YANKEE IN HAVANA
BY PENDLETON HOGAN

"ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING"
CONTRIBUTED BY THE SEVERAL STATES

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Issued Monthly By

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

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

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Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879
MARY AND JOSEPH IN THE STABLE. A SCENE FROM THE TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS PLAY OF OLD MEXICO, "LAS POSADAS" ENACTED AT THE PADUA HILLS THEATRE NEAR CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINES to be “timely” when they appear must be planned almost unbelievably far in advance. It was on a boiling hot day in mid-July that your editor, mopping her heated brow, forced herself to project her thoughts ahead, and pantingly dictated a letter which was sent out to all the state regents:

“The article in the June issue of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE entitled ‘As They “Commenced”’ has met with such widespread approval that it occurs to me that a similar article on Christmas celebrations in different sections of our country and in foreign countries where the National Society is represented by chapters would prove of great interest.

“Material for the graduation compilation came to me voluntarily from the various colleges represented, along with suitable illustrations. I should be grateful, therefore, if you would feel inclined to cooperate with me in the same way by sending facts about the way in which Christmas is celebrated in your locality for use in this article.”

The response to this appeal was generous and illuminating in the extreme. The states which replied did so variously, but always helpfully. All reported enthusiastic cooperation from local merchants and local societies and orders of every sort, charitable, philanthropic, fraternal, and patriotic.* In some instances the states followed the editor’s suggestions to the letter; in others, they followed the spirit of it. The contribution from North Dakota, for instance, took the form of a quotation from a broadcast, given under the auspices of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution in that state, when Mrs. F. Leland Watkins was Radio Chairman. This quotation is most useful in giving us the general background of all the local celebrations which have succeeded it:

“The only records we have of the first American Christmas are those brief and quaint memoranda, which have come down to us from that far-off day, and have been rescued from oblivion almost by accident. Naturally, the first thing we want to know about such an occasion is what the people had to eat. Very little. Their larder contained ‘beer, butter, flesh, and other such victuals’, such as ‘cheese’ and ‘hogsheads of meal’. Biscuit is spoken of, and by meal is, of course, meant wheat and rye flour. Before sailing for England, the Pilgrims had sold ninety firkins of their butter rather than run in debt to their board on Christmas Day. But circumstantial evidence proves they were not so blessed. The weather had been very stormy for several days and nights just preceding Christmas and fowling would have been impossible. And we find that, on every occasion when they discovered the least bit of Indian corn or the smallest piece of game, the prize was carefully noted in a journal, making it evident both that the subject of food was a paramount one with them, and that, if they had had the good fortune to bag any Christmas game, the fact would have been chronicled.

“In the Southern States, the Christmas celebration was always a very elaborate one, for that tradition had been handed down from the Cavaliers who first settled Virginia and the Carolinas, and to whom the Christmas festival was the greatest of the year. Indeed, the celebration lasted nearly the whole month of December, during which time the negroes were required to do little work except kill hogs and keep the woodpile replenished. Visitors poured into the great houses from far and near; all of them came to stay the entire fortnight during which the festivities lasted. Nor were kitchen and cabin without their guests; the reveling in the ‘hall’ was echoed by the tinkle of the banjo and merriment in the ‘quarters’. With the war, which impoverished the planters, this lavish hospitality and merrymaking in large part passed away. The Christmas celebrations now in the Sunny South are on a more moderate scale—but are just as heartfelt as the old ones.”

Mrs. William Sutherland Allan, State Regent of South Carolina, sends a contribution on “Christmas in the Old South Before and During the Revolution” which provides interesting corroboration of Mrs. Watkins’ paragraph on the same subject:

“In Virginia and Carolina, Christmas was the height of the social season. There were
balls, dinners and houseparties; hunting and sports of all kinds. How beautiful the ladies must have been, moving to soft music in the graceful and stately dances of the period, clad in their ‘fine Flanders laces, rare silks and jewels, gold and silver’ that had called forth a complaint from the Governor at the extravagant importations of the colony.

“The weeks preceding Christmas were busy indeed for the mistress. She it was who must order and assemble the long list of gifts, not only for the household, but for the entire plantation. The house had to be hung with smilax, holly and mistletoe, and the church must also be dressed for the occasion. This ‘dressing of the church’ was generally a neighborhood affair of some importance and the young people rode from miles around to join in the congenial task.

“The Christmas of 1780 in Charleston came at a dark hour and the year closed with apparently little hope for the brave cause, but the invincible native spirit was rising under the leadership of Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Williamson, and Davie. Even Governor Rutledge, ‘to whom Charleston, fast in the hands of the British, appeared as Jerusalem to the exiles in Babylon’, was soon to feel the glow of assurance that better days were coming.

“Some of the most prominent and influential citizens of Charleston had been exiled to St. Augustine and spent this Christmas in prison. Later many of them were sent to Philadelphia as were their families, suffering great hardships. At the close of the War, these poor exiles had to return to Charleston as best they could. The experience of one of these families is most interestingly told in Johnson’s ‘Tradition’. He relates, ‘My father, returning from exile in Philadelphia, reached his plantation and was happy to find his negroes had faithfully kept together. My mother soon followed and we were once more at home. It was an humble dwelling but it afforded peace, rest, and competence to exiled wanderers. . . . Never have we enjoyed a happier Christmas either before or since, during a long series of years, and never was a family more thankful to the Almighty for his blessing and protection.’”

Mrs. Charles M. Flower, State Regent of Louisiana, sends two valuable contributions about Christmas celebrations in that state, and I quote them both, while we are still in the spirit of the “Southern Section.” The first of these, dealing with the subject in a general way, was kindly put at her disposal by Mr. James J. A. Fortier, Director of the Louisiana State Museum:

“In the Bayou State, the Pelican State of Louisiana, where customs and manners, because of nature and the intermingling of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races, things are ‘different’, the celebration of Christmas containing a mixture of the traditions of the English speaking peoples and those of Spanish and French origin.

“The French were the first settlers of ‘La Louisiane’ as they called it when LaSalle claimed what is now known as the Mississippi Valley for his sovereign, Louis XIV, in 1682. These early settlers celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December the ‘Noël’, a word derived from Emmanuel or from the Latin word meaning Nativity. When eighty-seven years later another Latin race, the Spaniards, became the owners of the territory given to their king by his royal cousin of France, they continued the kind of ‘Noël’ which the great majority of the people of Louisiana celebrated; the main features of which were: the celebration of the Midnight Mass (the southern part of Louisianna being predominantly Catholic, the Midnight Mass on Christmas still prevails with intermittent interruptions); the hanging of the stockings on the mantel-piece to be filled with bonbons and sugar plums by Papa Noël, the St. Nicholas of Europeans; and the decoration of the Christmas tree—the tree of life.

“At the dawn of the nineteenth century, when Louisiana became American by purchase from France in 1803, the strategic economic position of New Orleans and its renown for beauty and European atmosphere doubled and quadrupled the population. Two distinct types of ceremonies then marked the coming into the world of the Redeemer—the Noël and Christmas.

“Not until the latter part of the nineteenth century did the custom become universal to give presents on the twenty-fifth of December. The day of presents was January first, ‘Le Jour de L’An’, ‘Le Jour des Étrennes’, and to this day very old persons continue to regard the Noël as purely a religious ceremony and not one for the exchange of remembrances and good will as manifested by gifts. Many a boy in the nineteenth century saw, to his great chagrin and mortification, his schoolmates play with their Christmas gifts, while he waited for his ‘Étrennes’ to arrive at the close of the Christmas holidays—too late almost, but such was the custom. Of course, the Christmas stocking had been filled with candies, but how soon, alas, had these vanished!

“The shooting of fireworks is a Louisiana custom which is shared with other Southern States and is looked upon by Northerners as a curious one, being accustomed as they are
to pyrotechnics only on the Fourth of July, but a 'safe and sane Xmas' has wiped away even the 'shooflang', which is the tiniest sparkler.

“The Christmas card came into Louisiana in general use somewhat later than in the Eastern States where even there the custom a half century ago was practically nonexistent. “Louisianans today eat the plum pudding, the fruit cake, drink the hot Tom and Jerry, eggnog, nutmeg and all, and they celebrate both Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. They sing Christmas carols; light up Christmas trees on all the avenues and gardens of the land; attend either the Midnight Mass or one for the obtaining of special indulgences; attend three successive Masses on Christmas Day, the remnant of an old custom of the Catholic Church dating back into the Middle Ages.

“The most curious development in recent years is taking place in ‘different Louisiana’ in Terrebonne Parish, twenty miles south of the City of Houma, which is almost within the metropolitan district of New Orleans, a quaint settlement of the purest Scotch and English blood. There, on the peaceful banks of Bayou L’Aubain, four generations of these hearty Nordics live in this sequestered spot. Many of the fishermen and trappers, absent from their homes from the early days of November to the closing days of February, take with them their wives, children, and relatives to earn their living from nature, to set their traps and to gather within them muskrats along the bayous, in the swamps, and out on the prairies, to adorn milady with luxurious furs.

“The unique custom of celebrating Christmas in March is the result of taking the sensible view; that it is the spirit of the occasion that makes the Yuletide important, none the less so because it happens not to follow the calendar. These God-fearing bayou folk come to their belated Christmas celebration in the ‘different Louisiana’ in Terrebonne Parish (County), twenty miles south of the City of Houma, which is almost within the metropolitan district of New Orleans, a quaint settlement of the purest Scotch and English blood as their fair skins, blue eyes, and blond hair will testify. There Christmas is celebrated on March 8. There, on the peaceful banks of Bayou du Large, four generations of these hearty Nordics live in this sequestered spot. Many of the fishermen and trappers, absent from their homes from the early days of November to the closing days of February, take with them their wives, children, and relatives to earn their living from nature, to set their traps and to gather within them muskrats along the bayous, in the swamps, and out on the prairies, to adorn milady with luxurious furs.

“The second Louisiana contribution, more personal in character, comes from Mrs. Flower herself:

“When your request came asking me to cooperate with you in sending facts about the way in which Christmas is celebrated in your locality, my thoughts instantly flew back to my first plantation Christmas and to many others since my marriage to a sugar planter many years ago. The great plantation house, built like so many homes up and down the Mississippi, still stands, a relic of the ante-bellum days. The negroes still go to the woods or swamp nearby to bring in holly and mistletoe to hang on the walls and under the doors to lend mirth and gaiety to the indoor festivities.

“Then, Christmas morning, the happy, care-free black faces of the field hands congregate for their ‘Christmas gifts’. The heavens at night sparkle with the falling colored stars of Roman candles and sky rockets. The churches have their Christmas services, and later the proverbial turkey dinner is eaten with its many courses—usually topped by the plum pudding which comes in a blaze amid the ‘ohs’ and ‘ahs’ of the excited children, who have not quieted down since Santa’s arrival Christmas Eve.”

To go west again, Mrs. Mary Jane Abshire of the Silver Bow Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., in Montana, sends a statement which makes another valuable correlative to the North Dakota broadcast:

“To the Puritans all Yuletide feasting and jollity were abhorrent,” she writes, “because of their paganistic associations, so when they came into power the Parliament in 1647 decreed that Christmas should no longer be observed. This ban included the mince pie and the singing of carols. For twelve years Christmas as a general holiday practically ceased until the restoration of the monarchy under Charles II in 1660.

“Puritanism and this anti-Christmas feeling was carried over to New England by the Pilgrims and in 1659 the General Court of Massachusetts enacted that anybody ‘who is found observing Christmas by abstinence from labor or feasting, or in any other way, shall pay for every such offense 5 shillings’.

“There are many superstitions connected with the coming of Christmas itself. The bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel, in honor of the manger, and the sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angel to the shepherds. One writer relates that on one moonlit Christmas Eve he saw an Indian creeping cautiously through the woods. In response to an inquiry, he said, ‘Me watch to see deer kneel. Christmas night all deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit.’”

The legend of the Christmas deer was hitherto unfamiliar to your editor, who feels that this charming bit of American
folklore is more than worthy of taking its place beside the old Breton legend which credits the humble cattle with the gift of speech on Christmas Eve.

It is to Miss Lillian Chenoweth, State Regent of the District of Columbia, that we owe the discovery of Mrs. Abshire's delightful article, "Christmas Traditions and Customs", from which the above is quoted. This paper is carefully preserved in the Filing and Lending Bureau at Continental Hall, and so is one on "White House Christmases" by Mrs. Harry Howard of the Thomas Marshall Chapter in the District, to which Miss Chenoweth also drew our attention, and from which we also gladly quote, only regretting that it is not possible to do so at greater length, for the entire article is unusually interesting:

"We know that Franklin Delano Roosevelt always reads Dickens' Christmas Carol to his family and still insists on real candles on the White House tree. Herbert Hoover loves his Christmas. Before he was President it had been his custom to go out into the woods with the rest of the family for the Christmas greens. On the twenty-second of December, 1929, the President had gone 'Window-shopping' with Mrs. Hoover after church, and on Christmas Eve he left the White House, with its windows hung with wreaths, to take part in the Community Christmas Tree and to radio a surprise Christmas message to the whole world. From there he returned to take part in a party for the children of the White House secretaries. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening when a White House messenger smelled smoke, and upon tracing it down they discovered the loft ablaze. But for all the excitement, the President started his Christmas day with his usual game of medicine ball."

"On December 23, 1923, we learn that President Calvin Coolidge radioed via amateur radio sets to the North Pole, sending MacMillan and his men a Christmas greeting. The Community Tree was then on the ellipse. This one, a Vermont fir, was sent to the President by his former college.

Christmas Day itself was celebrated in the White House 'in the time-honored American way', with the two sons, John and Calvin, gathered about the Christmas tree in the Blue Room.

"The Evening Star of December 23rd, 1917, said, "There will be a Christmas Tree in the White House this year for the grandchildren of the President. Mrs. Wilson, while planning that Christmas should be a day of relaxation for the President, was wondering just where would be the best place to put the Christmas tree, in the library on the second floor, or in one of the more formal State rooms on the first floor."

"On Christmas Eve, 1909, President Taft left the White House, on foot, to shop on Pennsylvania Avenue and F Street, returning long after dark, laden down with bundles, and chuckling over the fact that Captain Archie Butt, his aide and Beau Brummell of Washington, was laden down also. Only members of the immediate family were at the dinner on Christmas night.

"On Christmas Eve, 1902, the President and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, with General Wood, drove out into the country to where their horses were waiting. They returned to the White House for a late luncheon. Turkeys were again presented to the White House attaches. They had no tree this year, but celebrated the day in a homelike manner, calling in the afternoon on Captain and Mrs. Cowles. Mrs. Hay presented to Mrs. Roosevelt, on behalf of the ladies of the Cabinet, a jewel-studded gold purse. Christmas dinner was in the newly finished State dining room.

"I found this item on December 26, 1890. It is about our own first President General and at that time first Lady of the Land, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. She had seen to it that
there were well-filled stockings to delight the children, and a gorgeously decorated tree was in the Library. The household assembled at 10 o'clock. The Star says, 'The President's pet grandson will remember this day because it brought him a new tricycle. Little Mary McKee was most proud of a blue dress made by Miss Sanger. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee were grateful recipients of diamond ornaments presented by the President. The children took possession of the Mansion for the day.' That's the end of the news item. In regard to the 'New blue dress made by Miss Sanger,' she is Miss Alice Sanger, Historian of the Lucy Holcomb Chapter of the District of Columbia.

"On December 23, 1874, we find that President and Mrs. Grant held a State dinner in honor of the King of Hawaii. 'It was brilliant beyond all precedent. The suite of drawing rooms, including the magnificent East Room, was brilliantly illuminated. The soft light from the crystal chandeliers gave an added beauty to the furniture and pictures. In the Green drawing room was a life-size picture of General Grant, on horseback. It was painted in New Orleans and presented to the President recently.'"

"In 1862 on Christmas Day the city was full of hospitals and the hospitals were full of wounded. The women of the city had arranged parties to be held at each hospital. President and Mrs. Lincoln and Secretary and Mrs. Smith visited the hospital in Judiciary Square in the afternoon on Christmas Day, and expressed themselves as well pleased in the manner in which everything was arranged.

"John Quincy Adams says of Christmas, 1828, 'I have engaged all the leisure time of the day in reading over the observation upon the claim of General Scott to command General Macomb and Gaines.' There were 120 pages of this, written only 'under a sense of duty.' But he did know the real meaning of Christmas, because in 1814 he says in his diary, 'Christmas Day—the day of all others in the year most congenial to proclaim peace on earth and good will toward men.'"

The lovely custom of lighting community Christmas trees, which, as Mrs. Howard reminds us Calvin Coolidge scrupulously followed, has fortunately become widespread throughout our country. According to Mrs. Mary B. Jacobs, Historian of the Stamp Defiance Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Wilmington, North Carolina, this city is the proud possessor of the largest one in the world. She writes of it as follows:

"Wilmington, North Carolina, an historic and hospitable Southern city, enjoys the unique distinction of having the World's Largest Living Community Christmas tree. "'This beautiful Live Oak is in the northern section of the city, on the grounds of what was formerly the old plantation home of Cornelius Harnett, one of our leading Revolutionary patriots, who gave of his strength and wealth to the cause of freedom. The giant tree is festooned with graceful gray Spanish moss, and attracts the attention of thousands of visitors throughout the year. Experts are of the opinion the tree is between two hundred and three hundred years old.

"It has truly been a Community Christmas Tree for the past nine years. Mr. J. E. L. Wade, while Commissioner of Public Works of the City of Wilmington, each year followed the custom of having a large tree brought in from the forest and set up on the portico of the City Hall. In the year 1928, being impressed with the large number of trees carted from the streets after the Christmas festivities, he decided to find a living tree suitable for decoration. In 1929, in order to find a suitable tree, a prize of five dollars in gold was offered. The only requirement was that the tree must be a Live Oak, visible from the high-
way, and adjacent to a power line sufficient for lighting purposes. As the Judges found a tie between a boy and a girl, it was necessary to present each with the prize, and so our giant Live Oak, meeting all requirements, was selected. The tree was dedicated on December 24, 1930, when the lights were turned on, with appropriate ceremonies of prayer and carol singing. A picture of this tree was entered in the national contest for living Christmas trees and was awarded the first prize.

If North Carolina has the largest tree, and undoubtedly it has, Colorado probably has the most original one. Mrs. John T. Bartlett, Press Chairman for that state, sends us the following arresting article:

"True conservationist is Denver, Colorado, in the selection of its annual municipal Christmas tree. For many years, the evergreen slopes of the Rockies were scoured for a tree in keeping with the dignity of the city. It must be tall, strong, symmetrical. Once found, there was danger that its beauty might be destroyed in felling, or that the long drag to the city would destroy many of its branches. Once, the tree broke in the middle as it was being unloaded.

"Out of these difficulties was born the idea for a fabricated tree. This would leave the giants of the forest intact. Its branches would be cuts made by the Forestry Service in practising the principle of good forestry. The work would be done at odd moments by city parks employees, without additional cost to the city. Improvements have come with each year of manufacture, until now Denver’s municipal tree is one of the most beautiful in the country—if not the most beautiful—and only a forest-trained eye would know that no “monarch of the forest” ever grew so straight or so symmetrical.

"A seventy-foot telephone pole forms the main trunk. This is covered with evergreen roping. Its tip is a fifteen-foot tree. The forest-cut branches are matched so perfectly that the viewer cannot tell where tree stops and pole begins.

"In preparing the ‘trunk,’ holes are bored into the pole at intervals corresponding to the design for the finished tree. From these, dollies are fastened to form the basis for attaching the branches, which taper outward from tip to base, two feet to fifteen feet long, giving a total base diameter of thirty-two feet.

"All work is done from the tip down, and all except the actual attaching of the branches to the trunk is done in the city shops. When the tree is erected in the Civic Center, one man with climbing spurs goes up the trunk, secures the branches which are pulled up to him by a system of pulleys. The tree is completed in surprisingly little time. The feeder for the lighting system runs up the pole. As each branch is attached, the wiring is done, too.

"The beauty of Denver’s Christmas decorations has spread far, and people come not only from all over Colorado, but from adjoining states, to witness the beauty of the ‘Christmas city of the West,’ and to marvel at the beauty and symmetry of the star-lighted tree, which few realize has not grown that way in its forest home."

The Community Christmas Tree, in various different guises and with various different accessories, looms large in numerous other accounts that have come in. A second welcome message from Montana arrived in the form of a letter from the State Regent, Mrs. Charles E. Dobson, and reads as follows:

"We live in a very small city and, at the Christmas season, members of the community work and play together as one large family. Ours is the land of evergreens. Many of our yards have beautiful old fir trees. Every year, a few days before Christmas, these living Christmas trees are trimmed with countless colored lights. Dusk comes early here in the mountains and the beauty of these many lighted trees on the snowy lawns is one of my outstanding Christmas memories.

"For many years the Church of the Holy Spirit has given a very elaborate pageant near Christmas Eve. It is never the same production but always the story of the Nativity and is a most inspiring part of our celebration. The tiny folk take the part of angels and shepherds and, as they grow older, they have more difficult roles; as a final appearance they may be cast as Mary, Joseph or one of the Prophets. Thus as the years go by they usually have had one of the coveted roles each season. The same costumes are used each year and considerable tradition has grown into the production, each child hoping for the time when he may wear the royal robes of the Kings or gowns of the herald angels. The children’s choir also furnishes the music. No one who has part of the pageant or sees it produced can fail to grasp the true meaning of Christmas. It always seems to banish the hurry, worry and commercial phase of the season and leave with you the original meaning of Christmas, ‘Peace on earth, good will to Man.’"

Going further and further west, we find the idea of the Community Tree still domi-
nant, in still different forms, and in California we also find some of the beautiful "old Spanish customs". (Later, we shall find others in Texas, too!) Mrs. L. van Horn Gerdine, Chairman of Public Relations in the Hollywood Chapter, sends us this delightful sketch:

"Nature gave a unique background for Southern California's Yuletide glory, with flaming red poinsettias in gardens growing taller than men, roses, hibiscus, chrysanthemums, and groves of golden oranges flung against snow-capped mountains and a smiling sky. Firs, pines, cedars, and royal deodars, revered as 'trees of God,' are part of the landscaping of almost every California home, for living Christmas trees are planted each year. This tree planting is part of the D. A. R. conservation work and several hundred trees for this purpose are reported planted at the annual State Conference. These trees are lovingly bedecked and illuminated for the holidays, so this western state, bordering the Pacific Ocean, now has thousands of individual Christmas trees glowing proudly in their splendor, like a veritable fairyland.

"A never-to-be-forgotten sight is the famous avenue of two hundred lighted deodars bordering Santa Rosa Avenue in Altadena, extending for a mile into the hills, and known as the 'Street of the Christmas Trees.' Huge silver balls and long icicles hang from their branches catching reflections of the six thousand colored lights festooned in their boughs. When the lights are turned on, during the evening of December twenty-fourth, there is a short program of music and singing of Christmas carols.

"Contrasted with the sacred mood of Altadena's deodars is the carnival spirit of Hollywood Boulevard, transformed for this holiday season into a mile-long Santa Claus Lane. Glittering Christmas trees border this far-sung thoroughfare and here all is music, gayety, frivolity.

"Hollywood makes artificial snow nightly at seven o'clock during the month of December, when in a procession of movie stars and civic dignitaries, Santa Claus rides behind his
prancing reindeer and jingling bells on a huge float of elaborate design. Bands furnish music, graceful majorettes, mounted riders, floats and private cars add to the merriment, as they pass along the boulevard led by motorcades and capering clowns.

“Los Angeles Harbor greets inbound seafarers with a beacon of cheer at this season, as a 75 foot evergreen tree on a cliff at Long Beach casts its gleaming light across the bay waters.

“Christmas as observed in old Mexico is presented annually at the Padua Hills Theatre near Claremont, thirty miles east of Los Angeles. This miracle play, ‘Las Posadas’, was given by the early padres for the Mexican Indians, and tells the Biblical story of the wanderings of the Holy Family, the visit of the Wise Men, and so on. Singers in the foyer reply to those on the stage who sing the Litany in Spanish. This play is impressively beautiful in its deep religious feeling.

“Mexico’s substitute for the Christmas tree is another old custom revived in the foyer after each performance. The ‘Pinata’ is a grotesque figure of clay stuffed with toys and candy and hung from the ceiling. It is the custom in Mexico to blindfold one of the children of the family, who armed with a stout stick endeavors to strike and break this Pinata, causing much amusement. When finally hit, it is shattered to fragments and the goodies fall over the floor.

“Christmas Nights is the creation of Beverly Hills. Here all the clever artistry of its residents, including cinema celebrities, is engaged in presenting a spectacular display of living Christmas trees. There are Santas on rooftops and on lawns, some in sleighs drawn by reindeer, outlined with lights; and great wreaths and crosses of red holly berries and white mistletoe, interwoven with tinsel and colored lights. Many of these Christmas trees are lighted with blue lights only, others are all white, with spotlights arranged to flood them with multicolored effects, causing them to gleam with dazzling splendor. Tinkling silver bells hung on these outdoor trees, and kept in motion by the wind that blows gently from the blue Pacific, add their music to this dearly loved and ever eagerly anticipated Christmas celebration in Southern California of ‘Peace on earth, good will toward men’.”

Mrs. Howard Searcy, State Historian of Oklahoma, has written an article which stresses the unique part which holly and mistletoe play in her state:

“Oklahoma, born of twin territories, a vivacious young state, has had varied Christmas customs.

“The numerous Indian reservations, opened
for settlement at various times in Oklahoma Territory, were homesteaded by people from many sections of the Nation. They naturally brought many customs.

"The population of the Indian Territory, including the members of the Five Civilized Tribes, emigrated from the south, bringing 'Dixie' customs.

"Like their ancestors, who listened to 'Westward, Ho!' and pioneered on western frontiers, Oklahomans learned to share. Believing unrestrainedly in the Brotherhood of Man, Oklahoma prepares spiritually and materially to devoutly, yet joyously, celebrate our Saviour's birth. With a tender devotion, in bringing cheer to the unfortunate and underprivileged, a sincere spirit of service prevails.

"As the holiday season approaches, Oklahoma towns are dressed in gala attire. Electricians and decorators are busy for days. Each city, town and hamlet makes ready and lighted Christmas trees line all streets. Prizes are offered for decorations of homes and over these contests enthusiasm increases from year to year.

"Quite independently, Oklahoma makes her Christmas preparation, for from the Kiamichi mountains she brings her own holly. From eastern Oklahoma comes the magic mistletoe to festoon happy homes, cottages, or mansions. Enshrined in the hearts of Oklahomans is the mistletoe, for in territorial days necessity used it as the only floral offering at newly made graves. Today, in this state mistletoe does dual duty, as it is the Oklahoma state flower as well as the Yuletide emblem.

"From cathedrals to modest churches, pageants are presented and choruses are sung. Individuals and organizations reverently pay homage. With happy hearts at homecoming, joyous voices sing Christmas carols in the streets, concentrating around centrally located community Christmas trees, where all participants are akin.

"With this picturesque background, in the 'Land of the Mistletoe,' the true spirit of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men is demonstrated, as it humbly celebrates the birth of the World's Redeemer."

This contribution of Mrs. Searcy's is not only valuable in itself; it serves as a fitting prelude to others in which the "Indian influence" is revealed as very strong. For instance, Mrs. Robert K. Bell, the State Regent of New Mexico, sends us a delight-
ful story, which she tells us comes from her elder sister who, with perhaps a dozen other children, both Anglo and Mexican, made up the youthful inhabitants of the village of Silver City:

"At this time everything had to be brought in by wagon trains and it took months to get supplies; therefore the Christmas candies and toys had been ordered a long time. They had almost reached their destination when the Indians surprised the cargo and destroyed or carried off everything that the wagons carried.

"When the word reached town of what had happened, it was too late to order more, and as the children could not be disappointed, something must be done by the parents. Christmas Day dawned and the children were rounded up and taken to the side of a hill where a pretty juniper tree stood. They were told to circle around the tree and each was given a long pole with a hook in the end. Their attention was then called to twenty-dollar goldpieces which had been hung on the tree, and they were told that at the count of three they were to begin hooking gold pieces. You can imagine the fun and excitement that took place on that Christmas Day!"

Mrs. U. G. Dawson, Corresponding Secretary of Arizona and incidentally State President of the National League of American Pen Women, sends a touching account of the Fiesta, which is held every year at the San Xavier Mission—located about eight miles south of Tucson—and called 'The White Dove of the Desert'. This mission was built in 1692 by the early Franciscan padres, and is the most beautiful type built under the Spanish rule.

"The holiday spirit seems to take on a more solemn aspect when the time-weathered bells of the Mission chime the call to worship in the annual Fiesta, a celebration to honor the patron saint, St. Francis Xavier, for it is then the Papago Indians gather from their distant homes to pay homage to the Saint in their semi-pagan way.

"The ruddy, bronzed faces of the Indians bow reverently as the Mission padre leads in prayer and the Bishop celebrates the pontifical mass. The Mission choir which is composed of about forty Indians, directed by Encinas—the great musical product of his race—from the ancient loft.

"All through the day under the bright desert moon, the Indians dance their eerie, pantomimic rituals.

"The musicians, six in number, play violins and guitars, while dried gourds provide a rhythmic accompaniment. To an onlooker it seems a very monotonous dance, but each step, each movement, each gesture, every inflection of the voice has a meaning, for these earnest people are telling again the ancient story—the legendary tale of the Elder Brother seeking partnership with the rattlesnake, the coyote, the road-runner, the moon of molten gold, the giant cactus with its whitened tip and the burning sun that is ruled by unseen magic of the spheres. And when all these were combined it formed this Indian world, skirted by the turgid waters of the Colorado river and the majestic mountains.

"After prayers before the ancient altar, a group of Indians come through the large church door, carrying the life-size image of Saint Francis Xavier. With the musicians leading, followed by the dancers, still continuing their dance with the intricate steps and keeping perfect time, the devout Indians, carrying the image and lighted candles, form a procession up the hill to the grotto where the ceremony is continued.

"After going through their ceremony before the image stationed in the niche, they finally all march down the hill. The image of Saint Francis Xavier is carried into the church and the dance is continued before the open door. The fierce intentness of the dancers' faces and the stolid complacence of the sage council lends a solemnity to the otherwise heterogeneous scene.

"At the end of the third day the ancient story has been told once more and the fatigued dancers drop in the dust their rhythmic feet have churned; and the sages, dreaming in the council chambers, nod and grunt their approval.

"The council fires are extinguished and the Redmen who have gathered from far-flung ranchories—the remnant of an aboriginal nation which once covered 2,500,000 hill-and-desert acres, go back to their homes contented and happy."

The story of Las Posadas—on which your editor based her own "Christmas page" last year—has been exquisitely told by Mrs. Gerdine in the course of her description of California's celebration. Miss Marion Mullins, State Regent of Texas, introduces us to another beautiful "old Spanish custom" in her description of Los Pastores:

"It was the week before Christmas. We were looking through the Mexican quarter of the town for a wood carver we had been told
SAN XAVIER DEL BAC MISSION, MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS "THE WHITE DOVE OF THE DESERT"

was living on the edge of the settlement. The tinkle of sheep bells came to us and we slowed down in order not to break into the herd we thought was approaching. As the sound grew louder, the bells assumed a rhythm that could not be made by moving sheep. Then we came upon an open meadow where a large group of Mexicans were gathered. Above the heads of the crowd we saw shepherds' crooks surmounted by the bells moving up and down, the bells jingling rhythmically as the staffs struck the ground.

"The wind brought a weird, haunting music to us, and when we stopped the car we could hear the word of the soloist:

'A tu rancho, pastorcillo,
A tu rancho, buena tierra
Pues a Dios hermoso niño,
A qui en el portal te quedas.'

The words were taken up by the crowd, repeated and improvised upon, but apparently kept in bounds by a chorus and accompanied by the sheep bells that beat the rhythm.

"We joined the crowd to see who the leaders were and what the songfest was about. The ever polite Mexicans made way for us, and we moved to the front of the open rectangle where we saw what was in progress. The Mexicans had gathered together to enact Los Pastores.

"At one end of the clearing a shed, thatched with palm and yucca, had been erected. Under its shallow roof a manger with its walls gaily decorated with tinsel, strips of red and green calico, and crepe papers, sheltered a crib snugly lined with meadow hay. Within was a bright-eyed Mexican baby in a long pink, lace trimmed dress, contentedly sucking his thumb, unconscious of the fact that he was the center of the performance.

"The fast fading sunset, as it fell across a table standing near the manger, had been supplemented by a smoky lantern whose light magnified to giant proportions the shadows of the figures that stood around it. The self-appointed director of the play was seated at the table reading the script to the group of shepherds, angels, and devils that crowded around him. The eight hour performance was drawing to a close and the soloists were uncertain of their lyrics; even their improvisations were slow to fit into the rhythm. Having come in at the conclusion of the performance, we had missed the well-known battle between Lucifer and his followers and the shepherds who were determined to find the Christ Child. Michael, the Angel, always hovered near to guide the simple folk to the manger, and the hermit was always there to laugh at the vicissitudes of the journey.

"The play which we had been witnessing was a Texas version of one of the oldest medieval religious dramas, The Shepherd's Play. I recalled the story the newspapers had recently published about the young director. As a boy he had heard his grandfather sing Los Pastores, and had written it down as the
CHRISTMAS AT THE ALAMO

From a painting by Julian Onderdonk

old man recalled it. As his most precious legacy, the grandfather had left to his talented grandson a white costume and his rosary of spools.

"The Mexican people in many communities in Texas and throughout the Southwest, play 'The American Mystery Play' from the week before Christmas to Epiphany, presenting it in various neighborhoods and sometimes giving a hundred performances. The play has been done by the Mexicans for more than three centuries. No matter how they change it, forget the verses, or add stanzas, the essential beauty of the lines and the rhythm have become so much a part of the lives of the Mexican people that they always give a satisfactory rendition.

"Los Pastores is a part of the rightful heritage of the Christmas season in the Southwest."

The Spaniards are not the only people who brought their Christmas customs with them when they came to our country; the Swedes, among others, did the same, and Mrs. Walter C. Robb sends us a graphic description of a Swedish Christmas celebration in Minnesota:

"'May you have an old-fashioned Christmas!' This is the faintly nostalgic greeting so often exchanged at Christmas time between the good Swedish-Americans of Minnesota. 'Old-fashioned' means to them 'old-country'; or, if the family is second or third generation and never saw the rugged landscape of Sweden, it signifies, 'May you keep Christmas as your grandparents taught you to do.'

"It is Christmas Eve which is the heart of their holiday season. The family, as a closely-bound unit, keeps the feast alone; no outsider is ever invited or expected. In many communities, especially in the countryside, the church bell rings at four o'clock in the afternoon of the short December day. By this hour, long anticipated, everything is ready. In each home, for a week or more, there has been intensive baking of the butter-rich, sugar-sweet goodies of Sweden: peppar kakor, smör bakelese, fattigman, soker kaka, spånér, and many other varieties of cookies, cake and coffee breads. Various cold meats and sausages have been prepared also, and such treats as sylta, which is head cheese mixed with ground veal and pressed into a mold.

"In the closed parlor, remote from the eager eyes of the children, waits the tree,
splendid with its decorations of red and white tissue paper rosettes, festoons of lingonberries (Swedish cranberries), cookies in animal shapes, and other ornaments both home-made and 'modern.' The gifts are heaped beneath the tree whose lower branches have been trimmed off to make room for them. Even those cut branches have their use in the Swedish-American home. Some are laid on the floor in halls and vestibules so that, being trodden under foot, their crushed needles will give forth the piney smell of Christmas. Some have been salvaged for the kitchen by the thrifty housewife who uses them for brooms and scouring operations.

"The Christmas Eve supper is very simple, and always the same, although it may vary some, according to the part of Sweden from which the family came. It usually consists of plain boiled potatoes and lutefisk (dried fish). A strong mustard sauce is served with the lutefisk, and over the mustard sauce is poured a white gravy or drawn butter served in a separate bowl. Should some family not care for the fish (a rare circumstance!), there may be substituted a dish of Swedish brown beans boiled with brown sugar, vinegar and salt, and Swedish meat balls. For dessert there is boiled rice pudding.

"Supper over, the family gathers about the tree, and the head of the household gives out the gifts. The rest of the evening is passed in singing hymns and old songs and in playing games, old favorites from the northern land across the sea. One of these concerns the wearing of a red ribbon, and the song goes: 'Se flicken går i dansen med rodda guld band.' A girl in the center of the singing circle wears a red ribbon on her arm, and chooses the one she likes best to join her and make a choice of his own. It is all very simple and gay and whole-hearted with the spirit of home and Christmas.

"When midnight strikes, a lunch is served, featuring all the good things previously prepared. Afterward the table is covered with a cloth over all, and left to stand until Christmas morning. And now for a few hours of sleep, if one is beyond youth and wearied with so much preparation and happy fulfillment; the young folks will not think it worth while to go to bed this night, for soon it will be five o'clock and the hour of 'Julotta'—early service at the Lutheran church. Every one bundles up against the frosty cold, and all pile into the car, or the horse-drawn bobsled to ride through the star-spangled dark to the lighted sanctuary so bright through the pointed pines, black under their hoods of freshly-fallen snow.

"The opening hymn, always the same, is sung with lusty, joyful voices in sonorous Swedish: 'Var helsad sköna morgen stund'—We greet thee, beautiful morning hour. The pastor gives his Christmas message, and the congregation sings hearty hymns with Christmas fervor. Service over, friends and neighbors greet one another with Christmas good wishes. Then comes the home-going, relaxed and a bit weary with happiness, while the Star of Bethlehem pales with the flushing of dawn along the horizon.

"During the week ahead, every day is guest day in the hospitable Swedish-American home. The hostess, well provided with cookies and coffee cake which she will serve with wine or coffee, is always ready for invited guests or 'drop-in' friends. It would be considered a terrible offense not to offer refreshment to callers any day of Christmas week. The family unit which kept so close within itself on Christmas Eve now opens wide its warm heart to greet the friendly world with true Christmas kindness."

Some Dutch customs that have been observed in the Netherlands are still practiced in the locality of Boyd in the northwest corner of Iowa, Mrs. Harry E. Narey, State Regent of Iowa, tells us:

"On December sixth—St. Klaas or St. Nickolas Day—comings are exchanged at many family gatherings. Large meals are the order of the menu, but not turkey! Ganders and duck are substitutes. Many seed cakes and St. Nick cookies are exchanged among the children. In fact, that is where the St. Nick cookie was born and the service it performs. This is the jolly day, the day of goodwill and cheer.

"December twenty-fifth marks the birthday of the Christ. There is no jollification on this day and the day is not commercialized in any way. The American combination of these two days—December sixth and December twenty-fifth—has given Iowa the 'Community Christmas.' We have taken those traditions that these splendid people have brought with them from their other home and added those Christmas traditions of our America. An understanding between the two has made our community more American and a better place in which to live.

"The pioneer Christmas of yesteryear was marked by the 'Turkey Raffle' among other things, as a means of retrieving a big bird for the Christmas dinner, and the 'Turkey Shoot' was intriguing to the better marksmen with kindred motive. On at least one occasion a Christmas trotting race on the East Okoboji ice between Estherville and the local nags was serious as well as sentimental in its effect upon local slim purses. When the lakes
froze up calm and the snowfall was light, skating parties were good Christmas fun. Church sociables in the holidays promoted the spread of the gospel as well as providing orthodox merriment. Dramatic entertainments did not rival the very best in histrionic excellence, of course, but they were creditable in character and served to brighten the holidays."

The Moravians, as well as the Spaniards, the Swedes, and the Dutch, brought their Christmas customs to the New World. Their charming habit of planting ‘Christmas Gardens’ spread to Maryland, and is described for us by Mrs. H. E. Latham of the John Eager Howard Chapter:

“From where did this charming and unusual custom come? It is said to date back to Italy, where in the thirteenth century the gentle St. Francis of Assisi labored with his poor and ignorant peasants. He wished to make the story of the Nativity more vivid for them, so he arranged tableaux and mystery plays. The peasants were delighted with this idea and carried it on further in their homes with the aid of wooden figures and symbols they carved from wood. Then the idea was elaborated upon as different groups exercised their own imagination and ingenuity. Soon the custom spread to many parts of Europe. It was brought to this country about 1735 when the Moravians emigrated here and settled in what is now Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. They called it the ‘Putz’ meaning the garden of the soil and placed it under their Christmas trees.

“Holly, mistletoe, and the flowing bowl—Santa Claus and the Christmas stocking—these are evidences of Christmas the country over. But the Christmas Garden is purely local. They are usually built under the tree and artificial moss makes a grassy background. A hillside is topped with flour for snow. A broken mirror makes a lake on which a swan drifts gracefully and serenely. Barns, houses, and sheds rise from the landscape. Trees and bushes made of sponges dipped in green ink add to the decorations. Little wooden figures are arranged in their proper settings. The result looks as if a typical Noah’s Ark had found a resting place under a Christmas tree!”

Just as Maryland has its Christmas Gardens, Oregon has its Christmas roses! Winifred Swanson Freitag sends a record of celebrations in Oregon:

“Oregon was made for Christmas and therefore it will always be typical—perhaps even a bit old-fashioned—in this western state. The golden glow of the cheerful windows shine onto the dazzling snow. Colored lights entwine trees. People hurry home with mysterious parcels. The winter night is quiet with the comfortable crunch of snow. Within friendly homes are holly wreathes and mistletoe. The Willamette Valley is fortunate in having this holiday greenery growing abundantly, and all over the state housewives buy many decorations. Now, more and more, one sees creches, mantels, buffets, or tables, depicting Nativity scenes or other appropriate arrangements. In nearby hills the evergreens grow and one may chop his own tree as his great-grandfather did. In Pendleton and other places near Indian reservations, the Red Man has his own celebration. Yes, Christmas in Oregon is the story-book kind, an experience you can never forget. And while you are picking roses in Portland, funsters are skiing on Mt. Hood. Oregon is a versatile land, and the perfect spot to spend a Yuletide!”

Far beyond the confines of the “Mainland” Christmas is celebrated on American soil. Travelling west again, we seem to see its festive aspects in Honolulu, through the eyes—and the pen!—of Mrs. Jessie Powers Cameron, State Regent of Hawaii:

“In Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, we see a carnival of color along the city street at Christmas time. Pots of pink, red, and white poinsettias are on every corner; so are great sheaves of gorgeous red gladiolas and Hawaiian Christmasberry wreaths. The air is laden with the scent of imported fir trees and we are suddenly aware that the spirit of Christmas is abroad; so we stop to select a graceful, well shaped tree and hasten home to set it up for the children to decorate. The wreaths we buy from our Japanese flower girl whom we call ‘Mama-San.’

“Our hedge of double poinsettias is the talk of the town, giving plenty of color for the garden decoration; from a friend’s mountain home comes flaming, flowering exora to add a festive red. The expressman arrives with a huge box of torch ginger bearing ‘season’s greetings’ from loved ones on the other island; thus the crowning note is achieved, for there is nothing left to be desired in rich unique floral decoration.

“We are on a last minute mission, for the quarantine station, as the report has reached us that a foreign ship is arriving, bringing a number of alien children. It has long been the custom of the D. A. R. to inquire early as to the number marooned during the holidays, and a committee distributes gifts to the
Children's hospitals and the Korean Home. But these late arrivals were not destined to be forgotten, either. Their little faces lit up in happy gratitude at finding in this new land welcoming hands extended, bearing toys, native fruits, and sweetmeats. Our own children are in a happy mood, too, for they have just participated in the celebration around the Community Christmas Tree, a beautifully shaped pine planted by one of the royal family.

"Friends drop in with Aloha greetings and we have a 'cheerio' of pineapple juice or pio-cocktail. There is much of interest for our malihini guests to see, so in dinner clothes we rush off to the capitol, which was formerly King Kalakaua's palace. Here each Christmas Eve a series of biblical tableaus depicting the Holy Family is arranged by the united missions.

"We are dining on the heights. Our gracious host greets us and we join other guests on the broad lanai overlooking the entire city. Dinner is announced and we find our places at a sumptuous table covered in ti leaves. A unique centerpiece consists of cellophane arranged to effect a huge wave and sandy beach. Sweeping down from the crest of the wave is Santa Claus with the pouch on his back balanced on a surfboard, looking merry as ever.

"Soon we hear soft strains of a jingling native melody; it is a hula the singing boys are softly crooning to the accompaniment of the ukulele and to the shimmering strings of the steel guitar. They continue to sing throughout the dinner, interspersing Christmas carols with lovely old Hawaiian chants."

Further and still further west we go, till we reach the Philippines. Dr. Rebecca Parrish, State Chaplain of these islands, reminds us how long Christmas has been celebrated there:

"For three hundred and forty years, the Catholic church has been in the Philippines; its Christmas celebrations have always been
very elaborate. Naturally, however, there was no Christmas celebration among the Mohammedans or the Pagans.

"Since American occupation, a more elaborate Christmas season prevails throughout the islands. Cities, schools, hospitals, clubs, welfare organizations, and churches, now celebrate Christmas enthusiastically.

"The schools, so finely organized throughout the Archipelago have naturally furnished a marvelous plan to scatter the Christmas message through all the land, to reach the masses in the most remote places. The normal school in Manila, with thirteen hundred young teachers in training, has each year, just preceding dismissal for the holidays, the most delightful Christmas concert to be heard anywhere. At one hospital in Manila, an outdoor Christmas tree is featured on the lawn for children of the neighborhood.

"The churches celebrate lavishly with lights, music, services, and programs. In one Manila church, 'Scenes from the Nativity' have filled an entire evening with creditable pageantry for many years. Costumes from Palestine add to the attraction. Young people and children walk reverently in and out of those holy scenes: there are the prophets, the shepherds, Herod, the Wise Men, Joseph, Mary, and the light in the manger! Greetings are lavish, thousands of lovely cards both native and foreign being exchanged freely. Radio programs give a fine touch, broadcasting Christmas music and cheer to China, Japan, Korea, Borneo, all the Philippines, and the ships at sea."

Since we have gone so far, let us continue on around the world. The Regents of the Overseas Chapters have been generous in sharing with us their impressions of Christmas celebrations in foreign lands.

"Christmas celebrations in Rome have a distinct charm and a typical Roman flavor," writes Miss Allice Seelye Rossi, Corresponding Secretary of the Rome Chapter.

"Centuries-old basilicas, redolent with incense, high-vaulted interiors, echoing sacred music, lighted tapers, the midnight mass—everything has an atmosphere, which conveys the beauty of the Christmas meaning, while from the hills of Abruzzi come the piëfari, the picturesque shepherds in sheepskins and knee-breeches, playing their bagpipes, stopping at taverns and inns along the way to sing of old time memories as old as the hills.

"The scene of the Nativity, the Presepio, artistically arranged in the churches, often with life-size figures, drawing throngs of visitors, is also a characteristic Christmas feature in the home of the richman and pauper alike.

"Thus, the child in the manger becomes very real to Italian children at Christmas, more so, perhaps, than to those who associate Christmas with Santa Claus, the hanging of the stocking and the Christmas tree. For in Italy children are given toys on the day of the Epiphany, January sixth, in keeping with the tradition of the Wise Men bringing gifts to the Christ child.

"On the Eve of the Epiphany, following an old-time custom, Italian children on going to bed put their shoes out of the window and, on the morrow if they have been good, they find them filled with many nice things and, if they have been bad, with coal and chimney soot, which the Befana, an old, toothless witch riding a broomstick, places there in the dark shades of night on her round to every home.

"Piazza Navona, having taken on a characteristic animation during the Christmas season due to the toy-stalls and game-booths erected there at the time, reaches the height of fun and amusement and the highest pitch of noise on the Eve of the Epiphany. No one living in its neighborhood contemplates sleeping that night, for tin trumpets are lustily blown to the accompaniment of all kinds of discordant sounds. Youths walk the streets in jolly groups and, encountering pretty maidens, all but deafen their ears with loud trumpet blasts. Everyone feels young at heart that night and the revelry at intervals, whet by good wine and tasty morsels, lasts on throughout the night.

"As it is customary to exchange gifts among adults as well on the day of the Epiphany, the Christmas celebration, therefore, is more especially a religious one with Italians. Nonetheless, the Christmas dinner is of no secondary importance, as much thought is given to it in advance and the traditional cappelletti in broth and roast capon are sure to be part of the menu. On Christmas Eve, moreover, while awaiting the midnight mass, relatives and friends gather in the different homes, uniting over the traditional fish supper.

"Between Christmas and the Epiphany, special services are held in the ancient Ara Coeli Church on the Capitol, where in front of the famous Bambino a reproduction of the Christ child, supposedly carved by angels in sandal wood from Gethsemane, recitals by children take place in a miniature pulpit, attracting throngs of visitors.

"Furthermore, the Christmas season in Rome has, of late years, another outstanding feature, in that Mother's Day is celebrated throughout Italy, the day before Christmas, when everyone's thoughts center on the Divine Mother and the Infant Christ. Ceremonies
are held then in every city and town to exalt motherhood.

"Thus, while the Christmas season in Rome has a typically Roman imprint, alongside of it, however, there is a great deal that is common to all countries at Christmas time—namely no end of elaborate displays in shop windows and mistletoe, holly, Christmas trees and turkeys galore—as the cosmopolitan nature of the city calls for all that as well. But then, this is one of the peculiar charms of the place. The past and the present intermingle in Rome and, while being a modern and up-to-date city in every way, yet she clings to centuries-old customs and traditions with a tenacity that is all Roman."

Even at Christmastime, everyone is not happy. Mrs. Frederick Eichberg, Regent of the Dorothea von Steuben Chapter, tells us frankly that she is not. But, for all that, we will not wish to miss the message that she sends us:

"In this, my second war, it is with a heavy heart that I think of the land where Christmas means trees in every home, and an almost childish delight in 'Heiligen Abend' (Holy Eve). It is on the evening of the 24th that the family gathers (and a strictly family affair is Christmas Eve in contrast to New Year's Eve, which is a very gay event) in a religious spirit, with a prayer in every heart, to sing carols and exchange gifts in the candlelight beside the sweet smelling 'Christbaum' (tree).

"The shops are open throughout Germany the last three Sundays before Christmas (Copper Sunday, Silver Sunday and Golden Sunday) to give the working people an opportunity to shop. In the meantime, during the month of December, squares, parks, and street corners become veritable pine forests, for the four million Berliners begin to buy their Christmas trees early. One would worry almost about the number of trees which had been cut, were it not that Germany's laws of Forest Conservation require two new ones planted for every tree which is cut!

"These trees, after being selected, are tied with the branches laid upward against the trunk and put outside on a balcony, of which every apartment has at least one, where they stay fresh until they are needed on Christmas Eve.

"The Germans do not vie with each other for originality in trimming. The Star of Bethlehem crowns the tree and a Krippel or Manger must be under it. Here is a dignity superior to wealth, for they all approach Christmas with the feelings of childhood."
"We, for years, or until the children grew up, used to invite those of our neighborhood to come to our Christmas party: The tree would be lighted before the children came into the room and all the other lights would be out. Then we sang, "Stille Nacht", Holy Night, or one of the other carols. We of different ages were one in that moment. The gifts usually had to be given to our dogs first, because they would not wait when the bones, the sausages, and the sweets hung on the lowest branches for them. And too, it amused the children for the shyest and most bashful would laugh then. After the children were given their gifts, and next the servants, we gave each other ours.

"Mamseel would hurry back to her kitchen to get the meal, that is traditional, on the table. Over this, I never could enthuse, but I always ate it down as though it were the year's best food: Boiled carp served with ginger sauce and poppy seed cake as a dessert comprised the menu.

"We spent Christmases in many interesting and varied ways. But old Germany is no more! Christmas cakes can't be baked on 'one egg a week' and rationed flour, sugar, and butter, and even gifts of textiles are not of warm or lasting wool or silks, but of spun glass or pulp. So, above all, the Christmas Tree must more than ever be the festive symbol. We shall have to live on the memory of past lovely Christmases—until this second sad war is over!"

On sad memories, perhaps, but on happy hopes also! At least so it seems to your editor. And so, like Tiny Tim, she wishes you

A Merry Christmas Everyone!

☆ Stars ☆

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Sailor and desert-born have named the stars
Shining in darkness over sea and land,
Above some lonely palm the ruddy Mars
To many a wanderer seemed a friendly hand.
And always since the sea has lured men forth
The sailors through long hours have lifted eyes
Seeking the lode-star ever in the north—
Their certain lantern hung against the skies.
While watchers on Chaldean hills with sheep
Knew stars as Heaven's flocks above their own,
Visioned a Shepherd who His watch did keep,
And in the stillness were no more alone.
Stars were our first books shining in the night
Where men might read in pictures gleaming bright.

☆ Christmas Cricket ☆

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Out of the winter chill
Crept from the thicket
Into a stable's warmth,
One little cricket.

Fiddled his cozy strain
Over and over,
'Till Jesus was sleeping
As sweet as the clover.

Small sleepy cricket sound,
Flung to the night,
But God hushed the angels
And dimmed the Star's light!
A silence—deep and soft and sweet fell on the winter's night.
The sands lay glistening and white, the starry sky was bright.
But in a stable by the road, the light was faint and dim,
Where a young Mother held her Child and softly sang to Him.
Three Wise Men from the East had brought gold, frankincense and myrrh.
She thanked them shyly, but their gifts had brought no joy to her.
"They bring Him presents for a King. Ah, He's so small," she said,
Her soft white arm encircled Him. She kissed His downy head.

In the dark stall beside the sheep, there stood a little lad
A small white lamb held in his arms, his dark eyes wide and sad.
"I saw the Wise Men come," he said, "I had no gift to bring
Except my lamb to give to Him." He held the tiny thing
Against his lamb, Mary saw and understood and smiled,
Knowing full the gift of love he offered to her Child.
"Dear, keep your little lamb for Him," she said, "When He is grown
He'll know how good you were tonight to bring your very own."

The child's small face was radiant. He held his small lamb tight
Against his little ragged breast and ran out in the night.
But in the stable, Mary turned her face away and wept.
Closer she held her own small Lad, Who lay at peace and slept.
"Dear Lord, I beg Thee, spare them both," the gentle mother prayed.
"And let their lives be filled with peace and make them unafraid,
But if I offer up my Own a sacrifice to Thee
He is so small. I love Him so. Ah, give Him back to me!"
Yankee in Havana

A Christmas Story

PENDLETON HOGAN

Illustrations by the Author

WHEN finally the news was confirmed that Spring, the Spring of 1798, the devastating shock of it passed over Havana like a hurricane out of the Caribbean that left the city numb and desolate. The Bishop was dead, the good Bishop whom everybody loved. In this City of Bells and of Suns, people wept openly on the streets, in the plazas and in the churches, their eyes and hearts filled with sorrow. In the palaces, notably the Captain General’s on the Plaza de Armas and the old Marquesa de Montevideo’s immense white residence, they said it wasn’t true. But when days added themselves to the days already past and the Bishop did not come back, they believed the truth. In the churches, everyone murmured of God’s wish and lighted fresh candles while in the cafés on the harbor’s edge the men declared the devil sat in Heaven and, for a day, denied themselves even wine.

But at last after months of it, except for those few that would always mourn like Brother Panfilo who went absently through the days searching for added tasks at the monastery, this wave of grief lifted. The café owners, telling themselves and their customers that the Bishop, always so temperate in all his judgments, would not want the lamentation too prolonged, recovered first. One by one the fat rum mer-
chants, the traders in sugar and molasses, came through the plaster arches and the green shutters to resume their endless arguing and to meet the agents of the Yankee traders from the far-off New America in the north. Voices, alternately suave and raucous, rose through the smoke above the round tables. In back rooms, the click of dice began again and soiled cards slapped the bare table tops. Glasses were filled as soon as they were emptied. At the hour of Cuba’s sudden dusk one day in late December the smiling proprietor of the Café de Cuba, recognizing among his guests a foreigner of means, left a lantern half filled with whale oil instead of merely a candle in his best council room where the game was one of wits and perseverance. Then reluctantly Señor Alvarez withdrew. The frowning Yankee trader cleared his throat.

“No, Señores,” he said in his slow Spanish, “I bought fine sugar in San Juan for less than that. Must I go back to Puerto Rico?”

The Cubans shifted restlessly in their chairs, and wearily the Yankee agent leaned his big frame back.

“But Señor Ferguson,” the Cuban spokesman said smoothly, “there is no sugar in the world so fine as Cuban sugar.”

They watched his face, they waited for his answer. The room was very still. Deep color rose slowly into Caleb Ferguson’s lean, angular face and the sugar merchants read its meaning. Unexpectedly, Señor Ferguson brought his doubled fist against the palm of his other hand, and the impact came loud in the room.

“No!” his voice was sharp and he knew his anger, held in check so long, was very near the surface. Behind his anger lay a dull, burning resentment that these men, so free with their false courtesy, so confident of their facile glibness, should take him for a fool.

“But the Señor is a man of judgment——”

Caleb Ferguson’s voice cut in on them like a Toledo blade.

“Señores, I have made my offer. It is more than I intended. Either you accept it or you do not. That is all!”

He had reached the limit of his patience and the Cubans, without a glance among them, knew their bargaining was over. Reluctantly, they agreed to accept a splendid profit instead of the grossly unfair one they wanted. Their spokesman shrugged his shoulders.

“Very well, Señor Ferguson,” he said sadly, “though we make nothing—nothing at all—we accept your offer. Now, a bit of rum—to rest the stomach and to celebrate your good fortune?”

They filled his glass and, lifting it, Caleb Ferguson rose. He towered above them, his thick red hair subdued in the shadows, his face filled with dissatisfied relief. He was not sure his father would be pleased with this transaction. Nevertheless, glad that it was over, glad that at last after days on the sea and hours of useless futile conversation he was free to seek a bit of pleasure in this capital of the island known everywhere as the Pearl of the Antilles, young Ferguson raised his glass.

“Let us drink to—drink to the Bishop of Havana,” he said suddenly. He had spoken on impulse. Why he said this he did not know, but instantly he saw that he had said the wrong thing. The Cubans’ faces openly mirrored their shocked surprise, and their suavity strained away from them.

“But Señor,” one of them protested quickly, “in Cuba one does not drink to a man who is dead.”

Their eyes, fat, greedy, suspicious, were ringed about him. Then Caleb Ferguson’s temper, resentfully held down so long and fed by his deep Scotch anger, snapped.

“Either we drink to your Bishop,” he cried, “or I buy my sugar from honest men!”

Suddenly, one of the Cubans pushed back his chair and overturned it on the floor. As though this were the signal all of them had been awaiting, they moved against the Yankee. The lantern crashed upon the table, and in an instant of blackened silence, fell with their drinking glasses to the tiles. In the darkness, young Ferguson hurled his glass at the head of the man he hated most and, doubling his fists, he fought.

When Caleb Ferguson opened his eyes the next day his head ached with a dull, persistent throb. It was a moment before his mind took him back to the grim memory of that instant last night before the blow that robbed him of consciousness descended
on his head in the Café de Cuba's darkened room. Those merchant dogs! All Cubans were dogs. Well, at least he had put up a good defense and he hoped he had shown a few of them that not all Yankees were the fools they believed. Looking away from the ceiling he realized that the sun was high in the sky and bright through the cracks of the sagging shutters at the one window of the bare little room where he lay on a narrow pallet of straw.

Rolling over heavily he looked about the room and saw that it contained a chair of scarred red wood that must be cedar, and a little cabinet of black wood which held a chipped basin of cheap porcelain, beside which stood two cedar pails of water. Over the cabinet hung a little mirror of imperfect glass and to one side of this a crucifix carved rudely of wood. Observing these details, the Yankee's mind unexpectedly reverted from the present and for the first time in years he actually remembered his own room in his father's house on Lighthouse Street near the Common of the New England town where he was born. In his room even now there were a large bed of turned maple posts and a chest of drawers with brass handles and a fireplace where, because in the north it was winter, there would be logs on the hearth. Running his hand over his eyes he rose, and in the mirror on the wall studied the red stubble on his face. Then he undressed and bathed in the water someone had left for him and dressed again. Hating Cuba and all it contained, he opened the door of the room and went out into a narrow hall and down the worn stairs.

The stairs led into a kitchen where before a hearth a short, fat woman with a round olive-skinned face and large brown eyes sat preparing food and singing to herself. At Caleb Ferguson's step she put aside her wooden bowl and stood. When she saw his embarrassment, she smiled.

"Good-day, Señor," the woman said. "You have slept well, I hope? I am Señora Orazio and you, Señor Ferguson, are my guest. Now I offer you food. Will you sit at the table over here?"

He realized suddenly he had had nothing to eat last night and that he was ravenously hungry. "Gracias, Señora," he murmured. The woman's eyes shone with pleasure.

"Ah, Señor," she said happily, "you speak Spanish! Bueno. The saints have sent you. It is the token I was promised in my dream of the last feast day."

She drew out his chair, and Caleb Ferguson sat at the table of Señora Orazio and ate the hot curry of rice and beans and the bread she busily put out before him.

"I am sorry my table is absent of wine," the woman said, "but I am a poor woman whose husband is dead. And I have five children, Señor, who eat with the relish of colts. In Havana, wine is enjoyed only by the rich and the idle."

But Caleb recalled the rum he had drunk with the merchants yesterday and the day before, and told her he wanted no wine. In silence he ate and listened to her running voice. When he had finished he rose and asked how he happened to be in her house.

"Oh," said Señora Orazio, volubly, "you were brought to my door last night by friends of Alvarez, who runs the Café de Cuba. It is by accommodating Alvarez in matters like this—and by sewing a little for the rich Marquesa de Montevideo who is kind to me—that I gather a living for my family. But you, Señor, are my guest."

Reaching into his pocket, Caleb drew out the money to pay her and was amazed when Señora Orazio refused to accept it.

"But why, Señora? It is a part of your living. You have never seen me before and you surely are not in my debt."

"But you do not understand, Señor! You are my Christmas guest." Her voice grew soft. "Tomorrow, Señor, is Christmas day—the day of the birth of the Infant Jesus. Surely you know that! In Cuba, to receive an unexpected Christmas guest brings good fortune for a year without end, and last year I had no guest."

Her voice fell and she looked away from him. For Caleb, the little kitchen was filled with a heavy and accusing silence. Glancing about it, he saw the clean-swept hearth, the scrubbed table top, the peppers and onions and gourds hanging from the narrow beams. Even the stone doorstep on which the ripe sunshine lay had been scoured while he slept. Señora Orazio spoke again, her voice low with sadness.

"I had no guest last year and the good Bishop died."
Caleb remembered the toast he had proposed last night and his folly in insisting it be drunk. To his own surprise he heard himself ask, "When did the Bishop die, Señora?"
"No one knows, Señor, the day. There
was a hurricane through all the islands. The Bishop had gone to Florida, to San Agustín, as he went each year because Florida is a part of the see. The Marquesa was in San Agustín too. And when the summer was over, Señor, the Bishop took a ship for Havana; the Marquesa stayed behind. And there was a hurricane at sea. Some sailors found the beams and the Bishop's writings in the sand of a little island. Everyone in Cuba tells the story, Señor, and it is very sad."

Señora Orazio wiped a tear from each eye.

"What was the Bishop like?"

"Oh, Señor, he was a splendid man! He was not old and he was not young. But he knew all things, Señor Ferguson. His face was clean and fine! To him the rich and the poor were one. I will tell you, Señor, about the Bishop of Havana."

She brought her hands together and now her eyes were shining.

"He came to see me once, Señor, on Three Kings Day! He could have ridden but he walked. He came into my house, into this room, and he called me by my name. I did not know he knew me. Oh, Señor, the excitement that I felt!

"He sat and talked and asked that I sit with him. My house might have been a palace! He was so kind and everybody loved him. Why, Señor, I can see him now. It is to me, Señor Ferguson, so beautiful that His Reverence might be here now in the room with us!"

Caleb cleared his throat.

"Was the Bishop a Cuban, Señora?" he asked.

"He was born in Spain, Señor, a gypsy lad. But he came to live in Cuba. He loved Cuba and he saw all the good that's in it. That day, Señor, the day he came here he asked my children's names and he blessed them all to a useful life. Then he stood and he was tall, Señor, almost as tall as you, and he went away and I shall never forget him as long as I live!"

When she stopped speaking the room was quiet and Caleb Ferguson sensed the peace of it. He did not know what to say.

"So you see, Señor Ferguson," Señora Orazio said, quietly, "unless you stay I shall have no Christmas guest. And I have told my children you are here. I sent them out of the house that their voices might not waken you."

Their eyes met, those of the tall Yankee trader, who had been away from his father's house too long, and those of a tired Cuban woman who once a year set aside the eternal problem of feeding her children to celebrate properly the Christ Child's birth. Caleb's anger at the craftiness of the dealers with whom he had talked yesterday softened; not all Cubans then were like those of Alvarez's customers who had sought to cheat him. He remembered the food he had just eaten, and out of her pleading there came to him the meaning of Christmas with his family gathered at home—all there but one.

"But I came to Havana to buy sugar," he said stubbornly.

"There will be as much sugar to buy in Havana on the day after Christmas as there is on the day before, Señor."

Shifting his weight from one foot to the other, Caleb Ferguson put his money back into his pocket and, amazed at himself, told Señora Orazio he would stay. Then he went through her kitchen door into the brilliant sunshine, feeling strangely exhilarated and whistling "Yankee Doodle" under his breath.
That afternoon, Caleb had his luggage, a single battered carpetbag that had accompanied him throughout the Caribbean and that had been twice to the Gold Coast of Africa, sent to the little yellow house of Señora Orazio. Emptying it in his room, he spent three hours filling it again in the shops on the plaza with gifts and trinkets that would catch the fancy of three little Cuban girls and two Cuban boys. And, at last, by way of the market stalls with a negro boy in attendance, he returned to Señora Orazio’s house. The six were gathered in the kitchen, the brown-skinned children wide-eyed and solemn, waiting to see the face of their Christmas guest. When he entered, the children standing in a row on the hearth piped shrilly:

“Good-day, Señor Ferguson. We are glad you have come.”

“Thank you, thank you,” Caleb said and put his carpetbag down by the door. Then he turned to the mother. “Look, Señora, we are going to have a feast!”

“Oh, Señor! Not a real feast?”

“Well, is not tomorrow Christmas Day?”

At once the room became a bedlam of excited voices. The negro boy piled the kitchen table with green vegetables, mangos, sweet potatoes, rice, beans, avocados and even three live chickens joining in the noise. Señora Orazio turned to Caleb and with tears in her eyes crossed herself.

“Mother of Heaven!” she cried. “May the good God bless you!”

That evening, after they had eaten their curry of rice and beans with a mango each because it was Christmas Eve, Señora Orazio took down her worn Prayer Book, a treasure given her by the Marquess de Montevideo, and read aloud from it. Caleb Ferguson, sitting apart from the others, smoked and stared at the strings of red peppers that hung from the narrow beams of the ceiling. Then at last, Señora Orazio closed her book and looking down at her children said:

“So you see that almost eighteen hundred years ago in a faraway land where there were stars in the sky at night just as there are stars tonight over Havana, a little Baby was born in a stable. There wasn’t even a house with a kitchen and rooms to sleep in like ours for the Baby’s mother to go to. And this Baby, I want you always to remember, is the hope of the world. You must believe in Him always and you must always be thankful for what God sends you.”

Long afterwards, in the years that followed, Caleb Ferguson was to remember that night and the quiet voice speaking slowly that he too might understand.

When the children had gone to bed, Caleb opened his carpetbag and laid out before Señora Orazio the gifts he had bought for her children. For Maria and Isabella there were squares of lace and colored beads, for little Beatriz, whose name Señora Orazio explained meant “she that makes happy,” a gold cross on a chain and a doll dressed in silk like a duchess. For Pedro there was a boat with sails like the Yankee ships forever in Havana’s harbor.

“And a wood-carving knife! Oh, Señor, how did you know that Juan cut out of a block the crucifix in your room? Señor, I am so happy, and they will be so happy they will not be able to believe it!”

Tears streamed down her face and she did not try to stop them. Then Señora Orazio explained to the Yankee trader the Spanish Christmas custom: how Christmas itself was reserved for a celebration of worship, and how the fortunate gave and received their gifts on Three Kings Day, the sixth of January. The Three Kings were the Wise Men of the East, Melchior, Bal-
thasar and Gaspar. On Three Kings Day every child who could walk or be carried assembled around the Plaza where the Wise Men, in the clothing of their land and times, arrived, in the absence of camels, on horseback with a toy for every child. The night before, the children gathered small boxes of grass for the Wise Men’s camels and left the boxes in likely places, expecting to find a gift the next morning in exchange for the grass. For days all the churches were open displaying replicas of the City of Jerusalem, the stable and the Infant in the Manger as well as other Biblical characters. So, with Señor Ferguson’s understanding, Señora Orazio asked if she might save his gifts until Three Kings Day.

“Certainly, Señora,” Caleb answered, and handed her a shawl of silk with silken fringe, a wooden fan whose handle was set with bits of silver, and a tall comb with black lace for a lady’s mantilla. The Señora took them up lovingly in her rough hands.

“Why—why they are fit for the Marquesa herself!” she breathed.

“And just who, Señora, is the Marquesa?” Caleb asked.

“Oh, Señor, I forgot you do not know. I am sorry. The Marquesa de Montevideo is a great lady. She is the greatest lady in all Havana. She is very rich and she frightens some, but she is kind, Señor. Everyone in Havana knows Her Grace. She was born in Rome and she was born a princess. She wears many jewels and she has a hacienda back in the hills near San Cristobal del Río.

“I see,” Caleb answered. Señora Orazio turned back to her gifts.

“Tomorrow I shall wear them,” she said happily, “when we go to the great mass in the Cathedral of Columbus!”

“But I am a Protestant, Señora,” Caleb said kindly.

She looked from her gifts to him.

“A church, Señor, is a church,” the woman answered quietly.

They left early, before they had eaten, Caleb shaved and wearing a fresh white stock, striding along with a proud Señora Orazio and her shining-faced children. In the Plaza de Armas they passed the palace of the Captain General, where on the balconies servants had opened the jalousies and were unfurling the morning rugs. In the Plaza the Señora pointed out to Caleb the Templete, where the first mass was celebrated in Havana, and the Fuerza, the second oldest building in all the Americas, where Hernando de Soto’s young bride had sat at an upper casement, straining her eyes for a first glimpse of her husband’s vessels on their return from the discovery of the great Mississippi. Already sunshine like a pale golden powder lay over Havana, gilding its roofs and its palms and even robbing of their grimness the coquina walls across the harbor of both El Castillo del Morro and the fortress of La Cabaña, about which people still repeated the jest of Charles III, King of Spain—that it cost so much it ought to be visible from his palace in Madrid.

They reached the Cathedral in a press of people and when the people parted to permit the passage of a regal old lady, Señora Orazio whispered excitedly to Caleb, “Look, Señor. It is the Marquesa herself!”

Over the heads of the others Caleb saw the Marquesa de Montevideo, one of the great personages in Havana who had been a personage in Spain in her young womanhood and a personage in Rome from the moment of her birth. Her jewels glittered in the brilliant sunshine, and in her face, sharp-featured and proud, Caleb saw what he fancied could be only the tolerant softening of time. He had no way of knowing the full meaning of the Bishop’s passing to her; he saw her only as an old lady of great spirit who had dealt, and would deal as long as she lived, roundly with life. Then he saw that she was not alone.

Beside her walked a young woman of graceful carriage who wore a high comb and mantilla of black lace falling in folds around her vivid face. Her face was oval and her features, from her long black lashes, lowered slightly as if to shut off from sight the faces of those who looked at her, to her full red mouth, were Castilian at their best. She wore a single scarlet camellia at her throat.
“And who,” Caleb asked Señora Orazio, “is with the Marquesa?”

“That is Señorita Clara, Her Grace’s grandniece.”

The little party, followed by a page boy carrying their kneeling carpets, moved on and at the Marquesa’s nod to her sewing woman, Señora Orazio curtseyed. Then she drew herself up like a Madrileña. With Caleb and her children she entered the Cathedral. Inside the cool dark cavern they found places and knelt, Caleb beside Juan at the end of the row.

“So you see that almost eighteen hundred years ago in a faraway land . . . a little Baby was born . . . And this Baby, I want you always to remember, is the hope of the world. You must believe in Him always and you must always be thankful for what God sends you . . .”

At last Caleb raised his head and, because he was taller than those about him, he was able to pick out in the gloom the bowed head of the Marquesa’s grandniece. He could not remember when he had seen anyone so lovely. Havana, then, extended beyond its own waterfront and Caleb, suddenly thinking this, was glad he had been permitted to learn it.

He moved his eyes to note the treasures about him, rich, costly vestments, embroidered in gold and silver thread and semi-precious stones, solid silver tabernacles and monstrances, wood carvings and paintings brought from Spain. He became aware of the candles, the incense, an intoning voice, all so different from the little white church with its high white steeple, facing a spread of grass hidden now in snow, that he remembered from his childhood and youth. Now, perhaps at this moment his family, his father and his mother, his brothers and sisters with their wives and husbands and their children were all making ready to enter that church. In his mind, he could see them as clearly as though he were with them, the men pausing at the church door to shake the snow from their shoulders, speaking to their neighbors, the people they had known all their lives, everyone with a “Merry Christmas” on his breath. And in that group there would be another, someone he too had known always, a girl named Hester Dunthorne. He could see her now, wearing a dress of silk and a jacket of dark fur, her face glowing from the cold. Unexpectedly, Caleb remembered that Hester Dunthorne parted her gold hair in the middle to let it fall in ringlets, and that her eyes were the blue of cornflowers. Instead of a scarlet camellia, she would be wearing a cameo pinned in the white lace at her throat. She too would bow her head on Christmas Day.

For a moment this wanderer who had been to far places, who even spoke a foreign tongue, caught the universality of religion in its broadest sense. Up there in the little frame church, here in the elaborate Cathedral that contained the dark cask holding the mortal ashes of Christopher Columbus, people bent their heads in the selfsame worship.

The boy Juan leaned slightly toward Caleb Ferguson and whispered behind his hand.

“We are praying now for everything the good Bishop has taught us. Will you pray too?”

Suddenly the memory of the toast he had proposed to the Cuban sugar merchants at the Café de Cuba came back to Caleb and filled him with both shame and understanding. He had not meant to commit a near sacrilege.

He bent his head.

“A church,” the woman had said, “is a church.”

A few days after Christmas Caleb went one afternoon to the Café de Cuba and spoke quietly to Alvarez beyond the watchful hearing of the cafe patrons. At once Alvarez showed him into the best council room and, bowing, went out. It was some moments before he heard the door open again. He turned to see the sugar merchants.

“Come in, Señores,” he said.

They came silently into the room. Caleb crossed to the table.

“I have sent for you, Señores,” he said, “to offer my apologies.”

For a moment there was no sound in the room. Then simultaneously the suspicion vanished from the faces of the Cubans. They broke into smiles and found their approving voices all at once. At last they let Caleb speak.

“In the time since we last met,” he said, “I have learned something valuable to me.
I am not sure I can put it into words. It is merely a feeling, a lesson in understanding, but I feel it very strongly. I understand, Señores, why you did not wish to drink to the Bishop of Havana—and I offer you my apologies. I trust you will accept.”

Again the room was filled with voices and, above them all, Caleb heard the spokesman say:

“The Señor will recall I said before he is a man of judgment. We are touched, Señor, and grateful.”

“No,” Caleb said, “shall we sit and continue our negotiations?”

An hour later he returned to Señora Orazio’s house in high spirits with his business in Havana accomplished to his utmost satisfaction.

Two ladies, splendidly dressed, sat on Señora Orazio’s stiff little chairs. Caleb, recognizing the Marquesa de Montevideo and her grandniece, bowed to withdraw when Señora Orazio spoke excitedly.

“Please, Señor! Her Grace has said she would like to meet you.” And then Señora Orazio, in her best manner, picked up in the Marquesa’s house, presented her Christmas guest to the ladies. Acknowledging the introduction and trailing her black lace on the floor, the Marquesa rose.

“Come, Clara,” she said, and to Señora Orazio, “then, Maria, you will bring the children as usual, after they have been to the Plaza?”

“Oh, yes, Your Grace. And a thousand thanks, Your Grace.”

“Goodbye, Maria. Go with God. Come, Clara.”

Señorita Clara spoke quickly.

“But, Amita, have you not forgotten something?”

The Marquesa looked questioningly at her niece.

“You have not asked Señor Ferguson to the ball.”

“Ferguson?” The Marquesa repeated his name and turned her black eyessearchingly on the Yankee trader “You are the one who thrashed those rascals in a café brawl the other night? Oh, don’t look so surprised; I still listen to a bit of backstairs gossip. I’m not too old for that. And Baca, my maid, hears everything that is no concern of hers.

“Tomorrow, Señor, I am giving a ball—after the little fiesta in the kitchens for the children of my servants—in celebration of Twelfth Night. It carries out a custom I have set, and ends the feast of Three Kings Day. This year it will be small because we mourn the passing of the Bishop, but I still am giving it—as he would be the last to wish it canceled. You will do me and my grandniece the honor of attending?”

Caleb bowed.

“You both are very kind,” he said. “And I accept with pleasure.”

Caleb, dressed in splendid clothes that the best tailor he could find had finished fitting only a few hours before, stood alone in the doorway to the Marquesa’s favorite crested balcony. He was staring at the moon. The moon rode high overhead, and below the balcony the street was filled with silver radiance. From inside the palace the sound of music, quick and stirring, reached beyond him into the night. It was a moment before he caught, above the music, the rustling of cloth. He turned to find Doña Clara at his elbow.
"You are not enjoying the ball?" she said.
"Oh, yes!" he answered quickly.
"But you are not dancing." She raised her fan and over its rim let her dark eyes dwell on his. "You have not even danced with me."

His surprise at her candor and his pleasure that she should care were visible in his face.

"But that is impossible, Señorita," he said. "To begin with, I could not get near enough to you—for all the courtiers in your train. And in the second place, I dance differently."

She closed her fan. Her eyes were sparkling.

"You are different, Señor Ferguson, from anyone I have ever met. Even if it were true, no Cuban would admit that he danced differently."

"But I am not a Cuban, Señorita."
"No," she said. Her voice, young and alive, ran on. "You were thinking when I came up and interrupted you. Tell me, Señor, were you thinking of a girl?"

She watched the color rise into his face.
"Please tell me. I want to know."
"Yes," he said.
"Is she fair?"
"Yes, she is fair."
"And she is lovely?"
"Yes, she is lovely."

A little silence came between them. It was Caleb who broke the silence.

"Señorita, there is something I want to say to you. I owe you a debt of gratitude. When I watched you enter the Cathedral on Christmas Day it was you who made me think of her."

Her eyebrows rose in arches of interrogation.
"I?"

From somewhere came the scent of mignonette. It seemed to mingle with the music.

"Yes. When I saw how lovely you are, I remembered that she is lovely, too."

She flashed a brilliant smile at him, and looked away.

"Ah, Señor," she said lightly, "I see that after all at heart you are a Cuban. Come—shall we go sip some punch?"

The next morning Caleb rose before the others in the little house, and, going quietly down into the kitchen, left some money on the table that the good Señora Orazio might know he had gone. He left the kitchen by the faded, shuttered door just as the sun broke through the pearl grey clouds that foamed in Havana's sky. In the street, early risers turned to stare at the tall red-headed man whose carpetbag banged against his leg and who whistled a foreign tune they had never heard—"Yankee Doodle". At the door to the Café de Cuba he spoke to the smiling Alvarez who was opening up his shutters, and inwardly smiled at the turn the folly of his toast had taken.

Down at the wharves he dropped his bag to the ground and stood in silence looking out upon the white sails of the Yankee ship that had come in the night. Somewhere, beyond those sails, he saw the face of Hester Dunthorne. His eyes were toward the north, toward the square white house that, even from here, he could see framed in the stripped, wintry elms of Lighthouse Street two thousand miles away. Upon his head and shoulders, upon the ground at his feet, Havana's rich golden sun spread itself so that involuntarily he squared himself in it as though against a New England wind, and, when he raised his face, there was in his eyes the strong, lasting look of tranquil yet defiant victory that he knew some day would bring him back to Havana, but that now would lead him home.
A Press Agent for Santa Claus

VAN DYNE PELL

When we think of Clement Clarke Moore we have in mind a poet of distinction and seldom pay heed to the talent and character of the man who composed the most widely known Christmas rhyme in the English language.

The fact is Moore made a name for himself in the realm of letters long before his whimsical poem "A Visit From St. Nicholas" gave joy and happiness to a multitude of little folk the world over. Columbia University counts Clement Clarke Moore as one of her sons; and he had the right to append the designation of LL.D. after his name. Moreover, at the age of thirty he compiled a lexicon of Hebrew, first of its kind in America. It is an opus of two volumes with a thousand pages which contain an explanation of every word in the Psalms. As a result of the work he was recognized as the outstanding student of judaica writing in this country.

Doctor Moore trained for the ministry, but spent his life as an educator. For nearly thirty years he served the General Theological Seminary, acting as professor of Bible study and later holding the chair of Greek and Oriental literature.

Like many of us, the good Doctor dabbled a bit in public affairs. Once he gave Thomas Jefferson a rough overhauling. Who was right or wrong is a matter of opinion, and I am not the one to pass judgment. But anyhow the Sage of Monticello started the trouble by publishing some scientific interpretations of nature in a book called "Notes On Virginia".

The book is harmless enough, if measured by modern standards. It is a comprehensive statistical report of the activities and natural resources of Virginia at the close of the eighteenth century, plus some editorial comment by the author. It lists a vast store of information including, for example, items concerning the Indian tribes, military forces, customs and mineral wealth.

This was all very well, but when our third President stopped recording statistics and began to expound what were then considered radical theories about the formation of the earth's crust, he nettled Moore greatly.

It seems that in tramping around the back country Jefferson discovered fossil shells high and dry on the hill tops of his native state. The discovery of shells embedded in stone far above sea level and the action of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers cutting their way through rocky ledges to tidewater led him to believe that the mountains and streams were of different age. That is to say, he came to the conclusion that the mountains were formed first and the rivers followed after.

Although Jefferson sensed the difference in time between the formation of the mountains and waterways, he was at loss to explain the phenomenon. The flood of biblical history, he said, could not account for the fossil shells found inland at high elevations. He discounted the doctrine because it ran contrary to physical law. Also he rejected the principle about gigantic forces thrusting up mountain ranges from where once there was ocean bottom. So in the end Jefferson chose ignorance in preference to error and declared that one who believes nothing is nearer the truth than one who believes what is wrong.

Of course, a copy of the notes fell into the hands of Moore whose conception of Creation took root in the word of Genesis: "And God said, let the waters under the heaven be gathered unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so."

Vexed by the unorthodox reasoning, Doctor Moore retaliated with a pamphlet of his own in a style similar to that of 1939. The broadside he fired back at Jefferson had all the thunder of an outburst by our old friend Constant Reader, who sometimes is not satisfied entirely with the way affairs of state are going in Washington.

Moore wrote in part: "We hear him extolled by the majority of our people as a profound philosopher; he has been appointed the head of our nation and the guardian of our morals; his book has passed through several editions and is silently doing its work, aided by the numerous friends and
Poetry, you see, was only a sideline—something dashed off for the entertainment of the little Moores—and that is why we are privileged to read the masterpiece that begins with the words:

"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE;"

There are at least two versions as to what inspired Moore to write his classic little ballad. One is that his wife, who happened to be packing gifts on Christmas Eve of 1822, dispatched the Doctor for an extra turkey in order to complete a basket of provisions for a family in the neighborhood. It was a clear night with the moonlight beaming over the snow-covered ground. Evidently the beauty of the scene fired the spark of authorship, for upon fulfilling the mission, he retired to his study and jotted down the poem in no time at all, so to speak.

The other report came directly from the author and probably supplements the story about the last minute shopping expedition. When interviewed on his eighty-third birthday by a representative of the New York Historical Society, Moore credited an obscure Hollander with the basic thought, saying a portly Dutchman, an acquaintance of his, suggested the idea of making St. Nicholas the principal figure of a Christmas rhyme.

The poem traveled a roundabout route into print. Moore read the script to his family as a Yuletide message. A year later, in 1823, it appeared anonymously in the "Troy Sentinel," a newspaper of upstate New York. A member of the Doctor's household copied the original lines, and a mutual friend passed on the reproduction to the publisher. And the brashness of the act displeased the author, who considered the composition of juvenile poetry beneath the dignity of a Grade A educator.

Even twenty-one years after the first printing of "A Visit From St. Nicholas" Doctor Moore failed to recognize the true worth of his work. In 1884, when he issued the verses in book form along with thirty-six other poems from his pen, he stated in a lengthy preface addressed to his children: "Notwithstanding the partiality of you and my friends, I feel much reluctance to publish this volume; and I have much doubt of its merit." Since then the poem has been published thousands of times—in papers, textbooks and magazines—and translated into foreign languages throughout the world.

The Doctor was the only child of a distinguished prelate of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The elder Moore, the Right Reverend Benjamin, took his ecclesiastical orders in England in 1774 and upon return to New York became Assistant Rector of Trinity Parish on Broadway at the head of Wall Street. The father sympathized with the British during our struggle for independence; and when the shooting stopped the Patriots paid him in kind. To illustrate, for seven years the church authorities thought it best to withhold his appointment as Rector, waiting until the clamor over his Tory tendencies had abated. However, he weathered the storm of resentment. He officiated in a minor capacity at the inauguration of Washington, administered communion to Alexander Hamilton after the fatal duel with Burr and finally carved out a career as the second Episcopal Bishop of New York.

Young Clement came into wealth on the maternal side of the family. His mother, Charity, was the daughter of Thomas Clarke, a major in the English army, who owned a manor house and many acres of land on the lower west side of Manhattan. The major named his estate in honor of a famous military hospital in London; and from that time on the locality about the ancestral home has been known as "Chelsea".

Clement Clark Moore's life span bridged the era between the American Revolution and the Civil War. He lived almost eighty-four years. And perhaps he learned, before it was all finished, that writing a happy-go-lucky poem brought more fame than a lifetime of study. But he never dreamed that each Christmas children would assemble and sing carols where his dust rests in a green hillside on Broadway.
WHEN one faces the pleasant task of considering music in which the spirit of Christmas is expressed, one instinctively turns to those compositions that are musical settings of lovely Christmas verses—hymns, choruses, solo songs, and carols. This may be partly due to the fact that one knows that in this field there is a double possibility that desired effects are definitely secured. There may also be another reason and one with an historical background. When Christ was born, the angels sang “Glory to God in the Highest”.

One of the loveliest expressions of this type of music is the verse song. Here there is a very wide selection. In this field our American composers, especially the women, have shown a great interest and have made some very fine contributions. Mabel Daniels has chosen “Mary’s Cradle Song” as the title of a delightful composition with violin obbligato and Mary Turner Salter left us a lovely “Manger Song”. This second number is uniquely interesting musically, in that it has a capella quartet that replaces the organ accompaniment here and there.

In this field of Christmas music with words, probably the most widely known and most used are the hymns. If we look through any church hymnal we shall find many that have been written by American authors and composers.

In 1830 Lowell Mason made a very adequate setting of “Watchman, Tell Us of the Night” and some fifty years later, George Whitefield Chadwick composed some delightful music for the charming lines:

“O Child of lowly manger birth
On whose low cry the ages wait,
Lead us thy way, and, every day
Guide us to see what made thee great.”

Another group of verses printed among the hymns of the church and greatly beloved is “O Little Town of Bethlehem”, written by Phillips Brooks when he was preaching at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. Inspiration for these lines was derived from a trip to Bethlehem that the author had taken during one Christmas season. A musical setting was made by Lewis Redner, organist of Dr. Brooks’ church, and its first performance was a part of the program of the Christmas service presented by the Church School of Holy Trinity in 1868. The biographer of Phillips Brooks tells us in a footnote that the fourth verse was never published after the first performance and so is scarcely known to many of us.

“Where children pure and happy
Pray to the Blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee
Son of the Mother mild;
Where charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.”

This verse was replaced by the fifth verse and the hymn printed as containing only four stanzas. Whether the original fourth verse added to the hymn is uncertain, for Mr. Redner’s music, beautiful in itself, assured the popularity of any or all stanzas.

A similar type of Christmas music that depends, like the hymns, on group participation for its success, are the many choruses. We find them as separate compositions and as a part of oratorios and cantatas.

We thrill at Handel’s “Messiah” but we also rejoice in the many interesting choruses from the pens of our own composers. Horatio Parker’s “Holy Child,” Op. 37, is one of these. Many years later Franz Bornschein chose a text from the scriptures and hymnology and also constructed a work in the larger musical form for voices. This composition has the title of “The Word Made Flesh”. Both compositions

CHRISTMAS
IN SONG

JANET CUTLER MEAD
have orchestral accompaniments, and a children's chorus is included by Mr. Bornschein to give additional interest to his work.

Many American composers have written separate choruses for the Christmas season. A few have taken a worthy poem as a text, such as "Light" by Garth Edmondson and A. Walter Kramer's "Before the Paling of the Stars". Many have chosen old European carols as the source of inspiration. Harvey Gaul's arrangement of the ancient Polish "Carol of the Doves"; and Clarence Dickinson's treatment of the Swiss sacred folksong "Little Child in Manger Bare" and the Italian carol "Is this the Way to Bethlehem" are three noteworthy examples.

The use of carols introduces the type of Christmas music that is considered by many people to be the truest expression of the spirit of the season—the Christmas folk carols. They are humble like the Christ Child and exalted in their quaint simplicity. In fact, some one has called them the "masterpieces of tantalizing simplicity" which seems a most descriptive caption for these musical gems.

The word carol was probably derived from "rola", an interjection of joy and from "cantare", meaning "to sing". The lyrics were written in dance measure and were sung by folk dancing in a ring. Carols were the expressions through music of the everyday thoughts and activities of the people.

The carol was used in the Crib Ceremonies of the fourteenth century, but was at its height in the fifteenth century. They could have been found in most of the countries of Europe. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the carol was brought to our land by the people who settled in our Southern Appalachian Mountains.

Among the most outstanding carols found in this country is the Coventry Carol, also known as "Lulle Lullay". This was recorded in the state of Tennessee and is one of the loveliest of the Virgin Mother's Cradle songs woven around the idea of the slaughter of the children through the cruelty of Herod. Another fifteenth century carol of note is "The Seven Joys of Mary" which was found in North Carolina. This is one of the choicest carols written in the characteristic lilting rhythm, with a refrain of praise.

"Come all ye out of the Wilderness, And glory be, Father, son and the Holy Ghost, Thro' all eternity."

Sometimes the refrain does not come in the expected place in a carol, but often before each verse. This happens in the carol "Jesus, Jesus, Rest Your Head" which was located in Kentucky. Sometimes the refrain is a line of every verse. In the carol "Down in Yon Forest" recorded in North Carolina, the refrain makes up the second and fourth lines of all seven verses.

"Sing May, Queen May, Sing Mary!
Sing all good men for the newborn Baby!"

One of the finest and most widely known of the fifteenth century carols is the Cherry Tree carol. It has been found in fragments all over the state of Kentucky and has been successfully recorded by John Jacob Niles. It has ten verses which tells a complete story of Mary and Joseph and the Cherry Tree, in a language that contains many quaint expressions. The eighth verse especially is worth noting.

"Then the cherry tree, hit bowed low down, Hit bowed down to the ground, the ground, And gentle Mary helped herself, To cherries without a sound."
Another example of the crude vernacular of the day is found in a carol recorded in Kentucky:

“Sing all men ’tis Christmas morning
Jesus Christ the Son’s a-borning.

Seek not earthly power and pelf,
But thro’ your Jesus save yourself.”

The last verse of this carol thinks ahead to the “cruel tree” upon which Jesus “will die in place of you and me” and shows how rapidly fifteenth century thought developed to describe the whole life of Christ. Another carol of this type is “Jesus Born in Beth’ny” which was recorded in Virginia. The opening verse ends with the line:

“Jesus born in Beth’ny, and in a manger lay.”

The eight verses that follow deal with the betrayal, death and burial of Christ, while the tenth and last verses finish with this line:

“Jesus then ascended up to his Father’s throne.”

This depth of thought is found in many carols. It is so profound in one carol that was recorded in North Carolina that its beauty can only be reproduced by quoting in full.

1

“I wonder as I wander, out under the sky
How Jesus the Saviour did come for to die,
For poor on’ry people like you and like I
I wonder as I wander, out under the sky.

2

When Mary birthed Jesus, ’twas in a cow’s stall,
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all.

But high from the heavens a star’s light did fall,
And the promise of ages it then did recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky or a bird on the wing.
Or all of God’s angels in heaven for to sing,
He surely could have had it, ’cause he was the King.”

After these three verses the first verse is repeated which adds greatly to the depth of meaning of the carol.

The carols with their quaintness of line and profundity of thought were handed down orally from one generation to another. In many cases they have been changed and often additions have been made. Sometimes they have been lost. These facts make it important that the carols should be recorded and preserved.

For several years now, many of our musicians have shown an interest in this delightful type of music and they are seeking out the carols found in our Southern Appalachian Mountains. The work is only begun, for that section of the country is a gold mine for folklore and there are doubtless portions that have not as yet been touched.

The task of collecting these carols and making them live again is a difficult one. Patience is perhaps the first requisite, as is shown in the following tale told by a collector of carols in our Southern mountains. A certain Christmas carol was known to be sung by an old lady who was dying and it was the earnest desire of this collector to record the words and melody before she passed on. She would sing a little and wait for hours before continuing. Finally, after patient waiting, the whole was heard and the carol that seemed to be the personal possession of this old lady, recorded. A keen sense of values must also be held by a collector of carols, for he or she must recognize the carol that has retained its vitality sufficiently to make it of present interest. It must also be true to the age in which it was first conceived, for the sincerity of a carol constitutes its charm. This task of preserving the carols may not be an easy one but it is very fascinating.
It is a work of great importance not only for the present, but for the future. The value of carols will increase with time, not only as songs of a people, but also as theme material for compositions both in the smaller and larger musical forms. An example of this is found in Annabel Morris Buchanan’s anthem for mixed voices called “Jesus Born in Bethlehem”, the theme of which is a folk carol recorded in West Virginia.

In addition to the music expressing the spirit of Christmas through both words and melody, there is considerable music that is expressive of the season through the music alone. There are many cradle songs, notably “Berceuse”, Op. 40, No. 2 for violin and piano by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. There is another Christmas composition for violin and piano from the pen of Cecil Burleigh which is called “Yuletide”. Albert Spalding has composed an “Andantino” for this same medium of expression that is likewise suited to the Christmas season. For piano alone, Charles Haubiel has given the title of “Madonna” to one of his set of “Miniatures for Piano” and Elizabeth Gest has arranged the well known choral, “Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring” for two pianos. For organ, Dudley Buck composed a Noel to which he gave the name of “Holy Night” and James H. Rogers wrote a “Christmas Pastorale”.

Whether the spirit of Christmas is expressed through words and a lovely melody or through pure melody, the music is ours to enjoy—and what would Christmas be without music?

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Neige Noel

GRACE YOKE WHITE

I went to town to shop today,
And though the sky was dullest gray,
To me it shone a winter blue—
I held my shopping list for you.

I saw a book with a vivid back,
A gorgeous scarf on a painted rack;
A vase of silver on a velvet stand,
Riot of color for an artist’s hand.

The newest songs held my lingering eye,
I read the titles as I passed by;
A picture where the sea-gulls flew,
A shaded nook where violets grew.

Brass ornaments of dragons bold,
Christmas stories manifold;
Apples of gold in baskets of green,
And dancing slippers of burnished sheen.

Strings of tinsel and ribbons of red,
Ropes of pearls in a creamy bed;
Rings and pins and bracelets of gold,
And trinkets of ivory—ages old.

What should I buy for you, my dear,
Christmas Day was drawing near,
I lost my list in a crowded place,
And chose for you the silver vase.
"Comfort Me With Apples . . ."

SUSAN ROGERS MORTON

"Comfort me with apples for I am sick of love."—Songs of Solomon 2:5.

Sugar and spice and everything nice

did not only apply to the composition of little girls, for in the period we know as Colonial not only did spices play a very important part in cookery, but they also served in the gentler arts and handicrafts of the day.

One of the favorite uses for fragrant, whole cloves was in the making of "Love" or "Comfort Apples". These were made by taking perfectly sound apples—the old-time russet was a favorite—and completely filling the surface with whole cloves as symmetrically as possible. Those without the "head" or perfect blossom end were discarded.

In the South, oranges were used in the same way, but the tough skin of the orange made it a rather more difficult task than when apples were used.

It was the pleasant custom then to send one of these apples as an expression of felicitation or sympathy, much as we send flowers today. The practically imperishable nature of the gift symbolized the donor's lasting esteem.

These apples have been known to keep in perfect condition for over a century, still retaining much of their spicy aroma. A more practical use of these "Comfort Apples" is to put them among the woolens as a moth preventative for which they are both effective and pleasing.

The fashioning of allspice chains provided common use of whole allspice. These were made by soaking the berries overnight to soften them enough so that they could be pierced by a needle. They were then strung on waxed linen thread and alternated with beads. The one pictured, made

"LOVE" OR "COMFORT APPLES" AND A "COMFIT BOX"
of allspice and bronze beads, is most effective. As gifts, these fragrant chains also expressed a sentiment of lasting friendship.

By the clever use of wire, beads and both whole cloves and allspice, baskets were fashioned and were familiar ornaments on parlor tables. Some of the color designs and arrangements showed excellent taste and painstaking skill.

Mats, both oval, round and octagonal, provided another use for spices as a medium of ornament. These mats were also enlivened by brightly colored beads.

However, one of the most common uses of spices was in the filling of the "Comfit Box" which was sometimes a small wooden box, either plain or decorated, but more often was of lacquered tin. Comfits was the term generally used to designate the various seeds and spices that filled these little boxes which were carried in the capacious pockets of older matrons' skirts.

During the long sermons these tidbits were useful in pacifying the restive spirits of the children, and sometimes even the elders were glad of something to lessen the tedium of an hour-long sermon!

The spices in the box in the picture, which belonged to the wife of a Salem sea captain whose ship, the Sumatra, sailed for Canton and India, and brought back, according to the clearing papers, a cargo including spices and camphor, cloves and allspice, bits of stick cinnamon and orris root, cardemon seed, dried lovage and coriander seed, besides pieces of slippery elm bark. The latter was probably carried to relieve an irritated throat.

Lovage and coriander were gathered from the herb garden, and so savor less of the romance of those things that came in ships. Coriander seeds were the basis of the well-known "Comfits" of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The seeds were dipped in a syrup made from finely pounded loaf sugar, then, before they were dry, dusted with wheat flour and this repeated until they assumed the size and shape of white berries. A hair sieve was used to dust them in. They would then keep for an indefinite period. Wintergreen berries were also used in the same way and made a pleasing confection.

Perhaps, as the women and girls sat and fashioned these pungent bits, something of the romance of far-off lands touched them and they wove dreams of the great world beyond the seas that so many of their fathers, husbands and sweethearts knew into these forms of lasting fragrance.
WHEN the last shout that had greeted the news of the surrender at Yorktown had died away, the soldiers began getting back to their homes as best they could.

Captain Grip, with Washington's inspiring words of farewell ringing in his ears, felt that everything he had ever wished for had been secured. The tyranny of England had been thrown off, every man was free to live and work as he chose; it was with a light heart that he started on his journey home.

But many other soldiers had preceded him on that journey. People along the way were beginning to be tired of feeding hungry soldiers. His pay, worthless scrip, would buy him nothing.

A shrewish woman, berating him for a loafer, wounded Captain Grip as that open-hearted, genial person had never been hurt in all his years of rough army life. He tried to find some work to buy food on the way and save his self respect, but there was no work to be had. Groups of idle men were loitering about the taverns and wharves everywhere.

As he came into Connecticut, he saw a familiar face. Tom Tryon, who had been a boy fifer at Bunker Hill, greeted him.

"Captain Grip!" he shouted. "Glad to see you!"

"This your home town?" asked Grip gruffly, ashamed to show how moved he was by the youth's greeting.

"No. My home's up the Connecticut River, above Middletown. I'm down here on my cousin's sloop. How come you're here?"

"Oh, I'm on my way home from Yorktown."

"Bycricky! You've a long way to go yet. You're from up Springfield way, ain't you?"

"Yes. Some ways beyond."

"Look here!" and the young man's eyes shone, "you come down to the dock with me and meet my cousin, Tom Shailer. He'll give you a lift in his sloop."

Grip protested, but young Tryon insisted on dragging him down to the wharf where Grip met another hearty welcome.

They had little to offer him on the sloop, Lion—a plate of beans with a scrap of salt pork, and a bunk in a corner of a crowded cabin with a sack of meal for a pillow; but Grip's buoyant spirits revived as the full sails bore him along the Sound and up the Connecticut River to Hartford. "Sorry. Can't take you farther. This here is head of tidewater. Good luck to
ye," and his friends shook his hand in goodby.

Just above Hartford he came to the mansion of Oliver Ellsworth; and there to his surprise a negro servant had been stationed beside the road to invite each passing soldier to come in to rest and eat.

With the heartening comfort of the first full dinner in months, Captain Grip now hurried on. He was soon on well-known ground, seeing every now and then a man he knew. A hearty welcome greeted him in Greenfield. No man in northwestern Massachusetts was more loved than Captain Grip. His wife's pale face grew young and happy, and she looked on him with pride, as friends and relatives came in to greet him.

But after a few days, all the rejoicings were over. The excitement of homecoming subsided. The time came when Captain Grip had to face the facts of a neglected and mortgaged blacksmith shop, an empty pantry, and a suffering wife who needed care.

"I hear your friend, Captain Grip, is having hard luck," said Haezel Ransom to Martin, as they were talking down by the saw mill.

"What's happened? I hain't seen him since he first got back."

"He lost his business—his blacksmith shop, you know."

"I didn't know that!"

"Fact. He mortgaged it to feed his family while he was out soldiering. He left his nephew to run it, but he wasn't much good at it, I guess. Business fell off, and the place was in bad shape when Grip came home. Then when he couldn't meet the interest on the mortgage, the man holding it foreclosed."

"That's hard!"

"You bet it's hard. Grip was all cut up about it, they say. Didn't know what he was a-going to do. Finally thought he'd turn his house into a tavern. Built an ell onto it himself, they tell me, and got all set up to do business; but not much comes his way. His wife's pretty sick, too. 'Fraid she won't last much longer."

"That's a damn shame!" broke in Lieutenant Nash, who had been listening. "Captain Grip is one of the finest men I've ever known. He gave the best years of his life to his country. Now he's without a shilling and a rascally stay-at-home-money-lender takes his business."

"Yea, and his wife will starve before this blessed country does anything for him either," growled James Shay, a newcomer to the Falls.

"A man wears himself out fighting to free his country, and then his country lets his property be taken away from him. Let him fight for his rights, I say."

"Them's dangerous words, Shay," said Deacon Allis, the owner of the grist mill, quietly. "If you spent as much time tending crops and mending your roof as you do finding fault with the government, your family'd be better off."

"What do you know about it? You've got plenty," mumbled Shay, spitting viciously into the flume.

"I know I've been fortunate," replied Deacon Allis, talking as much to the men in general as to Shay. "And I put in six full days a week trying to keep things a-going here so those as is depending on me
won’t go hungry. I’ve lost as much as any man in this town this last year since I bought these mills; but I’m not giving up. We’ve all got to be patient, work hard, and things will come along all right.”

Shay gave a derisive snort, and slouched off up the lane to his dilapidated shack on the river bank.

“Glad you give it to him,” said Ransom. “Times is hard, but we’ve been luckier here in Shelburne than most places nearby. Anyway there’s food at least for all, thanks to you, Deacon, the way you’ve run your mill. I’ve got faith in Washington. He’ll pull us out of this, but we’ve got to give him a chance. It will take time.”

There were hundreds of men like Captain Grip in western Massachusetts, earnest, hard-working men just passing the prime of life, who had given their best years to their country’s service. Their farms and everything they owned had now slipped out of their hands, their army pay for the last few years was valueless, and the men, who had stayed at home and profited during the war, now bought up these foreclosed properties for a fraction of their value.

There was no way for a man to make a living now. Congress was in a hopeless muddle. State prejudices became stronger and stronger, and the men holding public offices seemed to be moved only by personal interests. In the treaty of peace, England had held out that the Tories in the United States should not lose their property. This was a bitter grievance to the impoverished patriots.

No wonder men everywhere were in despair, and many fine citizens with high ideals were swept along by the words of unprincipled vicious leaders to whom war had been an exciting and stimulating adventure, and who had no stamina for making good under normal conditions. In groups, these discouraged patriots stood and talked over their problems, becoming more and more outraged at the foreclosures and evictions which increased every time the courts met. For a short time, mobs in Springfield and Northampton tried to prevent the courts from sitting. Then Daniel Shay became the name on everyone’s lips, and many men called themselves with pride and hopefulness “Shay’s Men”.

“He’s coming up here some day soon, Shay is,” Captain Grip rode over to tell his friends at the Falls. “You must hear him.”

“Wasn’t this Daniel Shay in the army?” asked Martin.

“He was a captain before the war ended. With Lafayette.”

“Oh, him!” broke in Elisha Barnard, contemptuously.

Captain Grip glared at him, but Barnard went on. “Everybody knew about him when we was down at West Point. He was sent out to get recruits. Seemed to be especially good at it. First thing anyone knew, he had recruited a whole company, and when he got ’em down to headquarters, it come out that he had signed up each one of ’em to serve only on condition that he be captain of their company. The officers were madder ’an hell; but they needed men like all get out, so they finally gave him his commission. But none of ’em was ever friendly with him, and his men never had proper respect for him, neither.”

“Him selling the sword Lafayette gave him made ’em all mad,” put in Barnard’s younger brother, Dave.

“What was that?” asked young Martin, who was looking keenly from one to another of the faces of the men about him.

Captain Grip twisted uncomfortably on the settle and cleared his throat.

“Yes, I know,” he said testily, “Mebbe he did show poor judgment.”

“Damn sight more than poor judgment,” cried Barnard. “Lafayette gave each of his officers a sword,” he told the younger men, “something most men would prize and treasure to pass down to their son. But not Shay! He sold it first chance he found anyone who’d give a few dollars for it. He’s brave, I admit, but he hasn’t any real judgment or wisdom.”

“I heard he’s related to James Shay here at the Falls,” remarked Samuel.

“Is he?” exclaimed his father.

“Yes. He’s his brother,” Barnard told them. “You all know how much James Shay amounts to.”

Severance and his son looked at each other and smiled. It was just the day before that Sophie and Sally had been talking with disgust about the squalid cabin in which James Shay’s family and several others lived down by the river bank.
“Well, anyway,” said Captain Grip, defensively, “you wait till you hear Luke Day. He’s coming with Shay. I never heard such a speaker as he is.”

Everyone came out to greet Captain Daniel Shay and Luke Day when they came riding up to the Falls one afternoon the next week. Daniel Shay was a magnificent figure of a man as he rode up on a huge white horse. He was only about forty, a handsome man with a quiet, dignified face, a penetrating glance and an air of assurance which did much to draw men to him. Beside Shay rode Luke Day, his opposite in many ways. Although he was somewhat older than Shay, he looked much younger, for he laughed and gestured with boyish enthusiasm.

Martin thought he had never seen two men more unlike.

“You’d never dream that Day has all the education, and Shay none at all,” he whispered to his sons.

The two visitors spoke at length to the crowd assembled in an open field near James Shay’s cabin. The younger men of the town shouted and cheered the orators, but a few conservatives stood on the edge of the crowd looking grimly on.

“They’re making an impression, I reckon!” said John Hunter, proudly.

“Nothing like the way we yelled for ’em in Colrain,” snorted a Colrain man. “You’re too dumb to appreciate Shay down here.”

Martin and his sons were among those who were not favorably impressed, and they chuckled for days over Luke Day’s definition of the word liberty.

“Liberty!” Luke Day had shouted. “If you want to know what liberty is I will tell you. It is for every man to do what he pleases, to make other folks do as you please to have them, and to keep folks from serving the devil!”

John Hunter and other young men from the Center tried to interest young Martin and Sam in going down to hear Shay again in Greenfield, but the Severance boys were far too busy.

Young Martin had married Lucy Whitney just before the close of the war. Already he had two babies, Joel and Achusah, to care for, and it was very necessary that he have a house of his own.

“We’ll have a fine frame house some day,” Martin, the older, had been saying for years. It had been his dream ever since the sawmill was built to have his own timber sawed into boards and to build from them a large, fine house like those in Deerfield. Now he would see the building of the house he had planned although he felt that he himself would never care to live anywhere except in his old cabin. The frame of the house had been raised just west of the log cabin, and young Martin with the help of his father and Sam was rushing the work of windows and doors.

“What time have I got to run down to Greenfield or Northampton just to listen to Jim Shay’s brother?” he asked John Hunter. “Everybody at the Falls wastes time enough listening to Jim up here.”

“But Daniel Shay has the most wonderful ideas when you get to know him!”

“If he’s any more wonderful than Jim I’d like to know how anyone in Northampton ever gets any work done. Makes me sick to see big husky men standing and listening to that man talk all day. And them as have to work at least part of the day ought to be ashamed to hang around listening to him half the night,” he finished, raising his voice so as to be heard by his brother Sam who was working near him.

Sam flushed, and replied without rancor, “Just because I rode over to Nims Tavern last night, you needn’t think it was to listen to either of the Shays.”

Hunter laughed. “Did you even bother to go into the tavern, or did you ride on by to Moses Smith’s?”

Young Martin shot a questioning glance at both from under his eyebrows, but kept on with his work.

“I meant to tell you, Mart,” said Sam, after Hunter had ridden on, “I—er—that is—” he commenced to work vigorously. “You see, we’re aiming to be married next month.”

“Great Scott, Sam! Who’s we?”

“Well, her name is Azubah, but that’s an awful name, isn’t it, Mart, for a girl who’s pretty? She’s Moses Smith’s daughter over at the Center. I call her Azzie. I hope you’ll like her. She’s awfully nice.”

“That’s fine!” young Martin dropped his tools and grasped his brother’s hand. “Lucy
will be glad, too, I know. We'll help you all we can to give you a good setting out."

That summer Daniel Shay became a demigod. It was said that he could mold any one to his way of thinking. His tall, commanding figure on his white horse was a familiar sight throughout western Massachusetts. More and more men listened to his tirades against the law courts until they began to think all lawyers and public officials were merely grafters, and that the only protest that could be effective must be a militant one.

Nearly all the men of Colrain, just north of Shelburne, became Shay's men except Colonel Hugh McClellan and Major William Stevens. In Greenfield, Captain Agrippa Wells collected a full company of men from Colrain, Leyden and Bernardston, and drilled them so that they might be ready at any moment for any move Shay might want to make.

"We're in the right," declared Captain Grip on one of his frequent visits to the Falls. "It don't seem right to fight agin the government," argued Martin.

"That's funny coming from you," laughed Captain Grip, scornfully. "You fought agin the government in, '76 didn't you?"

"That was different," said Martin slowly. "I can't just put it into words, but I feel it was a whole lot different. England hadn't treated us fair. She had taxed us by laws made across the ocean. Laws we had no say in. Now this government you're a-trying to hinder is a government we made ourselves. We've got to work with it to change it instead of fighting agin it. Don't you feel it's so?"

Fifty towns of western Massachusetts sent delegates to a convention of Shay's men which met in Hatfield for several days during August, 1786, and passed long series of resolutions against the government and the execution of the laws. Made bold by the enthusiasm of this convention, nearly fifteen hundred insurgents assembled in Northampton on the last Tuesday of August and prevented the sitting of the court there.

Immediately, Governor Bowdoin issued a proclamation calling upon all good citizens and friends of law and order to assist in stamping out such treasonable actions.

In order that no indictments could be found against any insurgent in arms, Shay brought his men to the Springfield courthouse where the Supreme Court was to be held during September, but Governor Bowdoin had foreseen his move and the courthouse was filled with militiamen under General William Shepherd. The insurgents greatly outnumbered the militia, but most of them were unarmed. In spite of the jeers and taunts of Shay's men, General Shepherd tactfully prevented a clash.

The insurrection spread to Worcester. Militiamen were not sufficient in numbers, so more were enlisted. The whole countryside was in chaos. Families were broken up, old friendships disrupted. The winter of 1786-87 was one of such general distress and alarm that no Thanksgiving was appointed by the governor.

One cold winter day in January, Samuel, in his blue and buff militia uniform, rode back to say goodbye to his parents and...
sweetheart before starting for Springfield with Captain Moses Arms in Major Nash's company.

"Sorry you can't go, Dad," he said trying to joke away the lump in his throat.

And Martin, with similar forced humor, patted his arm and pretended to be exceedingly astonished at the uniform he wore.

"Real sissy soldiers, I call you. Having to have special uniforms and such like. In my day, we went out in our old hunting breeches, and carried a sheepskin on our shoulders for both coat and blanket."

"This isn't a war, I hope, Dad."

"I hope not, Son. But whatever happens, I'm glad to see you take this side. Goodby. Good luck. I'm proud of you."

As he slowed up to cross the Deerfield River on the ice at Cheapside, Sam greeted Old Man Chandler at the ferry house.

"So you're Mart Severance's son," said Chandler. "Well, you do favor him somewhat. Is your Pa on his way, too?"

"Dad's seventy. He has spells of rheumatism when he can't hardly move, but he won't admit it."

"To be sure. Well, I'm glad he's not out on this fox chase. Have ye seen and heard this man Shay?"

"Yes. He's been up our way several times. Is your Pa on his way, too?"

Riding on, the militia became apprehensive at the great mobs of insurgents who were headed in the same direction, but although little bands of militia frequently found themselves in the midst of several hundred insurgents, no move was made to hinder them. Frequently jokes were flung at them, however, and everywhere Shay's men kept up a boisterous hilarity.

The militia were housed that night near Holyoke and the next morning before daybreak hurried on. Sunrise found them in West Springfield, ready to cross the river. Through the mists Sam could see the long street of bright red houses, which his father and brother had often described.

But the river was hidden under ice and snow now so that it looked like a long, flat meadow. Snow covered the roofs of the houses, too, so that only their side walls gleamed red in the increasing light.

In the midst of his absorption Samuel heard a voice behind him say "—and there's Sam Severance."

Turning abruptly, he saw that he had ridden up to an encampment of the insurgents. For some distance under the trees, along the river bank and on West Springfield Common, were sleeping men, some under improvised shelters, but most of them simply rolled in their blankets. Those near the road had been wakened by the approach of the militia and among the yawning, stretching men Sam saw several familiar faces.

"Why, it's Captain Grip's Company," thought Sam, and he peered intently at them trying to discover who had spoken his name. It was his old schoolmate, John Hunter, for as Sam's eyes met his, he laughed and waved.

Hunter was with several young men from Colrain. Nearby him stood Captain Grip, talking in low tones with Captain Samuel Hill of Charlemont. Neither looked up, so Sam had not idea whether Captain Grip recognized him or not.

What a pothering mess it all was! Of course Shay's men would merely make a disturbance, perhaps throw a few rocks, but Sam wished with all his heart that he was out of it and at home. Perhaps the other militiamen felt as he did. They were all from Shelburne and surrounding towns and had recognized friends and relatives in Captain Grip's company. Silently, with heavy hearts, they awaited the command to cross the river.

Instead of stopping at the tavern in Springfield for breakfast, they were taken directly to the Arsenal on the hill; and there thick slabs of bread and freshly cooked salt pork were given them, with all the cider they could drink. Here and there bonfires were built at which they warmed their frosted fingers. As soon as it could be arranged, they were taken inside the barracks where more food was given them, and where huge fires thawed the last bit of cold from their bodies.

General Shepard spoke quietly and earnestly, explaining the situation to them. It was a critical moment. Everyone must be on guard. It was better to endure the sneers and bravado of the insurgents than to start bloodshed. Everything possible must be done to avoid conflict.

About four that afternoon, (January 25) Daniel Shay and the main body of the in-
surgents, who had marched hurriedly from Pelham to reach Springfield before General Lincoln could bring reinforcements, came up the Boston Road toward the Arsenal. The Greenfield and Colrain companies had gone up the river to cross and had joined them; but Luke Day and his men were still in West Springfield. All realized that Shay was determined now to seize arms and ammunition for his troops, for, although they greatly outnumbered the militia, not more than half of them were armed.

Sam could see Shay darting about on his big, white horse, encouraging and directing; and at the head of the advancing men marched Captain Grip, his face grim and determined. General Shepard at once sent his aide, Colonel Buffington, to ask Shay what he wanted.

Shay advanced with his drawn sword in his left hand, and a pistol in his right. "How are you, Buffington?" he asked, familiarly.

"You see I am here," replied Colonel Buffington, "in defense of this country which you are endeavoring to destroy."

"If you are in defense of our country, we are both defending the same cause!"

"I suspect we shall take different parts before night," said the Colonel, dryly.

"The part I shall take," cried Shay, "will be the hill on which the Arsenal and the public buildings stand."

"If you attempt that, you will meet a very warm reception."

"Will they fire?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That's just what I wanted!" shouted Shay, signalling his men to continue their approach.

When Shay was within two hundred and fifty yards of General Shephard's men, a final message was sent to him that the militia were there by order of the state and national governments and that if he moved any nearer, he would be fired upon.

One of Shay's officers laughed, and immediately a roar of hoots and jeers rose from the motley ranks.

General Shephard then ordered two cannon shots fired over the heads of the approaching insurgenst, but this only made them press forward with quicker and unbroken step. Seeing that there was no other means of stopping them, he ordered the cannon to be pointed into the center of the oncoming men, and three shots fired.

The whole column of insurgenst was thrown into confusion. A cry of "Murder!" rose from the rear. Those in the front rows turned and fled, carrying the others with them. When the curls of smoke had cleared away, only Captain Grip was to be seen standing there, shaking his fists and roaring curses at the men who were deserting him. By the side of the fleeing men dashed Shay and other officers on horseback, vainly trying to check and reorganize them. They did not stop running until they reached Ludlow, ten miles away. They left behind them, dead upon the snow, two Greenfield men, another from Leyden, and young John Hunter from Shelburne. But Samuel did not see his friend lying there, for he and those about him were caring for another militiaman, Chaloner from Greenfield, who had had both arms blown off by the premature discharge of a cannon at the first volley.

Undaunted by this terrible accident, Deacon Harroun of Colrain had immediately taken his place; and, finding that the swab had also been blown away, he had thrust his mitten hand into the cannon the length of his arm, to take the place of the destroyed swab, shouting at the same time, "Never mind, boys, we ain't all dead yet!"

Most of the insurgenst fled to Pelham. Many, however, returned home at once. Two days later, General Lincoln marched into Springfield with an army of two thousand militia. Their presence quieted and reassured the terrified towns of western Massachusetts; but as they were not needed, they were soon ordered home.

"A sad business!" said Martin shaking his head when young Martin brought him the news. "Where is Shay now?"

"In hiding. He's sent a message to the governor and is trying to get his followers through to Boston."

Shay and his men were overtaken in Petersham by the militia. Snow was waist deep and both bodies of troops suffered severely. About one hundred and fifty of the insurgenst were captured without a gun
being fired. The rest, including Shay, escaped.

The General Court of Massachusetts decided to act leniently, and offered pardons to all who would give up their arms and swear allegiance. Colonel Buffington and five hundred militia made headquarters at the tavern of Reuben Wells on Greenfield meadows. The big white horse which Shay had ridden so proudly had been seized, and was now used to hunt out insurgents and bring them in to take the oath.

Shay and several others, who had escaped out of the state, sent a message to the General Court “humbly supplicating the mercy of Legislature in their behalf.”
Gradually matters were righted; the leaders, some of whom had been condemned, were all pardoned, and took the oath of allegiance. Shay went to live in Sparta, New York, where his only means of support in his old age was a pension given him for his services during the Revolution.

All Shelburne grieved for the young man, John Hunter, whose life had ended before the Arsenal at Springfield. The grief of his destitute wife touched his comrades more keenly than reproaches or upbraidings could have done. Repentant and bewildered, they tried to sink quietly into the life of the community. All men had suffered much these last years, and all became more tolerant through their own mistakes and sufferings. But scars were left that could never be healed. Captain Grip, whose friends loved him whether they agreed with him or not, changed that day in front of the Springfield Arsenal from a lusty, loud voiced, genial man to a morose and silent recluse.

It was a cruel experience he had had. He had believed himself right. To the end of his days, he believed he was right.

“If my men had not run, the yellow curs, it would have been different!” he told Martin. “If we had stood firm, all men would have rallied to our cause. We were not fighting our country, but the rascally lawyers who were squeezing the life out of our nation. I felt I was called upon to fight for justice. I still believe I was right.”

CHAPTER XXXIV

The frame house built by young Martin was a source of pride for them all.

“It’s for all of us to live in,” insisted young Martin, but his father and mother declared that they would much prefer to remain in the old cabin.

As times got better and Congress under Hamilton’s pressure agreed to give par value for the onetime worthless scrip, Samuel, who had saved all those little bits of paper, now decided to buy land in western Pennsylvania, and move there with his bride.

The practical and matter-of-fact Submit fell surprisingly and suddenly in love and married Asa Smith, who had been in Shelburne only a short time.

Only three of the girls, Sophie, Sally and Mary, and the boy, Selah, were left at home now. Martin found himself worrying about this youngest of his boys, who was now fifteen. The lad was unusually bright, having learned eagerly all that was taught in the district school, and this spring had often walked to the Center to borrow books from the new minister, the Rev. Theophilus Packard, who had several boys as pupils in Latin, Greek and theology.

“I wish you could send that boy to college, Mr. Severance,” the Rev. Mr. Packard said. In fact, he had ridden over to the Falls purposely to talk with Martin about Selah. “He’s a bright boy, and with the proper training will go far. There’s a new college down near Hadley that I’m interested in. In fact, the men met at my home to establish it, and, while there, decided to name it Amherst in memory of Lord Jeffrey Amherst. Weren’t you among the Rangers in his army, Mr. Severance?”

“For a time,” said Martin. “That was jest before I was taken prisoner to France.”

“Yes. So I have heard. Lord Jeffrey wished that a school might be established here in western Massachusetts, which boys in this vicinity might attend as those around Boston go to Harvard. And out beyond us to the west is another school, founded by money left by Colonel Ephraim Williams. It would be a fine thing for Selah if you could send him to either of these colleges.”

But there was no possibility of getting money to send the lad to Amherst or to Williams College, and what was there for him to do if he remained at home? The situation was gloomy enough for men who had led a life of action, and could be content now with just a bare existence; but it was pitiful for a growing boy to see nothing ahead of him but endless days of toil on a farm, where he would never get beyond the fear of want and destitution.

Selah had gone to stay a few days with his uncle Jonathan in Greenfield. Martin waited impatiently for him to return, and finally at the time he expected him, he started down the road to meet him.
At the peak of a hill he looked ahead and saw Selah with a small sack on his shoulders coming at a swinging pace, whistling gaily. When still far away, he caught sight of his father and waved joyously.

Martin felt suddenly very old and very tired; he sat heavily down on a stone beside the road to wait for his boy. In vain he tried to think of something cheerful and encouraging to say to him. He looked up in surprise at Selah’s radiant face as he came up to him.

“Hurrah, Dad! If it keeps warm like this we can begin planting next week, can’t we? I just can’t wait to begin. Now that Mart and Sam have homes of their own, it’s my job to run the farm, isn’t it Dad?”

“Don’t you want to go to school some more?” asked his father, slowly.

“Oh, no. I can study winters. Mr. Packard says he’ll help me whenever I want him to. There are so many other things to do. I have so much to tell you, Dad. There are so many chances of things I could do, I don’t know what to choose. Don’t you wish you were young again? There are so many more opportunities now for a young fellow than there were in your day!”

Martin looked at his son in such astonishment that Selah laughed aloud.

“Of course, Dad, I know you used to shoot up a few tribes of Indians every day before breakfast, and run the French and British clean off the map; but it’s for fellows my age now to develop this country that you men cleaned up.”

Martin was still too amazed to speak, so Selah went on.

“First of all I’m going to earn a lot of money, and raising broom corn seems the easiest way to do that. Uncle Jonathan gave me a sack of seed. Everybody down Greenfield way is raising broom corn now. You can either sell the fiber or you can make it up into brooms yourself. If Sophie and Sally want to learn how to do it, we can make the brooms ourselves and make a lot of money that way.”

Martin nodded gravely.

“And oh, Dad,” continued Selah, “you ought to see the boats that come up the Deerfield River! A bridge is being built at Cheapside and there are lots of wharves there where boats come that have sailed all the way from Hartford or even farther. They take butter and cheese down to the cities. You wouldn’t believe how much they pay for butter; and we can sell all the steers we can raise down there, too. They take ’em on board alive. Why, there are dozens of ways to make money, Dad! I’m going to make so much that you and Mother won’t have to do any more work all the rest of your lives. Golly, I’m glad I’m living right now. There never were so many opportunities.”

The broom corn experiment flourished. Sally and Sophie easily learned to make the shredded husks into brooms which found a ready sale on the wharves at Cheapside.

Everyone else at the Falls became busy in some line. The sawmill shrieked far into the night, another grist mill was built and little shops of various sorts sprang up along the road by the river. There was talk of starting an academy.

Martin never ceased to be surprised at the activity all about him. Gradually there came to him a sense of peace and well being.

How good life was! How thankful he was that God had spared Patience and him long enough to see the peace and thrifty industry about them.

One day when Sophie and Sally came back from a trip to see Submit in Deerfield, Patience realized that they had some scheme in mind. They were mischievous girls, dancing with fun. Now they kept looking at each other and giggling, as they put away their shawls and began to help their mother with the supper. Martin, coming in also, noticed his daughters’ hilarity, but made no comment.

After supper had been cleared away, they sat down by the hearth, demurely clicking their knitting needles rapidly.

“Mother,” said Sophie finally, “Isn’t it time for Mary to go to bed?”

“Oh no!” cried the little girl, tearfully.

“Perhaps you’d like me to go, too,” laughed Selah, who was sitting on the hearth stone, greasing his heavy boots.

“Isn’t it something we can all hear?” asked Patience.
The Ballad of Daniel Shays

The one hundredth anniversary of the suppression of Shays' Rebellion was observed by the Olivet Chatauqua Circle in the Olivet Church, almost on the site of the final conflict. The Shays Song was then sung by a large choir to the ancient music appended to it in a manuscript of Gurdon Barrows dated 1793. At the time of the anniversary the song was printed in the Republican and copied thence appears in Parmenter's History of Pelham. There is no ground for supposing that the verses are of local origin but they are of much local interest.

"Well, I suppose so," said Sally grudgingly, "If you'll keep quiet," looking at Selah. "You tell, Sophie.

"You see, Father," said Sophie, putting aside her knitting and drawing her stool up close beside his chair. "Sally and I just heard about this down in Deerfield. You know how a boy always has things given him when he gets to be eighteen or twenty. His parents give him some land and help him build a house and like that. Well, in some towns when a girl gets to be eighteen she has a whole new outfit of clothes to wear to church on her eighteenth birthday."

"How does that mean anything to you, little daughter?" asked Martin, pinching her rosy cheek, and turning to Patience, "Mother, wasn't this girl eighteen last year?"

Patience nodded, "And Sally is only seventeen."

"That's just it!" cried Sophie. "We want our Freedom Suits together."

"Your what?" laughed Selah.

"They are called Freedom Suits," said Sally with dignity, "All the girls in Deerfield are making them. They are lovely."

She stopped, almost in tears.

"There, there," said Martin, "I guess we can manage it, can't we, Mother? You have both worked hard on the brooms. You certainly deserve to each have money for a new dress, if your mother has linen for the petticoats and such."

"There's some fine linen left over from Submit's wedding clothes. She didn't use all I had woven; and there's some flax all spun ready to be woven, too. How soon
were you planning to need these outfits?"

"Oh, you darlings!" cried the two girls, hugging their father and mother; and when Selah suggested that he could send their shoe measure to Springfield the next time he made a trip with cattle, and get them especially fine shoes, they hugged him, too.

"I shall be glad when I'm eighteen," said Mary, looking at them with round, solemn eyes.

"You shall have the prettiest dress I can find," promised her mother, kissing her, not knowing that her lovely brown-eyed child would never reach eighteen.

The house was in a ruffle all that spring as they made the Freedom Suits. The wedding outfits prepared for the other girls had not been half as exciting. Nothing else was talked of, morning, noon and night.

Yards of finest linen went into chemise and petticoat on which the girls embroidered designs in eyelets copied from a petticoat they had seen in Deerfield.

"Looks like a crooked neck squash to me," commented Selah, looking over Sophie's shoulder as she bent over her embroidery.

"Stupid," sniffed Sophie.

"What is it then? I bet you don't know."

Truth was, Sophie didn't know, and she lost all joy in her work. How horrible if she had spent all this time embroidering a squash?

But she came back from a hurried trip to Deerfield, reassured.

"It's a palm leaf, Silly," she told Selah. "Matilda copied it from a design on Madam Ashley's shawl which came from India."

"Funny leaves they have in India, or perhaps they can't draw any better than that."

After days of excitement the dresses themselves were selected. Sophie finally chose a dark green silk with stripes shading to a lighter shade and marked with pencil lines of black and purple. Sally's silk was light silver-gray crossed with fine lines of black and cinnamon brown.

Selah brought back from a trip to Springfield not only well-made little slippers of soft leather, but bonnets of black silk with tiny artificial roses under the brims.

They chose a Sunday in May, when skies were blue and roads were free from the mud of early spring, for their appearance at church in their finery. According to the custom, they waited until everyone was seated in the meeting house, and then, just as the service was about to begin, in they came, rather hurriedly, shyly, their laughing faces serious for once as they demurely slipped into their places on the young women's bench.

"It was exciting, wasn't it?" laughed Sally, as they trudged home with their precious new shoes and stockings tucked under their arms and their silk dresses held high out of the dust of the road.

"It was the most exciting thing I ever did! I think now it would be lots of fun to get married, don't you, Sally? If it was to the right man, I mean."

Alas for plans. Lovers came and went; but never the right man. Their laughter was less frequent; life grew dull and slow. The Freedom Suits, seldom worn now, were put away, tenderly wrapped in paper, until another spring, years later, when a weeping Sophie shook out the folds of Sally's gray silk to dress her for her final sleep.

CHAPTER XXXV

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, another century came to impress more vividly upon Martin how old he and Patience were growing. Life had gone on so quietly, serenely, one day slipping after another so peacefully, that time had seemed to stand still.

But when summer came, and the warm sun dried the muddy roads, new life flowed into Martin's stiff old limbs, and he was seized with a desire to make a trip to Greenfield.

"It's all of four or five years since I've been there. They tell me there are all sorts of changes down there, Patty. Guess I'll go down. Mebbe it'll be my last trip."

"Oh, don't say that."

So, borrowing a horse from his son, Martin jogged along the old familiar road. There were many changes everywhere, new houses, new faces, a bewildering number of carts and travelers; only the hills remained unchanged.

He turned his horse toward Cheapside, about which Selah had talked so much.
Selah’s broom corn venture had proved so successful that he had begun dabbling in other trade up and down the Connecticut River, making more and more frequent trips to the wharves at Cheapside, until finally he lived almost entirely at Jonathan Hoyt’s White Horse Tavern at the meadow’s edge. But when he fell in love with Hannah Putnam, that was the end of his tavern days, for she was not the kind of a maid to allow any man of hers to hang around a tavern bar, even if he did make good money in trade there, so on the eve of their marriage he bought a farm in Heath, where he now lived the peaceful, happy existence which his father so anxiously desired for all his children.

At Cheapside, where Martin had so often forded the river, feeling with his feet for the sandbar when the water was high, and holding his old musket high above his head to keep it dry, there was now a covered wooden bridge, and beside it, long wharves cluttered with merchandise. Several river boats were being loaded, and the stage from Hanover, New Hampshire, was driving up before the White Horse Tavern.

Dismounting, Martin carefully tied his horse to the hitching bar, and walked slowly up to the tavern. The group of men loitering before the door stared at him, for he was a queer old figure, still straight and tall, but wearing an ancient leather shirt with its fringes worn away, leaving only a dirty strand here and there; and he still wore the fur cap and moccasins of the ranger, which were seldom seen now among the bustling crowds on the wharves.

Out of the crowd suddenly stepped a well-groomed, handsome man of middle age over whose lean face a sudden smile flashed as he held out his hand to Martin.

“Hey boys!” he called to the loiterers, “Meet my old comrade, Mart Severance! Best fighter and Ranger you ever saw! He climbed out of his cradle to go lick the Indians, and kept it up as long as there was one left to fight. Never did a day’s work in your life, did you, Mart? Always fighting.”

“There was one day’s work I saw you do, Mr. Severance, digging ditches at Fort Independence!” said another middle-aged man, coming up to shake Martin’s hand.

Martin laughed quietly and nodded his thanks as the first speaker handed him a mug of cider.

“It was hot work,” he agreed. “Makes me thirsty to think of it.”

They all laughed and Martin drank with enjoyment.

“Hungry, too, doesn’t it?” asked the first man. “Remember the night we stole the cabbages?”

“Tell us about it,” demanded the young Hoyt boy, taking in the scene eagerly.

But Martin waved him off with a gesture, so the other took up the tale.

“It was at Stillwater. We had been lying around there for days. We kids were pretty well tuckered out when we came to a big house with a lot of horses tied in front of it. We were creeping into the cornfield to look the situation over, when out of the house came a dozen officers jabbering a guttural kind of talk.

“Hessians!” we all whispered. “We’re inside the enemy’s lines.”

“All the better,” said Mart. “Now we can take all we can get and it won’t be stealing.”

We waited until the candles in the house were put out, and then we crawled over to one of the sheds. Martin may have been an A Number 1 Ranger and scout, but he was also an elegant chicken thief. The way he eased those hens off the perch and wrung their necks before they let out a single peep was pretty, I tell you, pretty! We got a lot of eggs, too, and the fields were full of tender young corn, and turnips and cabbages. But we wondered how we’d get the loot back to camp. Finally we found a long box, like a coffin. “Was it a coffin, Mart?”

“No,” said Martin, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. “Folks didn’t have time to make coffins in those days. ’Twas a new-built pig trough, I reckon, or some such.”

“Anyway, ’twas mighty heavy! I was pettered out before I got back to camp. And then we ran plumb into a dozen or more sentries. I thought we were lost. Or, at best, we’d have to divide our plunder. But Martin here sang out, ‘Dead man. Small—
pox. Stand back!’ and did they scatter and let us by!”

It was the most fun Martin had had in years, meeting old friends, swapping yarns under the big maples in front of the tavern.

“Once,” he thought, “I couldn’t have stood it to sit idle like with so much going on all around me.”

But it was pleasant now. Peace, prosperity, all anyone could wish for on every hand; and he had lived to see it all come true.

To be sure the present generation of young men were nothing to brag about. Really a pretty poor lot, Martin thought them; pale, scrawny, and wearing the most outlandish clothes. Quite a different breed from any he’d seen before, but perhaps they’d come through all right, give ’em time.

One of them, son of one of Martin’s friends, begged him to ride up to Greenfield with him in a new chaise he had just bought.

Martin, who had never ridden in anything but a springless oxcart, thought the light, soft-cushioned vehicle marvelous.

“It’s like flying!” he exclaimed, as the pair of evenly matched horses trotted swiftly and steadily over the smooth dirt road.

“Would you mind if I stop to see Captain Grip?” asked Martin, as they neared the Square.

In a single room, built shack-like against the side of a larger building, Agrippa Wells kept up a small backsmith shop, and lived a hermit existence. His wife and children had been dead for many years.

A smile creased his surly old cheeks when he saw Martin, and he tried to swing his arms in the old windmill gesture as he clapped him on the back.

“Glad to see ye! Glad to see ye!” he kept repeating.

There was little for them to say to each other. It was enough just to grasp each other’s hands and wish each other good luck.

“That was the first time I ever saw old Captain Grip smile,” commented the young man, as he started up his horses to take Martin on to his brother Jonathan’s house. “We always say ‘as sour as Captain Grip’ when we mean anything is pretty blame sour around here.”

Martin turned on him with flashing eyes. “I’d have you know that Grip Wells was the jolliest, heartiest boy I ever knewed when he was your age. Why should he smile now? What’s he got? Wife and children dead. All his ambitions gone wrong. Just barely able to make a living, and nobody to care for him. It’s pitiable I tell you, to see life take the laugh out of a man.”

“I’m sorry,” murmured the youth, “I didn’t understand.”

Jonathan, Martin’s brother, had fallen into a wholly different life. His home was big and prosperous on a wide, busy street. He came hurrying down the brick walk to open the white gate for his brother, a short, pompous little man, his white hair long and combed back in the style of his youth, immaculate white linen ruffles at his wrists and falling over a richly embroidered vest, a coat of soft plum-colored broadcloth and short breeches with long stockings of fine worsted and heavy silver buckles on his shoes.

“A fine figure of a man,” thought Martin. “A pity the young man today can’t realize how much finer dressed he is than they are.”

Jonathan’s black eyes were as keen and bright as ever. He chattered like a boy, as he told Martin all the family happenings, all the social and political gossip going on in Greenfield, all the changes in Deerfield.

“Hold on,” gasped Martin, “You’re going so fast you’ve got me plumb tuckered out trying to follow you.”

After a dinner for which Jonathan’s daughter loaded the table with every imaginable kind of food, including a strange new drink called coffee, Martin was ready to be driven back to the tavern.

“Must be getting on before dark,” he insisted.

Before untying his horse at the tavern, he paused for a minute to lean over the fence along the riverbank to watch the scene on the river. Just below him a big, clumsy load of logs made into a raft to be sold in Hartford or New London was manned by French Canadians and their
soft patois, falling on his ears, revived old memories. Eagerly he leaned forward, chuckling to himself as he found he still understood most of what they were saying.

Then suddenly he remembered that he had sworn never to admit that he knew anything about the language; and he chuckled to himself again at his surprise to find that that resentment had vanished. The Frenchmen began to pole their raft away from the wharf, using their long ash poles with surprising dexterity.

"Might as well wipe out the old grudge entirely," Martin told himself. On a sudden impulse he leaned over, waving his cap. "Bientôt!" he began. The sharp, quick accent on the first syllable fell familiarly on their ears. Instantly each swarthy face turned toward him, and white teeth flashed.

"Merci, mon ami! Mon vieux! Bientôt!" Martin watched until they rounded the bend and went out of sight. He had no old grudges now; he was at peace with everyone. It was surprising to discover how the years had healed old wounds.

"Who is that old man?" asked a dapper young man with a violently checkered coat and a citified air.

"That's Severance of Shelburne," a bystander told him. "Better talk to him. Might get some ideas for your paper. He's most a hundred now, I guess. First settler over at the Falls in Shelburne, he was, and knows all there is to know about these parts."

"Thanks for the tip!" and the young man, who had just come to Greenfield to start a newspaper, walked rapidly over to Martin.

"Mr. Severance. Just a minute, sir. May I ask you for a bit for my paper? Just a word on what this country about here means to you, or something like that."

What this country means! There was much he could tell this spindling youngster about what these hills meant to him. A hundred thoughts crowded into his mind, but how much would this youth understand? Slowly he shook his head. "Sorry, son. I never was much on talking. You'll
have to get someone with more larning to explain this country to ye."

Away into the sunset he rode, as he had so many times before at end of day. The sky glowed with banners of flaming orange and gold. The trees and bushes by the roadside reflected the glory of the sky, and on every hand rose the dark green hills, silent, majestic, peaceful. His hills. His home. Mystic beauty which no one could explain.

(The End)
JOHN JAY, statesman and diplomat, was chosen by President George Washington in 1789 to serve as the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The new government, teeming with activity, was rapidly assuming definite form. The Legislative body had met and organized. Washington was inaugurated as first President and thereby became chief of the Executive branch. The appointment of John Jay as Chief Justice set in motion the third great department, the Judiciary.

From early manhood Jay had displayed unusual intellectual powers for arbitration and seeking conciliatory means of adjusting differences. During the term of his first public office in 1773 as secretary to a royal commission, Jay drew up his first treaty. The principal features of this document were used by Jay and others in many American treaties drafted thereafter. Following this, Jay formed a law partnership with Robert Livingston in New York.

The advent of the American Revolution, however, put an end to Jay's law practice. Conservative in temperament, Jay did not
advocate sudden independence for the Colonies, for fear of mob rule. Nevertheless, he was a staunch supporter of the new government, after the adoption of the Constitution. Jay collaborated with Madison and Hamilton on articles for the “Federalist” papers. He published five noteworthy essays on his interpretation of the Constitution and on foreign affairs.

Jay’s career as a diplomat began when he was elected as minister plenipotentiary to Spain, September 27, 1779. After a long and perilous voyage to Spain, Jay was not fully rewarded for his trouble. Spain did not yet recognize American independence and was not ready to form an alliance with American “insurrectionists”. However, he did prevent America from making unwise concessions to Spain in the matter of Mississippi River navigation.

In the spring of 1782 Jay was summoned from Spain to Paris to assume a new post, “assistant commissioner”. Franklin and John Adams had been abroad for some time and they now needed the help of Jay to conclude negotiations for a peace treaty with Great Britain.

Jay’s first official act was to establish the fact that the three gentlemen commissioners were representatives of the “United States” and not of the “Colonies”. A small battle ensued over the sudden so-called elevation of the status of the Colonies to a “nation”, but Jay won out in the end, as usual.

Much to his amazement, upon arriving in New York Jay found that he had been “drafted” into service as Secretary of Foreign Affairs. He remained in this office from 1784 to ’85, until the adoption of the Constitution and the organization of the new government.

Having followed closely the progress of John Jay and knowing that he belonged to a school of rigid self-disciplinarians and high-minded men, Washington’s choice of Jay as Chief Justice in 1789 was a long anticipated action.

About this time, ten years after the signing of the first peace treaty with England, that nation was again terrorizing American vessels. She refused to surrender those western forts named in the peace treaty of 1783. Her agents were also encouraging the Indians to make war on the western settlements. The feeling of the American people rose so high that there was strong talk of war.

Without relinquishing his post as Chief Justice, Jay was sent by Washington in 1793 to England as envoy extraordinary.

John Jay spent that summer in England. Eventually, after much drafting, the famous “Jay Treaty” was concluded and Jay returned to the United States. Among other provisions, England agreed to allow American vessels to trade with her West India islands, to surrender the western posts, and to pay America one million dollars for the illegal capture of her vessels. But England refused to stop seizing neutral vessels on the high seas during the Anglo-French war.

The “Jay Treaty” proved to be very unpopular and Jay was even less popular in the United States for a while. Washington laid the treaty before the Senate. After fierce debates and some modification, it was accepted and Washington signed it in 1795. While addressing a public meeting in defense of this treaty, John Hamilton was stoned.

In addition to his negotiation of peace treaties, Jay has to his credit the concluding of many treaties of commerce.

Mr. Jay was usually abreast and many times ahead of the momentous problems of the early days of this country. Although a slave owner, he took great pride in signing the act for their abolition. It is said that he bought many slaves for the express purpose of freeing them.

In retirement in his old home at Bedford, N. Y., where he was born December 12, 1745, Mr. Jay took an active part in church affairs. He was president of the Westchester Bible Society in 1818 and filled the same office with the American Bible Society in 1821.

While he took no active interest in politics during his last days, Jay penned these lines, “The post once a week brings me our newspapers, which furnish a history of the times. By this history as well as by that of former days, we are taught the vanity of expecting that from the perfectability of human nature and the lights of philosophy, the multitude will become virtuous or wise, or their demagogues candid and honest.”
I watch them, checker board between their knees,  
Both lost in meditative silence—then  
I see their men go down by twos and threes  
And marvel as the vanquished strike again.

The game as ancient as the Odyssey  
Or Egypt, was played by men of foreign tongue.  
Our forebears brought it when they crossed the sea  
Far back when this America was young.

It found its way across the continent  
In wagons pulled by oxen long ago—  
In country stores it was the night event,  
Talk hushed, they played deliberate and slow.

Men learned to think—for it was good to sit  
In a quiet corner, dimly candle-lit.
THE New Jersey section of our library is a source of satisfaction to the many whose ancestry in the Revolutionary War period is to be found in what has been termed "The Hot-bed of the Revolution". Our index catalogue contains about one thousand cards.

Among the published volumes we have Index of New Jersey Wills; New Jersey Archives, 34 volumes 1st Series, 5 volumes 2nd Series; County and town histories; Publication of New Jersey Society of Pennsylvania; Publication of the New Jersey Historical Society; 10 volumes 1899-1915; 19 volumes 1916-1934; Inventory of County Archives of New Jersey, prepared by Historical Records Survey Division of Woman's and Professional Projects W.P.A. Number 14; Jerseymen in the Revolution. In addition to these, the D. A. R. Chapters of New Jersey have made contributions of beautifully bound volumes of unpublished material among which are records from Morris, Salem, Sussex, Warren and other counties. These have been obtained by individual efforts of these patriotic women to whom our Society and the patrons of our Library owe a debt of gratitude.

On file are Register of births, baptisms, marriages and membership in the Dutch Reformed Church 1801-1901. Also Notices from Old New Jersey Newspapers 1792-1816, and those from the "Sentinel of Freedom" 1796-1820; marriages performed by Rev. Henry Cook—1794-1806; New Jersey Marriage records in History of Seventh Day Baptists in West Virginia—1755-1764 by Corliss Fitz Randolph; Register of New Jersey births 1746-1831 translated by Collin from the original Swedish manuscripts.

The loss of the Census schedules of 1790 of New Jersey is keenly felt. An interesting item concerning this is published in the Annual Report of the Corresponding Secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society, 3rd Series volume 7 page 54, in 1912. "W. S. Rossiter, Chief Clerk of the Census Office, Washington, D. C., wrote for information as to details of the census of New Jersey in 1790, the census returns from New Jersey for that year on file in Washington being very imperfect. He was given information on the subject. . . . He wrote again giving the census statistics for New Jersey in 1790 by counties and in some cases by towns as appeared by returns on file in Washington . . . ." All census records of New Jersey for 1790, 1800, 1810 and 1820 are missing.

The discovery of these schedules which apparently were in Washington may yet be possible as was the case recently when, according to newspaper reports, valuable documents were unearthed in the capitol.

In the Journal of the Presbyterian Historical Society, vol. 2 (1903-4), pp. 173-189, there is an excellent article, "Church Records in New Jersey," by William Nelson. It gives the dates of the establishment of each church, states which records are still in existence, and where they are (or were at that time), gives a brief account of those that had been published,
in alphabetical order by towns, and the dates covered by each record. In 1800 there were the following number of Presbyterian Churches in the counties indicated: Bergen Co., 8; Essex Co., 10; Passaic Co., 3; Union Co., 13; Middlesex Co., 16; Monmouth Co., 26; Somerset Co., 14; Hunterdon Co., 15; Morris Co., 12; Sussex Co., 13; Warren Co., 9. It also contains a list of churches of other denominations and of Friends Meetings.

There is also some information of church records in New Jersey Archives, vol. xxii.

It would be a splendid idea if New Jersey chapters would check with the New Jersey Historical Society and the Presbyterian Historical Society, and see what records have been published since that time. Then we can check with those that are not published but have been copied, see where such copies are deposited, and thus gradually secure copies of all Presbyterian Church Records in New Jersey, especially prior to 1850.

Abstracts of Wills
Lancaster County Court House
(Continued from November issue, and contributed by Eleanore I. Fulton of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.)


(To be continued)

Revolutionary War Pensions

File No. S 38.260.


James Nevill was born Sept. 1, 1741 in Prince William (that part which was later
Fauquier Co., Va.) where he volunteered on Christmas Day in 1776 served as a private for 1 mo. in Capt. John Shelton’s Co., Col. Martin Pickett’s Va. Regt. was one of the guards for the Hessian prisoners taken by General Morgan and Gates.

He enlisted the day after the battle of Brandywine and served 5 weeks in Capt. Daniel Flurry’s Co. Col. William Edmunds’ Va. Regt.

In the fall of 1779 he moved with his family to Ky. and settled in Lincoln Co. and while residing there he served as a private against the Indians as follows:

In the summer of 1781 for 1 mo. under Lieut. John Carpenter stationed at Carpenter’s station.

In the same summer 1 mo. under Capt. Samuel Astin, stationed at Astin’s Station.

In the summer of 1782 1 mo. under Capt. John Wood.

Aug. 1782 3 weeks under Capt. Isaac Bledsoe in Co. Ben Logan’s Regt.

In the fall of 1782 under Capt. Isaac Bledsoe, Lieut. Nathan Huston, Col. George Roger Clark’s expedition for 1 mo. to the “New Chillicothe Towns”.

This soldier James Neville was a brother of Gen. John Nevill.

There are no further family data on file.

File No. R 7.096.

Meeker, Jonas. Cert. No. —— issued ——, Act of ——, at —— per —— from ——.

Application for Pension May 8, 1833. Age b, March 5, 1763 or 1764. Agency ——, Res. at date of app. Clermont Co., Ohio. Service N. J. Res. at date of enlistment ——. Rank ——.

Jonas Meeker was born March 5, 1763 or 1764 in Essex Co., N. J. where he lived until he moved to the Western Country.

When he was about 15 yrs. old he enlisted in the spring of 1778 as a volunteer under Col. Elijah Squire; served on an alarm for 2 or 3 days.

His next tour was his monthly duty to guard Newark, N. J. He served at various times on monthly tours and alarms until the end of the War under the following officers with the N. J. Troops. Captains: Elijah Squires and Robert Nicholls. Major: Samuel Hays.

He was in the battle of Springfield.—He moved from Essex Co., N. J. (no date given) to within 19 or 10 miles of Pittsburgh, Pa. where he lived about 1 yr. then removed to Redding, Hamilton Co., Ohio where he resided for 2 years thence to 2 miles from Lebanon Ohio for 1 yr. thence to Clermont Co. where he has resided for 18 yrs.; his cousin Jonas Meeker lives in Butler Co., O.

July 20, 1835 cousin Jonas Meeker of Butler Co., Ohio aged about 66 yrs.; declares that he is a cousin of Jonas Meeker, now a resident of Clermont Co., Ohio and deponent believes he was in the public service during the Rev. War. He was at that time a resident of N. J. near Springfield and deponent well recollects of hearing his uncles and others say that deponent’s grandfather and 17 of his sons and grandsons were in the battle of Springfield and deponent believed that Jonas Meeker was one of them, etc.

June 17, 1852 Jonas Meeker a resident of Clermont Co., Ohio aged about 90 yrs. declares that during the Rev. War he was a volunteer and served several monthly tours guarding the line from invasion and afterwards enrolled and held himself in readiness to be called at any time and was called upon several times under different officers, one was named Nicholls and Major Hays, he served in all nearly 1 or 3 yrs.—He was in the battle of Springfield.

A letter dated Aug. 8, 1883 from Miss Maria Meeker Mattox of Bethel, Ohio aged about 75 years states that she is a daughter of James Meeker, who was a Revolutionary soldier from Essex Co., N. J. and died when he was about 90 yrs. old. (no date given).

There are no further family data on file.

File No. W 3069.

Boyer, Frederick, Maria Elizabeth. Cert. No. 7144. Issued April 4/1843. Act of July 7/1838. At #120 00/100 per annum. From March 4/1836.


Maria Elizabeth Boyer declares that she is the widow of Frederick Boyer who was
a Rev. Soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the act of Congress passed March 18, 1818. She was married to Frederick Boyer March 30/1781, her name before said marriage was Maria Elizabeth Scholl. The following are the names of their children as found in the claim:


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 two queries of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following query as given below.

All information available to us is published. Names and addresses of former querists are not on file so correspondence regarding the same should not be sent to this department.

Queries conforming to the above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

QUERIES


(b). Leisure-Snyder. — James Madison Leisure, died in Iowa Jan. 16, 1903. He married abt. 1839, Margaret Snider (Snyder) probably in Indiana. She died 1899 in Iowa. Would like to know the birth dates of both. Was he the son of Joseph Leisure (Leasure)? If so, what was Joseph’s wife’s name? Was Joseph Leisure (Leasure) the son of Peter Le Sueur, who came to Baltimore in 1754 from France?

William Douglas Glazebrook, died in Kentucky, son of John Glazebrook and Judith Blackwell, mar. June 14, 1795 in Hanover Co., Va. Wish his birth, death, and name of his wife.—Mrs. Harry E. Wikoff, Box 115, Cherry Valley, N. Y.

K-39. Beaver - Hoffman. — Wanted —Information regarding the parentage, birth, marriage, death and place of burial, of William Beaver and Mary A. Hoffman, his wife, who were both born in Pennsylvania, married there, and went west, settling in Delphi, Indiana, probably around 1850. Their children were John, Jefferson, Lavina, Kate, Samuel L. and Sally. (Mrs. H. O.) Audrey B. Hutson, 426 Third St., N. W., New Philadelphia, Ohio.

K-39. Rennoll. — Wanted ancestors of Mary Magdalene Rennoll b. January 20, 1797, d. February 13, 1852. Married first . . . Kelly by whom she had a son James Kelly, married second Peter Strickhouser by whom she had a son Peter. Lived with Peter Strickhouser at Strickhouser’s Station, York County, Pennsylvania. Was buried at Shaefers Union Church Grave Yard, (near Hanover Junction) York County, Pennsylvania.—Mrs. George E. Morris, Jr., Villamar Court, Paranaque, Rizal, P. I.

K-39. (a) Dale Gill. — Ruben Dale, born 3-17-1774, died 10-2-1862, married Sally Gill, 5-14-1797 (born 3-26-1793, died, 10-4-1844) in Virginia. Came to Barren Co., Ky. and later moved to Hart Co. Want ancestry or where they came from in Virginia.—Mrs. Lola D. Harris, 424 No. 9th St., Santa Paula, Calif.

(b). Dawson-Reynolds. — John Dawson, born 1791, died 1864, married 1815 to Mary Reynolds in Hart Co., Ky. Her father was said to be Jerry Reynolds. Want any information about her.—Mrs. Lola D. Harris, 424 No. 9th St., Santa Paula, Calif.

K-39. Burton. — Wanted, names and dates of parents and grandparents of Captain William Burton of Richmond, Virginia, born 1779; married Mary (Polly) Mosby Nov. 28, 1803; died July 16, 1866; buried in Shockoe Cemetery, Richmond. Their children were—Martin, Clodomir, Lewis, Robert, Edward, William, W. Leigh, Julia, Mary Louise. Also ancestry of Mary Mosby, his wife.—L. Dortch Burton, Somerville, Tenn.

K-39. (a) Bunnell. — Wanted, Revolutionary record of Amos Bunnell, Southington, Conn. He served in Capt. Asa Bray’s Regt., and was a pensioner. Was the father of William Bunnell, who went West from Farmington, Conn.

Before taking up the subject of the arms of married women, or of men married to women whose fathers bore arms, it may be well to discuss the use of arms by widows.

During the first hundred years of heraldry there were many cases in which a man marrying into a more distinguished family than his own would assume the arms of his wife's family, usually with some slight "difference". Later a means was devised whereby he could show this distinguished connection without dropping his own arms, and finally quite definite rules were adopted, governing the use of the arms of the father by his married daughters and their families.

In considering the arms borne by widows, the first point to remember is that a woman did not have a coat of arms of her own. She used her father's until she married; then she used her husband's. So to determine the arms a married woman or widow could use, the arms of the husband must first be determined. The manner of displaying such arms during the lifetime of the husband will be discussed next month. After his death, she still bore his arms, but on a lozenge.

Thus it is clear that, if a woman whose father had arms married a man not entitled to arms, she could use none, since the only arms a married woman or widow could use were those of her husband.

If a woman whose father did not have a coat of arms married a man who bore arms, on her husband's death she would use the arms he had used when living, i.e., the arms of his family, but on a lozenge.

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If a woman whose father bore arms, and who had brothers, married a man who also bore arms, the two coats of arms were both used by the husband and, therefore, by his wife or widow. At an early date, and sometimes quite late for decorative purposes, the two shields were placed side by side, but by the end of the fifteenth century the present rule was being followed. Only one shield was used; the arms of the husband placed on the dexter or right side, and the arms of the wife's father on the sinister or left side. (In speaking of right or left it must be remembered that the shield is, in theory, being borne by someone and the right side of the shield as borne is the left side as one looks at it.) This placing side by side of two arms in the one frame is called "impaling".

The example shown on the opposite page is stated as "Harrison (the husband's) impaling Digges (the wife's father)". After the husband's death the widow would continue to use these arms, bearing them in lozenge form. The children of the couple would not, however, use the impaled arms; they would use only the arms shown on the dexter side, that is, the arms of their father alone. The fact that "impaling" was the recognized manner for a man to show that his wife came of an arms-bearing family does not mean a husband was required to impale his wife's father's arms with his own. He did not need to use her father's arms at all. In the majority of the cases, it would appear that, on marrying, a man did not alter his arms, but continued to use the same coat of arms he had borne when unmarried, even though he had the right to impale the arms of his wife's family. In such a case the widow usually used the arms of the husband's family alone, as she would have done had her father not borne arms.

In the case of a man who had a coat of arms and no sons, and, therefore, no descendants in the male line, it is obvious his coat of arms would not be perpetuated unless his daughters carried it to their descendants. So this was done. When the wife was an heiress or co-heiress (the word heiress used in the heraldic sense means a daughter who is an only child, and co-heiress means one of several sisters having no brothers) the husband did not impale her arms. Instead he placed in the center of his own arms a small shield on which were displayed the arms of the wife's father. This was called an "escutcheon of pretence". It indicated the husband was, through his wife, the representative of her father's family and, therefore, was carrying his arms for the benefit of his grandchildren. On the death of the husband the wife bore her husband's arms, escutcheon and all, but in lozenge form. Their children inherited both arms, which were then quartered. Quartering will be discussed later.

On Colonial tombstones and on seals on legal documents are not infrequently found examples of impaled arms and, sometimes, though more rarely, of arms showing the escutcheon of pretence. These are of great value to the genealogist, indicating as they do the origin of the wife, her particular family and even whether she had brothers!
The arms shown are those on the tomb of Mrs. Mary (Digges) Harrison, who is buried in Warwick Co., Va., but in lozenge form as she would have used them had she survived her husband. The use of these arms on her tomb throws light on several points.

The Harrison arms shown are different from those given in several genealogies of the family of her husband, and which have been used by present day descendants. For many years the immigrant ancestor was not identified with a definite English family. However, the arms on the tomb are those either of a Harrison family of Co. Essex, England, which bore the mullets Or (gold) or one in Co. Kent whose arms were identical except the mullets were argent (silver).

There are over thirty other Harrison coats of arms, the majority so different from this that no common origin is indicated.

The Digges arms shown are those of a family of Co. Kent. Similar arms, only with single headed instead of double headed eagles, were borne by families in Kent, Surrey, and Wilts. Thus, this one impaled arms gives clues both to the identity of the husband’s and of the wife’s English ancestry.

The arms shown are of Verdun, bearing on an escutcheon of pretence the arms of Lacy. Margaret de Lacy, who became co-heiress of a branch of the large Lacy family of the Welsh Border, on the dying out of the male line in 1240 married John de Verdun. They have many descendants, especially through the female line.

This Verdun family was then in Herefordshire. Descendants using the same arms were later in Staffordshire. There are at least eight variations of these arms, chiefly made by having different color combinations. These families probably descend from the Hereford line. There are several other Verdun arms, so unlike it, is probable the families are not related.

The Lacy family was a prolific one. By 1280 there were over forty different arms used by branches of this one family, and there were other Lacy families, not related, who also bore arms.

**Colors Used in Describing Arms**

*Heraldic language*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Color</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gules</td>
<td>Azure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Azure</td>
<td>Or</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or</td>
<td>Argent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argent</td>
<td>Sable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sable</td>
<td>Purpure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purpure</td>
<td>Vert</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Colors: Red, Blue, Gold, Silver, Black, Purple, Green*
“One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, today is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures; and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy.”—Junius.

A PRECEDENT

IN the article last month (November number), I made mention of the fact that “the word ‘precedent’ is a very much abused and overworked word when it suits an occasion or a purpose.”

Webster’s New International Dictionary says that a precedent is (1) “a record of an act or acts that may serve as a guide or rule. (2) a model of conduct; a pattern. (3) an example; instance; specimen.” This being the case, why should the matter involved in said “precedent” not be taken care of in a legitimate way by providing for these “acts” or “patterns” or “models of conduct” or “examples,” etc., in the by-laws of the organization?

When the legality of an act is questioned, the organization should have a parliamentary authority to refer to, if it is not taken care of in the constitution and by-laws of the organization. The opinions rendered in said parliamentary authority should take precedence over a mere precedent which was, in all possibility, established in the distant past to suit a certain occasion.

Sterne goes so far as to say, regarding precedents, (and I quote from “The New Dictionary of Thoughts” by Tryon Edwards, D.D., and his collaborators) that “precedents are the bane and disgrace of legislation. They are not wanted to justify right measures, and are absolutely insufficient to excuse wrong ones. They can only be useful to heralds, dancing masters, and gentlemen ushers.”

I receive letters giving in detail a certain procedure during an election, or having to do with an action taken by an executive board, or a ruling that was rendered by a chairman, followed by the remark that “We have nothing in our own by-laws regarding this matter. We have no rule nor provision covering this question, but for many years we have always considered the matter under discussion as an unwritten law, established by precedent many years ago.”

Right here I am reminded of a paragraph in the preface of Jefferson’s Manual, written in the year of 1840, with reference to the practice and rules of the House of Representatives. Thomas Jefferson was a well known Parliamentarian of his day, and he compiled this Manual to meet a definite need of his time and generation. He was quoting from the different parliamentary authorities and he had this to say: “Sometimes the authority goes only to a part of the text, the residue being inferred from known rules and principles. For some of the most familiar forms, no written authority is, or can be quoted; no writer having supposed it necessary to repeat what all were presumed to know. The statement of these must rest on their notoriety.” Even in that day and time, you see, they aimed to follow a certain custom or, we will say, an established precedent.

In the same preface in his Manual, Jefferson goes on to say: “I am far from the presumption of believing that I may not have mistaken the parliamentary practice in some cases; and especially in those minor forms, which, being practiced daily, are supposed known to everybody, and therefore have not been committed to writing.” Further on in his Manual he quotes from “Mr. Hatsel’s most valuable book” as follows: “Whether these forms (rules) be in all cases the most rational or not is really not of so great importance. It is much
more material that there should be a rule to go by, than what the rule is, that there may be a uniformity of proceeding in business, not subject to the caprice of the speaker, or captiousness of the members."

Summing up the foregoing paragraphs, I have this opinion to give: If an "act or acts" are worthy of serving consistently for years as a guide or as a rule to go by (becoming a so-called "established precedent"), then why not incorporate a provision covering said acts in your by-laws, making such provisions the accepted rule over which there should not be any discussion or argument.

In other words, do not depend on past actions nor on old established precedents. The world is growing by leaps and bounds, and organizations are doing likewise. The personnel of your groups changes from year to year, and the "modern trend" is to keep abreast with the times. A precedent established thirty-five years ago may not keep abreast with the times. A precedent may be very hard indeed today to place the same interpretation upon this old "unwritten law" as was intended years ago.

To suit an occasion, do not attempt to delve into the archives of your organization and bring out the records of a very antiquated "precedent" of years past and expect the present membership to understand or appreciate it.

In short, bring your present by-laws up-to-date, simplify them, and at the same time make them very complete as to detail, and fully adequate to the needs of your organization. When you find that you lack certain provisions in your by-laws, make note of the fact immediately and at the proper time amend your by-laws and incorporate these provisions in them.

When you do amend your by-laws learn to obey them to the last "letter of the law." People are prone to draft by-laws, and then never strictly obey them. An organization having by-laws of its own to govern its actions should see to it that a copy of its by-laws are in the hands of each and every member. Each member has a right to a copy of these by-laws. An organization having one copy of its by-laws, for all members to refer to, can not boast of a very strong, forceful working unit.

Ques.—When an amendment to the by-laws is adopted, is it retroactive?
Ans.—An amendment takes effect the instant it is adopted unless there is a previous motion providing for the adoption of the amendment at some future time. In general an amendment is not retroactive and does not affect anything done in the past. It is true, however, that an organization may amend its by-laws so as to do away with certain offices, and thus legislate out of office those who are filling them. If you wish to amend your by-laws, and you do not wish the amendment to affect the term of the present officers, a motion to that effect should have been adopted before voting on the amendment. See R. O. R., page 271.

Ques.—When Chapter members are elected to serve on the Board of Management with the officers of the Chapter, are the members counted as holding offices?
Ans.—Chapter members who are elected to serve on the Board of Management with the officers of the Chapter, are counted as holding offices, and whether they are called officers or not, they are officers in every sense of the word. They are officers in an advisory capacity duly elected to serve on the Board with the President, Vice-President, and other officers. They have equal rights and privileges, and have a vote on the Board. Such service constitutes an office.

Ques.—Is it permissible for a Chapter to amend its by-laws and shorten the terms of its officers, and would this affect the officers previously elected for a longer term?
Ans.—Yes, a Chapter may amend its by-laws, regardless of the unexpired terms of any or of all its officers. The new by-laws go into effect as soon as adopted and has been stated before, unless some provision to the contrary is adopted by the Chapter before the adoption of the new by-laws. If your new by-laws, as amended, omitted the second and third vice-president, then the moment that the new by-laws were adopted your second and third vice-president would be legislated out of office.

Ques.—Must the Secretary record all motions that are lost or withdrawn?
Ans.—She does not record the motion withdrawn, because the assembly has not expressed its opinion upon it, but a motion which was voted upon and rejected or lost is recorded because it was by action of the assembly and is part of the business of the organization.

Ques.—Is it possible to rescind an amendment to the by-laws immediately after the by-laws were amended?
Ans.—No, there is no way to rescind a by-law or amendment, except by the way that is provided in the by-laws for the amendment of same. To "rescind" in this case is to revise or change or amend, and there is only one way to do this correctly.

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
Parliamentarian.

Note—This article brings the current series by Mrs. Moss to a close. It is to be hoped that another series may appear sometime during 1940.
Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury, Historian General, N.S.D.A.R., reports five new pledges of contributions to the National Memorial Carillon at Valley Forge. Montana placed its state flag last year and is now raising money for its bell, which will be dedicated in April 1940. Arizona has voted to place its bell in the Carillon and to dedicate it at Valley Forge next April also. Arkansas will dedicate its bell in 1941 as will also the great state of Washington. Last April the state flag of Washington was placed beside those of other states. There are but six state flags missing at Washington Memorial Chapel. Minnesota hopes to raise its quota for the bell by April 1940, but it will surely be dedicated by 1941. These memorials to the Nation's Shrine were undertaken years ago and the work is now nearing completion.

Saint Joseph Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Saint Joseph, Missouri, has as one of its Americanism projects the welcoming of foreigners receiving their citizenship papers at the spring and fall terms of Federal Court. The ceremony varies each time, but each new citizen is always presented with an American flag and a copy of the Constitution.

Those who enjoyed reading the article, "The Story of Shawnee Indian Mission" by Ruth E. Riley, which appeared in the March 1939 issue of The National Historical Magazine will be interested in the historical pageant presented in the stadium of the Shawnee Mission Rural High School on the evening of October 14, commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Mission at its present site. This is one of the few early Protestant missions still standing. The pageant, written and directed by Mrs. Lida Weed Myers of Topeka, was under the sponsorship of the Kansas State Historical Society, the Shawnee Mission Indian Historical Society, Kansas Daughters of the American Revolution and other patriotic organizations. It consisted of ten scenes, a prologue and finale, and depicted the more important events in the history of the Indians, the Santa Fe Trail, the early traders and the life of the Mission.

The Indians who appeared in the pageant were students at the Haskell Institute in Lawrence and the reenactment of the Battle of Westport was by members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Special music was written to serve as a background and committees scoured the countryside to collect covered wagons, horses and other properties of a century ago.

This fitting celebration of the centennial of the Mission was attended by more than two thousand persons.

During its 1939 session, the Kansas Legislature appropriated $15,000 for the partial celebration of the north building, known as Berryman Hall. Mrs. Dorothy Berryman Shrewder, great granddaughter of Rev. Jerome Berryman, for whom the building was named, is now serving as the State Librarian of the Kansas Daughters of the American Revolution.

As a correlative to the item above, those who enjoyed reading the article, "Arrow Rock" by the same author, which appeared in the November 1939 issue of the Magazine will be interested in the ceremonies which took place in the garden of this old tavern preceding the dedication and unveiling of a memorial to General William H. Ashley by the State Officers Club of Missouri. The dedication program took place at the Old Tavern following luncheon and the unveiling was done at the Indian Mound.

Celebrating their tenth anniversary, members of the Bertha Hereford Hall Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Leesburg, Florida, enjoyed a delightful evening at the home of their regent, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, recently. Favors at the attractively arranged table were printed copies of an address by the President General; the pamphlet, "What the Daughters Do", and a copy of the "National Historical Magazine".

The Samuel Davis Chapter, N.S. D.A.R., of Bowling Green, Kentucky, has selected as its Golden Jubilee Project the attainment of a complete file of D.A.R. Lineage books, a complete file of Maga-
Paris (earlier called Hopewell) and Bourbon County, Kentucky, recently celebrated its sesquicentennial in historical pageantry, parades, and window displays. Thirty-three Kentucky Counties have been carved from the original Bourbon, and all these counties were invited to participate in the celebration. The "Historical Scrapbook", compiled by Mrs. William B. Ardery, a vice chairman of the project, contains much valuable information in addi-
tion to the complete program of the pageant. Thousands of interested persons gathered for the remarkable celebration.

Mrs. Caroline Hassam Randall, New Hampshire's Real Daughter of the American Revolution, recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday at her home in Claremont, with many friends and four ex-regents of her chapter, Col. Samuel Ashley, in attendance. Each of the ex-regents has served as the New Hampshire State Chairman of Real Daughters, and this office has been held continuously by some member of the Col. Samuel Ashley Chapter since 1909.

Another birthday celebration took place recently in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, when Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Morris Wiley, a Real Granddaughter, celebrated her eighty-third birthday. Mrs. Wiley is a member of the John Corbly Chapter.

The Chapter recently participated in the Greene County Civic Parade, honoring Frances E. Willard, by placing a float appropriately decorated.

Memorial plaques were recently placed by the William and Mary Alexander Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Maui, Hawaii, on the Edward Bailey residence at Wailuku and on the dining hall building of the Wailuku Female Seminary, established in 1837. Mr. Bailey was principal of the school from 1841 to 1849. The dining hall building is all that now remains of the seminary, and with the Bailey residence, these have been restored to excellent condition.

The Sarah Platt Decker Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Durango, Colorado, participated recently in the unveiling and dedication of a stone monument to the memory of four great Ute Indian chieftains, Ouray, Buckskin Charley, Severo, and Ignacio. The ceremony took place at the close of the Ute Fair, and Mrs. Lillian Higgins, chairman of Historical Research in the chapter, presented the bronze plaque of Chief Ouray in behalf of the chapter.

Arapahoe Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Boulder, Colorado, placed its first marker in many years when it marked the spot near the entrance to Boulder Canyon, where the first white settlers in the territory made their camp within sight of Indians threatening from an opposing mountainside. The bronze plaque is embedded in a great boulder at the foot of a towering cliff known as Red Rock. It bears the name of the fifteen men who comprised the party. Appropriate exercises, led by Mrs. Harlow Platts, regent of the chapter, marked the dedication.

The dedication of the new Thirty-Seventh Star Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., Museum followed the district meeting of the organization held at McCook, Nebraska, recently. The dedication marks the climax of one of the past year's objectives of the local chapter. The building was constructed of native stone, which is found in this county, and the building activities were carried on as a Nebraska Youth Administration project. The building was dedicated to the pioneers of Southwestern Nebraska and a great many relics and historical pieces have been donated and are on display. The services were presided over by Mrs. Walter James, local regent, and Mrs. E. C. Green, chairman of the Museum Committee, made formal presentation of the building to Mrs. James.

In Memoriam

We announce with sorrow the passing, on November 7, 1939, of Mrs. Ida Harris Mondell (Frank W.) of the District of Columbia and Wyoming, Vice President General, 1922-1925; and State Regent of Wyoming, 1904-1908.
"Washington and the Lafayettes" is one of those rare books, suited particularly to reading aloud. All the family will enjoy it and it will, the reviewer prophesies, receive the Newbury prize.

Everyone is familiar with the services the Marquis de Lafayette rendered our country and nearly everyone knows that when the Marquis revisited America in the nineteenth century he was given a tremendous reception. Many readers, therefore, will learn with astonishment that in America toward the end of the eighteenth century the very name "Lafayette" had to be concealed.

The main theme of the book is the story of the son of Lafayette, the namesake of George Washington. The lad was forced to flee under an assumed name to this country. His father and mother were imprisoned for the sin of being members of the ci-devant French nobility, even though the Marquis served the French Republic in its first years.

Propaganda favorable to the revolutionists was widely disseminated in America and so great was the feeling against the very word noble, or against any person hitherto known as a noble, that the President of the United States feared the political complications which his sponsorship of Lafayette's young son might cause. His trusted advisers, too, all warned against an open reception of the lad, for the matter was truly an affair of state.

The story reveals how the heart of George Washington was torn at what must appear to the lonely lad as a lack of friendship on his part and his attempts to prove by letter and by the offer of financial assistance that only the political situation kept him from receiving his friend's son openly. A climax is reached when a member of Congress, discovering that the son of Lafayette is in the United States, realizes that this very failure—as he thinks—on the part of the President may be made to reflect against him. The Congressman therefore writes to the young Lafayette offering his personal assistance and that of Congress, because of the services of the Marquis.

The diplomatic reply of the lad, ending with his statement that he desires to prove himself "to carry worthily the names I have the honor to bear," and his brave signature, George Washington M. Lafayette, will bring plaudits from young readers, but an even deeper reaction from adults.

The story is a simple one and it ends happily—perhaps a little too suddenly—with the reunion of the lad with his family. The value of the volume, however, is not in the story it tells, fascinating though that story is. The chief value, rather, lies in the revelation of the political struggle then going on and in the presentation of George Washington himself as a living, loving, human being. "Washington and the Lafayettes" is not just another book. It is a door opening into another day.

Every sentence in this book is the result of research. It is all too seldom that the conscientious researcher is also the writer of literature. "Washington and the Lafayettes" is apt reading now. It will be so a hundred years from now.

Catherine Cate Coblentz.


At a time when, according to a recent reviewer, "Freedom is so alluring a word that even conquerors have to call their wars of conquest wars of liberation," it is interesting to receive from Mr. Patterson,
Chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on Cooperation between bar, press and radio, a concise history of the struggle for free expression.

The story begins with the age of Socrates and Plato, when the idea of free expression was but a philosophical ideal, related to self-culture, self-development and self-control. It reveals how men related this ideal to their national life and the struggle to make the ideal a reality.

Mr. Patterson points out that freedom of speech, both oral and written, is intimately bound up with the progress of the group possessing it, and such progress has been retarded where freedom is either restricted or eliminated. He cites the progress of attaining such freedom through court decisions and cites case and judge, making his presentation from the legal standpoint.

He points out that there have been setbacks and that the goal is not yet attained, particularly as regards freedom of speech over the radio. The main thing, he reiterates, is to keep the goal unshadowed, knowing that where freedom of speech exists, political, economic and cultural progress are certain.

He quotes Judge Brandeis as pointing out that our forefathers expected no static system of government, and that freedom of speech in allowing proponents of ideas to express them clearly, also allows those who disagree with any idea or ideal likewise to speak clearly. In other words—the remedy is "more speech", and education.

Freedom of speech is not, however, license—it is freedom under the law. Where the people of any country have a high standard of education, they themselves will discover the errors and fallacies presented to them.

We are warned that liberty and tolerance are close companions and that "when tolerance vanishes liberty goes out the same door".

The book is clearly written and the reader will find in it the answer to any questions he may have on this subject, answers which many people otherwise well informed do not possess.

We are a people who have attained to a hitherto unheard-of degree freedom of speech, not only as a philosophical ideal, but as a constitutional reality, and we have always been quick to resent all attempts made to violate this reality. In this freedom lies our hope of legal protection, the responsiveness of legislators to those who elect them, the hope of progressive social and cultural betterment for ourselves and the coming generations.

Catherine Cate Coblenetz.


The psychologist who stresses the theory of compensation will find a perfect example in a certain New Hampshire youngster who could not make himself take part in speaking pieces before the school as was the custom in his time. He might commit such a piece to memory and practice it in solitude, but when the hour came for its utterance in public, he could not answer to the calling of his name. Try as he might he could not lift himself from his seat. When the "speaking" was over he would rush home to weep bitter tears of mortification.

But the young Daniel loved to read and he made it a rule to close his book at intervals and think about what he had been reading—a habit which developed the analytical reasoning and mastery of elemental principles which was to mark Daniel Webster, the orator. It was a habit too which aided him to overcome his own particular lion—the fear of public speaking. For even a poor and a frightened speaker can forget himself when he believes in a cause and has something to say concerning that cause. All his life the one cause which Webster championed was the Constitution of the United States. His knowledge and love of that instrument may also be traced back to his childhood and the purchase of a gayly decorated cotton handkerchief, with the text of the Constitution printed between the decorations.

The story of Webster's life is an Horatio Alger one of success, but it does not end as the Alger books all do with the hero on the pinnacle of achievement, since Webster
failed to attain his final goal, the Presidency of the United States.

John Bach McMaster's biography, however, enables one to understand wherein Webster was enabled to achieve his great success as an orator and leader, and why these very characteristics—bulwarked by his New England reticence and apparent coldness—prevented his becoming the head of the nation. "The greatness of his abilities raised him far above the mass of men and put him out of touch with them. He inspired awe, but not affection."

Aside from the emphasis on the life of the man himself, the book is valuable in its revelation of the real advance made during Webster's lifetime in our form of government and in understanding of the term "democracy". In our day, in times of emergency, the welfare of the nation is emphasized and not the advantage of any political party. But in the early days of the last century, men were prone to consider party welfare above all other considerations. Only his love of the Constitution enabled Webster himself to obtain the wider viewpoint.

Propagandists of our day, too, may well turn to the speeches of Webster to seek out his secrets of holding and convincing an audience. There was never room sufficient to hold his would-be listeners, and the demand for copies of his speeches ran high into the thousands and sometimes they were issued in as many as twenty editions.

Catherine Cate Coblenz.


It may be there is an old gentleman, or more rarely, an old lady in your neighborhood, who can tell stories of the events in which he or she has participated with a simplicity of exposition and with a dramatic heightening at just the right points, so that to hear them is better than to read any book.

Rarely do they reveal the secret with which they can make the good old days glimmer and glint before your eyes, until in spite of yourself you wish you had been privileged to live in such a fascinating period.

Such storytellers' secret, however, is the same as that of the scientist or the mystic—intense curiosity and mental alertness. To this the storyteller of whom I am speaking adds a varied amount of experience and a liberal dose of tolerance and kindliness.

If you have not been privileged to know a person of this sort, or if such a privilege is in the past, you will rejoice to find the experience in the autobiography of Dan Beard.

"Hardly a Man is Now Alive" is of course quoted from "The Ride of Paul Revere", and the ending is automatically supplied..."who remembers the famous day and year". The book is a lively, meandering account dictated by Dan Beard himself standing on the verge of the last decade before the century mark. But though he may be old in years, he is younger than most of us will ever be, in many ways.

Humor is here, sparkling and flashing, appreciation of and zest in living, and a great understanding of human beings and of nature. Anecdote piles on anecdote and all is told with delightful ease and with abundant supply of detail. If you, too, are nearing Dan Beard's age, you will be reminded again and again of incidents and customs you have forgotten. If you are not yet past the life-begins-at-forty mark, you will be made to feel that you have missed a good deal in not living in these simpler times, which weren't so simple after all.

To most of us the name Dan Beard represents in our minds the founder of the Boy Pioneers and Sons of Daniel Boone, precursors of our own American Scout Movement, of which Dan Beard is surely the patron saint. The biography, however, devotes but one chapter to this movement and that is the last one. Only in the preceding chapters is one made to realize how well prepared this man was for this great work and how perfectly he has always lived up to the Scout oath:

"On my honor I will do my best—
To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.
To help other people at all times.
To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."
Many of you who read the book will in your hearts make that oath your own. This is a clean, wholesome book, with no affected smartness and with a decided flavor of Mark Twain.

It is illustrated with photographs and with some of Dan Beard's own illustrations, similar to those he did for Mark Twain. Mark Twain insisted that no other artist could interpret the spirit of his books as did Dan Beard. After reading this biography you will understand that inner kinship.

Catherine Cate Coblenz.


"Usually Jessie seems simple . . . like one of those great unmovable rocks up there on the mountain. . . . One spring we had quite a serious flood in Cornwall. The creek rose fifteen to thirty feet. I remember climbing out on a great smooth rock with some other boys and, perched there, we watched one thing after another beaten to splinters—furniture, trees, one covered bridge, swept down the stream; as they came they were hurled with terrific force against that rock. When the flood subsided, it was a sickening sight to see the débris heaped up along the banks or floating in the stream, but I was impressed with the great jutting rock standing smooth and undisturbed. . . . Sometimes I have thought about that rock when I watch Jessie. We all wash up around her feet, but I doubt if any of us could change her."

This paragraph epitomizes the character of the heroine of "So Stands The Rock," expanding the apt title of the book itself. Jessie Perkins is not a lovable figure; she is not even an attractive one. As a little girl, she determines not to go to school, and though she has always been remarkably healthy, she so successfully simulates a sudden attack of illness that she convinces both her widowed father, and the entire neighborhood, that she should be taught at home. Her kitchen is her shrine, and rather than sacrifice an inch of the space which she consecrates to her own household goods, she forces Angus Shawn, the young Irish student she marries, to keep his books in the sealed parlor, where there is neither heat nor light. And this is only the beginning of the process by which she breaks him, mentally, morally, and physically. When he is drowned, on the eve of his elopement with another woman, in a vain attempt to rescue his little boy from drowning, the reader feels he has had a merciful escape and forms the impression that his widow is complacent over her release. No one else ever tries to thwart her. It is too dangerous.

Jessie and Angus are both somewhat overdrawn. It strains the reader's credulity to accept the completeness of her heartlessness and immovability and the swiftness of his subjugation and downfall. But, allowing for exaggeration, they are true to type just the same. There are Jessie Perkinses and Angus Shawns in every New England village. And the background is very well done. Winston has hundreds of prototypes, and in most of them there are families which have been founded and which have survived after the manner described by Mrs. Downes.

"On the list of Grantees of the town of Winston is the name of one Moses Perkins. . . . Young Moses joined a small company of stronger men, worked his passage to America, stayed on the coast of Massachusetts for several years and then, with a group of adventurers, pushed his way through the forests into a beautiful Vermont valley; there this little group pooled their interests and money and bought a right to actual settlement. . . . Here Moses hardened his muscles, increased his stature and became one of that curious mixture called original New Englanders. . . . This Moses Perkins married well—an English farmer's daughter—and became the first citizen of the community. Aided by his four sons he built a church and a small schoolhouse and encouraged others to build houses—low roofed, of excellent proportions, with fine lines and beautiful doorways like his own."

It was in much this way that my own ancestors settled the part of Vermont to which their descendants have clung tenaciously ever since, in much this same way that they established themselves in simple, spacious houses in which their descendants still live in comfort. Perhaps that is why the book gave me the feeling of going home. I think it will give the same feeling to everyone who claims the heritage of New England, whether from near or from far.

F. P. K.
Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

A Merry Christmas For All

T was Christmas Eve. A light snow was falling. In the distance cheery lights could be seen in the big brick building which loomed in front of a group of young boys and girls, skipping along with bulky packages under their arms. Now and then one of the packages would be set down on the snowy pavement, then another, while a brief snowball fight ensued among the boys, and the girls took sides and cheered.

For weeks past, in a cozy, firelighted old room of an abandoned country schoolhouse, boys and girls members of a Junior American Citizens club, had met and carried on their meetings which were followed by active work. A man, interested in manual training, and a young woman, who knew much about sewing and who loved girls, were seen bending over a bench or work table, cutting out pieces of wood or dainty pieces of muslin, silk and soft wool.

These leaders of the Junior American Citizens Club had been approached by their members, who said: “We have heard about the boys and girls our age who are lying in the hospital not far from here, and we want to do something for them. We can use our hands and feet and can run and play. Why can’t we give them a Merry Christmas?”

And the reply came immediately: “All right. What do you want to do?” The boys said, “Let’s make the boys some airplanes!” and the girls said, “Let’s dress some dolls!”

Christmas Eve! The Junior American Citizens, having rushed to their little workhouse to pack up the bundles for the hospital, found it candlelit, a big tree in the centre of the room, and the local D.A.R. Chapter members there to welcome them and to wish them a Merry Christmas. Inexpensive gifts were gaily wrapped for each member, much to their surprise and pleasure, for they had been busy thinking only of what they were going to take to their crippled friends. The party over, caps, coats and mittens were donned, and the Junior American Citizens club members started their walk to the hospital in the soft snow which made a blanket over everything and promised a happy day for sleds and skis on Christmas!

Arriving at the hospital, the little group hastened up the long steps and was met and escorted to a long room where snowy white beds stood in rows. Little faces lighted up as they saw boys and girls their own age approaching with packages. Each boy picked a boy and every girl, a girl, and happily they offered their gifts with smiles and a cheery “Merry Christmas”. Oh! the chatter and the cries of delight as the pretty papers fell from the packages, and the little bed-ridden youngsters gazed in awe and appreciation of their gifts!

One can easily imagine how hearts were lightened and pains forgotten for moments, as they made friends with the Junior American Citizens! One can imagine, also, what it meant to those club members to feel that they had sacrificed hours of time and labor that they might bring cheer to others.

Good citizenship in action! A firm foundation for the future of our country—this doing for others. Through the Junior American Citizens clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution are carrying on the lighted torch given them by those who led with light so many years ago. More and more this torch is lighting the lives of the future citizens of this country; brighter and brighter glows that light.

And so, as the Christmas season approaches, we lift the torch a little higher, and are reminded of the light of the Christ Child, and we reflect on the meaning of His presence on earth.

“God bless us, every one!”

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
National Chairman.
Motion Pictures

An Item of Outstanding Interest

THE Monroe Doctrine is the latest in the famous patriotic short subject series in Technicolor produced by Warner Brothers. These fine historical subjects are a vital factor in teaching Americanism to audiences everywhere and one of the most timely is the dramatic story of President Monroe’s Doctrine and its application to American history from Monroe’s to Theodore Roosevelt’s time.

The story of The Monroe Doctrine which has been acknowledged many times as one of the most important doctrines in world history, offers a dramatic presentation of the growth of the United States and is of outstanding interest and importance. I hope every reader of this magazine will urge their theatre managers to show this film together with The Bill of Rights, another short subject produced by Warner Brothers, described in the November issue of this magazine.

Warner Brothers now have in preparation six additional historical two-reel subjects in Technicolor which will be of interest to all our members:

1. Old Hickory, the story of Andrew Jackson.
2. Clara Barton and the Red Cross.
3. Fremont, the Pathfinder—dealing with the exploits of the famous explorer of the West.
4. Robert E. Lee, the famous Civil War leader.
5. Daniel Boone, the noted Indian fighter and scout.
6. Teddy Roosevelt and His Rough Riders, with Sidney Blackmer playing the part of the late President during his experiences in the Spanish American War. We shall wait with interest the release of these historical items during the coming months.
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.

**ALLEGHENY UPRISING** (RKO Radio)
Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Sanders, Brian Donlevy.

A vital event in the history of America that prefigured the Revolution, dealing with the revolt of Pennsylvania colonists against His Majesty's Army. Claire Trevor and John Wayne, supported by a strong cast, repeat the excellent work done in "Stagecoach." As a link in the history of our country we urge that it be placed on a "must" list. Adults and young people.

**A CALL ON THE PRESIDENT** (MGM)

A simple, human interest film, particularly timely with all eyes now focused on the White House. Family.

**DESTRY RIDES AGAIN** (Universal)
James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Brian Donlevy, Mischa Auer.

A strong cast, smooth direction and a good Western story of the early eighties are combined in an entertaining film. Marlene Dietrich, as the heroine, is seen in an action role that is a sharp contrast to her earlier characterizations; while the part of a quiet, young officer who firmly believes in peace is admirably suited to James Stewart's talents. Adults and young people.

**MEET DR. CHRISTIAN** (RKO Radio)
Jean Hersholt, Paul Harvey, Dorothy Lovett.

The first of a series of stories based on the popular radio character "Dr. Christian"—a typical country family doctor—created by Jean Hersholt. In this episode Dr. Christian, a kindly but determined doctor in rural Minnesota, realizing the immediate need for a hospital in the community, sets out to convince the influential citizens that such an institution is a necessity. His problems and his delightful philosophy in meeting them will endear him to audiences of all ages. Family.

**ON YOUR TOES** (Warner Bros.)
Zorina, Eddie Albert, Alan Hale, Frank McHugh.

Zorina, star of the Broadway production "I Married an Angel," comes to the screen in a highly entertaining story of the opera, which is ably directed, has clever dialogue, exotic dancing and some exceptionally lovely ballet scenes. Good entertainment. Adults and young people.

**THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX** (Warner Bros.)
Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price.

Pageantry, romance and tragedy are combined in a Technicolor screen version of Maxwell Anderson's stage drama. A vital, vivid story has been told, inlaid with music of beauty and meaning, in which personal tragedies are mixed with political ambitions and ruthless intrigues. There is some superb acting in the picture, with Bette Davis' work exceptionally brilliant. Adults and young people.

**20,000 MEN A YEAR** (20th Century-Fox)
Randolph Scott, Margaret Lindsay, Preston Foster, Mary Healy, Maxie Rosenbloom.

The intensive national civilian training program of the Civil Aeronautics Authority is the inspiration for a film based on the story by Frank Wead, writer of aviation fiction. Interesting and informative. Adults and young people.

**Shorts**

**BLUE DANUBE WALTZ** (Paramount)

A short musical subject of rare excellence in the series presented by the National Philharmonic Orchestra of the United States, directed by Frederick Feher. The interpretation given the famous Johann Strauss waltz is an outstanding one and the blue tint used in printing the film harmonizes with the music. Family.

**INFORMATION PLEASE No. 2** (RKO Radio)

A second one of the popular radio series, "Information Please," brings its enjoyable entertainment to the screen. John Kieran, F. P. Adams, Gene Tunney and Oscar Levant face a ten minute questioning by Clifton Fadiman and the informal manner of the group adds greatly to the interest in the questions. Adults and young people.

**NATURAL WONDER OF WASHINGTON STATE** (MGM)

An exceptionally good Fitzpatrick Travel Talk in color outlining the scenic wonders of Washington. There are some fine shots of snow sports and a remarkable one of a sunrise on Mount Rainier. Family.

**THE ORPHAN DUCK** (20th Century-Fox)

An amusing Terry-Toon in which Little Black Duck rescues a baby chick from drowning and finds a home for himself in the brood of a motherly hen. Family and Junior Matinee.

**PERU** (Paramount)

Peru, from its rugged coastline to the towering Andes, is shown in all its pictorial beauty. The vivid contrast between the primitive life of the coast fishermen and the modern grand scale life in the city of Lima makes an interesting study. Family.
UNSEEN GUARDIANS (MGM)

Just tribute is paid to three unseen guardians of society in showing the work of the Federal Post Office Inspectors safeguarding the mails; the Underwriters' Laboratories in analyzing and checking the contents of products; and the methods followed by an orphan asylum in selecting parents suitable for adopting children. Entertaining and instructive. Family.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY, National Chairman.

National Defense Through Patriotic Education

The National Defense Committee is sending all national defense chairmen a package containing study material on communism, nazism and fascism within the United States; a study on the military policy for defense of the Americas; and a new study on What the Constitution Says. A letter accompanying each package states that the material is sent in place of a supplement to the National Defense Handbook, with the belief that a comprehensive coverage of these particular subjects is needed at this time. The 1939 Handbook will continue in use for general reference and a new Handbook will be ready in the spring. The packages are being sent without charge. Chapters desiring pamphlets in quantity for study or distribution may have the same by remitting ten cents a copy for the number desired.

The Declaration of Independence has been produced as a companion to the Constitution of the United States. These beautiful posters, done in blue ink, with the American Flag as decoration, are suitable for school and library display boards or for framing. They are readable and attractive and invite attention that will make these documents real to many to whom they are now strangers. The Committee also has inexpensive leaflets of both these documents suitable for study; the Constitutions, 3 for 5¢; and the Declarations, 10 for 5¢.

The Bill of Rights is a new leaflet that many will want for wide distribution. These are 50 cents a hundred. Single copies for any leaflet are always available to those who ask for them.

IMOGEN B. EMERY, National Chairman.

Conservation Committee

SINCE the last meeting of Continental Congress when the Penny Pine project of the Conservation Committee was voted one of the official Jubilee projects, the graph indicating the number of States active has risen by leaps until it is now fluctuating near the top.

Mrs. Walter Morris of Delaware writes: "Starting out last year as State Chairman of Conservation and being informed by the 'Economic Significance of Forestry' that timber, the one renewable resource of the four basic materials, is being destroyed more rapidly than ever was known, a condition very dangerous for our country, we selected as our foremost project—planting 'Penny Pines' to assist in natural reforestation for our Golden Anniversary.

"We achieved what we started out to do, more than one hundred percent planted. We had our dedication with members and friends from all sections of the State present. Our State regent was with us, and our exercises were very impressive. We gave to our State a tribute of living green. When we look at this memorial today and through all the tomorrows, let it symbolize to each of us patriotic devotion and security for our great Republic.

"Our State Forester assisted us in every way. He gave us 1200 trees to the acre for three dollars and gave us our marker. He was with us at the dedication and made our day a very enjoyable one. Before the dedication we had a picnic luncheon in one of the three log cabins on the playground. There was a big fireplace for cooking and all accommodations for public enjoyment. There is also a beautiful lodge with beds and accommodations for weekend visitors—all this in Ellendale Swamp where we planted our Forest Garden.

"We have fifteen more acres of forest land and two acres subscribed. This will make 10,800 trees for little Delaware.

"In our D.A.R. Garden on the State Highway we planted a balsam fir and on the hospital grounds we put twelve pink dogwood trees. What better way could an organization vitally interested in guarding its heritage of nature observe its Golden Jubilee?"

MRS. OBER D. WARTHEN, National Chairman.
VERMONT

ONE hundred and seventy-eight Vermont Daughters assembled in White River Junction for the fortieth annual State Conference which was held on September 19 and 20 by invitation of the Thomas Chittenden Chapter.

State Regent Mrs. C. R. Arkinson presided over the two-day sessions which were held in the Congregational Church (built in 1828) in the Town of Hartford.

Following the opening ceremonies, addresses of welcome were given by Hostess Regent Mrs. E. A. Domey and the Hon. Roland E. Stevens, President of the Chamber of Commerce, to which State Vice-Regent Mrs. B. C. Batcheller responded.

Among those extending greetings were His Excellency George D. Aiken, Governor of the State of Vermont; Registrar General Mrs. Frank Leon Nason; Miss Ethel Lane Hersey, State Regent of Massachusetts; Mrs. John Tillinghast Gardner, State Regent of Rhode Island; Mrs. Ralph H. Crockett, State Regent of New Hampshire; and four of Vermont's six Honorary State Regents, Mrs. John H. Stewart, Mrs. H. M. Farnham, Mrs. Katharine W. Kittredge and Mrs. C. Leslie Witherell.

During the memorial service conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. F. Wilson Day, "My Task" and "Just for Today" were sung by the Mary Baker Allen Chapter quartette, composed of four young women who were former C. A. R. members. Among the memorial tributes paid to deceased members was one to Miss Alice A. Hinman, who, while serving as State Historian, compiled the Vermont D. A. R. State History.

Twenty-seven of the thirty-three chapters responded to the roll call. All State Officers were in attendance as well as twenty of the twenty-four State Chairmen. Their reports were concise and comprehensive and, with the reports of the chapter regents, gave added inspiration to the conference.

A delightful tea hour was spent at the close of the second session at the spacious home of Mrs. Roland E. Stevens, where Mrs. Stevens, assisted by the Hostess Regent, the State Regent and State Vice-Regent, received the Vermont Daughters.

The Hotel Coolidge was the scene of the annual reception and banquet on Tuesday evening. Miniature nosegays of fall garden flowers were presented each Daughter by the hostess chapter. Mrs. Flynn Guernsey Austin presided as a gracious toastmistress, using as her theme "Life at Forty". Mrs. Nason was the guest speaker, taking as the subject of her inspiring address, "The Woman of Forty in the D. A. R.". The State Regent read a poem, "Heritage", written by Kaye Starbird (Dalton), daughter of the chairman of the State Director, Mrs. A. A. Starbird.

On Wednesday morning, the annual breakfast meeting of the State Officers' Club was held with Mrs. C. Leslie Witherell presiding. Ways and means of increasing membership in the chapters was the theme of the general discussion of the meeting.

A luncheon meeting of the Vermont Regents' Association was held Wednesday noon with Mrs. Flynn Guernsey Austin as hostess. Forty was again emphasized as a birthday cake was presented by the hostess regent to the State Regent in honor of her fortieth birthday. Mrs. Austin also presented Mrs. Arkinson with a fountain pen as a birthday remembrance from the Registrar General and the three visiting New England state regents.

A successful innovation established by the State Regent was a "publications table" on which was displayed much of the helpful literature issued by the National Society.

By invitation of the regent of Green Mountain Chapter, Mrs. L. S. Walker, the 1940 State Conference will be held in Burlington where the State Society was organized in 1892.

HELEN S. DUNBAR,
State Chairman, Press Relations.

NORTH DAKOTA

DELEGATES from the eleven chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution gathered in Bismarck October 2, 3, and 4 for the twenty-third annual State
Conference. Mrs. Arthur J. Rahn of Lewistown, Montana, Vice President General, was a guest of the conference. Mrs. Rahn stressed education for citizenship in her address on Tuesday morning, and again in her radio address over KFYR.

The dinner Monday evening in the Tip Top Inn took the form of a "Fun-fest" and tribute to chapter regents. Members of the hostess chapter Minishoshe were dressed in old time costumes in commemoration of North Dakota's Golden Jubilee which is celebrated this year.

Tuesday morning's highlight was the address by Mrs. Rahn, with reports of state officers and chapter regents. A luncheon at the Country Club honored Mrs. Rahn and two former Vice Presidents General, Mrs. George M. Young and Mrs. Harold T. Graves. At the afternoon session the National Chairman and National Vice Chairmen were introduced. Captain D. K. Scruby, Commanding Officer of Veterans' CCC No. 2775, gave a splendid talk on "Human Conservation". Captain Scruby called attention to the education and health programs, and stated that from 75 to 80 per cent of CCC enrollees are taking part in the education programs.

The forty delegates made a pilgrimage to Fort Lincoln State Park, four and one-half miles south of Mandan. From here General Custer and the famous Seventh Cavalry went to meet their death at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. The park embraces the old infantry post, Fort McKeen, Fort Lincoln, the Slant Indian village, and a fine, large picnic area.

Tuesday evening, over one hundred attended the conference banquet, held in the main dining room of the Patterson Hotel. Husbands of the members were guests at this dinner which honored state officers. Mrs. Rahn brought greetings from Montana Daughters and the National Society. Mrs. Raymond W. Shinners, State Regent, presided at all sessions.

All state officers were reelected and Minot was chosen as the conference city for 1940.

Mrs. H. H. Hanson, State Chairman of Press Relations.

MASSACHUSETTS

WITH the bright Fall sunshine sparkling on Massachusetts Bay and waves "dashing high on our stern and rock-bound coast", the New Ocean House in Swampscott provided a delightful setting for the annual October State Meeting on October 5 and 6, 1939, when over 550 Massachusetts Daughters gathered to attend the two-day meeting. Following the usual dignified entrance of the distinguished guests and State officers, escorted by the colorbearers and pages, the State Regent, Miss Ethel Lane Hersey, who presided throughout, called the meeting to order at 2 p.m. After the invocation, given by Rev. Cloyd H. Valentine, minister of the Unitarian Church, Lynn, the customary opening exercises were followed. In her message of welcome, Miss Hersey sounded the keynote of the year, saying: "Together we build for permanence," and then presented Mrs. Frederick Platt, Regent of Parson Roby Chapter, which served as hostess chapter with Colonel Ebenezer Francis Chapter for the meeting. Mrs. John P. Palmer, Regent of Ausutnoog Chapter, replied to Mrs. Platt, expressing appreciation to the hostess chapters for their cordial hospitality.

The honor guests, then presented, included Mrs. Gardner, State Regent of Rhode Island; our own Honorary President-General, Mrs. Magna; Registrar-General, Mrs. Nason; and Mrs. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary-General, who stressed the need for more Junior Groups.

The address of the afternoon was given by Mrs. Waitstill H. Sharp, who, with her husband, had been in Prague and seen the entry of the Germans into that city in March.

Five-minute talks by the state officers outlined the work for the coming year. Mrs. Brown, State Registrar, emphasized the Membership Expansion plan which this state has started, and listed the prizes of-
ferred to chapters who make the greatest gains in membership before July 1, 1940. During the afternoon, delightful piano selections by Miss Aida Hershman and two groups of songs by Miss Sidonia Weiner added to the pleasure of the meeting.

At 6:45 p.m., a formal reception to National and State officers and guests preceded a delicious banquet, where 247 Daughters enjoyed the evening’s program. Miss Hersey proved her versatility by her competence in the role of toastmistress. In addition to the responses of the honor guests, Mrs. Magna spoke of the present status of American International College, adding that this “Approved School” now has a strictly American student body. The speaker of the evening was Mr. V. W. Peterson, Special Agent in charge of Boston Field Division, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

At the Friday morning meeting, three-minute outlines of work for the coming year were given by State chairmen, and at suitable intervals the assemblage heard Mrs. Sanford, who spoke briefly of the gratitude to our organization of Hillside School and of its immediate needs; Miss Anna Kloss, Supervisor Teacher-Training, Household Arts Education, State Department of Education, who spoke of the fine work done by the eleven outstanding Massachusetts girls to whom Girl Homemakers' scholarships have been awarded; Miss Eleanor Greenwood, National Chairman of Junior American Citizens, who told of the varied work being done by these clubs throughout the country; and Mrs. Nason, Registrar-General, who gave a short account of the Golden Jubilee projects of the National Society, the new Historical Document Room, the Penny Pines and the Endowment Fund projects.

A recommendation of the State Board was duly adopted that, as a State Golden Jubilee project, a gift be made to the Edith Scott Magna Scholarship Fund for American International College, money for which to be raised by activities sponsored by the State Society. Following the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, Mrs. Daniels, the retiring of the colors brought adjournment to another successful State Meeting.

RUTH D. MERRIAM,
State Historian.
Indiana, Caroline Scott Harrison, Mary Parke Foster and Cornelia Cole Fairbanks.

Thursday morning closed with state reports—and space will not permit a record here of all the outstanding accomplishments in Indiana the past year, but it has been a year of results in every project and every undertaking. The National Defense luncheon closed the three-day session and we all felt that the days had been filled with help and inspiration.

Mrs. Lafayette L. Porter was elected State Regent; Mrs. J. Harold Grimes, Vice-Regent.

Indiana really had a miniature Continental Congress with so many National officers and distinguished guests from out of our state:

Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General; Mrs. Loren E. Rex, Chaplain General; Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General; Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, Registrar General; Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Librarian General; Mrs. Willard Steele, Curator General; Mrs. William Kennedy Herrin, Jr., Corresponding Secretary General; Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mrs. John L. Marshall, Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice Presidents General.

Also Mrs. John Morrison Kerr, National President, C. A. R.; Mrs. Geoffrey Creyke, National Organizing Secretary, C. A. R.; Mrs. Imogen Emery, National Defense Chairman; Mrs. Samuel L. Earle, daughter of Kate Duncan Smith; and many state regents.

Mrs. Anna Laura Cree of Pittsburgh, Penn., and Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig of Washington, D. C., were out-of-state guests who added to our musical program.

It was an outstanding conference, one long to be remembered in program presented and distinguished guests, who came to take part in our Founders Day program and Golden Jubilee observance.

MISS MARY HOSTETTER,
State Corresponding Secretary.

NEW JERSEY

THE Autumn Meeting of the New Jersey Daughters of the American Revolution for 1939-40 was held October 11 at Montclair, N. J., in the beautiful First Congregational Church and was largely attended. Not only was the church a delightful setting for such a gathering, but the autumn foliage was resplendent and nature had provided a lovely day.


Representatives attended from all sections of the State, besides many distinguished guests. Mrs. Union Bethel, regent of Eagle Rock Chapter, extended a most cordial welcome to the delegates. Greetings were given by Mrs. C. Edward Murray, former State Regent and Vice President General; Mrs. S. H. Stebbins, National Chairman of Ellis Island; Mrs. E. J. Pryor, National Chairman of Insignia; Mrs. Frank Whittlock, National Chairman of Radio; and Mrs. Harry Marshall, Honorary State Chaplain. Also by Mr. Harold M. Blanchard, State President of the S. A. R.; Mrs. Clarence V. Price, President of the S. A. R. of Montclair; Mrs. Fitz, former State Regent; Mrs. W. A. Becker, former State Regent and Honorary President General. Mrs. Becker gave an interesting talk on D. A. R. activities.

Mrs. W. E. Storms, regent of the Oceanport Chapter, rendered a beautiful vocal solo, "The Lord's Prayer", during the morning session, and "Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord", during the afternoon program.

The speaker of the morning was Dr. Jean Stephenson, National Chairman of Genealogical Research, who complimented New Jersey on its work along those lines. She explained the projects carried on by her department: cemetery records, wills, marriages, deeds, and all other records pertaining to genealogy, also the obtaining of the records of high school students.

At the opening of the afternoon session, Mr. Messmore Kendall, President-General of the S. A. R., talked to the delegates on the present United States neutrality law, giving an earnest explanation of the topic and of the stand taken by some organizations.

Following Mr. Kendall, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General, discussed the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the D. A. R., explaining the different
projects, archives room, endowment fund, and Caroline Scott Harrison memorial.

The Kate Duncan Smith School was represented by Mr. Wilson Evans, its principal, who spoke in the interests of that D. A. R. school, leaving a pleasant and encouraging impression of the excellent type of work carried on there.

The address of the afternoon was by Mr. Walter D. Head, headmaster of Montclair Academy and president of Rotary International. His topic, “Accent on Youth”, was an interesting and earnest representation of the cause of the youth of today and a plea for understanding so that youth might find itself and realize fully the importance of the democratic system of government.

The conference was an enthusiastic opening for a busy winter of D. A. R. activities.

AMELIA STICKNEY DECKER,
State Historian.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The thirty-eighth Annual Conference of the New Hampshire Daughters of the American Revolution was held in the historic old city of Portsmouth (settled in 1623) October 17 and 18 by invitation of Ranger Chapter.

New Hampshire Daughters were honored by the presence of the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr. Other distinguished guests were Mrs. Frank L. Nason, Registrar General; Mrs. Victor Binford, National Chairman, National Historical Magazine; Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Massachusetts State Regent; Miss Eleanor Greenwood, National Chairman, Junior American Citizens; and New Hampshire’s own Vice President General, Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins. All State Officers were in attendance as well as ten honorary state regents.

The business sessions were held in the South Church (Unitarian), an old stone church built in 1824 (organized 1714). Promptly at two o’clock Tuesday afternoon, following a procession of State and National officers escorted by the pages, the State Regent, Mrs. Ralph L. Crockett, declared the conference in session.

Following the usual opening exercises, Mayor Kennard E. Goldsmith welcomed the members of the conference. Regent of Ranger Chapter, Mrs. Albert A. Fagan, also spoke words of welcome. Mrs. Robert F. Crosby, State Vice Regent, graciously responded.

Greetings were extended from the Sons of the American Revolution by Past President Albert H. Lamson, also from the Children of the American Revolution by State Director Mrs. Earl F. Newton.

The reports of the state officers followed. Miss Eleanor Greenwood, National Chairman of Junior American Citizens, made an earnest appeal to the chapters for more Junior American Citizen clubs in the state. The afternoon session closed with a Memorial Service conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. Edward D. Storrs, and the State Registrar, Mrs. J. Wendell Kimball. Mrs. Sara Dickey Simpson was the soloist.

Following adjournment, members were invited to visit several of the interesting old houses and churches, including the John Paul Jones house and the St. John’s Church with its bell brought from the Siege of Louisburg and later recast by Paul Revere. A very delightful tea was enjoyed at the North Church Parish House with the past regents of Ranger Chapter acting as hostesses.

There was a reception to State officers and distinguished guests prior to the banquet, which was held at the Rockingham Hotel. The principal speaker was the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr. Other speakers were Dr. Fred Englehardt, President of University of New Hampshire; and Miss Jean Shirley Tebo, New Hampshire’s 1939 Good Citizenship Pilgrim.

Each of the State officers, honorary State regents and distinguished guests at the head table were introduced. Music was furnished by the Studio Quartette.

At nine-thirty the following morning the session opened with devotionals led by the State Chaplain, after which Mrs. Nason, Registrar General, gave a stirring talk on “Membership.”

Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins, chairman, read the revised State by-laws as proposed by her committee. These were accepted with minor changes. The conference voted to place a suitable marker at the New Hampshire end of the Coos Trail, the Maine end having been marked last June. This old
trail ran from Colebrook, New Hampshire, to Hallowell, Maine, and although little better than a bridle path, it was the only route by which settlers in northern New Hampshire and adjoining Maine could travel to the trade center, Portland, Maine.

At the request of Mrs. Leslie P. Snow, chairman of the New Hampshire room in Memorial Continental Hall, the conference voted to purchase an additional cabinet for that room to hold the many small and delicate articles which have been received.

Inasmuch as the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Conference has been changed from fall to spring, and inasmuch as the next meeting will come within the next six months, it was voted to make that meeting a one-day affair only.

Mrs. Crockett announced that New Hampshire's Golden Jubilee Project was the cabinet for the proposed document-room in Washington for which she pledged $250 in April in honor of Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins, Vice President General. The reports of the State chairmen showed splendid progress.

The afternoon session opened with a vocal solo "My Country's Flag" by Mrs. Sara Dickey Simpson. Interesting chapter reports were read by the regents. Courtesy resolutions were read, the colors retired and the conference was declared adjourned.

Grace Dunlap Foss,
State Historian.

NEW YORK

The forty-fourth annual New York State Conference of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution opened in the ball-room of the Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, on October fourth.

On Wednesday morning at nine-thirty, following the assembly call by Joseph T. Thorne, Jr., member of Oliver Burdick, Jr., Society, N. S. C. A. R., a very colorful procession of flag bearers and pages escorted the State Regent, National officers, State officers and guests to the platform. Mrs. George Duffy, State Regent, called the conference to order.

The reports, which were given by State officers, sounded the keynote of the conference: earnestness of purpose and a keen desire to be of service during these critical days of our nation. The State Regent in her report urged the continuance of high ideals and the necessity of keeping our work above reproach. Throughout the State, Mrs. Duffy has been untiring in her effort to acquaint each Chapter Regent with the work of the National and State organizations.

The roundtables, which were held by the State chairmen and the Regent were enthusiastically received.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Thaddeus Merriman, Chairman of D. A. R. Manuals for Citizenship, presented a play "We Build a Tower," which was created by an adult class in beginner's English at P.S. 87, Middle Village, L. I., and performed by an English class from Christadora Settlement House, under the direction of Martin Ponch, instructor. Students and instructors were part of the W. P. A. Adult Education Program, of the Board of Education, City of New York. The Board of Education of New York has adopted the D. A. R. Manual for adult education.

The C. A. R. societies of greater New York and Westchester County presented a pageant, "The Thirteen Original States," which was most creditably presented. For the pleasure of the members of the conference, Mrs. Harold Brooks Gardner, program chairman, presented many outstanding artists during the three days.

Dr. D. J. Reichard, U. S. Public Health Service, Lexington, Ky., came from Kentucky to give an address "The D. A. R. Project at Ellis Island."

Without doubt the banquet on Thursday evening honoring our President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., our Treasurer General, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, and our State Regent, Mrs. George Duffy, was the outstanding event of the conference. Mrs. Charles Haig, Vice-President General, Mrs. Calhoun, former Vice-President General, and State Regents, Mrs. J. Warren Perkins of N. J., and Mrs. James F. Donahue of Ohio were among the guests.

Mrs. Duffy very graciously presented the President General, who told of the service which the National Society has rendered our country and to humanity.

Mrs. William H. Pouch, former Vice-President General, was indorsed by the
N. Y. S. conference for the candidacy of nomination for President General.

Suggestions for the State Jubilee project were presented, but no decision was made at this time. However, $2,500 has already been allocated for the Historical Archives and Document Room of the Revolutionary Period, and the Portrait of Caroline Scott Harrison. This amount is given in honor of Mrs. George Duffy, State Regent, and Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General.

Mrs. John F. Krill, State Chaplain, conducted an impressive memorial service, offering homage to the 283 members who have passed away this year.

After the retiring of the colors, the State Regent declared the forty-fourth New York State Conference D. A. R. adjourned. Following adjournment the members were invited to the New York World's Fair.

HELEN BALMAT GORMAN,
State Historian.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Forty-third Annual State Conference, Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the Lawrence Hotel, Erie, October 17, 18 and 19, with the State Regent, Mrs. Joseph G. Forney, presiding. The Presque Isle, Fort LeBoeuf, Elk Valley, Brokenstraw, Valley and Triangle chapters were hostesses. The conference was formally opened Tuesday evening, October 17, in the ballroom of the Lawrence Hotel where all business sessions were held. Following the procession of State and National officers and distinguished guests, escorted by pages carrying the colors, the call to order was given by Mrs. Forney. After the invocation by the State Chaplain, Mrs. George K. Peecook, the Lord's Prayer was sung by the Zem Zem chanters, followed by the Salute to the Flag and the singing of the national anthem. Mrs. Richard R. Hutchinson, Regent of the Presque Isle Chapter, extended cordial greetings for the hostess chapters. The Honorable Charles R. Barber, mayor of Erie, gave the address of welcome to which Mrs. Forney responded for the conference.

Greetings were also extended by our Vice-President General, Mrs. Harper B. Shepard, and Mrs. J. C. Spencer, who spoke for the Sons of the American Revolution.

The address of the evening was given by Mrs. William Harrison Hightower, State Regent of Georgia, who spoke on the "Ribband of Blue". Mrs. John S. Haume, Recording Secretary General, told of the Pennsylvania House in Springfield, Ohio, which was restored by D. A. R. chapters.

Immediately following the meeting, Erie County chapters were hostesses at an informal reception for State and National officers and guests. A beautiful memorial service for deceased members was held in the Church of the Convenant. A floral cross was placed on the grave of a real Daughter, Mrs. Margaret Hoppach.

On Wednesday morning at 9:00 o'clock the conference reconvened for a business session. Reports by State officers, State chairmen, and chapter regents revealed a wealth of achievement as well as splendid cooperation with the program as outlined by the National Society.

The following were elected to the nominating committee: Mrs. W. A. H. Mellvaine, Washington Chapter; Mrs. W. E. Coon, Presque Isle Chapter; Mrs. Jacob Stoner, Berks County Chapter; Mrs. Howard Schut, Allegew Chapter; Mrs. Ira Springer, SWATARA-PINE FORD Chapter; and Mrs. Frank Kalas, Philadelphia Chapter.

The genealogical records and the D. A. R. Junior committees held Dutch Treat luncheons on Wednesday which were well attended. In the afternoon a tour of the Peninsula was arranged, followed by a tea at the Erie Women's Club.

Wednesday evening the State banquet was held. Mr. C. Herman Grose, superintendent of schools, Erie, gave a stirring talk on education for patriotism.

Thursday morning the Junior American Citizens Club of Northeast High School, Erie, presented a program which was one of the highlights of the conference. Pennsylvania Daughters have always stressed education of our youth along the lines of patriotism and Americanism, and this constituted the theme of the conference.

The colors were retired and a successful conference was declared adjourned.

(Mrs. C. P.) SARA LANDIS FEIDT,
State Chairman of Press Relations.
Highlights of the 1940 Junior D.A.R. Assembly Committee

At the invitation of the Chairman of the 1940 Junior D.A.R. Assembly, the Executive Committee met at the Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois, October 28, 1939. Eight states were represented by the following members:

Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Reading, Michigan
Miss Thelma Brown, Olean, New York
Mrs. Rubin Garland, Atlanta, Georgia
Mrs. William F. Streit, Detroit, Michigan
Mrs. Frank L. Harris, Racine, Wisconsin
Miss Eloise Bonnett, LeRoy, Illinois
Miss Mabel Claxton, French Lick, Indiana
Miss C. W. Dickinson, Denver, Colorado
Miss Mary H. Perry, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Plans were laid for the 1940 Junior D.A.R. Assembly. A more desirable place will be assigned to the Juniors for their Coca Cola booth in Constitution Hall this year as the bazaar will be discontinued. The time for the Junior Assembly was set for 2:45 P.M., Tuesday, April 16, 1940, at Memorial Continental Hall. Regional chairmen will be asked to give reports on outstanding activities of Junior groups. A round table discussion will be held during the week of congress for all State Junior chairmen and Junior chapter chairmen.

This year, Mrs. Robert announced, the Juniors will be given more time on the program for Junior activities, on Thursday afternoon during the week of the Continental Congress.

Mrs. Schermerhorn announced that she will receive in the Chinese Room, Mayflower Hotel, for tea all Juniors and Pages Monday afternoon, April 15; also that the annual Junior breakfast will be held in the Chinese Room, Mayflower Hotel, Monday morning, April 15, at 9:30 o'clock. At this time all Juniors will receive copies of the Junior activities for the week. A meeting of the Helen Pouch Junior Group Memorial Scholarship Fund Committee will be held Monday morning, April 15, at 8:30 o'clock, in Mrs. Schermerhorn's office. All committee members are urged to be present. Florence Harris explained the progress of the Scholarship Fund and reported that she had been in touch with the students this summer and also that Mrs. Campbell will recommend, as she did last year, students to be benefited by this scholarship.

It was suggested that all Juniors and Pages be sure to register on Monday at the Junior Registration Booth. More details will be sent to the Junior chapter chairmen later.

The National Chairman suggested that Junior groups assist in American Red Cross work now being conducted by American Red Cross Chapters, and especially to be available at this time in the National Red Cross Roll Call for national membership.

Florence C. Harris.

Connecticut Junior Groups

Mary Clapp Wooster Junior Group Committee held an antique exhibit at Hotel Green, and made $43. The Eve Lear Junior Group and the Mary Clapp Wooster group have found that picnics during the summer as purely social times help to bind more closely the members of the groups. The Connecticut State Junior Membership Committee comprises the State Regent, State Chairman of Junior Memberships and the former National Vice President General, Miss Street. They will meet three
times during the year to discuss the problems of the Juniors and direct their policies.

Mrs. G. Harold Welch.

Iowa Juniors

Sioux City, Iowa, Martha Washington Chapter, Junior committee of ten young women, writes: "Our attention was called to Marie Hassel, a blind musician, who was anxious to obtain a ‘Seeing Eye’ dog. One requirement is that the money must be earned by the blind person. Marie gave a half hour recital at our Guest Day program, another at Washington’s Birthday party. In return, our Junior Group sold chances on a bedspread. As the spread and the tickets were donated they were able to give the entire proceeds to Marie. They also arranged for recitals at other societies where a free will offering would be taken. Now Marie has earned $250—enough to take her to Morristown, New Jersey, for a month’s training with a ‘seeing eye.’" Over $96 of this amount was raised by this group of young women of Martha Washington Chapter, D. A. R.

Mrs. Bryan Cronbaugh, Junior Membership.

Mason City Juniors

Mason City Chapter Junior Group has eight members and has been very active these last two years. Their ages are from twenty-four to thirty-seven. They have sold ten dozen pairs of snap-on rubbers, 100 driers, and held a musical and tea, making enough money to send $15 to our Iowa Imogen B. Emery Scholarship Fund for Junior Membership Committee, and also to send an underprivileged girl to the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Clear Lake, Iowa. They are starting the new year with money in the treasury and several prospective new members. They have grasped the idea of the Junior Membership Committee’s working together. No regular meeting of the chapter is planned for the month of March, due to State Conference, so the Juniors have decided to have a “pot luck dinner,” and have a white elephant sale. The meeting was so profitable and enjoyable that it has been included in the year book.

Mrs. Bryan Cronbaugh, Junior Membership.

Red Cross News

The Greater Boston Junior Group, D. A. R., are very proud to have Miss Grace C. Cummings as Chairman of Surgical Dressings Department of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross. Old Belfry Chapter, D. A. R., of which Miss Cummings is a member, started sewing for the Boston Metropolitan Red Cross in 1933.

When we had the flood here in New England in 1936 and 1937, she was one of the volunteers to go to the warehouse and help sort the old clothes which were given to the many who were in need of clothing. Grace Cummings has been very active in our D. A. R. She was chairman in 1936 and 1937 of the Greater Boston Junior Assembly and Assistant Director of the National Committee for Junior memberships.

Where do the surgical dressings go? They go out to eight different hospitals in Boston and are made entirely by volunteers. In September, 1939, over 46,000 dressings were made by individuals and groups of volunteers.

Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross is making the first war dressings at the Chapter House; this means the cutting of cotton, gauze, and the assembling of dressings, which are finally wrapped in white parchment paper, tied with white tape, then brown kraft and stuck with gummed tape, before being packed in wooden cases for shipping.

Olive Webster, Chairman, Junior Page.

Middle Atlantic Conference

The third annual meeting of the Middle Atlantic Conference of Junior Groups, N. S. D. A. R., was held on September 30, 1939, in Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, New Jersey. Twenty-two Junior groups from the six states in the area, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Maryland,
and the District of Columbia, were represented. Miss Dorothy DeG. Jenkins of Germantown Chapter was the chairman. The keynote of the meeting was “What can the Juniors do for the National Society?”

On the invitation of the New York State Junior Membership Chairman, it was decided to hold the next meeting in New York City in September 1940.

HELEN M. SCOTT,
Secretary.

Indiana Juniors

Mrs. W. H. Schlosser, State Regent of Indiana, most successfully organized her Junior Daughters into their first assembly at a banquet on the opening evening of the Indiana State Conference, held in Indianapolis, October, 10-12, 1939. Mrs. Wayne Cory, State Chairman of Junior Membership, was elected assembly chairman.

At the regular evening session, the Pages with their banners led the processional, followed by all Junior members, who occupied a place of honor in the auditorium during the inspiring address of Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, National Chairman of Junior Membership. This concluded the Junior program.

At the closing session of the conference, Miss Mabel Claxton, a member of Lost River Junior Group, was elected State Registrar.

MISS MABEL CLAXTON.

Michigan Junior Assembly

The Junior Assembly of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the State of Michigan will be held Friday, November 3, 1939, in the Ingleside Club, Detroit, Michigan. About two hundred Junior members, regents interested in forming Junior groups and prospective Junior members will be present. The Junior members from the Louisa St. Clair and Fort Pontchartrain Chapters will be co-hostesses for the day. The meeting will have patriotism for a central theme in addition to a program planned to interest members and future members in the organization and work of the Junior groups.

MRS. ROBERT BRUCE RUTHERFORD,
Louisa St. Clair Chapter.

My dear Juniors:

After having journeyed into a far country your National Chairman is home once more and has already attended three State Conferences in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Indiana where the meetings with the Juniors, of course, were of special interest to her. The Junior meetings in Rhode Island and Indiana were the first State meetings of Junior groups in those states, and, if beginnings are prophetic, a great work will be accomplished there by our younger members.

Many of our members have requested me to tell you a story about our experiences abroad. Among the many very interesting ones was our visit into beautiful Sussex where the State Regent of England, Mrs. Rothermel, has her lovely country home in Amberly.

Amberley is a very interesting place and is said to be one of the most beautiful villages in England. It is sometimes called the Christmas Card village, which is quite descriptive. It is certainly a typical English village with its stone walls and hedges, its manor house, and stone houses with thatched roofs. The seat of the Duke of Norfolk is here, and also a magnificent old castle where Charles II spent his last night before saying good bye to England and fleeing to France.

Mrs. Rothermel’s home is an historic place, being over four hundred years old. It was once a part of the See over which the Bishop of Chichester presided. It was not held as a freeholder’s estate until 1890. Up until then it was held by copyholders. One enters the front at basement level and from a charming reception room climbs a winding stone staircase to the hallway, which leads into the living room, while another winding stairway leads to the floor above. Sunshine streams in through the leaded casement windows and casts long rays of light across the brick bordered floor. The oak beamed ceilings are just as they were four centuries ago and period chairs invite you to sit by the ancient fireplace. The development of this place and the planning of its furnishings have been one of Mrs. Rothermel’s great interests for several years. I noted that there were pictures of George and Martha Washington in the liv-
ing room, a marble bust of Washington in the library and a plaque of Washington in the dining room. From the living room one gets the vista of the rose garden and the beautiful pool where lilies of pink and white and lavender bloom in great profusion and goldfish swim serenely.

Mr. Rothermel's particular pride is the summerhouse, which he has developed from that part of the building which was once used as servants' quarters. An ancient ship's beams were used in forming the pillars; and the curved beams artistically and practically used for forming the arches between the pillars. At right angles to the main part of the house is a long one-story wing with a thatched roof. This wing, which long ago was used for stables, has now been transformed into charming bedrooms.

At the time we were there a survey was being made of the English country homes to be available for children who might be evacuated from the cities in case of war. Mrs. Rothermel had volunteered to take care of five children.

She received three little girls from the London slums, and they had the funniest little cockney accent one had ever heard. How fortunate those three little girls are to find a haven such as this, when, as in the days of the Pied Piper, all children left London. Only this time they carried little satchels in one hand and gas masks in the other seeking a place of refuge.

Wherever we go we find the Daughters of the American Revolution playing their fine part of citizenship and living up to the highest traditions of their heritage.

And did you know that one of England's Juniors is in New York? Mrs. Rothermel's only daughter, Virginia, is in her native land once again. We hope that she will make an extended visit in this country finding time to attend many a Junior meeting.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,
National Chairman, Committee on Junior Groups.
Old Salem Tavern

O NE of the most familiar and oldest buildings of general interest in Winston-Salem is the Salem Tavern. The site for this building was selected in 1768 and the building was erected soon after. In 1772, it was leased by the warden as a House of Entertainment to a citizen who was required to comply with strict rules.

The structure of the Tavern, which is three stories high, so far as the exterior is concerned, makes essentially the same appearance that it did in the olden days. It is built of great brick walls and the rooms have beamed ceilings and immense fireplaces. The windows are deep beneath their arched lintels.

Spread across the entire front of the Tavern is the same duplicate veranda with its crisscross latticing. Originally the Tavern occupied an annex extending four doors north. Sandwiched in between this and the brick building was the old hotel containing the ballroom and four guest rooms. All the buildings were outwardly bound into one by a double veranda which extended the whole length of the Tavern.

On the second floor, in room 13, President George Washington spent several days. A brass tablet was placed on the door of this room by the General Joseph Winston Chapter, D. A. R., giving the essential facts of his visit to Salem, May 31, 1791. The room is furnished in antiques of that period. The Governor Alexander Martin Society, C. A. R., had a photostatic copy made of the letter written by Washington (in his own hand) to the Moravian Brethren after his return to the Capital. It is framed and hangs on the wall of this room.

On the last evening of his visit, he was entertained in the ballroom by several charming young ladies of the town. One of them played for him on the rosewood spinet. After the rendition of her number, she expected him to compliment her playing; instead, the President told her he could give her a remedy that would remove the two warts on her hand. Later, learning that he had hurt her feelings, he sent her a great bunch of lilies.

On the northeast corner of the Tavern, the D. A. R. placed a large tablet. This shows that the first building was burned in 1784 and the present building was erected the same year.

Among the noted men entertained here were Governor Tryon, Governor Alexander Martin, Lord Cornwallis, George Washington, Daniel Boone, Peter Boehler, the associate of John Wesley, and numerous other distinguished men of that period.

LILLIAN MAE DALTON, Junior President, Governor Alexander Martin Society, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.
"Blow wind of God and set us free
From hate and want of charity;
Strip off the trappings of our pride
And drive us to our brother's side."

A CHRISTMAS card which I received last year carried this quotation from a poem by William Charles Braithwaite. It made such a profound impression upon me that I have kept it in the drawer of my desk ever since; and frequently, in moments of discouragement and depression, I have taken it out and looked at it again, never failing to find comfort and wisdom in its lines. Now that nearly twelve months have passed since I received it, the meaning of its message is still undimmed. I shall keep it in my desk next year too.

There were several other Christmas cards which I have treasured in the same way. Two of them were adorned with pictures which are now serving as illustrations in our “lead” article this month: “Christmas at the Alamo” and the Christmas Chimes at the University of North Carolina; still another illustrates Edith Harlan’s poem, “Christmas Lamb.” Two of the others I have been selfish enough to keep as illustrations for this department.

The National Historical Magazine seems to be penetrating farther and farther afield. From the following correspondence we learn, with pride and pleasure, that it has penetrated to Buckingham Palace:

"MY DEAR MRS. KEYES:

When your August ‘National Historical Magazine’ reached me, I was very much taken with the charming description of the garden party at the British Embassy for the King and Queen of England. As I read the article, the thought kept coming to me, ‘Will Queen Elizabeth see this Magazine?’ Without further ado, I simply wrapped mine, wrote a letter to the Queen, enclosing several of the Newslettes which I edit each month, and begged the privilege of presenting my copy of the ‘National Historical Magazine’. Enclosed is a photostatic copy of the reply received the first part of September.

Very sincerely,
ELEANOR F. BURRELL"

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The Lady-in-Waiting is commanded by the Queen to thank Mrs. Burrell for her letter and the copy of the National Historical Magazine, and also the copy of the Newsette of the Sanstelle Blod. Parent Teacher Association.

A PHOTOSTATIC COPY OF THE REPLY RECEIVED FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY MRS. BURRELL

The Magazine has reached France as well as England. A letter from a distinguished Frenchwoman, Marguerite Fischbacher, which came to me the other day, contained this comment, prompted by my own contribution to the August number:

"I was amused to find that your 'Aunt Nancy' had been, about 1860, the translator of the 'Necklace of Pearls' of which my father-in-law, a little later, became the French editor. The world is little, after all!"

From nearer home, the Sybilholme Farms, at Quechee, Vermont, to be exact, comes another interesting comment, evoked by "As They Commenced" in the June issue:

"Perhaps it will interest you to know that your quotation from my Hobbies article, 'The First Freshman,' in your June issue, led to Vassar College asking Mrs. Carey for the doll for the Vassar celebration next year."

The series of Distinguished Daguerreotypes, which we have been featuring during the centennial of the discovery of this method of photography, will end next month. The serial, "Severance of Shelburne," comes to an end this month. Many of our subscribers have been kind enough to compliment us on these. One of these compliments, which we are pleased to quote, comes from Michigan:

"I am delighted that my dear grandmother and grandfather may be introduced to the Daughters through their daguerreotypes. I was also particularly interested in the article entitled 'The Saga of the Talking Leaves' in the last issue. I imagine I am not the only one who had never heard of the Indian, Sequo-yah, and his great work among his own people. Surely his name should be well-known and honored, and it is the privilege of our Magazine to bring it to public notice. I have been interested, too, in the serial, especially so because its characters are real people. The descendants of some of them, notably Othniel Taylor, were early settlers in Hillsdale County and I have done genealogical work on their families. Therefore, it was like meeting old friends when I read their names."

In view of the fact that the National Board has voted, as an economy measure, to discontinue the publication of serials, it is especially gratifying to the editor to know that her final choice of one has been so generally pleasing. Other features which will be discontinued, at least for the present, in order to bring the cost of the Magazine within the new budget, are Parliamentary Procedure, Heraldry, the C. A. R. page, and this department.

"Tory Row" published in the July issue, brought in its own quota of praise. The following statement from North Dakota was especially gratifying:

"I wish to mention 'Tory Row of Revolutionary Cambridge'. I am descended from the Vassal family, through a sister of the builders of these homes. This sister was married into the noted Adams family, and continued to live in America. While I am proud to be a D. A. R., I will say it detracts nothing from my pride in this Tory ancestry, for history proves they were only loyal to the Mother-country from whence they enjoyed protection in a successful shipping business. Students of history know they suffered many indignities. And so, I am most grateful for the justified acknowledgment of their share in preserving the 'aristocratic atmosphere' of Cambridge. I have enjoyed the Magazine through the
years, with the changing names and covers, always filled with interest.”

To revert once more to “Severance of Shelburne” the following letter, written by the editor’s great-great grandfather, Colonel Thomas Johnson, to his wife, Abigail Carleton Johnson, seems to us interesting because of the “sidelights” it throws on the Ticonderoga campaign which Mrs. Cummings has described so fittingly. The letter comes to us through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Greene Nye and is found among the “Stevens Papers” in the archives of the Secretary of the State of Vermont. The “Stevens Papers” are copies of letters, documents, etc. gathered by the historian and collector, Henry Stevens of Barnet, and no source is generally indicated. It was therefore with a view to locating the actual original that this copy was sent to the editor:

“Camp near Independence Sept. 12th 1777

These with my kindest regards to you and all friends. We have taken Ticonderoga and the ground on that side, and considerable plunder—Their own Cannon and their own ammunition we have to fight them with—we took three hundred prisoners, a number of officers, and retook more than one hundred of our prisoners and arms for them, and they use them with good spirit. We are besieging Mount Independence—Have been three days all round them. They are sending all they can down the Lake—They expect we shall have it. We have lost four or five men, but none from Coos. Peter went right up in fair shot and got one pack, a good Blanket and one Bull, which the Bull he will get 20 or 30 dollars for. Capt. Stephens and Lieut. Paine went close to them this morning in the fog and got three oxen and one Cow. They will get the pay for them. Our men have got well clothed—I have had but little sleep these three nights, for the roaring of Cannon and the cracking of guns are continually in our ears. I must say I felt ugly when I first heard the firing. I have had but two chances of firing my gun at the Enemy. When I fired the first time they gave me three for one. The Cannon Balls and the Grape shot rattle like hail stones, but they don’t kill men. I don’t feel any more concerned here than I did at home in my business. If God will I intend to be at home in one fortnight from now.

I had to turn out the men into the woods this morning two hours before day. The Guns cracked like brush burning. I broke my shins—

that is all the damage I know of done. I have heard from you but once since I came from home.

From your true and loving Husband

Thoms. Johnson”

(It is healthy here)

(To Mrs. Abigail Johnson)

To quote from my doughty ancestor, “These with my kindest regards to you and all friends!”
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