know we've found each other's presence sweet,
    That we have thrilled to see each other's face,
And blessed the happy fate that let us meet
    On this so small a point of time and space.
But since, my dear, your path nor mine is wide
    Enough to let two persons pass abreast,
And since we can't continue side by side,
    I think that sterner fate is still more blest
That gives us courage each to take his own
Steep, narrow way and walk there quite alone.
A QUESTION constantly received: What records are available and would a personal visit to —— counties assist me in the research on my family?"

The Historical Records Survey Division of the Works Progress Administration has answered that question in their two hundred compilations of records in various counties of the United States.

A short synopsis of their Inventory No. 34, which follows, will indicate the result of the survey made in Fayette County, Kentucky. The table of contents, the indexes, and earliest maps, together with the definite references, are among the unusual values offered the busy researcher.

"Fayette Co., Virginia named in honor of Marquis de LaFayettte, originally a part of Kentucky County, Virginia, was formed by an act of the Virginia Legislature in 1780. The boundaries were changed four times—first by the creation of Bourbon County in 1785, and Woodford County in 1788, then in 1782, when Fayette and other western counties of Virginia became a part of the State of Kentucky.

The earliest settlements of Fayette County were at Lexington, and Bryant's (Bryan's) and Grant's Stations, all three of which were established in 1777. Among the first county officials were Levi Todd, Robert Todd, Charles and Walter Carr, Thomas Lewis, Samuel McDowell, Thomas Bodley, Percival Butler, et al.

The first newspaper west of the Allegheny Mountains was the Kentucky Gazette of Lexington, issued in August 1787.

Under the Housing, Care, and Accessibility of the Records this tragic statement is made: "In the early days the county records were kept in the homes of the various county officials, a large portion of them being in charge of Levi Todd, the county clerk. When his home was burned in 1803 most of the records were destroyed. What few were still legible were copied by a special committee appointed for that purpose by the Governor. A second fire in 1897 destroyed more of these early records in addition to the later ones." This loss of records by fire and by "The Tooth of Time" is by no means an isolated case and should inspire every citizen, especially the Daughters of the American Revolution, to obtain copies of marriage, birth, and death records, and abstracts of wills, deeds, etc., in each county of the United States. It is a matter of deep regret that this Historical Records Survey has been discontinued because of loss of appropriation.

A list of Fayette County records in our library includes the first Minutes of the Bryan's Station Church, 1786——, also the marriage records 1803-1851.

A list of Fayette County books, pamphlets, etc., in our library will be published in this department at some future date, if requested.

Abstracts of Wills

Lancaster County Court House

(Continued from September issue, and contributed by Eleanore J. Fulton of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.)


Cunningham, Roger (1744-W.B.-A.1-90). Written: August 24, 1744. Men-

(To be continued)

Revolutionary War Pensions

Lawrence, Benjamin Rachel. Cert. No. 8893; issued Nov. 28, 1844, Act of July 7, 1838, at $304.00 per annum from Mar. 4, 1836.


Rachel Lawrence declares that she is the widow of Benjamin Lawrence, who served as a private and officer during the Rev. War.

He entered the Rev. Army (date not stated) and served for 2 yrs. as a private and Lt. with the S. C. Troops under the following officers:

Capt. William Harris
Capt. McCall
Capt. Robert Anderson
Capt. Baskins

He was in the battles of Kettle Creek. Siege of Augusta, Medway and others not specified when he left the service, he was a Lt. of Mounted Militia.

She was married to Benjamin Lawrence Mar. 5, 1783. Her maiden name was Rachel Weems. They were neighbors in Abbeville Dist. Benjamin Lawrence d. Apr. 22, 1826. Rachel Weems Lawrence died Aug. 11, 1848 in Pickens Dist., S. C. leaving only 3 children James Lawrence in 1848 resident of Pikens Dist., S. C., Elisha Lawrence, and Margaret wife of Alexander Deal of Mississippi.

Sept. 21, 1844 David Verner of Anderson Dist. S. C. a U. S. pensioner declares that he was acquainted with Benjamin Lawrence and served with him in the same militia co. under various officers: Capt. Wm. Harris, Capt. Baskins, Capt. McCall, and Capt. Robert Anderson etc. and was in the battle of Kettle Creek with him, said Lawrence then lived in Abbeville Dist. and served at least 2 yrs. There are no further family data on file.


Janatje Krom declares that she is the widow of John G. Krom who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress approved June 7, 1832. She was married to John G. Krom Oct. 5, 1783.

Sept. 14, 1838 George Van Vliet of Hurley, N. Y. aged 79 yrs. a U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832 declares that he was present when John G. Krom was married to Janatje Swart in Hurley by Rev. John George Dull Pastor of the Dutch Church of Kingston Ulster Co., N. Y.

Family Record


Marriages

1805 June 15 Samuel Krom and Anna Krom by Rev. Dull.
1808 Jan. 27, Hyman Krom and Elsia Houghtaling by Rev. Dull.
1817 Dec. 15 Tunis Houghaling to my dau. Sally Krom by Mr. Gosman.
1823 Jan. 8 Solomon Shear to my dau. Maziah Krom by Mr. Carle.
1826 Jan. 26 dau. Jane Krom to James P. Teneyck by Dr. Vankenren.
1835 Oct. 28 my dau. Sarah Krom to Hardenbaugh Wynkoop by Dr. Mason.
April 18, 1844 Solomon Shears of Hurley, N. Y. declares that he was acquainted with John G. Krom and mar. his dau. Polly.
Aug. 11, 1832 Andries Davis of Olive Ulster Co., N. Y. aged 72 yrs. a Rev. soldier declares that he served with John G. Krom in 1777 for 2 mos. in Capt. F. Schoonmaker’s Co. Lt. John C. DeWitt also in 1779 for 9 mos. in Capt. Hunter’s Co. Col. Albert Pawlings Regt. deponent was a substitute for one Van Benschoten during this tour.

April 18, 1844 Samuel Krom of Hurley, N. Y. was administrator of the estate of Janatje Krom, who died June 10, 1842—left the following children:

Samuel Krom
Himan Krom
Sally Houghtaling widow of Teunis Houghtaling
Polly Shears, wife of Solomon Shears all of lawful age.

There are no further family data on file.

Queries and Answers

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

All information available to us is published, and further correspondence regarding same should not be sent to this department.

Queries

J·39. Gidding.—Wanted: Information on Peter Gidding (Giddy) born June 5, 1784. He married Jane Boyd, who was born in 1787. She was from Scotland. They migrated to Lewis Co. Kentucky from Maryland. Who were her ancestors?—Mrs. J. Earl Gidding, Box 53, Washington C. H., Ohio.

J·39. (a) Logan-Johnson-Harris.—John Logan m. Jane Johnson (b. 1804; d. 1876). His mother is supposed to have been a daughter of Joseph Hunter, early settler of Lancaster, Ohio. She is said to have been a close relative of Richard M. Johnson, vice-president of the U. S. Information concerning their ancestry desired.

(b) Margaret Harris m. 1st (?) Pickens; 2nd before 1828, John Cooper. Her ancestry and that of her first husband desired. He is supposed to have been closely related to Gen. Andrew Pickens of S. C.—Mrs. H. P. Schneek, 908 W. 26th St., Austin, Texas.


J·39. Martin-Shearman.—Wanted parents etc. of William Martin, Lancaster Co. (?) Va. Revolutionary Soldier d. about 1792. Left two children, Alice m. —— Brent, Nancy, b. 11-27-1782 d. 3-18-1821, married 10-8-1801. Samuel M. (Martin?) Shearman Capt. in War of 1812, b. 3-3-1776, d. 1-14-1815, had children, one was Hannah Mariah b. 4-28-1813, d. 4-16-1851; m. 7-10-1833; James Lewis Bell b. 10-9-1807 Richmond Co. Va. came to Mo. near 1937.—Mrs. A. C. Ellis, 1830 Laramia, Manhattan, Kans.

J·39. Acton.—Ancestry wanted of both Richard Acton and his wife Jaimimah, who lived as early as January 1779 near Romnay, Hampshire Co. Va. In 1794 they deeded to their son John 112 1/2 A. in the Bear Camp survey. Who was John’s wife? Who were Richard and Jaimimah Acton’s other children? John Acton had children, Richard, John, William, Jeremiah, Sarah, Benjamin.—Mrs. Harry M. Rankin, 416 East St., Washington Court House, Ohio.


(b). Bishop.—Rev. Dr. Truman Bishop died January 12, 1829 in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Married April 2, 1801 in Whitingham, Vt., Susanna Blodgett, married, second, Mary, who survived him. He entered the American Conference of the Methodist Church 1798 at Warren town, N. Y., preached at Litchfield, Vershire, Wethersfield, Albany, New Haven, and in 1819 was transferred to the Ohio Conference in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he organized the Associated Methodists of Cincinnati. He is listed as one of twenty-two physicians in Cincinnati and as the first vice-president of the District Medical Society of Ohio in 1829. Wanted his parentage.—Ava Shawhan Hills, 6 Shepherd Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

J'-39. (a). Wood.—“Phoebe Wood born Conn. 1784 and whose ancestors for several generations are traceable to pure Yankee blood, married 1801, Oneida County N. Y., William Martin.” Can anyone give me the names of her parents and place of birth?

(b). Martin.—John born 1766, Hannah 1768, Eunice 1770, Henry 1772, Gideon 1774, William 1776, Cintha 1778, William 1780, Ebenezer 1781 and Peter 1785. These names with day and month of birth found in an old family Bible but no clue as to names of parents or places of birth. Can anyone supply this information?—E. G. Barber, 821 West South Street, Salina, Kansas.

J'-39. Vernon-Clarke.—Edward Vernon married, 1786, Hannah Cowpland, widow. Their daughter, Jemima Dazey Vernon, married Chester Clarke; their son, Edward Vernon Clarke, lived in New York. Any descendants?


(e). Edwards.—Moses Edwards and Sarah Vernon of West Bradford, Chester County, Pa. married 5-20-1784. Moses died before 2-5-1825. Any descendants?


J'-39. Clark.—Ancestors and References of Custis Clark B. Paulet, Vt. 30 November 1792 D. Nicollet (or Hebron) Minn 15 May 1885 M. Paulet, Vt. 1814 Electa Meacham, daughter of Abraham Meacham and Lydia Standish.—Mrs. Frank A. Miller (Marion Clark) Mission Inn Riverside, California.

J'-39. Hallock-Wines. — Israel Hallock, son of Isaac Hallock and his wife (an esteemed Quaker preacher) name unknown; was born about 1775 at Brookhaven, Long Island.

Israel married Mehetabel Wines, daughter of Barnabas Wines. He or his father, Barnabas is supposed to have served as Captain in the Provincial troops during the Revolution in New York.—Mrs. William B. Osborne, 654 West 90 St., Los Angeles, Cal.

J'-39. Selby-Reed.—Wanted—All possible information concerning Magruder Selby, who was living Monongalia County, W. Va. in 1814 when his daughter, Elizabeth married William Reed, Jr. Did he also have daughters, Sarah and Rebecca?—Mrs. Clem Wilson, 5537 Byers St., Ft. Worth, Tex.

J'-39. Ball-Dameron.—Wanted: All possible information of parentage of Sara Ball who married Joseph Dameron, Rev. Sol. both born in Vir. and died in Caswell Co. N. C. Also parentage of Joseph Dam-
eron.—Mrs. Fred Hall Chambers, 1227 B Avenue, Douglas, Arizona.

J-'39. (a) Auld.—Was the name Edward Auld (revolutionary soldier) among those wounded at Princeton, New Jersey, in 1777?

(b) Clark.—Who were the parents of Elisha Clark? His wife’s name was Elizabeth—possibly from Connecticut or New York. Their youngest son, Benjamin Jefferson Clark, born 1807, married Mary Jane Walker (1831), daughter of Sater Thomas Walker, of Baltimore, Maryland, and his wife Catherine Ann (Kelly) Walker, daughter of Thomas Kelly of New York.—Mrs. Joseph P. Bennett, 105 Franklin Avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

J-'36. (a) Wilson-Campbell.—Wanted names of parents & Rev. anc. of both Thomas Beach Wilson & his wf. Elizabeth Campbell, both b- in S. C. 1809 & 1816 resp. were parents of 7 chl. one dau. Angelina m—Geo. Monroe Autry, another m—Emory.

Thomas Beach Wilson while a res. of Graves Co. Ky. 1939 secured Govt. gt. in Tippah Co. Miss. where he lived until abt. 1855, he d—in Texas abt. 1867.

(b) Embry-Autry.—Wanted names of parents & Rev. anc. of Jacob Brown Autry & his fw. Mary Temperance Embry, they were parents of Ge. M. Autry above & other chl. both d. in Miss. Tippah Co. abt. 1860.—Mrs. McCallister Pearce, West Memphis, Ark.

J-'39. Bowen-Eddy.—Wanted ancestors and parentage of Jarvis Bowen, born 1/20/1784, New York State; died 11/24/1844, New York; and of his wife Susan Eddy, born 5/17/1788; died 1/20/1867, New York. Their children—George; Nelson; Almira; Lucius; Statira; Lucy; Mary; Olive Jane; Benjamin Franklin; Emeline.—Mrs. Dorothy Berryman Schrewder, Ashland, Kansas.


J-'39. Woolfolk.—Would like any information regarding a Joseph Woolfolk or Woodfork who lived in Wilkes County, North Carolina and served in the Revolution from that county. He had sons named John, William, Austin, Thomas, Richard, and Joseph, Jr. and several daughters. I would like to get in touch with some of his descendants.—Mrs. Thadeus M. Jones, 1828 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C.


(b) Raines.—Wanted the names of the parents of Elizabeth Judkins Raines, b. 1776, d. 1811, mar. about 1793, William Wyche Wilkins of Greensville Co., Va. Will exchange data.—Miss Edmonia C. Wilkins, Star Rt. Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

J-'39. (a) Reese—Reece—Rhys.—Wanted information on Anson (Anselem) Reese and son Roger Reese who moved from Virginia to Ash County, North Carolina.

Rogers Reese married Rachel Watkins a Virginia woman in North Carolina later moved to Twiggs County Georgia. Anson Reese had five sons Rogers, Rowell, Randall, Ranson and Reuben all born in Virginia.

(b) Hansford.—Wanted to know the parents and wife of Lieutenant Benoni Hansford also the name of Mother and Ancestors of Sarah Sallis daughter of Samuel Sallis who married (1) Alex Doniphan & (2) 1727 William Hansford of Stafford County Virginia.—Mrs. Junius K. Powell, Whiteville, North Carolina.


Will the person sending Moseley-Talley-Butler queries please send address to the Genealogical Editor?
THOSE who know little of genealogy are inclined to laugh at the bare thought that there are any considerable number of persons in the United States who descend from men who bore arms. They visualize England, for example, prior to the settlement of the American Colonies, as a small, fixed community, with a limited number of "noblemen" who had the sole right to use coats of arms. They forget that the period during which arms were used was over 350 years, prior to the settlement of Jamestown, and 150 years subsequent to that time, that at least twelve generations lived during that time, and that wars, political changes, increased population, and many other causes made constant shifts in the various classes of society, with the result that many different individuals and families at one time or another used armorial insignia. They forget that England had half a hundred counties, that each was divided into great baronies or lordships, and each of these divided and subdivided into manors, some of which were quite small but the holders of which had the right to bear arms. And they forget a few simple mathematical facts.

No one knows how many men bore arms. In England, coats of arms were in use as a definite means of identification from approximately 1250 to 1500. During the next two hundred years, when they were used chiefly as a badge of honor and to designate rank, many were granted to those acquiring lands, wealth or fame. In one county alone, descriptions of over eight thousand in use prior to 1600 have been collected, principally from memorials to the dead, and deeds and other documents. One collection made during the Tudor period contains well over ten thousand. Over the period of five hundred years from the time of first general use to the American Revolution, there is little doubt that the number of basic arms used was at least a hundred thousand. This would be a conservative estimate.

All those bearing arms did not leave descendants, but to offset this, many of those bearing arms left more than one descendant.

The population of England in 1300 was about three million, or even less. It cannot be accurately stated how many descendants those three million people had, but it is obvious that they were the ancestors of those now in England, Ireland, the United States and Canada who are of English descent. The increase in population in the world in the past six hundred years, in spite of wars, famines, and plagues, is well known.

There is no record of the arms that were being used in 1300, but it is known that there were at least ten thousand. And as the right to use these descended to all male descendants of the bearers, it is clear that many inherited this right. It is a recognized fact that by geometrical progression, ten thousand men would in fifteen generations have eighty million descendants, except for the fact that there was tremendous intermarriage among these families.

To look at it from the opposite viewpoint, each of us has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. By 1300, each of us would have had thirty million ancestors, except for the factor of frequent intermarriages of relatives.

It is probable that those of us of English descent descend from everyone living in 1300, both noble, gentle, freeman, and serf. Our problem is to prove it.

As not all men bore arms, it is not always possible to trace to an ancestor in the direct paternal line who had one, but to be certain of that fact one must trace the line back, generation by generation, to at least 1250. This is usually quite a genealogical undertaking.

While there were many coming to the American Colonies between 1610 and 1775 whose fathers had used arms, there was a much greater percentage who were three or four generations removed from the landholding ancestors who used arms. This means that while we are somewhat interested in arms used in England between 1600 and 1775, we are more deeply interested in those used between 1300 and 1600. So again, this month, some early arms are shown. It is unfortunate that most of the arms listed in books available in most libraries in this country are those used subsequent to 1600.
This is claimed to be the oldest coat of arms known in England. It has also been stated that almost everyone of English blood descends from William de Warrene, through either his sons or his daughters.

As early as 1350 there were many variations in use. Over fifty are now recorded, chiefly in the southeastern counties. Many of these are made by substituting colors or placing a bend or other charge on the shield.

Several of the Warren families early in America used variations of these arms, one being John C. Warren, of Boston, whose bookplate shows “Gules, a lion rampant argent, a chief chequy or and azure.” This is interesting, as a family in Co. Buckingham bore “Chequy or and azure, on a canton gules a lion rampant argent.” Note the similarity, yet difference. Clearly there is a connection between these families.

One cannot assume all Warrens came from this family, however, for there were at least six distinctly different Warren arms, borne by families in no way connected with the one bearing the arms here described.

The arms borne by the Lancaster, Banaster, and Banister families fall into three groups: (1) Silver shield with some form of black cross. The cross patonce as shown here was used by a family in Lancaster; there are many variations of it. The cross flory, also used by a family in Lancaster family has many variations. Other forms of crosses were used by families in Leicestershire, Yorkshire and Cheshire. (2) Silver shield with buckets or panniers between fleur de lis. (3) Silver shield with three red chevrons. These last were also used by families in Lancaster, York and Chester.

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>

These symbols are used to denote the colors in heraldry.
"Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. To know is not to be wise. Many men know a great deal, and are all the greater fools for it. There is no fool so great a fool as a knowing fool. But to know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom."—SPURGEON

INTERPRETATIONS OF BY-LAWS

LET us in the beginning of this article speak of "some principles of interpretation of by-laws and other rules." I have received numerous and sundry questions since Congress adjourned which proved to me very definitely that while members may have a copy of the National By-Laws and may read them, that they do not interpret them correctly nor understand the real meaning of the National Ruling.

Let us take Article 1, section 1 on page 8 of the National By-Laws. This article is on Membership and gives a mandatory ruling for the acceptance of applicants to membership in the N.S.D.A.R. The first sentence is—"An applicant for membership must be endorsed by two members in good standing, to whom the applicant is personally known." This means exactly what it says and chapters cannot insert the words, "of this chapter" after the words "two members" because in so doing they are taking the privilege of amending a National Ruling, and this is something which cannot be done unless by act of Congress. Further on in this same article I quote, "If the application is made thru a chapter, it must be approved by the chapter or its board of management, AS THE CHAPTER MAY DECIDE?" Now this phrase, "as the chapter may decide." does not cover everything in general as some chapters seem to think. It has to do with an application if made through a chapter and merely tells you that the chapter may decide which group will approve of the application, either the chapter or its board of management. That is as far as "the chapter may decide" goes! In other words, that phrase, the chapter may decide, does not include everything a chapter may do as some of the members have seemed to interpret.

Further on down in this Section 1, you will see that "a majority vote shall elect" and this has been the National Ruling for many years. This is definitely not a new ruling and your Parliamentarian has had nothing to do with the making of the National By-Laws. In the files of the Parliamentarian are to be found records which show that our National Rulings received the endorsement of the late General Henry M. Robert and have been the accepted rules for years past.

Because chapters did not avail themselves of the proper knowledge as to the acceptance of applicants for membership, and because they have followed a wrong line of procedure for years, is no reason for them not wishing to abide by National Rulings when they find out that their by-laws have been in conflict with National Rulings during the passing years. As long as they were laboring under a mistaken idea and did not know any better, there is a reasonable amount of excuse, but after the mistake is pointed out to them surely chapters will see the wisdom of falling in line, and will make every effort to bring their own by-laws in harmony with the National Rulings.

In several cases I have been accused of placing new interpretations upon the National Rulings and have been asked to please reverse my opinion because certain chapters "have been doing that way for years." This, of course, is something I cannot do and I admonish each and every chapter, especially those who have by-laws prepared years ago, to revise their by-laws, simplify
them if possible, and bring them absolutely up to date and in accord with National Rulings.

By-laws should be carefully worded and Robert tells us that, "When the meaning is clear, the society, even by a unanimous vote, cannot change that meaning." He also tells you that, "The ambiguous or doubtful expression should be amended as soon as practicable." Another rule given to you by Robert is, "When a by-law or clause is susceptible to two meanings, one of which conflicts with or renders absurd another by-law or clause, and the other meaning does not, the latter must be taken as the true meaning." Also that, "A general statement or rule is always of less authority than, and yields to, a specific statement or rule." Hence the fundamental principles include simple phrasing, clear meaning, careful of conflicting points, and making statements specific and definite.

One rule which is seldom interpreted correctly should be stressed and it is this, "Whenever the by-laws authorize specifically certain things, other things of the same class are, by implication, prohibited; thus when the by-laws state who the voting members of the State Conference shall be, it prohibits by implication others from taking part in the State Conference as voting members."

Going back to Article 1, section 1 of your National By-Laws I may add this: Interpret that section 1 in this way—The National Society Daughters of the American Revolution is the supreme organization. Chapters are avenues through which applicants may join the National Society. The National By-Laws stipulate the procedure for accepting applicants and a chapter has no right to make it any more difficult, or any less difficult, for an applicant to join the N.S.D.A.R. than the National Organization itself makes it.

I might add right here, that if a member is not acceptable to the National Society, this applicant cannot join any chapter. And right here let me say for the benefit of all concerned that it is against the National policies for a chapter to have a by-law which limits in any way, shape, or form the membership of that chapter.

The following questions I would like to answer at this time for the benefit of all.

**Ques.** Is it a "unanimous vote" if no one voted "no" and several members did not vote yes?

**Ans.** Yes. "Blank Ballots" are not counted, and those not voting are not counted in deciding whether it is a majority, two-thirds, or a unanimous vote.

**Ques.** Does "appoint" ever mean the same as elect?

**Ans.** The word appoint may include elect, but the word elect does not mean appoint. Generally speaking, one who is elected may be said to be appointed to office, but if the president appoints one to office it cannot be said that this one is elected to office. Each chapter is given the privilege to "elect such additional officers as it deems necessary to conduct its local affairs." (See section 4, Article 9). And this word elect in this case certainly does not include appoint. Chapters should elect officers.

**Ques.** Is a negative motion or resolution in order?

**Ans.** Yes. A negative motion or resolution is in order and at times is much more emphatic than voting down a resolution to accept a certain offer. However, Robert suggests that, "When a negative form of motion is offered, the chairman should suggest the proper change if it is capable of being changed into the affirmative form without weakening it." Instead of saying "that we do not approve," it may be changed into a motion "that we disapprove."

**Ques.** When a special meeting is called, must the business to be transacted be specified in the call?

**Ans.** Regular meetings and special meetings should be provided for in the by-laws of every organization and if the by-laws do not require the business to be specified, it is not absolutely necessary, but it is customary and it certainly is advisable. All important questions to come up should be stated in the notice sent out for the call, and if it is desired a clause like this could be added: "and such other business as may properly come before the meeting." Note page 566, "Robert's Par. Law" gives you the proper form for sending out a call. In that call, the place, the time, the date is given, also the purpose for calling the meeting.

**Ques.** Please explain what it means to "Rise to a point of order?"

**Ans.** Please read R. R. O. R., page 79. There you will note that anyone can "rise to a point of order" whenever the rules are being violated, and she may insist upon the enforcement of the rules at all times.

**Ques.** When one is elected as Honorary Regent, is this considered an office?

**Ans.** No. An Honorary Presidency should never be made an office, it is only a title.

**Ques.** Do Honorary Presidents have the right to attend board meetings and committee meetings and take active part in them by virtue of this honorary office?

**Ans.** No.

**Ques.** Is it permissible by a chapter to give an Honorary Regent the power to vote on the Board of Management?

**Ans.** No, it is not permissible unless your chapter by-laws provide for this.

Yours faithfully,

Arlene B. N Moss,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss).
BOOK REVIEWS


Shirley Seifert's new book is frankly an "old-fashioned" novel, and correspondingly delightful.

Our own era seems so involved in introspective thinking and in analytical psychology that when a book appears on the market which is frankly a tale shorn of theorizing and full of action, it is a source of pure relief and relish. However, "The Wayfarer" has more than action alone; it has its own historical setting, one that begins in the time previous to the California gold rush and the War Between the States, but which does not stop there. It goes on, through these climatic periods, arousing increasing interest. There is continued progress with John Cotter from his birthplace in the "wilds" of New York state to metropolitan Boston, then to the newer city of Cincinnati and the yet newer one of St. Louis.

Miss Seifert's "Wayfarer," John Cotter, is neither a saint nor a sinner. At times he seems to live and love lightly. It all depends upon the viewpoint. But he rebounds to the strong, inherent virtues that do not ever let go of him entirely.

Anna Church Colley.


Mr. Boyd weaves his story around the adventures of a disillusioned boy, a "Redhead" who, at thirteen, wakens one morning to behold a wonderful rainbow. Wishing to share its beauty with his adorable mother, he seeks her out, only to discover that this lovely young woman has disappeared, leaving him alone with a brutal father. So, the boy, too, slips away one night from his Illinois home and goes on and on across the Mississippi Valley.

"Bitter Creek" is a novel for the summer hammock or for reading under the bedlamp when winter time comes. It is a book that leaves one feeling clean as the mountain air, cool and fresh as the snow water coming out of these mountains.

Anna Church Colley.


Horace Kramer's first novel, "Marginal Land," is an appealing story of the struggle to farm the marginal land of the Dakota prairies. Here rich black soil tempted the homesteader to plant wheat, only to see it destroyed through lack of moisture. Even cattle-raising met disheartening setbacks when the hay crop was so thin that the stock could not survive the winter.

To this land came twenty-four-year-old Steven Decatur Randall, alone, inexperienced, under sentence of death if he stayed in the city, to attempt to wrest from an unseen two square miles of ranch restored health and a livelihood. Luckily for him, Simon Voorhees, an old cattleman, became his self-appointed advisor and champion. Simon loved the land and understood it and he had bitter censure for those who broke the prairie sod with a plowshare. "These lands here," he explained, "are what the sharps down at the Agricultural College call marginal lands—[82]
lands which have virtues maybe, but which ain’t good enough for farming. The soil is good, but there’s not enough rain. They’re on the margin, as they say. It sure beats hell, with bread so cheap and meat so dear in the world, why people keep on breaking their hearts trying to raise bread on meat land.” Felix Bohak, Steve’s nearest neighbor, on the other hand, had only contempt for those content to “wait three years for a fifty-dollar steer to grow up, when with a rain in July, wheat’ll make twenty-five bushels to the acre.”

Steve’s own natural love of the land and his life with it, his unhappiness because of the failure of his city-bred wife to adjust herself to the ranch life, his friendships and enmities with his neighbors, and his final prosperity and happiness with a daughter of the soil as his wife make up a swiftly moving tale. He finds that neighborliness among the homesteaders and ranchers, enlivened by such strenuous diversions as a housewarming, a fight, and a country wedding, and success in living according to the prairie standards, compensate for the heart-breaking contest against droughts, rains, blizzards, and worst of all, the terrors of the blazing prairie.

But full of human insight and sympathy as the story is, the land itself is the dominant character in the book, beautiful, untamed, forever untamable.

DOROTHY K. CLEAVELAND.

Wilderness Wife. Kathrene Pinkerton. Carrick & Evans, New York. $2.75.

We sometimes wonder whether we, softened as we are by all our mechanical aids to living, could adapt ourselves to primitive conditions and living off the land. “Wilderness Wife” proves that it still can be done.

Kathrene Pinkerton, city-bred and college educated, had been married to her newspaper husband for a year when a doctor’s ultimatum shattered their world to bits. Robert’s newspaper days were over. He must have daylight hours, fresh air, and exercise, and they had practically no money saved against a rainy day. The health resort they chose was the North Woods, somewhere in that region of lakes, rivers, swamps, forests, and brush between Lake Superior and Hudson’s Bay. Robert had had wilderness experience, but Kathrene was to have her first encounter with a canoe, with campfires, and all the conditions of living beyond the bounds of settled country. Fortunately she had courage and a sense of humor.

For five years they lived in the north, camping, building a cabin, hunting, fishing, exploring the country. They had little occasion for loneliness, even in their solitude, with such companions as the resourceful Bochitay, the kitten which adopted them; Belle, the beautiful and vain collie so adept at evading all responsibility; and the sledge dogs they took as boarders one winter. Fortunately, too, she fell under the spell of the “wood magic” so that she found the wilderness not the empty, desolate country glimpsed from the car windows, but a land “of beauty and of adventure . . . and of intimate friendly contact with the forest’s people,” the cow moose disciplining her obstreperous offspring, the otter who for two years robbed her trap-line, the song of the white-throat, flaming sunsets across the lake, dogteams, and —45° weather. Even wintering in the north with a baby proved exciting. Her tale runs as easily as water drips from a paddle blade.

All who love the wilds and all who thrill to an intensely human story of two people who met disaster with high courage and won out against heavy odds will find “Wilderness Wife” an exhilarating adventure in reading.

DOROTHY K. CLEVELAND.

Who Are These Americans? Paul B. Sears. The Macmillan Company, New York. $0.60.

Under the direction of The Peoples Library, this volume has been published with the thought of appealing to the millions of people who seldom read books. This Library is the outgrowth of a statement made by James Harvey Robinson many years ago, “that knowledge needs to be humanized so that ordinary citizens who are the
people who need it most in our time, may find it understandable and useful."

Dr. Sears has written this little book to tell us what we are, how we came into being, and how we may be improved. He begins by saying that most of us are lonely and afraid; that we cannot and do not believe in ourselves or our fellows, and "To add to our confusion, we are changing the world around us too rapidly to do a good job of it . . . we moved faster than we planned . . . we depleted mine, forest, and farm and had to retreat . . . There is not enough left for us to afford many such mistakes in the future."

The author strives to point out the importance of environment: "The nature of the small experiences that prepare us to turn into one sort of person or another depends on . . . where we live, and the people who live with us and around us." He goes on to say: "Culture is the ways of a people. And so deeply is everyone marked by the culture in which he lives that it is no wonder we are fooled into saying, 'He was born that way'."

In summarizing, Dr. Sears says: "We must turn our genius and our brains toward the study of ourselves and our ways of getting on together. We must invent arrangements which will free the spirit of man and spread around the good we already have."

**Virginia Allen.**


This attractive little volume is a most valuable and interesting contribution to the history of Lynchburg, Virginia, for, to quote the author:

"The history of Lynchburg is closely knit with the Quakers of South River. The early history of the Quakers is the early history of the city. To give the history of the Quakers is to give the history of Lynchburg up to the year of 1800. The Meeting House was the first place of worship and for many years was the axis around which the affairs of the village and community revolved. From the time the Established Church failed during the Revolution, until the first ten years of the nineteenth century, South River Meeting House was the only public place of worship for Christians of any sect. . . . The first home, the first church, the first mill and the first tobacco warehouse in Lynchburg were Quaker built and owned. . . . Lynchburg is a Quaker city and the old Meeting House is the symbol of her origin."

In addition to the history of the Quakers in Lynchburg, Mrs. Brown—incidentally the wife of the first full-time, ordained and resident minister of the Quaker Memorial Presbyterian Church—has given a comprehensive background of the development of the sect of "Friends" in England and their rapid expansion into Scotland, Ireland, and finally, America. We learn of their entrance into Massachusetts, of their unmerciful treatment in New England and the South, and finally of their establishment in Pennsylvania.

The first "Friend" to arrive in Virginia came over in 1656, and throughout the early colonial days, the Colony was torn between the Quakers and the Episcopalians. The first Meetings, established in Tidewater, Virginia, disintegrated rapidly, for the Quakers pushed out and established Meetings in the more unknown part of the Virginia Colony. The South River Quakers came "unharmed, by covered wagon and ox cart, trusting in kindness and their own unexcelled bravery to protect them from the savages. First they came in small groups, finally they poured in—not in a continuous stream but in waves. Some came direct from England and the European continent, others stopped over for a time in Barbadoes Island in the West Indies."

From the family of Charles Lynch, the first to enter the area now occupied by Lynchburg and its environs came three persons well known to local history—John Lynch, the founder; Colonel Charles Lynch, from whom the Lynch Law takes its name; and Sarah Lynch Terrell, an outspoken opponent of slavery. His wife, Sarah Clark Lynch, was responsible for the founding of the South River Meeting in 1757.

Quakers were stern disciplinarians. We find members being disowned for such offenses as marrying members of other de-
nominations, going to the wars, following vain fashions of the world, and joining the Masons. Indeed, Widow Lynch was not even spared when she married “out of unity” in 1766, the distinguished Major John Ward. An incident related by the author of the Quaker’s attitude toward the man who was dishonest in the payment of his debts is especially amusing:

“A certain man owed Edward Terrell a sum of money. It was generally known that the man could pay but he would not. Tiring in his attempts to collect in the usual fashion, Edward Terrell met him one day and firmly grabbing him by his collar he quietly said, ‘I will hold thee uneasy ‘till though payest what though owest.’ The money was soon handed over.”

Slavery was the overwhelming influence in the exodus of Quakers toward the Mississippi, beginning about 1835. When the Civil War broke out, only a small remnant was left anywhere in Virginia, and these were soon absorbed by other denominations. The author tells us that today more of the descendants of the South River Friends can be found in the Methodist Church than any other.

The last chapters of Mrs. Brown’s volume contain short sketches of some of the influential families and statistics from the Meeting register recorded between 1757 and 1858.

VIRGINIA ALLEN.


The theme of this novel is the steady expansion of women’s activities outside the home. Mrs. Bacon, in portraying three generations—a woman of 1870, her daughter of 1900, and her granddaughter of today—presents us with a quaint realization of the past and a frank awareness of the present.

We see first grandmother Felicia enjoying the best things of life without working for them. That was in the days when a woman’s place was in the home. The story of Felicia’s daughter, Phyllis, shows the expansion of her interests to include outside activities—especially War work. The last section of the book portrays the life of the granddaughter and daughter, Fidelity, a modern young woman, torn between her desire for a career and her training and instinct to be a wife and mother.

The story of these three women is skillfully woven into an entertaining and convincing whole, authentic in background and real in characterizations.

FRANCES BARNARD.


The scrapbook is a little pamphlet with a brief tribute to Jefferson. The author, Virginia born, is a teacher of social science in the public schools of Charlottesville. She is substitute hostess at Monticello and is second Vice Regent of the Shadwell Chapter, N.S.D.A.R.

Her work at Monticello so stimulated her love of the place and her veneration of the great statesman that she has researched extensively to gather the fragmentary history of this man’s true association with his children and grand-children. Her book is the result, and its appreciation by the touring public is attested by its sales. It makes the trip and visit to what is called “the most interesting house in America” most satisfying and complete.

EDNA M. COLMAN

Other Books Received


Anniversary Celebrations

The first chapter of the National Society to visit the Benjamin Harrison Memorial in Indianapolis was the Charles Carroll Chapter of Delphi. To add local color to the program, the chapter made the pilgrimage to the home of Caroline Scott Harrison, first President General of the National Society. The afternoon’s program consisted of a tour of the Harrison home, a program of harp music, and the service of tea in the spacious dining room.

Members of the N.S.D.A.R., in Washington State recently participated in the official Golden Jubilee celebration of Washington’s fifty years of statehood. To Tacoma was given the distinction of having the official celebration, although cities throughout the entire state have been feting in honor of that event. One of the highlights of the Tacoma celebration took place when the Fort Nisqually Monument, commemorating the establishment of the original fort on Nisqually flats and its reconstruction at Point Defiance Park, was dedicated.

Probably the most unusual event of the celebration was the All-State Salmon barbecue. Through the efforts of the Mary Ball Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., forty-eight tables were set, each designated for a different state in the Union, and each presided over by a native of that particular state.

As part of its Historical Research Program, Saugerties Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Saugerties, New York, recently presented a pageant entitled “The Romantic History of Saugerties,” written by Miss Pauline Hommel, a member of the chapter. The pageant, including twelve episodes for which the author acted as reader, depicted the early history of the town from the time of the Indians to the present day.

The Mariemont Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Mariemont, Ohio, recently presented a silk flag to a veteran of the Civil War and a great-grandson of a Revolutionary soldier, Mr. William C. Salt, on his 97th birthday. Mr. Salt is the last of his company who served at the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.

A flag was also presented by the Chapter to the Mt. Airy Center, an industrial camp for unemployed transient men. This camp has done much in developing good citizenship.

The Bitter Root Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., at Missoula, Montana, recently presented medals to R. O. T. C. members who won distinction for military excellence. The medals were presented at a review of the cadets at the University of Montana, shown below.

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The Potomac Valley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., at Keyser, West Virginia, formally opened to the public on July 4th, restored Fort Ashby, the only remaining Indian fort south of the Potomac River. It is located in the village of Fort Ashby, post office Alaska.

In 1755 Col. George Washington gave orders to build a stockade and fort (Ashby's Fort) on the east side of Patterson's Creek, Hampshire County, Virginia, now Mineral County, West Virginia, at the site of the village formerly called Frankfort Village, now Fort Ashby, fourteen miles east of Keyser, West Virginia. On Christmas Day, 1755, Captain Charles Lewis, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, took command of the fort with a garrison of twenty-one men.

The only important battle at Fort Ashby occurred in 1756, when Lieut. Robert Rutherford and his company of rangers were defeated by a band of French and Indians. After the French had gone the Indians returned, watching for the inhabitants of the fort. It was during this siege that Col. John Ashby, while out of the fort, on what is now known as Cemetery Hill, was attacked by Indians and made his escape to the fort. It was from this incident the name Fort Ashby was applied. Colonel Ashby was later put in command of the fort.

In commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Ashley Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, members of the chapter placed a marker at the grave of the first regent of the chapter, Mrs. C. H. Cogswell. Mrs. Robert C. Toms, regent of the chapter, presided at the ceremonies, and her daughter, Miss Marion Toms, unveiled the marker. Mrs. C. W. Boegel presented the history of the chapter, one of the oldest in the state, and the honored guest was Mrs. Imogen B. Emery, National Chairman of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education, who is a member of the Ashley Chapter.

The Logan Whitley Chapter, N.S.-D.A.R., of Stanford, Kentucky, recently had an antique display and silver tea in the home of one of its members. Many rooms were filled with rare and exquisite china, glass, silver, pewter, quilts, dolls, and many other objects of antiquity. Many of the members appeared in original colonial costumes to add to the occasion.
Minneapolis
Daybreak

TWEET, tweet . . . Chirp, chirp . . .
whip-poor-will . . . tweet, tweet . . .
Myriad throats of songsters in my own yard
seem to insist that this day is breaking and
that I must arise and jot down the thoughts
crowding my mind. Strangely, these
thoughts are of other birds which perchance
are vocalizing at this very moment in a far-off state and in one tree in particular.

In the Keystone State there is a delightful
town, steeped in tradition, beauty and serenity! And in that town there is a tree . . .
The songs of the birds turn my
thoughts to music (of questionable caliber)
for an instant, for the last two phrases
which I have written approach the rhythm of—

Old MacDonald had a farm,
E—I—E—I—O!
And on this farm he had some chicks,
E—I—E—I—O.
With a chick, chick here
And a chick, chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere a chick, chick.

And so I shall add to my own lines—

With a little bird here,
And a little bird there,
Here a bird, there a bird,
Everywhere a tweet, tweet.

May I be forgiven for this bit of levity
injected (by the birds) into what I purposed
to make a serious article.

The days of my childhood, awake and asleep,
were spent under the protecting
arms of a large oak tree in Brookville, Penn-sylvania. My memory vividly recalls
watching a fat-breasted robin, from my
crib, pacing one of the large branches to
and fro, time and time again, and my
childish fancy firmly believed him to be a
fairy Prince wearing a red waistcoat.

Only one other family of children than
the Brown's ever lived beneath the old tree
—the sons and daughters of Andrew Craig.

To Andrew Craig, who served as captain
in the Pennsylvania militia, and Elizabeth
Shippen Brady, were born six children, the
youngest of which, Evan Rice Evans Craig,
was born on April 25, 1864. Coincident
with that date, three large acorns which
had been sent across the Atlantic from Eng-
land to Mrs. Craig, were planted by her
in the "front yard." It is said that the
"cow with the crumpled horn" broke
through the rail fence and consumed two
of the tiny plants, but the middle one sur-
vived and, like Topsy, just grew and grew and grew.

April 25, 1939, set the three-fourths of a
century mark on Evan Rice Evans Craig
and upon our English oak tree. Statistics
belong in few places, but in my judgment
those of the man and his tree should be of
interest to the reader. Mr. Craig and his
wife stood under the oak tree upon this day,
a handsome well preserved gentleman,
reflecting a successful happy life. The enor-
mous tree measured on its birthday:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measurement</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Circumference at the base</td>
<td>14', 4&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diameter</td>
<td>4', 4&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spread, twig to twig</td>
<td>78'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>94'</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Surely Elizabeth Craig planted well when
she placed that tiny acorn in the rocky soil! Surely God has protected its branches from storms, its heart from disease, and perhaps our families have guarded it against in-
vaders!

In May, 1886, George Elliott and Laura
Mills Brown, bride and groom, purchased
the old house from Mr. and Mrs. Andrew
Craig. For nine years they made it their
home, until the advent of two children indi-
cated the need of more spacious quarters.
The brick structure built in 1895 has always
been enhanced in beauty by the magnificent
oak tree. Its dense shade in summer has
cooled the very streets, its fruit of mam-
moth size has entertained the children of
Brookville each fall. Many a boy has whit-
tled the bowl of his first pipe from one of
those acorns. It has absorbed everything
in sight, even the iron rods placed on its
trunk to support vines. Perhaps the oak
tree recognized iron as a stimulant years
before the medical profession recognized
it for human needs!

Its branches have harbored great flocks
of birds of all kinds in migration. I have
vivid recollections of seeing and hearing
thousands of blackbirds stopping in flight.
Its phenomenal growth has been the cause
of apology to our neighbors for the ob-
A streperous old tree has grown out of all bounds, roots into sewer pipes, branches into neighbors’ trees, leaves, twigs and acorns covering others’ yards each fall. But neighbors and the people of Brookville have been tolerant and most kind and dearly love the English oak tree as much as we do, feeling that its majesty, its beauty, its glorious shade, its tradition, compensate for its every fault.

My mother, Laura Mills Brown, expressed the desire years ago to mark our tree in order to perpetuate its legend. Procrastination in this instance was wise, for on its seventy-fifth anniversary, a bronze marker was placed on its trunk and simple dedication services were enjoyed by the people of Brookville. The paisley shawl which covered the marker belonged to the great grandmother of the writer. The border motif of the plaque is of acorns and oak leaves.

The Historian General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, presented the plaque to the Mayor of Brookville, Mr. Harold W. Thompson, on behalf of her mother, Laura Mills Brown. Delightful music was furnished by Mrs. Frederick W. Edmondson who sang “Trees,” and by the Brookville High School Band. Arrangements for the dedication were ably made by Mrs. J. B. McKnight, Regent, and members of the Brookville Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.

Daughters of the American Revolution everywhere will be glad to know that our most distinguished guest of honor that day was Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, Honorary President General, who brought inspiring greetings upon this occasion.

The Historian General was especially privileged to attend the Centenary of Frances E. Willard at Janesville, Wisconsin, recently, and to bring the personal greetings of the President General and the National Society.

The ceremony was held in a shady grove beside the Rock River, about three miles from Janesville, at the little “brown school-house” which was built by Frances Willard’s father and a neighbor for their children. Later she taught school within it. Today it is serving as a Youth Hostel, which use indeed would have gratified the heart of one whose whole life was dedicated to education and the betterment of mankind.

The Woman’s Christian Temperance Union planned the centenary celebration and Mrs. Mary Wise Smith, National President of that organization spoke impressively of the life of the great leader, Miss Willard.

Frances Willard was a charter member of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and she was the fourth to join the Chicago Chapter which was later to become the largest in the United States.

The National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution respects and honors the memory of Frances E. Willard upon the centenary of her birth, and will forever cherish her name as one of its members.

Lucille Brown Duxbury, Historian General, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

**In Memoriam**

We announce with sorrow, the passing, on September 5, 1939, of Mrs. Eugenia Hale McFarlane Adams (Clarence H.), of Denver, Colorado, Vice President General, 1938 until her death; and State Regent of Colorado, 1935-1938.
COMMITTEE REPORTS

Approved Schools

The Kate Duncan Smith D. A. R. School grounds down on Gunter Mountain at Grant, Alabama, have been resounding all summer to the ring of the hammer, the buzz of the saw, and the tap, tap on the stone mason’s mallet, for the Ball Teacherage (Ball Foundation), the Schlosser Farm Cottage (Indiana), the Talmadge Principal’s Office (Georgia), and the Brosseau Class Room (National Officers Club) have all been under construction. The latter two are additions to the main classroom building, which was designed with the idea of enlargement from time to time by the adding of new units. The lavatories and four more classrooms are needed to complete the plan. Minnesota has already promised one room. Who will be next? This building is of native stone quarried from a nearby mountain which greatly lessens the expense.

Ball Teacherage is built of white clapboards similar to Heaume Cottage, and consists of a living room, kitchenette, two double bedrooms and bath on the first floor with six single bedrooms and bath on the second. All the rooms have running water. This fine addition to the K. D. S. Campus will house the women members of the faculty. The men will occupy Heaume Cottage, and all will eat together in Heaume dining room, which is efficiently run by one of the school graduates.

Schlosser Farm Cottage with its living-room, sun porch, dinette, kitchen, two bedrooms and adjoining garage is being built of native stone. Mr. Cook, the agricultural teacher, and his wife will live here and supervise the model farmyard and farm being developed along the state agricultural plans. The old barn has been torn down and the good lumber used in helping to construct the new model one. The chickenhouse has been moved and the space it occupied has been taken into the enlarged playground. All the improvements included in the model farm development will afford laboratory work for the “Ag” pupils, and the whole project will be used as a model for educating the farmers of the Gunter Mountain community. Congratulations to Indiana for carrying out this splendid idea.

The new furnace for Munson Cottage, principal’s residence, a generous gift from a Colorado Daughter, is being installed. During the absence of the principal, Mr. Evans, the building operations this summer have been carried on under the able supervision of those devoted friends of K. D. S. School, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Earle. The “Dedications”, as they call them down on Gunter Mountain, will take place Monday, October 30. A number of National Officers are planning to attend, your National Chairman will be there, and it is hoped many interested D. A. R. members and friends. As on past occasions, a barbecue luncheon will be prepared by the Future Farmers of America. If you haven’t enjoyed a southern barbecue, don’t miss it.

Several items of interest have drifted in through correspondence during the summer. Elmer and Ola Wright, K. D. S.
graduates, are living on the Alabama Jubilee Farm, and have already improved the tenant house. Every day they are putting into practice things they learned at school in the Agriculture and Home Economics classes. Four years ago the only pressure cooker on the mountain was owned by the school, and the Home Economics teacher would put it in her car and go to the various homes demonstrating and canning for the women in order to encourage them to raise more vegetable and give their families a more balanced diet. Today there are thirty-one pressure cookers in use bought through the county agents on time, fifty cents down and a dollar a month! We know that the food is going to be more varied and better because of our work.

In every way the school is becoming more and more the center of community interest. “Dogwood Circle” near Munson Cottage is an attractive picnic ground consisting of an outdoor grill and a great circle of benches surrounded by a grove of lovely dogwood trees. Here the local Homemakers Club and various other community organizations hold their meetings and picnics in surroundings ideally situated for wholesome recreation.

This summer Mr. Evans, K. D. S. Principal, was an official delegate to the N. E. A. Conference at San Francisco, and as he traveled by motor he was able to contact several D. A. R. groups. These women heard directly for the first time from one officially connected with one of our own schools about the work we are doing for the mountain people of the South. It was a pleasure for your National Chairman to be able to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Evans in her home as they stopped for an overnight visit on their way through Illinois.

Since returning home Mrs. Evans writes that with the help of two students she has cleaned the Rummage Storage Room, and although she could just feel her legs getting stiff she was happy because all was in readiness for the nice boxes she knew would soon be coming! After all the hard work it would be terrible to disappoint her, so hunt up your old clothes!

Reports on other Approved Schools will appear in succeeding issues.

MRS. SAMUEL JAMES CAMPBELL, National Chairman.

Motion Pictures

As we start again our meetings and return to the delightful activities of our splendid organization, I greet you on behalf of our committee; and hope that this department will continue to be a source of pleasure and service.

I would like to call your attention to the increasing popularity of family pictures and to the several fine ones we are recommending in this issue which emphasizes the human and commonplace treatment of the day-by-day problems of the average American family. I do hope you will give your support to pictures of this type, so that the producers may see that we do appreciate their worth and continue to give us pictures of the same high standard.

While most members of other National Committees have been able to take a vacation, we have had to be constantly on our job preparing our reviews of pictures after previewing them in the studios all through the heat of the summer, in order to be ready to submit them to you. It is a joy to feel that we are of service and we are delighted that so many of you have come to rely upon our lists. As space in the magazine is so limited we are not able to tell you of all the pictures we would like to include; so we select those we consider of the greatest importance, and which we think will have the greatest appeal to our readers.

From the pictures that are in production now, and that will be produced next year, I feel sure as staunch Americans and patriotic citizens, we will be delighted with the results. These forthcoming pictures will be of the same high type of conception and execution as were the best ones of the past year. Adventure, contemporary subjects out of life, history, science, biography, music, romance and comedy will be among the variety of themes pictured. We think the new pictures will mark the beginning of a new and greater era of universal entertainment and will have a broad educational value.

The following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Audience classifications are as follows:
“Adults,” 18 years and up; “Young People,” 15 to 18 years; “Family,” all ages; “Junior Matinee,” suitable for a special children’s showing.

COAST GUARD (Columbia)

Randolph Scott, Frances Dee, Ralph Bellamy, Walter Connolly, Warren Hymer.

A stirring picture of the United States Coast Guard, the courage and bravery of its highly trained personnel. Some remarkable shots of Coast Guard boats cutting their way through threatening icebergs. Family.

FIRST LOVE (Universal)

Deanna Durbin, Robert Stack, Lewis Howard, Helen Parrish.

Deanna Durbin’s charm is more evident than ever in this story of her first romance and her singing is delightful. “One Fine Day” from Puccini’s “Madame Butterfly” and a medley of the Johann Strauss very lovely waltzes are among her songs. Excellent entertainment. Family.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW (Columbia)

Edith Fellows, Dorothy Peterson.

This charming picture closely follows the story by Margaret Sydney Lothrop, beloved by at least two generations. Filled with the everyday happenings of a plain, simple-living, wholesome family, its emphasis is on a happy home life, rich in loyalties, affection and courage that will bring many understanding smiles and personal memories. Lively entertainment filled with humor and drama. Family.

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia)

William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou.

An effective adaptation of Clifford Odets’ powerful stage drama. The story concerns a young Italian violinist whose father plans a musician’s career for him but whose need of money turns him to the prize fight ring until his sensitive soul revolts at the idea of becoming a killer. A thought-provoking picture with an undercurrent of tragedy that is exceptional entertainment. Adults and young people.
THE OLD MAID (Warner)
Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, George Brent, Donald Crisp.
The emotions and underlying currents in the lives of two women are depicted in masterly fashion by Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins in the screen version of Zoe Akins’ Pulitzer Prize play. A picture of great distinction and one of the fine offerings of the screen. Adults and young people.

THE RAINS CAME (20th Century-Fox)
A drama of the lives of four people forced by circumstance to live in India, and of the rains that came, saving not only the country affected by the drought but changing the destinies of the men and women drawn together by intrigue and emotional ties. Exceptional entertainment. Adults and young people.

THE STAR MAKER (Paramount)
Bing Crosby, Louise Campbell, Walter Damrosch, Linda Ware.
The romantic success story of Gus Edwards, the writer of song hits, producer of musical revues and a discoverer of new talent among children furnishes an admirable vehicle for the talents of the popular Bing Crosby and the new child star, Linda Ware. The direction is intelligent and the production offers a fine example of the possibilities of talented children. Family.

THE UNDER-PUP (Universal)
Gloria Jean, Nan Grey, Robert Cummings, Beulah Bondi, Virginia Weidler, Ann Gillis.
Interesting screen material has resulted from the adaptation of a Good Housekeeping story by I. A. R. Wylie concerning the experiences and adventures of an under-privileged girl who spends a vacation in an exclusive summer camp. An eleven-year-old girl makes her debut and her simplicity, intelligence and singing voice are all charming and give promise of star material. Enjoyable family entertainment.

Shorts
THE STORY THAT COULDN’T BE PRINTED (MGM)
An important short subject presenting the vital story of John Peter Zenger, an obscure newspaper publisher who, in 1734, printed the story which won America’s cherished freedom of the press. Obtaining proof of the misuse of taxes by the Governor of New York, he wrote militant editorials against the Governor, was arrested and brought to trial. In his defense Alexander Hamilton made one of the greatest courtroom speeches in American history, pointing out that the question was not that of a poor printer, but one of “the liberty of exposing and opposing arbitrary government by speaking and writing the truth.” An excellent dramatic historical episode. All ages.

BIRTHPLACE OF ICEBERGS (20th Century-Fox)
The first of a series of four one-reel shorts featuring some of the amazing and thrilling adventures of the well known Glacier Priest, Father Hubbard. The photographic shots of the huge icebergs are remarkable. Excellent narrative by Lowell Thomas. Family and Junior Matinee.

CONQUERING THE COLORADO (20th Century-Fox)
A beautiful and awe-inspiring record of the astounding achievement of Buzz Holstrom, the only man to successfully conquer the dangers of the Colorado River. Superior entertainment. Family.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (Columbia)
Washington on Parade. Interesting views of the famous Library and its many valuable treasures, among which are a copy of the rare Gutenberg Bible, books in Braille for the blind and the original copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Excellent. Family and Junior Matinee.

MAN-MADE ISLAND (Columbia)
Technicolor view of the San Francisco Fair. The buildings and grounds are shown to great advantage. Family and Junior Matinee.

MRS. LEROY MONTGOMERY,
National Chairman.

Report of Junior American Citizens Committee
BETTY JEAN TAKES A TRIP
HIGH up in the mountains of Virginia lives an old grandfather, weathered with age and the hardships of a primitive life—an American born of generations of Americans, the first settlers of those mountains. His daughter had died, leaving “a brood of seven children.” From one of them he learned that some kind lady living in a cabin a long way off was taking four children to the city, to the Nation’s Capital. These children were members of a Junior American Citizens Club, and their leader was invited to bring them to spend the day with other kind friends in Washington.
So Betty Jean, the little granddaughter, was aroused at 4 a.m. when the birds first began their matins, and the dawn had broken over the silent mountains which surrounded the hut of the grandfather.

"Come, Betty Jean," said the old grandpappy, "dress in your best and go to Mrs. R.'s cabin. Ask her if she will take you, too, to the great city. It is lonely up here, and I have nothing to think about. I wish you would go to the zoo with her and see all the animals, for I hear them say that there are many there. Then you can come back and tell me all about them and I shall have something to think about as I sit here through the long days, alone in these quiet hills."

Betty Jean jumped from her wretched little cot and dressed hurriedly and excitedly in her best—and only—outfit, a pair of overalls, and set out over the weary four and a half miles to the cabin of Mrs. R.—. The way did not seem long, as she trudged with bare feet on the rocky roadway which dipped up and down across the hillsides. The little birds answered the song in her heart that she was singing, for she was going to find the kind lady, and ask to see the zoo.

At six o'clock that morning, a small, pretty child of seven years, with soft brown hair and eager brown eyes, knocked timidly at a neat cabin miles distant from the grandpappy's hut. A kind lady opened the door in surprise to find this expectant, shy little one begging to be taken to the city. She told of grandpappy and of how he wanted something to think about, and how she could give it to him if they would only let her go with them. "For," she said, "then I, too, will have something to think about when I am old."

Thus Betty Jean was included in the party with the four Junior American Citizens, who visited the zoo, spent a wonderful day and night on the Chesapeake shores, fishing, swimming, crabbing, and boating. It was the first time in the lives of those children that they had ever seen more than a mountain stream, and their tired, sunburned little bodies never felt the fatigue of the journey as they were gathered together for the journey back into the mountains.

Oh, Daughters of the American Revolution, can you see in this picture what you are doing for the boys and girls today? You are opening the minds and hearts of today's children, showing them the way to greater happiness and usefulness, and the Junior American Citizens clubs, whether in remote mountain fastnesses, or in congested cities, or rural towns, are teaching Youth something they will never forget, and giving them something they will use to repay this country in years to come.

Lead on with the clubs of Junior American Citizens, until we have reached into the lives of boys and girls in all parts of this vast country. Remember the aim—"200,000 members for the jubilee!"

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman.
Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics

"Writers never have any money. They only have ideas." This is the sad conclusion reached by Marguerite Allis, author of that charming volume entitled "Connecticut River," which was reviewed in the September issue of this magazine (p. 76), at which time the above-quoted comment also appeared. The statement that writers never have any money may possibly be challenged. Sometimes they do, and sometimes they do not, like other human beings. But ideas are always with them, and editors have the same characteristic. It must be admitted that not all these ideas are good. Occasionally, however, an editor is fortunate enough to have one which proves pleasing not only to her, but to practically everyone.

Your editor had such an idea when she asked the Vice Presidents General elected at the Continental Congress in April if each in turn would not take over an editorial page for the next seven months. The localities from which these ladies come have responded enthusiastically to their messages, and they themselves, in several instances, have been kind enough to tell the editor that they were pleased with their presentation in print. Mrs. Arthur John Rahn, Vice President General from Montana, in doing so, added the following comment:

"I was ever so happy to have my issue of the July number of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE and to find the story "A History of Fort Shaw" published. I know this will make our D. A. R. members very happy—in fact, I am having letters every day expressing their appreciation."

The editor is appreciative too!

The July number has had an especially heartening reception. Another comment on it comes from Miss Gertrude Shaw, the West Virginia State Chairman of Press Relations:

"In regard to the best number of the Magazine, I do not think the last one—July—has been excelled. They all appeal to me, but somehow the July issue gave me an extra thrill."

The August issue has also elicited its own share of welcome praise. For instance:

"Please accept a 'stranger's' congratulations upon your splendid magazine! My mother, an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, subscribes..."
to it and reads it with much pleasure, but with not a bit more enjoyment than I do. When the August issue arrived yesterday, I began reading it at once; for, not only are the contents interesting, but the format is most attractive."

"The article entitled 'Your Capital City—And Mine!' in the August issue of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE was of unusual interest to me. 'Belmont' was the home of my ancestors and my great-grandmother speaks of it frequently in her 'Journal.' Among other things she says, 'Belmont, my home, was the seat of refinement and hospitality.' It makes me happy to know that it is still the 'seat of refinement and hospitality' and has not fallen into disuse and consequent decay as have so many of the old homes.

"From your article I gathered that blue is a favorite color of Mrs. Hurley. I wonder if she knows that the Lee servants wore 'blue faced black and white.' My great, great-grandmother was a daughter of Ludwell Lee named Eliza Matilda, and married Richard Hendly Love. I am busy establishing for some historians a fact that this Mrs. Love sheltered Dolly Madison in her home Rokeby when the British burned Washington. It seems that historians have never known just where she spent the night, but Mrs. Love speaks of it twice in her Journal and I believe it is mentioned in Ingolson's 'History of the War of 1812.'"

"I was particularly attracted by the articles 'Samson and the Philistines' and 'Severance of Shelburne' in the August issue, as two of my Revolutionary ancestors came from Massachusetts, and I graduated from Smith College and love all the country surrounding Northampton.

"I am enclosing stamps and ask that you send me a single copy of this issue. I want to send it to a friend of ours in Ontario, who conducted the party of Indians who greeted the King and Queen. I think he will greatly enjoy the detailed account of their visit as told by Mrs. Vandenberg. I also am enclos-

ing a picture taken by Mr. Taylor. The Indian squaw in the center is the one who could speak English, and who carried on quite a conversation with the Queen."

And here is still another comment, referring further back:

"May I tell you that I especially enjoyed the article on 'Old New England Pulpits' in the April issue, and the story by Esther Robb in the May issue of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE."

A high tribute to the Ormsby Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Arlington, Vermont, has come to the editor's desk from that distinguished woman of letters, Dorothy Canfield Fisher. She writes:

"I've been absorbedly busy for some months past with organizing an effort to give summer vacations in the country to refugee children. We have sixty now in Vermont. Fifty of them here in our own county. And I'm so proud of the D. A. R. (the Ormsby Chapter) here which has the vision to see that here is an opportunity to do some living creative work for patriotism—they are planning an afternoon's reception (or get-together) for these fifty intelligent young exiles, future citizens of our country (for they all come from families who have arrived here on the quota, legally, and will become citizens) an afternoon of hospitality when they will give the children a good time, and also have some speakers who will present to them those qualities of American principles to which we are all devoted, just as a patriotic organization like the D. A. R. would wish to have future citizens think of them—and of course in a form suitable for young folks from ten to sixteen. Isn't that a fine project? It makes us all proud of the Ormsby Chapter to have them thus creatively serve the fute!"

It is a fine project and the editor, for one, doffs her best bonnet to the Ormsby Chapter!

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**NOTICE**

The Pennsylvania Health House and Illinois Boys' Dormitory will be dedicated at Tamassee D. A. R. School on Saturday, October 28.

The Schlosser Farm Cottage, Talmadge Principal's Office, Brosseau Class Room, and Ball Teacherage will be dedicated at Kate Duncan Smith D. A. R. School on Monday, October 30.
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

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In this period of doubt and bewilderment— we as members of the Daughters of the American Revolution may well ask what should be our attitude and our hopes. Though there may be uncertainty as to specific policies, upon some aims we may all agree. There should be a clear realization of the fact that this nation has attained the highest standard of living yet known to the world through the freedom of the individual and under the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States of America. Our best promise of future development as a nation rests upon those foundations already tried and proven. Let us as a society always promote the idea of confidence in representative government. Let us respect the honesty of motives and opinions of our fellow citizens. Let us act only upon deliberate judgment—and above all, hold firm in the faith that man is able to solve his own problems.

The regard in which our Society is held by those who are not members is illustrated in a recent occurrence: For many years, a leading architect of Washington voluntarily gave of his talents and energies as an advisory member of our Art Committee. In replying to a note of sympathy sent following his recent death, his widow wrote:

“He was ever fired with ambition to keep before Americans the best that was American. . . . In the work that the National Society carried out, he felt a measure of permanence, a satisfying unchanging quality.”

How fortunate is our Society in the character of its friends!

One of the many fine things about our Society is that chapters do not cease working just because they are small in numbers. The effort of a newly organized chapter is a real inspiration to many greater in age and membership. In April of this year, the Oceanport Chapter at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, was organized with twelve members. This is an army post of constantly shifting population. Many officers are assigned for but one year of duty. A library in the community contained books only for adults. In but four short months this new chapter has established a children’s library of several hundred volumes and has secured a little reading room for children of the entire community. It is hoping now to purchase children’s chairs and tables, and the Commandant of the Fort has kindly offered to open his home for a silver tea to accomplish this purpose. Interest in this project is already arousing among the members of this small chapter a sense of permanence. The wife of one officer expressed regret at having to leave the new chapter this fall when her husband takes up duty at a distant station.

And the library is not all. Realizing that so small a chapter could scarcely purchase a fine silk D. A. R banner, members are making their own, and an officer at the post, an artist, is painting the insignia and letters.

The effort of this chapter reminds me of a little comment made last fall on one of my visits to a far western state. We were discussing our activities when suddenly a young woman, the regent of a small chapter in an agricultural section whose prosperity has been completely destroyed by drought, spoke up: “Oh, let me write that down. We can do that without money.” It is this spirit which has done much to give our Society its place in the sun.

A gentleman, interested in the marking of graves or tombs of men important in the history of our country, recently called to my attention the fact that a number of men who figured prominently in the early history of our country were buried in individual vaults of large tombs. Whereas the inner covering may be marked, the family name on the outer door may not be that of the hero. Oftentimes he was a son-in-law of the man whose name appears on the door
of the tomb. Chapters who find this to be the case in their own vicinity may well consider the question of a more adequate marking.

Many of our readers have little idea of the far-reaching activities of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Margaret Carl, a recipient of our Philippine Scholarship, has been working with the Red Cross in a distant province as a supervising nurse to aid other nurses with encouragement, information and technical advice. She has been called back to Manila to teach Hygiene and Care of the Sick in the National University. Recently she was one of those assisting in the preparation and sending of one million doses of cholera vaccine to China. Surely it may be said that “the sun never sets” upon the efforts of our Society.

How often I wish that our general membership might read many of the letters that come to National Headquarters. Sometimes they make us laugh and sometimes they almost make us cry. From many of them, however, we gain a bit of satisfaction that gives us encouragement for the future. Here are two examples:

From a Director of Adult Education for the Works Progress Administration:

“Our experience in the past has proven beyond doubt that these booklets (the Manuals) are very valuable in our literacy and naturalization classes, and we are very grateful to be provided with a quantity which will allow us to distribute these among our foreign pupils.”

From one of our Chapter Regents in a far western state:

“I want to thank you for the brochure sent me this year. It is of untold value and aid to me in my work as Regent. For the first time I have a clear picture of our many committees and their objectives.

“I am also glad the brochure came a little earlier this year. It is much easier to plan the work for the coming year when you hold in your hand a personal letter from every National Chairman for every Chapter Chairman. Thank you and the National Chairmen so very much.”

Chapters in states at a distance from Washington and some small chapters in states nearby frequently express a feeling of remoteness or even a lonely consciousness of being out of touch with the National Society. Perhaps such chapters fail to avail themselves of the aids provided for keeping the membership informed about the National Society. One of the most neglected sources of inspiration is the “Proceedings of the Continental Congress,” published each year at great expense and distributed free to each chapter regent. Every address, every brief introduction and every report is printed in full. Although but one copy goes to each chapter, by careful planning through culling the most interesting facts from the reports, the work of the national committees may become vitally real to each member. However remote the chapter, it may secure in a measure the same inspiration from the addresses if these are read, and well read, by the members. Will not those chapters which may feel a bit “lost” reach out for the lifelines which the Society provides? The “Proceedings,” saved from year to year and passed on from regent to regent, should become the permanent reference library of each chapter.

We who live always under the sheltering folds of “The Stars and Stripes” perhaps have little realization of the feeling of those deprived of that privilege. From a member recently returning to this country after long residence abroad come these words:

“Our good Government has simplified the return of its citizens who bring home their household belongings by sending a customs inspector to the new home while the furniture is being unpacked instead of its being done at a wharf and having to be repacked again to be sent to its destination. Friends who had lived twenty years abroad brought back heavy European pieces. The weather was scorching and no keys to fit such locks could be found—thus delaying every one concerned. My friend told the men to break the locks. The inspector wanted to see the piano, and when the lock was forced, being so glad to see her beloved instrument again, she sat down in all the disorder, and played the Star-Spangled Banner.

“Those weary truckmen pulled off their caps and stood at attention—until she had finished!”
I SHALL ever be grateful to Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, the efficient editor of our National Historical Magazine, for the opportunity given me, to express my deep appreciation to the members of our National Society for their confidence in electing me a Vice President General.

It is indeed an unique experience and a great honor, affording the opportunity to serve three years on the National Board of Management of our Society, as well as on the National Committee of our National Historical Magazine, which is the official organ of our Society.

Looking backward, I can distinctly remember Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, in whose administration I was admitted as a member of our National Society. As time passed, my interest in our National work increased, and the more active I became, the more interesting the work seemed. As a Chapter Regent, and as a member of various committees of our Missouri State Conferences, there came to me a fuller understanding of the great principles of our Society. I shall never forget my first State Conference, when I met Mrs. Russell William Magna, who afterward became President General, nor my second, when I met Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President General. Nor shall I forget the thrill which came to me when I first attended a Continental Congress, in 1927, when Mrs. Brosseau was President General.

My first consecrated efforts bore fruit in 1928, when Lexington was chosen as the site for the National Old Trails Monument in Missouri, "The Madonna of the Trail." This was one of the twelve monuments placed along the National Old Trails Road in the twelve States through which the National Old Trails Road passes. Mrs. John Trigg Moss was National Chairman of this Committee, and dedicated the twelve monuments, assisted by Mrs. Brosseau, President General. It was my happy privilege to attend five of the dedications.

Three years as State Regent of the Missouri Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, gave me the opportunity to attend regularly the National Board meetings in Washington, thus permitting me to gain a keener insight into the work of our Society. At those meetings I became more intimately acquainted with the women who give so unstintingly of their time and money to further the work of our Society, the State Regents and National Officers of our Society.

Time will never lessen my interest in the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and I shall always count it a happy privilege to have had the opportunity to serve the Society, under two fine Presidents General, Mrs. William A. Becker and Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr.