STORIES OF THREE IMMIGRANTS
ARTICLES BY
FLORENCE BERRYMAN, DOROTHY POHLMAN, AND OTHERS

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Studying Together to Become Americans

HERMAN EDWARD GOTTSCALK, A FORMER RESIDENT OF GERMANY, AND ABILIO NUNES, A RETIRED CHEMIST FROM PORTUGAL, MASTERING ENGLISH IN A CLASS AT THE AMERICANIZATION SCHOOL WHICH IS OPERATED BY THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AS AN AID TO THE FOREIGN BORN
A Need for Service

LILY W. J. KELLAHN

DISTURBED CONDITIONS, both at home and abroad, have been the cause for a decided increase in applications for citizenship in the United States. This increase, in large measure, has been due to the constant watch which immigration authorities have kept over foreigners within our borders.

Well aware of the need for kindly assistance to these aliens, the Daughters of the American Revolution have been working for years to meet these conditions. During the past two years, the Roswell Chapter of New Mexico, for instance, has sponsored group meetings for aliens. These classes were organized by the chapter Americanism Chairman, Miss Elizabeth Hayslip, who is principal of the Mexican Ward School, and Mrs. D. J. Shrecengost who was employed in the office of the District Judge, where she saw the need of helping those taking out citizenship papers. A feature of these meetings has been a quiz of facts pertaining to the Constitution and of such questions as those asked by the Examiner in Naturalization Court.

This year, due to the large number of applicants for citizenship and the diversity of the types of foreign born, it seemed advisable to conduct a regular naturalization school. Classes were held for three consecutive Wednesday nights and were well attended. Captain Charles Ward, of the New Mexico Military Institute, who became the instructor, painstakingly drilled the class on the Constitution of the United States, the Bill of Rights, and the fundamentals of the history of the United States and New Mexico. Copies of the Daughters of the American Revolution Manual for Citizenship were distributed. In this connection, it was interesting to note that the younger aliens wanted copies printed in English, while the older foreign born invariably asked for those in their native tongue.

These candidates, as they came to the first class, were shy, timid, and even a little frightened at the prospect of going into court. But as Captain Ward skillfully led them along each week, explaining the fundamentals and encouraging them to ask questions, their shyness gradually faded and even the most timid was willing to accept the invitation "to sit in the comfortable witness chair and be examined." That was the best ice-breaker of all, for having once sat in the witness chair, all fear seemed to leave them.

Before the classes were instituted, the woman from Jamaica, on being asked, "Can you criticize the President of the United States?" had answered in shocked surprise, "Oh, no!" Another, on being asked, "When you become a citizen, will you vote as you please or as someone tells you?" replied, with all the deep courtesy of his race, "I'll vote as you tell me."

On the day of the Naturalization Court, every candidate who attended this school passed with honors. When the group had been declared citizens of the United States, the District Judge introduced to the new citizens Mrs. Russell Bird, regent of the Roswell Chapter, who welcomed them and presented each with a banner bearing the flag of the United States as a memento of his first day as a citizen of the United States.

But the work does not stop at this point. Representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution are maintaining contact with these citizens, giving practical encouragement to better citizenship.

The third Sunday in this month marks the second annual celebration of "I Am An American" Day, authorized by act of the Congress of the United States in recognition of the need for service to our New Citizens.
A Man of Achievement
James Nourse, An American Father
Jennie Starks McKee

Down a dimly lighted, fog-buried London street, a night watchman made his round with careful steps.

“All’s Well. All’s Well,” he sang in sonorous monotone. His old eyes peered into the London mist and seemed to pull his head forward so that the oil lantern carried in his left hand swung in clear curves in front of his lean body. On such nights and at the lateness of the hour, most Londoners inside their homes listened beside their candles for this night watch, this one on the quarter, to remind them it was time for evening prayers and a night’s rest.

In one house in Bedford Street, fronting Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, a gentleman was speaking to his wife. James Nourse, third son of John of Weston Hall, had something on his mind. An incident that day had brought it into thought.

“Sarah,” he said, “news from America continues each day to proclaim the Virginia Colony of His Majesty’s Empire to be one of unlimitless possibility and a land of opportunity for those who will brave the sea and separation from their families.”
"Well, James," she said, "it should offer much to tempt the crossing and the separation. But tell me, what put the thought into your head?"

"Only today, in the wool draper's shop, did I hear news from merchants just arrived in London. They are here to place orders for goods to be shipped via John Norton and Sons."

"The London and Virginia shippers?"

"The same, my dear, whose ships, by the Grace of God, ply between London and Virginia. They pay with a wealth of tobacco which they call Virginia Gold and there seems to be no end to their resources."

"Now, James, you said that wistfully. Shall I chide you for thinking in mercenary terms?"

"Yes, Sarah, you may chide me, but only a little. For family ties are ever stronger to me than visions of wealth. Only the ambitions of a father who wishes to do much for his children should tempt me to look with envious eyes to the shores of Virginia."

The time was 1756. James Nourse had married, at twenty-one, Sarah, the daughter of Gabriel Fouace of London and had after a little time engaged in the wool drapers trade.

The Town Crier continued to pass the house in Bedford Street, his knees a little more bent and his hair thinning to grey. Fifteen years passed and James Nourse, the third son of his father, continued in trade as a wool draper. Third sons, according to English law, received no estates from their fathers' whose lands were entailed. During this time he lived an exemplary life, becoming a warden at St. Paul's
Church on Bedford Street fronting Covent Garden. Many children came to bless the home of James and Sarah Nourse. By 1768 they numbered nine.

Just when the thought of coming to America first presented itself to his mind is not known; but the fact that he weighed the matter in his mind quite thoroughly is evidenced by the recording in his diary for April 4, 1768:

"I have a comfortable livelihood, a want of no necessaries and the enjoyment of some conveniences of life, but with little improvement of fortune, so as to enable my children to set up for themselves, and if they should, provisions so very dear and trades all so overstocked, that 'tis five to one they succeed... By removing I expect to be able to purchase land sufficient for their maintenance, if employed with industry, to divide between them all—and as all places we find by history have had their rise and fall—it may be supposed that America (without the gift of prophecy), is a rising, Europe a declining state...

"By going over first myself, tho' it be additional expense, yet the following satisfaction may be had—the different purchases to be made; the climate, produce, and advantages to be had, before I quit my present situation and a place ready to receive my family. (It will cost me £40 passages)... What schools, and terms, by which I can better determine if I shall take the younger children, what things had best be taken out, and what best brought there; what kind, quantity and dimentions of furniture, what height the rooms. If back settlements, to consider carriage to and fro, nature of roads, what kind of wheels and carriages best. To settle the disposal of produce of the plantation, in England, upon good terms, as also the buying of returns here, a very necessary point."

With their family of children, James and Sarah Fouace Nourse left London and embarked for America on March 16, 1769. After two months on the high seas, they arrived at Hampton in Virginia on the 10th of May. The following list of articles transported from England, has been preserved:

"2 bags, two striped linsey, a bundle blankets, a bundle stockings, 1 ream brown paper, 2 do. thin folio—1 do. foolscap, 1 do. white paper, 30 wrought iron nails, porter 5 stamp t. N., seeds, cask, harness, window glass, cart harness, 2 ploughs, chaise, saddlery, 2 crates stone ware, 200 lb. shott, 1/2 lb. powder, 2 chests of tea, 1 barrel of sugar, 3 pier glasses, 3 do., 2 card tables, 2 stools, a dining table, a do., and 3 stools, a box candles, family pictures, an escretoir, a mahogany cupboard, a spinnet, 2 table clocks and a lantern, (No's) 65, 66, 67, 68, two chairs each, a bureau with books, pair of globes, a small cabinet with paper and accounts, a writing table with the paper accounts, writing desk with do., press wearing apparel, do., do., 4 chairs, 2 chairs, 1 armchair, 1 do., a bedstead, bureau with bed furniture, box cutlery, 22 chairs, 2 stools, press with blankets, etc., a couch, bedstead, do., 4 cheeses, a bedstead, do., do., 2 tables, bureau with apparel, a bedstead, cupboard, 2 Jacks, 2 hampers, cyder, raisen wine, do.... In all 116 bundles, crates, boxes, cases, etc., every one numbered."

After a year's residence near Hampton, James Nourse removed his family to Piedmont—a plantation that he purchased near Charlestown, Virginia. Here the years brought more children and financial success beyond hope. The nineteen children were all educated and trained as American citizens.

James Nourse visited "Kentuke" in 1775 with a company of which he was leader, to survey lands. His journals of the expedition into the unknown west contain a wealth of information about conditions prior to the Revolution.

"Tuesday 25th,—did little else but mend my tent. Wednesday 26—went to the Youbegantry—workt a little on the canoes. Thursday 27th prepared for moving our things to-morrow in a waggon. Tom Ruby acquainted me he afraid to go. Some acquaintances had told him it was very dangerous. Fryday 28th—Sett off with the waggon... a very disagreeable day I had of it, walkt all the way, and what was worse, Johnston's horses not drawing well, was obliged at every bad place, which was very often, to put my shoulder to the wheel; however, by dark, we arrived at Simpson's, overseer for Geo. Washington, at Washington's Bottom where he is building a large grist mill... Sat. 29th April—embarqued about two miles from Simpson's—joined there Mr. Cresswell, an Englishman... the river so low and shallow at places, that a dozen times a day all hands were obliged to jump overboard and lead the canoes... encamped at mouth of Sweetlys Creek... Sunday Apr. 30th—breakfasted upon Bacon Soup thickened with crumbs of bread. Rained hard, kept my tent up... read and walked. May 1st Monday embarked again; again obliged to wade several times, dined at Little Sweetely Creek, past on to the mouth where it looses its name by joining the
Monongahala constituting a fine river, nor obliged to wade any more; had we taken water at Redstone Fort upon this river we should have entirely avoided it... encamped seven miles short of Fort Pitt... Tuesday, May 2d—the trees began to look green... at Fort Pitt by 12 o’clock. Lord Dunmore had the assurance to attempt the Changing its name to Fort Angles, which with a handsome brick house etc., had been destroyed by orders from Lord Hillsborough, tis said, whilst Secretary of State for America... passed by McGee’s (the Indian Agent’s) plantation... Benj. Harrison, who had lands a few miles back from this... Thursday May 4th—rowed to Wheeling, a tolerable good stockade, on a high situation called Fort Fincastle... went on board a little before sunset and floated to Grave Creek. Friday May 5th—The gentlemen went to the Indian grave. It appears to them to be an artificial mound about 100 ft. high, and ¼ mile round... Tom and I set off once more for Harrodstown very hot—mett about half way 3 young men who told us of the Boston engagement, and of thirty-nine negroes being hanged near Williamsburg; said to be 900 of the English troops killed... Monday ye 12th of June... undetermined what to do—sometimes talk of going to Boonsburg to enquire further after the surveyor Capt. Floyd, at other of getting Capt. Harrod to show us Eagle creek upon Kentuke where they say are no surveys made... Thursday June 15th. Taylor, Johnstone and self all resolve to attend Capt. Harrod to Boonsburg, if we can possibly get horses... Wednesday 21st... came to Col. Henderson’s at Boonsburg... Fryday 23... rode through a fine land and fine timber and with running creek... Col. Harrod missed a little the tract he wanted but soon recovered—saw some buffaloes. The Colonel soon shot one down, I made the fire and to cooking we went...

America has been a land of promise and fulfillment for James Nourse and he became her loyal servant during the controversy culminating in the Revolutionary War. As a representative from Berkeley County in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1778, he was put on a committee of Propositions and Grievances on October 10. He wrote the following letter from Williamsburg to his wife.

“Nov. 5th, 1778.

“My Dear Love, As Maj. Hunter leaves this place tomorrow morning, I am sate down to write, tho’ no tidings of your health (2 afternoons on a committee, so was prevented going on). The post is now arrived and have the pleasure to hear you are better... I thank my dear James for his great attention to you. I most heartily wish it was in my power to relieve him; at present it is inconsistent with my duty and interest... A bill is preparing to prevent the return of the Scotch and other tories... The bill is violent, but I hope to get it softened. I told a whole committee this morning, that I perceived it is supported by envy, hatred and malice; I laugh at them and argue with them, but still I fear it will be violent. I have made the acquaintance in town with a Gentleman, the owner of a tolerable collection of books; not that I have much time on my hands, as Committees sit before and after the House. When other people are going to supper, I am going to bed; in the morning I often open the doors... The Major is going, so must bid my dearest Love adieu, and believe me the greatest pleasure I can receive will be to return, and find you in health.”

The several Nourse boys also gave their hearts and lives to the cause of the Colonies. The eldest son, Joseph, born in London July 16, 1754, became military secretary to General Charles Lee, then Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Department of the American Army. In 1776 he became clerk of the board of war and by 1778 rose to the position of secretary of the board of war and ordinances. Charles, the second son, served in the Revolution and was killed by Indians in Kentucky about 1779 where his brothers, James and Robert, had preceded him on an expedition.

John rendered service in the Revolution as attested by the Continental Congress allotment of money to be paid by Colonel Benjamin Harrison to John Nourse for ferriage of General Lee and others. William became a midshipman in the United States Navy.

The daughters all married Patriots. Catharine became the wife of John Esten Cooke. Elizabeth married Jeremiah Chapline of Chapline Manor. Thus the emigrants James and Sarah fought against blood ties in their old homeland for the principles of their adopted country, training their children to live for the honor and glory of our country. It is to ancestors such as these that we look with pride. The glory of their achievements should challenge us to equal them in spirit, wisdom and pride. If we fail in this, we have dishonored our heritage.
EVERY period of history and every department of human endeavor have an ideal personage who is a hero because he is most representative of a particular achievement. In our national growth the colonization era has had its Gilbert and Raleigh; the American Revolution its Patrick Henry and George Washington; steam navigation its Robert Fulton; commerce its Maury and Morse; electricity its Edison and Steinmetz; democracy its Jefferson and Jackson; education its Mann and McGuffey; modern industry its Henry Ford. But for the typical American soldier none fills the portrait more fittingly than Peter Francisco. In him we see not only a soldier and a patriot, but an American with the best traditions that the term connotes. Peter Francisco is at the same time an immigrant, a pioneer, a planter, and a military hero without portfolio.

The year 1765 was not unlike 1941 in many respects. For one hundred and fifty years the colonists had been enjoying the provincial life in the thirteen colonies, with their share of freedom and liberty in all pursuits of living, even as we, of today, are harvesting the fruits of our national progress and prosperity of the last one hundred and fifty years since the Declaration of Independence had defined our privileges. As today, so in 1765, the Americans were lulled into a contented state of security until an outside factor had awakened the people to the fact that their way of life was being threatened.

Democracy was a revolutionary faith in 1765. Consequently, it was dramatically appropriate that the American soldier should make his entry into this land at a time when the American people were beginning to rebel against oppression by the mother country.

Peter Francisco stood on the wharf at City Point, Virginia, and surveyed America through sad and forlorn eyes on the day Patrick Henry, the “curtain raiser” of the Revolution, addressed the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg with his eloquent declaration: “Ceasar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example.”

The sea voyage had left its imprint upon the mannish little suit of rich cloth which Peter Francisco wore. The white ruffles
at the neck and wrists were tattered and discolored. The massive silver buckles seemed inappropriate on the dull dusty leather of his slippers which once were fine.

In 1765 City Point was a cosmopolitan town. It was a port to which the largest sea-going vessels came to anchor. Here great throngs of populace assembled whenever a ship was expected. On days when a home-coming craft was expected, the quays were bustling with wealthy planters and small farmers, women and children.

Amidst such a motley crowd the little boy stood alone. He knew not where he was, nor why he had been left on this particular wharf at the end of a long and stormy voyage across the Atlantic. Soon the ship which had brought him to Virginia was in the distance and he looked upon the water of the harbor wherein the white sails of the departing vessel rippled a farewell to the lonely lad. The crowd which had assembled when the incoming ship was sighted, began to disperse. No one spoke to the swarthy handsome boy who stood immobile, as though he were rooted to the quay.

Colonization of the Atlantic seaboard was the result of a tide in the human impulse which demanded that men dare and do the deeds found only in faraway and strange lands. It was the westward movement of the human emotion. All western Europe was caught in this venturesome spirit. And in every colonial port from Charleston to Boston congregated mariners representative of England and Ireland, Spain and Portugal, France and the Netherlands. Because Virginia was the oldest and the best known of the thirteen colonies, her ports were mecca for the mariner and the pioneers from every land. At the cosmopolitan City Point, on that fateful day long ago, the orphaned boy left on the wharf found the sailors friendly. It is fair to suppose that after the farmers and the planters had left the quays, some mariner came to the lonely lad, took his hand into his large calloused one, and asked him the routine questions such an occasion demands.

The kind sailor was disappointed. Through the large black eyes the boy gazed at his inquisitor. His childish lips quivered. Pressed further, the child spoke in musical syllables, waving his small arms and pointing in the direction where the ship had sailed away. But the mariner did not understand his explanations. Soon sailor cronies surrounded the two. These began to question the boy. Yet none knew what he said. A Frenchman thought he had caught the sound of a native syllable. . . .

“What is your name, m’lad?”

“Peter Francisco.”

On the massive silver buckles of his slippers were two letters, P. F. Thus, little by little, the sailors extracted some of the story from the lips and gestures of the boy. It seems that a fierce storm had overtaken their ship. Every blast of the elements howled destruction and death to the ship’s crew. And Peter was singled out as the ill omen. When the storm subsided and the perils were no more, instead of gratitude, Peter was the recipient of the blame in a novel form which only the wit of a hardened mariner could produce. For the remainder of the voyage, Peter was constantly reminded of his blame. The crew forgot that the boy had a name. They called him “Risk.”

History records an obscure origin for Peter Francisco. From his name, his swarthy complexion, dark eyes, and his build, it was judged he was a Portuguese. Accounts of his background vary, but all agree that he was brought as a child to Virginia by a sea captain who intended to bind or indenture him to a planter. In view of the history of the times, this is comprehensible.

But Peter’s kidnapper was not successful in his venture. Having failed to indenture him to some wealthy master, the sea captain had abandoned the lad and sailed on his way, perhaps for some more prizes who would prove more profitable than the dark handsome child who had brought only ill luck and almost death to the ship and the crew on the voyage.

For several days, after his arrival, Peter made his home at the City Point wharf, sleeping on a hard cot beneath the rafters of a warehouse. The sailors fed him; the kind ladies gave him a change of clean clothing. Later the parish authorities took little Peter and provided for him until Anthony Winston indentured him into his service. Anthony Winston, Esq., was
the uncle of the orator, Patrick Henry, and lived at Hunting Tower in Buckingham County. Although Peter Francisco was an indentured servant, he found in the society which he encountered there much stimulation and many friends.

The ten years following Peter’s coming into Virginia were crucial years for the thirteen colonies. They were formative years for the youth. When in March 1775 the Virginia Convention met to hear the reports of its representatives who had returned from the First Continental Congress, and to deliberate upon the political issues confronting the American people, Judge Anthony Winston, a delegate to this convention, permitted young Peter to accompany him to Richmond. Although Williamsburg was the capital of Virginia and the seat of Lord Dunmore’s palace, because of the hostility shown the patriots the latter convened in Richmond. On the 20th of March, 1775, in St. Johns Church, Peter heard Patrick Henry introduce a measure for arming and drilling a body of militia; and in sponsoring its adoption, this patriot uttered the memorable words: “If we wish to be free, we must fight. It is too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. The war is inevitable, and let it come. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. I know not what course others will take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.”

The colonists, fired by the spirit of the American patriots, applied the method of revolution which gave the world a democratic republic. Peter was eager to enlist in the active service for his country. But he was too young, and it was a year later, when he was sixteen, that Judge Winston gave him permission to join the Continental Army. In the front of every significant battle, Peter Francisco wielded his sabre for democracy and freedom. Brandywine, Stony Point, Cowpens, Yorktown. He battled for the cause in the front ranks to the day of the ultimate victory when he witnessed Cornwallis surrender to George Washington at Yorktown. When the British filed between the columns of Washington’s and Rochambeau’s troops and laid down their arms to the martial strains of “The World’s Upside Down,” the coincident was of greater import than the participants in the event could envision. Since that incident on the 19th of October, 1781, politically the world has been turned upside down. For the democratic form of life, America set the pace.

Peter was an expert swordsman, and to this he owed many of his astounding exploits in the battle fronts of the war. Compact of muscle, he weighed two hundred and sixty pounds and measured more than six feet in height. In addition to his physical attractiveness, the youth was brave in heart, zealous in his defense for the cause he thought just, kindly and gentle in manner, and no personal prejudices ever marred his deportment as a soldier, a planter, or a citizen of the state whose independence he had helped to win.

Enlisting in the Tenth Virginia Regiment of the Continental troops, Peter first took part in the battle at Brandywine under the command of the youthful French nobleman, Marquis de Lafayette, who volunteered to serve in the American army without pay. From the very first engagement, Peter began to collect laurels for his brave performances in the battle fronts. He gathered friendships wherever he went, adding to his daring exploits with the sword a roster of friends among whom numbered Lafayette, Daniel Morgan, Colonel Mayo, George Washington, Henry Clay, Patrick Henry, Major Gibbon, and John Randolph.

From Brandywine Peter went to Germantown where the Americans lost their advantage when the victory seemed in sight. Yet because the Continental troops had fought so boldly here, in spite of the defeat, European military critics were deeply impressed with the behavior of the American soldiers.

Then came Peter’s share in the brave defense of Fort Mifflin on Mud Island in the Delaware River. It was here that the incessant British bombardment demolished blockhouses, beat down the palisades, and reduced the barracks to ashes and debris. The heroic band of American soldiers was reduced to forty. Francisco was among the survivors who escaped death by crossing the Red Bank by the light of the flames from the burning fortification.

Peter was severely wounded at Monmouth.
by a musket ball, the effect of which caused him pain and discomfort to the end of his days.

At midnight on July 15, 1779, the Americans made an attack on Stony Point and within a few minutes the garrison surrendered. The first man to enter the fort, after the first clash of arms, was Major Gibbon, and Peter Francisco was close upon his heels. Here Peter received another wound when a bayonet was thrust into his body.

Skirmishes and light battle encounters north of New York and Philadelphia engaged Peter for some time thereafter. He fought under the famous Daniel Morgan whose sharpshooters were known to "toss up an apple and shoot all the seeds out of it as it fell."

Although only a private Peter Francisco had already won for himself just fame as a fighter. George Washington learned of his gallantry and enthusiasm for the American cause. Upon discovering that Peter had complained, in his good-natured manner, that the regulation sword was but a plaything in his large hands, the commander-in-chief of the American forces decided to provide the soldier with a suitable sword becoming the mighty strength of the "Giant of Virginia." Washington had a special sword made for Peter. It measures five feet from hilt to point, and Peter wielded it as though it were a feather. Some years after Peter's death, his daughter Mrs. Edward Pescud of Petersburg, Virginia, presented this sword to the Historical Society of Virginia.

By 1780 the fighting moved South. We next hear of Peter at the battle of Camden. It was here that the Virginia militia threw down their arms and ran in confusion like schoolboys. Colonel Mayo, of Powhatan, Virginia, was Peter's commander. In the fight the Colonel had fallen into the enemy's hands and Peter Francisco appeared on the scene just in the nick of time to save the officer's life. But before the battle had ended Peter himself came face to face with danger. One of Tarleton's troopers came upon him and demanded his gun, upon which the American boldly cut down the trooper, mounted the fellow's horse, rode through the enemy's line to whom he effected being a Tory, calling: "Huzza, my brave boys, we have conquered the rebels." Thus Peter escaped. Riding away from the battle scene, he came upon Colonel Mayo walking. The young soldier dismounted, helped the officer into the saddle, and bade him good journey. For his kindness the Colonel gave Peter one thousand acres of virgin land on Richland Creek in Kentucky. And at the close of the war Colonel Mayo gave Peter his personal sword, which he wore on dress occasions, as a token of his esteem and regard for the young soldier. Peter cherished this memento, although he could not use it in his powerful hands, and today this sword is in the State Library of Virginia at Richmond.

With Morgan, Peter was at Cowpens where the Americans annihilated a British force much greater than their own. Guilford Courthouse is a short distance from Cowpens. Here Colonel William A. Washington's dragoons, by their surprise attack, won the day for the colonies. During the charge Peter Francisco received a bayonet wound which pierced the whole length of his leg from knee to hip socket, but not before Peter had killed several of the enemies for which he received applause from Colonel Washington who was nearby and saw the bold fight. For his bravery and valor in this battle a monument has been erected on the Guilford Battle Ground at Greensboro, North Carolina. The tall memorial of granite blocks marks the place where "Peter Francisco a giant of incredible strength, killed eleven British soldiers with his own broad sword, and although badly wounded by bayonet, made his escape".

Francisco was visiting at Ben Ward's tavern in Amelia County when he was surprised by a party of British troopers. It was 1781 when Tarleton with a part of Cornwallis' cavalry was racing to Charlottesville to capture the Virginia legislature and Governor Thomas Jefferson who had fled to the Blue Ridge retreat when Richmond was no longer safe. Nine of Tarleton's troopers surrounded Peter and told him he was their prisoner. He pretended resignation to his fate. All went into the tavern except the paymaster who was left to guard the American.

For a moment the paymaster gazed at his captive, then demanded, "Give up instantly
all that you possess of value or prepare to
die."

"I have nothing to give up," Peter replied.

"Deliver instantly," ordered the soldier,
"those silver buckles you wear in your
shoes."

Peter recalled that Judge Winston had
given these to him, so he answered, "They
are a gift from a valued friend. It would
grieve me to part with them. Give them
into your hands
I never will. You
have the power;
take them, if you
think fit."

The trooper
put his sword
under his arm
and bent to take
the buckles off
the shoes. Peter
surveyed the
situation. He
stepped back one
pace, grabbed the
sword from his
captor, then hit a
blow upon the
guard’s skull.
The trooper was
wounded, but he
drew his pistol
which he had in
his belt. Peter
was too quick for him, however. With
one flash he cut off the hand holding the
pistol, but the bullet was released, grazing
Peter’s body. Ben Ward and the eight
troopers rushed out and a short battle
ensued. Seeing that the number was against
him, Peter Francisco used his nimble wit
as well as his skill with the sword. He cut
down two more men. Then he saw Tarle-
ton’s troop of four hundred menapproach-
ing. All was fury and confusion and Peter
increased the pandemonium by shouting:
"Come on, my brave boys; now’s your
time. We will soon dispatch these few, and
then attack the main body."

Peter’s pretence that help was coming to
aid him caused a panic among the Tarleton’s
nine, and they fled. Quickly he mounted
one of the British horses, and driving the
eight before him, got away by taking an
obscure road, although Tarleton’s troopers
were dispatched in all directions to search
for him. When he reached Prince Edward
Courthouse, Peter sold the eight British
horses, keeping one for himself whom he
named Tarleton and rode for many years
thereafter.

This episode was the favorite subject of
conversation among the officers and sol-
diers, who had known Peter. It was re-
counted in every
Virginia home
and later was
used as a subject
for a design by
James Worrell
and Jacob Web-
ster. The picture
"Francisco’s En-
counter With the
British Dra-
goons" was for a
long time a fav-
orite ornament of
American parl-
ors. A copy of
the engraving
hangs in the State
Library of Vir-
ginia, and the
original hangs in
Independence
Hall at Philadel-
phia.

Soon after this exploit Peter Francisco’s
military career came to a close. As at the
beginning, Lafayette was Peter’s com-
mander at the surrender of Cornwallis at
Yorktown. The two had become steadfast
friends. And it was with Lafayette that
the American soldier while walking by the
historic St. John’s Church in Richmond,
first saw his future wife. Susannah Ander-
son came down the steps of the church and
tripping, fell before reaching her carriage.
Peter came to her rescue. Although he
did not know who she was, he was im-
pressed by her loveliness. Seeing the ef-
teffect she had upon Peter, Lafayette said,
"Promise me to give my name to one of
your descendants, whether the eyes be blue
like hers or black like yours."

"Yes," promised Peter, "unless me she
doth deny."
As "fortune favors the brave" the American soldier later met Susannah, courted her, and won her for his wife.

Following the end of the war Francisco settled himself to the task of acquiring two things which now he needed the most. He wanted an education. His illiteracy had kept him from being commissioned as an officer in the American army and he began attending school promptly upon his return to civilian life. He also wanted to acquire a fortune and establish himself as a Virginia planter, becoming the husband of Susannah Anderson of Cumberland County.

Although in his twenties now, Peter became a pupil in Mr. Frank McGraw's school. He kept a tavern at New Store in Buckingham County, and at the same time attended school. The American soldier was just as apt at learning as he was with the sword in the battlefront. He was an eager student and soon acquired all the book knowledge his teacher could give him. Following the custom of the day, Peter began to borrow books from the classic libraries of his friends and neighbors and read widely from history and biography. Although he never became a fluent scribe, Peter wrote a legible hand and learned to express himself creditably.

In four years Peter had established himself sufficiently for James Anderson to consent to his daughter's marrying the "Giant of Virginia." They had one son and in 1790 Susannah died. Later Peter married Catherine Brooke of Cumberland County, a descendant of Robert Brooke, who accompanied Alexander Spotswood in his expedition to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains and, consequently, was one of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

Peter's second wife died in 1821 after twenty-seven years of wedded life. In 1823 he married again. His third wife was the widow of Major West, Mary Beverly Grymes West, who survived him.

The boy who was left a waif at City Point became a man and a patriot known and loved by Virginians, great and small. For a time he served as Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Delegates, but he spent most of his years as a planter cultivating the soil which he truly loved.

Peter Francisco lived out the three score and ten years and died in Richmond on Sunday, January 16, 1831. The House of Delegates adjourned in respect to him and attended the funeral in a body, together with the Governor, the Senate, and other state officials. Appropriately enough Peter was buried in the historic Shokoe cemetery where he was put to rest with all the military rites due a war hero.

Though Peter Francisco was gone he was long remembered. Tales of his bravery, his daring exploits, and his herculean strength were told for generations after the performances.

**NOTICE**

The JUNE issue will describe events of the Fiftieth Continental Congress. Order single copies at 25¢ or subscribe now at the usual rate and ask to have this number included in your subscription.
In the year 1759, the colonists were carving out a new life in this country. Tales of adventure filtered into Canada and reached the ears of St. John de Crevecoeur, a young Frenchman who had been with the troops as a map-maker for several years. The young man came to the New World. After traveling around for a few years, he found an ideal place in Orange County, New York, where he purchased one hundred and twenty acres of land, married, built a log cabin and later a house for himself and his family.

It was the old Greycourt—not the Inn which had long disappeared, but the neighborhood which took its name from that hostelry—which was to become his "Garden of Eden." He called his paradise "Pine Hill."

Three children were born to the Crevecoeurs: Guillaume (Ally for short) and Phillippe Louis, and a girl with red-gold hair who had the name of America-Frances (shortened to Fanny for everyday use). Crevecoeur's family belonged to the landed gentry of Normandy; St. John's full name was Michail Guillaume St. John de Crevecoeur, but he became a naturalized citizen under the name of Hector St. John. How thoroughly he had adopted this new country as his home after only five years here (he became an American citizen in 1764) is shown by the abandonment of his French name.

Among the neighbors of St. John, ex-soldier, and now a gentleman farmer and writer, there was none who had traveled so widely nor was as well educated as he. But his days of following will-o'-the-wisps were over. He had settled down in the Orange County hills where his love for his family and his ground was legendary. He proved to be a practical, enthusiastic and progressive farmer and soon became a leader among the local citizenry, taking a large part, among other things, in the drainage of Greycourt Meadows. In later years, in referring to the men of his own class who had settled in the village, he wrote: "To a love of work and agricultural knowledge, they added urbanity, ease of manner and the advantage of varied talents; often their friends left the city to come and spend some time with these gentlefolks. For a long time their reunions offered the most charming picture of an enlightened industry, of soft ease and good will."

In the years to come, however, the axe of misfortune was laid to the root of his happiness and he and his beloved family were uprooted from Orange County.

The American colonists were becoming increasingly dissatisfied with British Ministers and British taxes. Passive complaints soon flamed into active resistance. St. John kept aloof from these local quarrels, since he could not understand why men who were enjoying the best kind of life should participate in mob politics. He saw the Revolutionary unrest as a tragic interruption of the true business of living.
So he just minded his own business. But a man minding his own business is not liked at a time when a Cause is at stake. His indifferent attitude infuriated his patriotic neighbors and his constant refusals to join their labor and arduors of the Revolution made him an enemy of the colonists and cost him four years in prison at Goshen, N. Y. and aboard a prison-ship anchored in the Hudson. He returned from prison to find his home no longer a paradise. Friendships had been shattered; suspicion clung to him. His farm profits had been swallowed up by the war. Reduced to poverty, he decided to return to his native France and start life anew. So in 1779 he departed for New York with his seven-year-old son Ally. He left his wife, Mehetable, eight-year-old Fanny and five-year-old Louis at Greycourt until he could establish a home in France and then send for them. The little family, thus left without a protector, suffered harrowing privations. Their home was burned to the ground by Indians. His wife died. Fanny and Louis were taken to Chester, a village three miles from Greycourt, by some kind-hearted but poor people.

But a helping hand came to them. A Boston merchant and ship-builder by the name of Captain Fellowes happened to drive through Chester in his handsome sleigh on his way home, and hearing of the children's plight he bundled them up in warm clothes and took them along to Boston.

Captain Fellowes wrote several letters to the children's father in France but no word was heard from him.

In the year 1783, as the defeated British Army was embarking for home, a French packet boat entered New York harbor and amongst its passengers was the newly appointed American Consul of "His Christian Majesty", the King of France;—the new Consul was indeed none other than the outcast citizen of Greycourt, Hector St. John, who had reverted to his right name of St. John de Crevecoeur. He was now known throughout Europe under the pen-name of "The American Farmer." After a winter of near starvation in a New York garret and three months in a British jail (yes, the man who tried to mind his own business was jailed by both sides) he at last escaped with his son to France. In England, on his journey home, he offered his writings, which he took along when he left New York, for publication. In 1781 a number of essays appeared under the title "Letters from an American Farmer." The book had an immense sale in England and was translated into several languages. This book told Europe as no other book had ever done what American life was really like. His chapter on "What is an American?" shows clearly his admiration and love for America. He wrote:

"Here individuals of all nations are melted together into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world . . . The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The Americans ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born."

In his native land St. John received much help and assistance from Comtesse d' Houdetot, an old friend of the Crevecoeur family; she made a French gentleman of him, introduced him at the French Court and got him a Government position. There he became a close friend and confident of two great Americans—Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. His association with these two representatives of the American people, and with France entering the war on the American side, soon turned the "disinterested and disloyal" Greycourt farmer into a strong partisan of the American Revolution—a miracle that even the Goshen jail failed to accomplish. In all respects it seemed to the Government of France that there was no one better fitted to be its American Consul and St. John was appointed to the post.

Crevecoeur's first concern on landing in this country as Consul of France was to locate his lost family. Captain Fellowes' letters to him finally came to light in a New York post office, revealing the unhappy fate of his family and the death of his beloved wife. So he made haste to Boston where a great reunion was celebrated. Louis was shipped off to France
to join Ally in school, but Fanny had become so attached to the Fellowes' family that he decided to leave her with them and visit her frequently.

Among her father's friends Fanny met and fell in love with the young French Charge d'Affaires, M. Ludwig Otto, and she soon became his wife at a brilliant wedding party—and the most prominent person in the wedding party was none other than Thomas Jefferson, the future President of our country.

Long after the American Revolution and with the rise of Napoleon to fame and power, it was the good fortune of Fanny's husband to be appointed Charge d'Affaires at Berlin. His fine work there won him the appointment of arranging a peace treaty with England. In a paper, preserved at Goshen, dated 1801, there is an account of the signing of the English peace treaty by M. Otto on behalf of the French Government; as a further reward for these services Napoleon granted him a sum of 30,000 francs and made him a Counsellor of State and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, with the title of Count of Mosloy. Thus the girl of Greycourt became a Countess of France and her father served as Consul of France to America.
The Old Rail Fence

GRACE ELEANOR MC REYNOLDS

With measured step it marches on and on
Till lost from view around the distant bend;
In waning strength in its last help to man,
It keeps about its tasks, though few remain.

For years and years and years it held its own,
With mapping, shaping, bringing order in,
Protecting corn and wheat and other grain,
Dividing land and holding herds in bound.

It served as trellis, oft, for wild grape vines,
Trapeze for lazy lizards, field mice too;
Its corners cozy nooks for nesting birds,
And haven for wild flowers struggling hard.

Times changed, withal, it gently yields to New,
And follows its strong builders to the Past;
Full worn, its work well done, the Old Rail Fence,
Sore, maimed, recedes to Earth from which it came.
American Beneficence

MARY JANE BRUMLEY

THERE’S a reassuring quality about the matter of fact, yet keenly realistic, attitude currently shown by house and garden tour sponsors throughout the nation—a truce with the times that is all the more comforting when we realize the substantial part played in our American life by this pleasant activity.

The American Automobile Association’s National Touring Bureau notes that “The annual home and garden tour has become an institution in such widely separated communities as Maryland, Virginia, California, Louisiana, and Michigan,” adding that many of America’s finest and most historic estates are opened to the public during such periods. With special entertainments adding to visitors’ pleasure, “thousands of motorists prefer to plan their vacations so as to include those colorful events,” we learn, “and many a town or community makes its bid for fame because of the beauty of its gardens, its wild flowers, or its orchards.”

Mother Nature manages the whole show so beautifully that changing seasons usher in a continuous parade of these regional glories, from Mississippi’s first February bloomings on to the late summer flower and fruit festivals of far northern states.

 Ordinarily, proceeds from house and garden tours—except where accruing directly to individuals or organizations—fall into at least three distinct classes. They may be used for “living memorials”—restorations or rehabilitations of historic buildings and grounds; for civic betterment; or for charitable endeavors. A fourth classification, for self-sustaining purposes, might be added, but would seem to be included in the first category. Memorial and civic betterment purposes are sometimes linked, as at St. Francisville, Louisiana, where the Audubon Garden Club, in its pilgrimage, shows stately ante-bellum homes and historic buildings closely connected with the life of that great Amer.
ican naturalist. Here, too, we find the beautification motif, with proceeds going to "homeowners in part for the purpose of restoring homes to their former condition, and partly to the garden club for beautification projects and civic improvement."

" Beautification of our city" is the ultimate goal of funds raised by the newly organized Santa Fe Garden Club. Evidently good business women, members state that tours of gardens are arranged primarily for tourists. The Shreveport Beautification Foundation has planted some ten thousand young redbuds along Lakeshore Drive in three years instead of the five originally thought necessary. Foundation members envisage in the not-too-distant future a drive whose masses of blooms will delight both "Shreveport citizens and tourists to our city." Garden tours have made this possible.

This year marks the first state-wide garden tour in South Carolina. Proceeds are destined for restoration of Columbia's old Preston-Hampton garden. Emphasizing the fact that "success of the tours this year must depend almost entirely on support of our own South Carolina citizens," a plucky State president looks hopefully to future tours with their proceeds helping to restore historic sites. Earlier work in this state was much concerned with Garden Club Schools held in cooperation with the Opportunity Schools for people of lower income brackets—all of which "blazed a trail to making more and better dirt gardeners."

Another public-spirited venture motivates Maryland's annual pilgrimages when the Old Free State's choicest specimens of house and grounds await eager visitors. "The proceeds from these tours are used for maintenance of the Hammond-Harwood House in Annapolis, which has been purchased by the Hammond-Harwood House Association, under the inspiration of the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, and is open to the public as a museum."

Snuggled between Virginia and Maryland is that happy hunting ground of all house and garden lovers, Washington the Capital. This Mecca of the garden-minded abounds in two things guaranteed to make any tour a success: lovely old homes and grounds and scores of apartment houses. Tour sponsors hereabouts may well agree with the lady who, describing this as "a growing activity," headlined "the eagerness of apartment dwellers to see a garden." Something brings them, and each spring finds eager throngs trekking around Georgetown homes and lawns. Georgetown's Children's House, a social service center for four hundred youngsters from congested areas, profits thereby. The Social Service Department of St. John's Church likewise receives a stipend from Georgetown's loveliness. Founded in an attempt to pay church indebtedness, the great success of these pilgrimages has made them an annual event. Florence Crittenton Home for Girls is the beneficiary of a tour through fashionable Wesley Heights, while nearby Montgomery County General Hospital profits from showings of the suburban Garden Club of Chevy Chase. Most superb and unforgettable of Washington attractions, to many minds, is the truly magnificent thirty-odd acre estate of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, with its formal gardens, ancient boxwood, azalea thickets, orangery, and any and all trees and flowers feasible in this climate. This, too, is open on Georgetown tours and occasionally alone. Washington Self-Help Exchange and Washington Home for Incurables are two worthy causes, the gainers thereby.

Kentucky's living memorial is restoration of gardens at Liberty Hall, designed by Thomas Jefferson and built by John Brown, first United States Senator from Kentucky. Kentuckians, mindful of their heritage of fine horses, include several of the country's outstanding stock farms in places shown.

Two other such instances are found in far distant Alexandria, Virginia, and Santa Barbara, California. Alexandria, whose tour receipts go for restoration of the town's historic sites and buildings, features Leadbetter's, one of America's oldest pharmacies, and an equally hoary tavern along with sixteen houses and gardens. Santa Barbara, with a proud heritage from Conquistadores, specializes in Ranch and Mission Tours, showing three centers of Franciscan culture on this trip.

And so the record runs. Passing to individual citizens' beneficence in this connection, we might say like the "Three A's" that it is virtually impossible to get everything of this sort. But a hasty glance...
around the country shows a consistent policy of opening vast estates for charitable purposes. The finest homes of Westchester County, New York, are shown for the sake of underprivileged children. Mrs. Henry Ford sometimes lets her Detroit gardens for such charities. The duPont Sunday openings reap revenues for local hospitals. A North Carolina garden has virtually kept an old church functioning. The largest commercial orchid establishment in these forty-eight states allows tours for hospitalization of poor children. At least two large alumnae groups—Wellesley College Club of St. Louis and Milwaukee's Layton Art School—state tours for their respective scholarship funds. St. Louis Garden Club will this year endow the Missouri Botanical Garden's new sixteen thousand acre Arboretum at Grey Summit. This is a splendid example of cooperation, for Shaw's Garden, as it is sometimes called—itself one of the most notable institutions of that kind anywhere—is operated by a private trust for the benefit of the general public. At least one sector of that public now returns the compliment.

Park Hammer's magnificent estate near St. Louis is open during week days in spring for the benefit of mothers and children who are given weekends in guest houses on these beautiful grounds. They must feel after such surcease from their crowded days that they have indeed had a "glimpse of glory" as the place is so picturesquely called.

The Garden Club of Virginia, in its desire to "lend all possible aid to the stricken people of England," has interrupted a program established in 1929 with the first attempt toward restoration of grounds and garden at Kenmore, home of Betty Washington and Fielding Lewis in Fredericksburg. Restoration of the flower garden was completed only last year, at a total cost of thirty-five thousand dollars, but nine other splendid undertakings were finished in the intervening decade. A schedule for restoration of gardens at publicly owned shrines was launched with work on Stratford, the home of the Lees, was rounded out with the memorial garden at Lee Chapel in Lexington, the garden at Woodrow Wilson's birthplace in Staunton, and was brought to a triumphant close with the reforming of Thomas Jefferson's garden at Monticello.

The Virginia Garden Club's dramatic decision to give net receipts from this year's "Garden Week" to British war relief served as an impetus for the writer to dispatch a number of letters to various sections, inquiring whether any war relief or national emergency plans, such as that announced in Virginia, were afoot in their vicinity. These communications, addressed to presidents of state garden club federations, to chambers of commerce, historical societies, and private citizens, brought much favorable response.

Many states restrict garden tours to members and their friends and have never used pilgrimages as money-raising devices. Several, however, voiced the sentiment expressed by Ohio: "We have never attempted to make money in this way, but inasmuch as times are different, our program may take on a different aspect this year."

The Garden Club of Palm Beach departed from its usual practice in twofold fashion. An annual flower show metamorphosed into four garden tours and proceeds formerly allotted for "civic improvement" bought three mobile kitchens for embattled Britain. In addition to regular annual activities, several extra tours and shows are scheduled this year for British aid, including South Carolina. Many cities are staging local tours. Sacramento plans to reverse the usual order of things—complete its project, rehabilitation of the local Crocker Art Gallery gardens—and then hold a garden party "to show off the grounds and aid the British relief." Proceeds from the Maryland tours, too, above the actual maintenance cost of the Hammond-Harwood House will go this year for British war relief.

The British seem to be receiving the storied "lion's share" of American beneficence, for projects in support of Finnish, Greek, and Chinese sufferers are definitely in the minority. But historic Jasmine Hill, near Montgomery, Alabama, was opened for Greek relief recently.

Despite being restricted to tours in this story, a peep at certain of many other ventures listed is interesting. Almost every state reported at least one highly successful project for British relief—flower marts,
canning projects, plant exchanges, garden parties, and teas. Both children and adults continue to send seeds for British gardens. Pennsylvania reports a forthcoming sale, for British sufferers, of a calendar which bears the joint approval of their Garden Club Federation and Garden Club of America. Similar in format to both the Phillips Brooks Calendar and one formerly published by the Four Counties Garden Club of Pennsylvania, this special edition will carry the War Relief emblem on its cover.

As for club donations, those mobile kitchens alone would stretch a vast distance if placed end to end along Britain’s shell-swept highways. High note of individual generosity was sounded in Portland, where garden club members were able to send an ambulance, together with money for twenty hospital beds and fourteen shelter cots.

A letter from New Jersey lists another mobile kitchen, the Montclair Garden Club’s Flower Festival for “some specific British relief,” and a unique donation for English seeds—two hundred and fifteen dollars—raised at a flower show which celebrated the end of World War One. The money was “to be salted away for some future enterprise,” and those responsible have decided that “there’s no time like the present.”

With a world at sixes and sevens and rapidly going on to eights and nines, America’s historic past plays a prominent role in allaying the urgencies of her present and offers an encouraging note for the future.

**TENTATIVE OUTLINE OF TOURS SCHEDULED**

(Subject to change)

*April 28-29—Narcissus Show, New York City*

*April 28-May 3—Garden Week in Virginia*

*May 2-11—Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage*

*May 10-17—Georgetown Pilgrimage, Washington, D. C.*

*March 28-May 29—North Carolina Garden Pilgrimage*

*May 24-31—Santa Barbara, California Ranch and Mission Pilgrimage*
The First American Straw Hat

JULIA W. WOLFE

WHEN you “try on” the odd, strange and curious affairs called hats, did you ever stop to think who made the first straw bonnet in America? Miss Betsy Metcalf of Providence, Rhode Island, became, without any intention on her part, the founder of an important American industry. The first home-made straw bonnet, if still in existence, must be now one hundred and forty-three years old, for it was made in 1798, when Miss Betsy was a girl of fourteen.

Up to that date, all straw bonnets had been imported from Europe, and were consequently high-priced. Even wealthy women could not afford a new one every season, while their poorer sisters must have been at their wit’s end to make a five-year-old look as good as new.

Straw hats—Leghorn—as they were called, were originally made in Italy, where a particular kind of bearded wheat was cultivated for their manufacture. Thence, they soon found their way into France and England and then to America. Beautiful hats of this material are seen today in portraits by Gainsborough, reposing on the head of his fair women.

At first straw hats were simple, cup-shaped affairs, surrounded by immense brims. But little by little, this primitive structure modified until at last the hat became a bonnet—something very different from its fashionable descendant of the present day—but still unmistakably a bonnet.

In the spring of 1798, an exceptionally pretty Dunstable straw was displayed in the window of a milliner’s shop in Providence. Miss Metcalf looked at it longingly from the street. Then she went in and priced it, sighing to herself as the price was given. She poised it on her hand, held it at arm’s length, and criticized it from her point of view. Then, with another sigh, she relinquished it to the milliner who placed it back in the window. All these details, it is fair to say, have not come down to us in the official record. That voracious chronicle simply informs us, in the most commonplace terms, that Miss Betsy admired the bonnet but could not afford it. It was well she could not, as matters turned out, for her poverty was to become a kind of national blessing.

With true New England spirit, she resolved to make a bonnet with her own hands. Waiting until harvest time, she gathered some of a relative’s oat-straw, split it with her thumb nail, and set to work to plait it. If her first attempts were unsuccessful, as no doubt they were, she was not discouraged. And before long she had achieved a pretty close imitation of the foreign braid.

Miss Metcalf “blossomed forth,” one Sunday morning, in a new bonnet. Upon hearing that it was “home-made,” her admiring friends urged her to get the process patented. But she declined to take the necessary steps, thinking it hardly modest to let her name go before Congress.

The making of straw hats immediately became the fancy work of the day. Straw was carried to afternoon teas and other women’s gatherings to braid. It is amusing, though not surprising, to read that the new industry—so harmless and even so useful—was promptly assailed by the press and by the clergy who said it was a “downright sin” since it fostered vanity and would encourage envy and all uncharitableness.

Early in the nineteenth century, a learned doctor wrote an essay “On the Manufacture of Straw Bonnets,” in which nearly all the evils of the day were laid at the door of this “dangerous” invention. Certain political economists prophesied a famine as a result of cutting the straw before the grain was fully ripened. Then, as today, however, women had minds of their own and perhaps found the new pursuit only the more interesting because of the opposition which it provoked.

For a short time Miss Metcalf monopolized the trade. She received orders from customers for miles around. But as the accomplishment became general, it grew to be the custom for the “manufacturers” to put their goods on sale at the shops.

The entire process was done in the village homes. Straw was raised and braided, and bonnets were hand-sewn and shaped.
MORE than a century has rolled by since restless Daniel Boone, the king of American frontiersmen, at last ended his earthly explorings, was buried in Missouri and was later magnificently reinterred with high ceremony in Kentucky. Across the years, however, floats the mysterious and ironical shadow of a doubt. Perhaps the bones of our great pioneer lie today, by mistake, in an unmarked Missouri grave while some obscure person—hero or coward—man, woman, or child—rests beneath the proud monument at Frankfort. If this be true, it is a queer quirk of fate, for Daniel Boone had, more than most men, pondered long on his choice of a final resting place for the cherry coffin he had chosen for his remains.

Boone died in 1820 and was buried, as he had wished, beside his wife, Rebecca, in a grave on the banks of the Femme Osage River near where the Missouri flows into the Mississippi. Twenty-five years later, in 1845, Kentucky, who claimed Boone as her first real pioneer, asked that the two bodies be moved across the Mississippi, back to the “Dark and Bloody Ground” he had left in 1799 because he “wanted elbow room,” back to a new cemetery in Frankfort, close to the original stockade of Boonesborough where the frontiersman had withstood many a redskin attack.

Missouri relinquished her claim only after a fierce argument and oft-repeated pleas, but finally two garland-decorated coffins arrived in Kentucky to be reburied with great pomp and ceremony at the consecration of the Frankfort cemetery. Troops paraded in glittering uniforms before a crowd of fifteen or twenty thousand assembled from the far corners of Kentucky. There was much silver-tongued oratory, and the ceremony concluded with singing of “The Grave of Daniel Boone” to the tune of “Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.”

But a story still hovers over the former grave. According to the tradition, it seems that when Mrs. Boone was buried a plot was set aside for her husband beside her.
other place across the lot from his wife was made for his remains. At any rate, the graves which were side by side were opened in 1845, and their contents transferred to Kentucky. People say that Daniel’s grave was untouched and remains today unmarked and unrecognized.

This is of course only hearsay, but it seems credible, for William Bryan writing some seventy years ago says: “Mrs. Boone’s coffin was found to be perfectly sound, and the workmen had but little difficulty in removing it; but Colonel Boone’s coffin was entirely decayed and the remains had to be picked out of the dirt by which they were surrounded. One or two of the smaller bones were found afterward and kept by Mr. Griswold as relics.” This seems strange when we remember that Daniel’s grave was newer than that of his wife.

If the legend be true, there is strange irony in it, considering how interested Boone was in the final disposition of his body. One of the most familiar of Boone stories, in fact, concerns the coffin which he kept under his bed and which he lay in now and then “to see if it would fit.” He was very proud of this coffin, and how he came by it is an interesting if somewhat devious tale.

In 1807 Boone had been long overdue from a hunting trip, and he was reported to have died of exposure at Boone’s Lick in Howard County, Missouri. As a matter of fact, and unromantic fact at that, he was paying an impromptu visit to his two sons, Nathan and Dan, salt manufacturers at the “lick.”

Thinking him dead, however, three of his friends—Captain Ramsey and two men by the name of Burnett—made him a heavy black walnut coffin, to be used at such time as the body could be recovered. A few days after its completion, Daniel himself strolled hale and hearty into their store, and, amid the rejoicing, the coffin was brought forth for him to see. One can imagine his delight was as huge as that of those legendary fellow Missourians Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn when they attended their own funeral.

The coffin pleased him. He bought it forthwith, took it home with him, and for years kept it under his bed. Finally, however, a stranger died in the settlement, and Daniel, always generous, gave his coffin. But even Daniel Boone was a creature of habit. He was just plain used to seeing that black walnut case, used to “trying it.” So he had another one made, a cherry one this time, and it was in this that he was buried some years later.

Many a time, of course, adventurous Daniel doubted if he would use his cherry coffin at all. Even toward the end of his life, when habit and restless old age goaded him into minor excursions, his hunting and fishing trips were not without danger. Once, taken seriously ill on the hunt with no companion except his negro boy, he thought he was going to die. Making his way leaning heavily on a stick to the summit of a hill, he laboriously marked out there a plot of ground in the shape of a grave, and told the boy that in case he should die he wanted to be buried there. He gave the lad the most minute of directions for marking and preserving the grave in order that wild beasts could not open it until his friends could remove the body to Martsville.

He recovered, however, and it was not until several years later that he died, peacefully and prosaically, at the home of his son, Nathan. Reputable historians tell us that a dish of sweet potatoes was prepared for him and that he ate heartily and soon after had an attack from which he never
recovered. Some romancers say "he died at a deer 'lick' with a gun in his hands, watching for deer." Others say he died alone in his log cabin. There has always been glamour about Boone and his exploits, and such an end to his adventuring seems fitting the hero, but the facts belie it.

When the eighty-six-year-old Father of the Frontier set out on his last great adventure into Unknown Land he went not from his rude log cabin but from the epitome of Missouri civilization in 1820—the stone mansion of son Nathan. This younger Boone had what was reputed to have been the first stone house in Missouri—a veritable mansion in those days when log cabins housed most families of the frontier, and St. Louis was still a village of five hundred inhabitants. Daniel helped in the construction of the stone house, which required three years, but he couldn't feel comfortable in it. He was cramped and awkward among so many trappings of civilization and felt that here, as in Kentucky, there wasn't enough "elbow room." So he built himself a log cabin in the back yard and frequently retired there for long periods. It was here that Audubon visited him, and it was here that Chester Harding found him broiling a venison steak on the end of his ramrod when in 1819 the painter sought the pioneer to make Boone's first and only authentic portrait.

At the time of his death a convention was in session at St. Louis for drafting the constitution of Missouri, only recently come into the Union. The convention adjourned for the day, and for twenty days thereafter the members wore crepe on their arms to honor the great pioneer who had seen Missouri pass from Charles IV of Spain to Napoleon and finally be sold to the United States—the pioneer who held himself "an instrument ordained by Providence to settle the wilderness."

For many years his grave at Marthasville on the banks of the Femme Osage River was unmarked, but about 1840 an old pioneer friend, Jonathan Bryan, laboriously and carefully hewed out for the grave he thought Daniel's a rough tombstone about two feet high—a work of love and admiration.

Such was the grave in 1845 when the Kentucky people honored Daniel and his wife. But the legend piques one's fancy. Can it be that some unknown person—worthy or unworthy of so signal an honor—lies under the monument in the Frankfort cemetery, and that Daniel, who planned so minutely his burial near his wife, lies in an unmarked grave—alone?

Song for Sally
MARION H. ADDINGTON

She skimmed the cream and churned the golden butter;
She sewed her sampler in the proper way,
The while she pondered thoughts she could not utter
Like other bashful maidens of her day.

She dyed the fabric of her gowns and spun it;
She frilled her petticoats with tucks and lace;
To keep wasp-slim (she never should have done it!)
She laced herself almost past breathing-space.

She pressed her cheese with marigolds' bright petals;
She plucked sweet herbs and hung them up to dry;
She scoured the pewter plate and copper kettles,
And none could vie with her for apple pie.

But one day when a young man came a-gallop
To look about the purchase of some land,
She set her stitches wrongly in a scallop
And stuck the needle in her pretty hand.

The story is the same as any story
Of man and maid; but none will ever know
The words they spoke beneath the sunlight's glory,
For eighteen-twenty is too long ago!
If the term "saint" could be accepted as synonymous with the name of any one of the women of the American Revolution, it certainly would be applicable to that of Mary Fuller Percival. And she was called that by many who were fortunate enough to share in her humanitarian plan of life.

Records preserved by descendants include letters which give descriptions of the hospital into which she converted her home in Chatham, Connecticut, for the duration of the Revolution. Not only the sick and wounded, but the hungry and cold found a welcome. Mary performed the feats of the typical country doctor, using homemade medicines and remedies, and served as nurse in addition. Her daughters spent most of their time also administering to the Colonial soldiers. Many a frost-bitten toe or a blistered and bleeding foot was treated with the soothing bread-dough poultice which these women concocted. Many a shoeless soldier left the Percival home with his feet bound in cloth and sacks and his "stomachfull."

Mary Fuller Percival, a Humanitarian

One hundred and sixty years ago, there existed in the colonies a deplorable practice which accompanies most wars. It was the cruel custom of holding colonists prisoners of war in filthy, rat-infested boats. The never-failing companions—hunger and scourge—naturally followed.

Mary decided to visit the prison ship in the hope of seeing her loved ones. Food, warm clothing, and medicine were packed for them and she began the long journey from Connecticut to Long Island Sound. "Beyond his power to perform," was the cold reply which Mary received in response to her pleadings to see the two members of her family. No amount of coaxing or bribing seemed to move the marshal to compassion. He stated that he had "orders not to allow anyone to see the prisoners" and Mary was no exception. The broken hearted woman retraced her

* It will be remembered that the "Dartmouth" was one of the first boats to arrive from England with a cargo of tea for "taxation." It docked at Griffith's Wharf in Boston harbor, followed immediately by two other ships ladened with tea. It was from these boats that the sixty patriotic Bostonians, dressed as Indians and calling themselves "Mohawks," tossed three hundred chests of tea to Davie Jones' locker during the now famous "Boston Tea Party."
way back to Chatham. Her husband was exchanged a few months later and served in the Continental Army until the close of the war. But Mary never saw her son, Elkanah again. He died of hunger and thirst on the “Dartmouth.”

Mary never for a moment lost sight of the fact that proud colonial blood coursed through her veins. She was a lineal descendant of Edward Fuller of the “Mayflower” and of Matthew Fuller, chairman of the noted “council of war” in 1671, and Surgeon General of Colonial Troops a century before she was born in East Hadden, Connecticut.

Mary was married there in 1754 to Timothy Percival. “A more beautiful bride,” wrote a descendant, “one could never hope to see—lovely girl, blue eyes and black hair, bright and witty and full of fun.” The Percivals had three sons and four daughters.

Although Mary lost her son Elkanah in the prison ship, another son, Jabez, who was held captive in the old Sugar House Prison in New York from 1781 to 1783, survived the awful ordeal. Provost Marshall Cunningham, in charge of this prison, had the reputation of being extremely cruel. It was the same Cunningham who tortured Nathan Hale, read and destroyed Hale’s “death-bed letters” and eventually executed him.

Jabez Percival married Elizabeth Stearns, and through this union, descendants have come into possession of several heirlooms. Mr. Ben J. Field of Little Rock, Arkansas, owns a daguerreotype of Elizabeth Stearns Percival and two of her daughters, Polly and Betsy. Mrs. Scott M. Julian, regent of the Watauga Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Memphis, Tennessee, treasures a pair of silhouettes of Betsy Percival and Thomas Leuty, whom she married. Still another heirloom is a cook book, published in 1801, inscribed to Betsy Percival Leuty “from Dr. J. Stearns” (believed to be her grandfather). Other descendants have letters and poems written by Mary Fuller Percival herself.

County and state records show that Captain Timothy and Mary Fuller Percival’s reputation as “unusual hosts” extended through several states besides Mary’s native Connecticut. After the war, the Percivals moved to Ohio where they lived for some time. Finding the climate unfavorable to the health of several members of the family, however, they took up the trail made by Daniel and in 1801 settled in Boone County, Kentucky. The history of Boone County records the hospitality of Mary Fuller Percival and her husband. One of her greatest delights was to gather her grandchildren around her and tell them stories of the American Revolution and of “Grandpa Percival’s” experience in the prison ship. Mary died in 1819 and is buried beside her husband in the “Old Graveyard” in Boone County, Kentucky.

A chapter of the National Society organized at Van Buren, Arkansas, in 1900, is known as the Mary Fuller Percival Chapter as a living memorial to the Revolutionary “saint” who did so much for the cause of the Colonies and who shared with so many unfortunates her home and worldly goods.

NOTE: The author is indebted, for source material, to Miss Clara Eno of the Mary Fuller Percival Chapter and to Miss Mary Fletcher of the Little Rock Chapter; also to Mrs. Scott M. Julian, who furnished the silhouettes for reproduction.
A FEW months ago I came face to face with Jefferson, Adams, Lafayette, the Madisons, Clay and other great Americans. They returned my fascinated regard with a penetrating gaze. It was an unforgettable experience, but happily one that the general public can now have, despite the fact that nearly all of these noted people died before photography was perfected.

To see the great men and women of former centuries has been the occasional wish of many of us who love the past and its legacy of stirring achievements. That this wish is more than idle, is made evident in various ways—by the efforts of historians and archaeologists to locate authentic portraits of famous personalities (even though they may be nothing more than profiles on coins); by biographers' and novelists' reconstructions of their lives from contemporary records, however fragmentary; by the earnest, if misguided, efforts of some people to get in touch through mediums at séances; and by such exquisite flights of fancy as the play “Berkeley Square” of a decade ago.

Appearance is the most difficult thing to reconstruct. Thoughts and actions of the world’s great people are preserved, else we would not know they were great. But despite the magnificent records left by sculptors and painters, we of a photograph-con-
scious era do not have complete confidence in their creations from the standpoint of accuracy. A portrait or a bust may be a superb masterpiece of characterization and aesthetic content; but with few exceptions, most of us still feel conscious of a barrier between ourselves and the person represented: that is the way he may have appeared to the artist, we concede; but how different is that appearance from the mental concept we have of the subject as reflected in his remarks and activities.

Abraham Lincoln probably seems closer to us than George Washington, solely because the camera gave us many mechanical likenesses of Lincoln. Washington was painted from life by various artists, of whom Gilbert Stuart was the most gifted, but Stuart’s best known work, the “Athenaeum portrait” of Washington, certainly does not recall to us the vigorous, indomitable, many-sided genius who wrested the nation’s freedom from a powerful empire and guided the young republic through its stormy early years.

There were isolated efforts long before photography to obtain mechanical likenesses; among them was Saint Memin who with his physionotrace and pantograph produced almost a thousand portraits in profile.

An experiment far more successful, but scarcely known as yet to the general public, is represented in a remarkable collection of twenty life masks of famous Americans made between 1820 and 1830 by a young American sculptor, John Henri Isaacs Browere, a descendant of the New Amsterdam Dutch. Browere’s passion for truth made him forego free-hand creative efforts in favor of a method he invented to take life-masks, so that every plane, every line in a face would be automatically transferred to plaster. He made a large number of these busts, but although he was acclaimed by the subjects themselves, their relatives and friends, the public was apathetic. His hope that a national gallery would be founded to house mask-busts of famous people was not realized. This was
a profound disappointment, for he had spent many years of work and more than twelve thousand dollars in making his collection.

Browere considered making a gift of his busts to a young South American republic; but fortunately for posterity, he finally willed them to his daughter, admonishing her that they should be stored away for four decades, at the end of which time he hoped the American people would have more appreciation of them. Hence, for a long period, these busts remained in a Catskill Mountain barn; subsequently they were sold and dispersed.

Lately a descendant of Browere, Stephen C. Clark, reassembled a collection of twenty which was presented to the New York State Historical Association at Cooperstown. It was this collection which I saw during a fortnight’s exhibition of it some months ago at the galleries of M. Knoedler & Company, New York City. The lively interest of many other visitors indicated that the response which Browere was not to enjoy during his lifetime is now forthcoming from a later generation, more appreciative of the value of so magnificent a record of famous early Americans.

The effect of these mask busts is indescribable. In the New York exhibition, they were placed on pedestals so that the heads were about life-height. They were so vital, that while standing in the center of the gallery I had the strange sensation of being actually embarrassed under their barrage of searching stares.

Of the twenty busts, only one subject was born in the nineteenth century. All the others were of an earlier day, and nine of them were active in the American Revolution. Consequently they were generally middle-aged or older when the masks were taken. Yet there was not a senile face among them; and the majority of aged heads, instead of being bald, as one would expect, were covered with enviable thatches. Another feature common to most of the busts, was the firmness of mouths and chins; the majority of their faces had strong, independent, willful expressions. In an age which needed indomitable characters, these men supplied them.

John Adams was the oldest of the group, aged ninety when the mask was made a year before his death. The head, nearly hairless, is well-shaped, his face strong despite the sunken, toothless mouth; but his expression is grim, with brooding disappointment. This is what we would expect of one whose later life is said to have been “embittered” by the events of his four years as President of the United States. Acquaintance with the history of 1797 to 1801 is sufficient to explain this life mask of John Adams. Furthermore, what he thought of artists is expressed in unequivocal terms in a letter he wrote seven years earlier to another sculptor who had requested a sitting:

“The age of painting and sculpture has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will not arrive very soon. Artists have done what they could with my face and
eyes, head and shoulders, stature and figure, and they have made them monsters as fit for exhibition as Harlequin or Clown. They may continue to do so as long as they please. I would not give sixpence for a picture of Raphael or a statue of Phidias.

"I am confident that you will not find purchasers for your bust, and therefore am sorry that you are engaged in so hopeless a speculation, because I believe you to be a great artist and an amiable man."

How different is the face of Thomas Jefferson, whose two terms as President and whose subsequent life must have been satisfying to him in retrospect. He was eighty-two years old when this mask was taken, yet he appears much younger. He has the contemplative expression of the idealist and philosopher we know he was. No great American ever believed more sincerely in democracy. Yet he was no mere dreamer of dreams; such coups as the Louisiana Purchase and in his last years the establishment of the University of Virginia were thoroughly practical.

Jefferson was sweet-tempered, kind-hearted and optimistic, and he believed in people. An illustration of his character is afforded in his treatment of Browere and the making of this life mask. In a long letter he wrote to Madison (discussing various subjects), he described the whole process:

"I was taken in by Browere, he said his operation would be of about twenty minutes and less unpleasant than Houdon’s method. I submitted therefore without enquiry but it was a bold experiment on his part on the health of an octogenary, worn down by sickness as well as age. Successive coats of thin grout plastered on the naked head, and kept there an hour, would have been a severe trial of a young and hale person. He suffered the plaster also to get so dry that separation became difficult and even dangerous. He was obliged to use freely the mallet and chisel to break it into pieces and get off a piece at a time. These thumps of the mallet would have been sensible almost to a loggerhead (turtle). The family became alarmed, and he confused, till I was quite exhausted, and there became real danger that the ears would separate from the head sooner than from the plaster. I now bid adieu for ever to busts and even portraits."

This letter, intended to be purely private, had a disastrous effect upon the young sculptor’s prospects with other famous subjects. When Jefferson learned of this, he wrote Browere an enthusiastic endorsement that dispelled the earlier injury.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last living Signer of the Declaration of Independence, sat for Browere when he was eighty-eight. One gets the impression from a study of this bust, that Carroll was weary with years and that his thoughts were turning inward; but there is nothing grim nor bitter about his face. After the bust was completed, Carroll wrote a very flattering letter concerning it, to a friend, saying in part:

"Mr. Browere has produced and read to me several letters from sundry most respectable persons speaking highly in his
favour. On their recommendation and at his request, I set to him to take my Bust; he has taken it. The resemblance in my opinion and that of my family and of all who have seen it is most striking; the operation from its commencement to its completion was performed in two hours with very little inconvenience and no pain to myself.

"This Bust Mr. Browere's contemplates placing with many others in a national gallery of Busts; that his efforts may be crowned with success is my earnest wish, that his talents and genius deserve it I have no hesitation in pronouncing."

Judging from this, we assume Browere had improved his method of applying and removing the "grout" (a kind of oatmeal). Carroll's mask was made nearly a year after that of Jefferson.

Lafayette, however, was the sculptor's first real success. Browere made two masks of the great Frenchman when he came to America in 1824 as "The Nation's Guest." The first, done in New York, was a failure, because of Lafayette's impatience. But Browere caught him again in Philadelphia and obtained a mask which was praised not only by the old general himself but also by Samuel F. B. Morse and Rembrandt Peale, both of whom had painted Lafayette from life. Peale said in part:

"The Bust of Lafayette which he has just finished is an admirable demonstration of his talent on this department of the Fine Arts. The accuracy with which he has moulded the entire head, neck and shoulders from the life, and his skill in finishing, render this Bust greatly superior to any we have seen. It is in truth 'a faithful and living likeness.' Of this I may judge, having twice painted the General's portrait from the life, once at Paris and recently at Washington."

The last two busts illustrated here, are those of James Madison and "Dolly." Our fourth President, a man of integrity, ability and intellect, consistently refused to compromise between his convictions and a play for popularity. His dignity and seriousness, combined with his unimpressive appearance, as well as the weakness of his administration during the war of 1812-14, are responsible for a rather negative mental vision of him with most people. But in the earnest, scholarly face of Browere's bust, we see Madison as the man who participated so indefatigably in the founding of the Republic. Of his numerous services, the Constitution is most im-
important, for not only did he have a large share in drafting it, but he also influenced its adoption by his writing of some of “The Federalist” papers and his public defense.

Dolly we know was the accomplished “first lady” of Jefferson’s Cabinet as she subsequently was in the President’s House. Her spirited behaviour during the flight from Washington in August, 1814, when the British captured and burned the capital, and her marked social gifts (no doubt emphasized because she was a generation younger than her husband) have made her a popular figure in American history. Poise and an amiable disposition are obvious in Browere’s mask, as well as the “plump beauty” she is reputed to have possessed.

Not long after he completed his masks of the Madisons, a daughter was born to Browere. Before she was two days old, he wrote to the ex-President and asked if Mrs. Madison would object to having the child named after her: Dolly Madison Browere. John Quincy Adams, De Witt Clinton, President Van Buren, Henry Clay, and David Porter are also subjects of busts in the collection now owned by the New York State Historical Association, which has both plaster busts and bronzes cast from them. The first event of note of the James Fenimore Cooper Sesqui-centennial Celebration held last year in Cooperstown was the dedication of the Hall of the Life Masks in the Association’s Museum and Art Gallery. Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, president, delivered an address, and the chief speaker was Carl Sandburg, who read his long poem, “Good Morning, America.” After more than one hundred years, John H. I. Browere’s dream of a gallery of busts of famous Americans has in some measure been realized.

**Note:** The writer is indebted to the New York State Historical Association for the loan of the photographs reproduced herewith, for the information concerning Browere, and for permission to quote Adams, Jefferson, Carroll and Peale; through the courtesy of Edward P. Alexander, Director of the Association. Everett L. Millard, great-great-great-grandson of John H. I. Browere, made the photographs and contributed much of the data to the Association.
"Sugar And Spice..."

DOROTHY PREWITT POHLMAN

For some time now, I've had a group of Girl Home Makers whom I call my jolly dozen. Seven of them will one day be eligible to the Daughters of the American Revolution. One of the others can never be since she is the daughter of an English couple who came over several centuries too late to sail in on the Mayflower. As for the other four future homemakers, I know nothing of their ancestry, but I am sure they are tops as young Americans.

People often do things for such strange reasons and are so glad afterwards. Two years ago, my own daughter, Mary, then aged nine, wanted to join a girls sewing club which was unsupervised by an adult, and was several blocks away. I knew it would meet after school and that during the winter it would be dark before Mary could possibly arrive home.

"Some day," I assured her placatingly, "we'll form a club of our own."

"Who'll we have?" Mary asked promptly.

"Oh—the girls about your own age on the two blocks nearest home."

"What'll we call it, mother?"

Mary was so eager that I was beginning to get a bit uneasy at her immediate interest in my rash promise. "Well—when we do organize, we could call it the Girl Home Makers for there is such an organization sponsored by the D. A. R."

Ever since my merry Mary was quite small, she has longingly eyed my blue and gold pin, patiently waiting the day when she might belong. Now she asked hesitantly, "But if I join the Girl Home Makers, will I get to belong to the Daughters of the American Revolution after a while, too?"

"Oh, yes," I assured her, "the two would blend most beautifully together."

"Then," demanded Mary, practically, "why don't we start our club this fall?"

It was a little overwhelming to find that there were twelve girls of the age designated instead of the three or four I had expected. It was gratifying to see how eager the girls were "to belong," and how happy their mothers were at the opportunity, as they graciously called it. As one mother said, the club name itself is endearing. She thought that the camp and field and outdoor crafts were excellent for girls to learn, but that somehow the home did come first.

To our written invitation (written so that careful mothers might know that it had adult backing and was not just a figment of a child's wishful dream), one little girl returned a sweet note of acceptance; the others proclaimed their intentions by word of mouth and appeared promptly on the day designated.

They hurried in after school, each fearful she would be the last to arrive, and sat forward eagerly on their chairs.

When we were all assembled, I asked, "What is your idea of a girls' club?"

"I'd like to know how to make chocolate fudge," one openly confessed.

"A club's where you learn to say, 'Madam President,'" an older girl volunteered.

"Oh, no," a small wistful child confided, "it's where we all tell each other our secrets, an' sew things."

There you have it in a nutshell: business and handicraft and fellowship over food that is eaten together.

Of necessity, my Girl Home Makers met after school and we tried to put our two hours to good uses. Our time was divided into three main parts: the business session which also included self-developed programs; our "nourishment"; and our handwork, which someone has said is surely God's gift to women. The officers were president and secretary, whose terms never lasted more than two months so that each girl could have turn at the business. Also, each girl belonged either to the hostess or to the program committee. To date, every girl has held some office.

Before the end of the first year, I was proud of the manner in which any one of my girls could conduct or participate in a business session, for we used regulation parliamentary procedure.

The programs were arranged by the girls themselves and each one was expected to participate at least three times a year. The gatherings were always opened with a salute
to the flag, and at one girl’s request, the group chose “America” for the closing song. The main part of the program was surprisingly varied, ranging from tap dances, songs, duets, piano numbers, and readings to story-telling and plays. We had very special programs for our patriotic days.

Our food was eaten at the end of the first hour so as not to interfere with appetites for the home dinner. The children were always gratifyingly hungry. So eager were they to partake of the party that smudged hand towels often spoke sadly of the hasty ritual of hand washing.

As for various reasons there were no dues, the leader furnished the food and materials for handwork. Perhaps that is not the best method for all groups, but it worked out nicely for us. The Girl Home Makers always met at my home, too, for I found that a set time and a definite meeting place gave more satisfactory results.

Many of the lunches were prepared by the girls themselves. Never shall I forget that happy disorder and mess grinning at me in that pre-dinner hour in my kitchen after we had our first try at cookie baking. The girls, too, were a glaucous of flour from chin to toes. But did we have fun! Besides the cookies, they also concocted cinnamon toast and rolls, built fancy sandwiches, made fresh salads, and stewed vegetable and meat soups. Oh, yes, we also learned how to make fudge. Along with this food, the girls had milk to drink, and fruit punch and chocolate for cold days. Oh, yes, we also learned how to make fudge. Along with this food, the girls had milk to drink, and fruit punch and chocolate for cold days. Now and then a thoughtful child would proudly take home a tid-bit for mother, but usually every crumb was consumed as soon as it was cool enough. Some way or other, these self-made meals had a special flavor.

After eating, we were ready for the day’s work. We made Christmas gifts, Valentines, Easter book-markets, May Baskets, and Mother and Father Day gifts. A campfire leader volunteered a lesson in bead bracelet work and paper flower-making was another friend’s contribution to our activities. Many of our ordinary pursuits were learning how to make straight seams, to sew neat hems, to darn and to fasten on buttons, to make a bed and set a table properly and how to serve smoothly. As for special things, we took observation trips, visited the museum, and were especially attentive to the excellent D. A. R. displays, and we enjoyed the Rotary hobby show this spring. As it often reads at the end of a mid-west sale bill, “and other items too numerous to mention,” we did, and enjoyed, together.

In fact, we never had enough time to do all the delightful things we wanted to do. Too often the clock’s hands pointed toward six before I was able diplomatically to persuade the eager workers out of my front door.

There were days when I felt that the time and energy spent on twelve lively, interested girls was just too much to carry on with all the rest that I had scheduled myself to do. Then I’d try to reason that maybe I was like Geoffrey Chaucer’s clerk “who seemeth busier than he was.” It was not only the time and energy spent in getting materials ready and planning menus for a dozen hungry youngsters, but I either missed out completely on my own social affairs or excused myself from parties or clubs where understanding hostesses knew that I must be home by three on Thursday afternoons. During autumn and spring rains, there were dripping umbrellas and muddy rubbers to cache and coats to dry. In winter there were snowy ski suits and galoshes to park. No matter how careful children may be, there are always things to clean and tidy up afterwards.

Yet, in spite of all those minor irritations, there have been so many compensations—if one really needed such evidence. I’ve found my greatest returns from investment in youth not in material rewards, either, though I shall always cherish such things as the lovely surprise piece of silver the children gave me at our last meeting. No—it goes so much more deeply than that as those of you who have worked with young people will understand.

How can I write what I can’t even say: that in some intangible fashion, these children have already returned to me so much more than I could possibly have given to them. Never was it a question of whether I could teach them handwork and household management any better than their own mothers, everyone understood that; it was mainly the fun of doing things together, the generous warmth of cooperation, and the joy of sharing.
A Happy Refugee

HAZEL FENTON SCHERMERHORN

JUNIOR members will be delighted, but not surprised, in the interest their beloved adviser and our Past Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Delos A. Blodgett of Washington, takes in little Russell Chute of England. Russell's father is Lieutenant Colonel Mervyn Lyde Chute of Whipsnade, Bedfordshire. For the safety of their five-year-old son, Colonel and Mrs. Chute accepted the invitation of Mrs. Blodgett's son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Erwin, to send their little boy to them for the duration of the war. So Russell is now with them in their beautiful home, Arbremont, in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Erwin, last summer, met Russell in New York. All the way to Washington, Russell kept asking, "Is this America?" And as the journey lengthened, "Are we still in America?"

This picture was taken at the Erwin summer home on Mackinac Island, Michigan. Upon arrival there from the long journey from Washington, Russell still could not realize that this vast country was all America. Again and again came his question, "Are we still in America?"

The first days away from home are apt to be homesick ones for a five-year-old. One night while being tucked into bed, the tears came into Russell's eyes. He bravely smiled through them at Mrs. Erwin, and said, "I'm not crying, because boys do not cry. Girls are the only ones who cry—German girls."

Mrs. Erwin tells us that Russell's fear of airplanes going over the house is now subsiding. At first he was warning everyone to run for shelter because the enemy was there. But his subconscious fear still lingers, for she finds him after he goes to sleep at night, away down at the foot of his little bed, completely concealed with the bedcovers; still haunted by the fear which has been engraved forever on his childish heart. But days are safe and happy ones for Russell now, surrounded by the joyousness and love of the typical American home of Mrs. Blodgett's daughter.
A California Neighborhood Center

GERTRUDE I. MILLER, Secretary

More than ten years ago, Mrs. Frank Phelps Toms, then State Regent of the California Daughters of the American Revolution, became interested in the Russian Ukranian Center located in the section of the city where most of the foreign population lives. Through her efforts, Mrs. Toms interested the Daughters, and they, together with other patriotic organizations, began to work to spread the gospel of Americanism in this locality where it was so badly needed.

In 1932, during the State Conference, the Neighborhood Center was made a State project, the name was changed to the Daughters of the American Revolution Neighborhood Center, and the supervision and maintenance were taken over entirely by our Society.

Classes were held on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon when Americanism, sewing, cooking, and other handcrafts were taught by many of the Daughters themselves. During this time the Neighborhood Music School occupied part of the building, but in 1935 this department was moved to another location, leaving the entire building free for other activities. Mrs. Edith Goodheart was appointed State Chairman and she became the Resident Director. This gave an opportunity to enlarge the scope of activities and classes were held every afternoon and Thursday and Friday evenings. With the larger program in force, the effect of the work began to show in the community. In 1936, the Daughters of the American Revolution were requested by the Los Angeles City Police Department to cooperate with the Crime Prevention Bureau. As many as two hundred girls and small boys attended the Center each week. Classes were extended still further and the playground was enlarged. More assistance was required and two social welfare students from the University of Southern California were engaged to work under the supervision of Mrs. Goodheart.

This work is financed by the State Society which sets aside a certain amount each month for the purpose, by the chapters which include a certain share of the maintenance in their budget, and by individual members who take out sustaining memberships.

Recently, the management of the Center has been carried on by a committee of eight members headed by the State Chairman. There is also an advisory committee consisting of the State Regent, the State Vice Regent, and the Past State Regents which meets once a month to discuss ways and means as well as other Neighborhood Center business.

The scope of the Center activities is a varied and large one. In addition to Americanism, the California Daughters are contributing to several others of the committees of the National Society—Junior American Citizens, Girl Home Makers, Conservation. The Center is also a distribution place for the Manuals for Citizenship and Flag Codes. Recently, it has become the local D. A. R. War Relief headquarters, where the local members receive and return war relief material.

With continued cooperation from the membership of California, the Daughters embrace this great opportunity to carry on the work in the memory of its founder, Mrs. Frank Phelps Toms.
WHEN important events become history we are prone to suppose that they received the universal approval of all the people.

We are somewhat surprised to learn from "the Constitution and its Framers" by Coleman, page 625, that the vote on the adoption of the Constitution by the states was as follows, in the order indicated:

1. Delaware  December 6, 1787  unanimous vote
2. Pennsylvania  December 12, 1787  46 to 25
3. New Jersey  December 18, 1787  unanimous vote
4. Georgia  January 2, 1788  unanimous vote
5. Connecticut  January 9, 1788  128 to 40
6. Massachusetts  February 6, 1788  187 to 168
7. Maryland  April 28, 1788  63 to 11
8. South Carolina  May 23, 1788  149 to 73
9. New Hampshire  June 21, 1788  57 to 46
10. Virginia  June 25, 1788  89 to 79
11. New York  July 26, 1788  30 to 27
12. North Carolina  November 21, 1789  193 to 75
13. Rhode Island  May 29, 1790  34 to 32

Revolutionary Soldiers Believed to Have Been Members of Leacock Presbyterian Church, but buried here in unmarked graves or elsewhere.


Brown, James: son of George who took out a warrant on land in 1738, & was one of original trustees of Leacock Church, & d. 1756. Captain of 1st Co. of Col. John Boyd's Batt., L.C.M.—1777. Was at battle of Germantown. Pa. Arch. S5 vii 638, 639.

of Dr. Henry Carpenter (Heinrich Zimmermann) (b. 1673; d. 1747) & Salome Ruffner (b. 1675; d. 1742), who emig. fr. Switzerland, 1698, sett. 1st in Germantown, removed to West Earl in 1717.


WATSON, DAVID: b. 1734, Ireland; son
of John who sett. on Newport Road, 1749 and d. 1757 and Ann Stephenson, dau. of James & Elizabeth Stephenson. His grandfather, James Stephenson, was an ancestor of William McKinley, President of the United States in 1897. m. (1) Jean or Mary Hamilton, dau. of Wm. Hamilton of Pequea; (2) Sarah Patterson, sister of Col. James Mercer’s 2nd wife, Margaret. Mem. of Com. of Observation, Dec. 15, 1774. Mem. of Com. of Correspondence, Jan. 14, 1775. COLONEL and Commissioner of Subsistence. Colonial Records xi 334, 339, 423, 444. Also a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas—Ellis & Evans, p. 763. David Watson & the Stephensons orig. sett. in Donegal Twp. Ibid, p. 762.


Note—Dr. Beam includes also Quartermaster John Whitehill and Captain Robert McCurdy, but as these men are buried in Pequea Presbyterian and Bangor Episcopal Churchyards, respectively, we have included them in those lists.—Eleanore J. Fulton.

WILLS FROM NOTTOWAY COUNTY, VIRGINIA
(Continued from April issue)

By Mrs. Josiah Foster and Miss Allie Millard
1018 So. 17th St., Fort Smith, Ark.


John Fowlkes.—Will dated: 4-5-1799. Probated: 12-5-1799. W. B. 1799 period. Nottoway Co., Va. page 366. “Wife Judith then living. “Son Jennings, then living, son, John then living, son James, “Daughter Betsy Vanamburg, son, Henry then living, “Grandson, Archer Fowlkes, who is now living with me”, not then of age or married. “Son, William, then living, daughter Sarah Thompson, then living. “Daughter, Nancy Betts, then living “Grandsons, John Price, Charles Price, William Price, the three as one legatee. “Daughter, Jerusha, Deceased, leaving children, her part to go to them as one legatee.” He mentions pewter dishes all of them marked with letter “P” which he gives to his wife. Signed in the presence of: John Bass, Jr., Peter Rowlett, and John Borum.


Gabriel Fowlkes.—Will Book 1, page 102, Nottoway Co., Va. Will dated Jan. 15, 1791. Will of wife dated Dec. 5, 1793, showing name of wife to be Ursula Fowlkes. (Note: I seem to have failed to get proba- tion dates of each; else the last date above is the probaion date of Gabriel, tho I seem to remember it to be the date of Ursula’s will, merely showing this Gabriel to be her husband.)

Gabriel Fowlkes will.—Wife: Ursula. “Son Thompson Fowlkes, son, Gabriel Fowlkes Jr., dau. Elizabeth Forrest, dau.


Queries

Queries must be typed double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to two queries (a) and (b) of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following last query. Queries conforming to above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

The purpose of this section of the Genealogical Department is mutual assistance to those seeking information on same or related families.

Correspondence regarding former queries cannot be answered by this department since no information is available prior to June, 1938, after which date all is published.

E-'41. (a). Wotring-Troxall.—Wanted ancestry and descendants of Abraham Wotring, wife Margaret (Troxall?), who came to Preston County (then Monongalia County), (West) Virginia, in 1788 from Philadelphia. Believe he is a close descendant of Abraham Voiturin (1700-1752), who came to Philadelphia in 1733. Would like to contact all people having information of these names who lived in Philadelphia; also people in Preston Co., W. Va.

(b). Nine.—Wanted ancestry of Christian Nine, who, with his brother Conrad came to Preston County, (then Monongalia Co.), (West) Virginia, in 1801 from Philadelphia. Christian’s wife was Susanna Whitehair. Children: Elias, Maria, John, Conrad, Christina, Henry, Susanna, Daniel, David, and Margaret. I would like to contact all people having information concerning the first Nine families of Philadelphia. Eldon Tucker Jr., 464 Brockway Avenue, Morgantown, West Virginia.


E-'41. (a). Husted-Thompson.—Wanted names of the parents of Caroline Husted, born Dutchess County, New York, in 1819, believed to have moved to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, with her parents. She married Harvey Thompson, born 1814, son of Darlin Thompson, born 1788, and his wife Rosanna.

(b) Darlin Thompson, wife Rosanna, had eight children, the third of whom was Harvey Thompson, born 1814, married Caroline Husted. They had ten children, the tenth of whom was Bertha Thompson, a twin, born 1863, married Frederick Mead.
E-'41. (a). Kinne-Gallup.—I am descended from Thomas Kinne and Hannah (Gallup) Kinne through their daughter Keziah, born 1750. Will someone kindly send me the names of their other children, and when born? Also, any data re the Gallup family?

(b). Blackford.—I am interested in locating family records of Captain John Blackford, aide to Major Harrod who served during the Revolution, and founded Harrodsburg, Ky. Will descendants of said Capt. Blackford send me any family data available? Mrs. G. W. H. Burge, 714 S. Cherokee, Girard, Kansas.

E-'41. (a). Alexander.—Who were the parents of Andrew Alexander and his wife, Catherine Stuart Aiken Alexander? They came from Cecil County, Maryland, and settled in Augusta County, Va. He died there in 1788.

(b). Givens. Wanted names of the parents of one Daniel Givens who was appointed Constable in Augusta County, Va. in 1773, and received Land Grants in Botetourt County as early as 1792. Was Daniel a descendant of Samuel and Sarah Givens, immigrants to Orange County, Va., prior to 1741. What was the maiden name of Daniel’s wife? Mrs. R. T. Bowen, P. O. Box 95, Bluefield, West Virginia.


(b). Grant.—John Grant b. Chester Co. Pennsylvania, 1796, d. Louisiana April 4, 1887, m. Elizabeth Disney of Maryland. Tradition in family is that father of John Grant was brother to Ulysses Grant. Information desired regarding John Grant’s lineage. Mrs. E. N. McAllister, 2645 Lakeshore Drive, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

E-'41. Granger.—Wanted parents and grandparents with dates and localities of Martha Marie Granger, born 1-28-1800, died 1856, at Sheffield, Massachusetts, married William Caroll Mansfield of Sheffield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Eva M. Reddig, Mt. Holly Springs, Pennsylvania.

E-'41. (a). Carpenter.—Wanted names, dates and any information of the parents of John F. Carpenter, a native of Va., b. 4-6-1785 or 6 (presumably in Va?) came from Washington Co., Va. to Warren Co., Ky. abt. 1820 or 25. John F. Carpenter m. 9-14-1806 Elizabeth Mustin, b. 1792, d. 1845. Both died in Warren Co., Ky. in 12-15-1835. Their children were: Elizabeth F. b. 1-4-1808; Jonathan T. b. 1809 in Va., who m. Elizabeth Dunn in Ky.; and Mary A. F. b. 1811 m. Spencer Dunn in Ky. Also grandparents, names, dates, etc. of John F. Carpenter and Revolutionary service of either his father or grandfather and her father or grandfather and where lived.

(b) Wanted Elizabeth’s parents’ names and all dates and information possible. (She, after John F. Carpenter’s death, married Joseph Warder of Barren Co., Ky.) Mrs. J. V. Hardcastle, R. 1, Bowling Green, Kentucky.


(b). Atherton-Rockwell.—Mary Atherton mar. Nov. 2, 1760, David Rockwell, Jr. of Ridgefield, Conn. She d. May 7, 1778 age 40 yrs. Their children were Reuben, Enos, Hannah, Thomas, and Isaac. Mary Atherton was first wife. Wanted her ancestry. Mrs. S. F. Butterworth, 79 Forest Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.

E-'41. Buchanan.—Will the party who placed query No. 15355 and signed J. C. McN. in January 1935 D. A. R. Magazine please write to Mrs. Harry Harris, Box 715, Fort Stockton, Texas.

E-'41. Bailey-Paine.—Wanted ancestors of John Bailey who married Paine. They were the parents of Asabel Paine Bailey who married Mary Sawyer at Crown Point, N. Y. in 1831, later moved to Sun Prairie, Wisconsin. Mrs. V. A. Hodgson, 223 Houston Ave., Crookston, Minnesota.

E-'41. Strickland-Privett.—Wish to correspond with anyone who could give me parents of either Ruth Strickland, had Ann and Wilks, by first marriage. James Atlas Privett was by her 2nd husband. Were there others? Mrs. Julia Privett Hayward,
25 Tennyson Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

E-'41. (a). Schmucker-Treusch.—Wanted any information about Elizabeth Schmucker, born 1808, Michaelstadt, Hessen-Darmstadt, wife of Adam Treusch, a niece of Reverend John George Schmucker, York, Pennsylvania, and a sister of Barbara Schmucker Spiegel, Bucyrus, Ohio. Children: Barbara, Samuel, Caroline, Mary Ann, Sara, Rachel. Died 1892 Bucyrus, Ohio. Who were her parents and brothers and sisters?

(b). Treusch.—Wanted any information about three brothers: Adam, George and Louis Ludwig Treusch (now Trish). Came from Erbach, Hessen-Darmstadt, in 1830. Adam and Louis Ludwig died Bucyrus, Ohio. George served in War with Mexico, disappeared about 1850. Information also about their sister Katharina Elizabeth (Mrs. Schoener or Shaner) of Lynchburg, Virginia. Who were their parents and other brothers and sisters? Frank D. Free, 733 North Citrus, Los Angeles, California.

E-'41. (a). Tweedle.—Parents and ancestors wanted of Mary Tweedle, married November 21, 1782, at the Dutch Church in New York City to John Brevoort 1755-1812, of New York City, they had four children. Also information of early Tweedle family in this country.


E-'41. (a). Smart-Haskens.—Desire to know the parents of John Smart, born in Raymond, New Hampshire, in 1794 and of his wife, Alvira Haskens whom he married at Stamford, Vermont, in 1819.

(b). Noyce.—Wanted parents of Eliza Noyce, born 1819, died December 23, 1885, married to Rodolphus Smart, I believe in Ohio. Mrs. J. E. Lowe, Mullen, Nebraska.


(b). Hubbell.—Information wanted of parents of Norman Hubbell, of Huntington, Connecticut. He was a sea captain. After his marriage to Susan Munson lived mostly in Derby and Black Rock, Connecticut. He died sometime between 1875 and 1879. Margaret D. Staatsburg, Brailley Lane, Hazlet, New Jersey.


(b). Dayton-Banks.—Data of Mary Dayton, born December 20, 1803, died April 20, 1866, married December 16, 1826, Walter Banks, son of Jonathan and Anne Murphy, Port Chester, New York, or Glenville, New York. Mrs. Gertrude C. Dugdale, 8 Lakeside Avenue, Darien, Connecticut.

E-'41. (a). Fairchild-Palmer.—Data of James Fairchild, born November 21, 1789, died March 23, 1826, married November 26, 1812, Adeline Palmer (Conn.).

(b). Lockwood-Palmer.—Data of Ebenezer Lockwood who married December 23, 1835, Adeline Palmer Fairchild and had a son George (Conn.). Mrs. Ethel S. Mernstein, 27 Maple Avenue, Glenbrook, Connecticut.

E-'41. Lemmon.—Want information regarding George Lemmon (Lehman) born in 1760 in Maryland, enlisted in 1776, at Staunton, Va. as a private in Lieutenant Wallace's (later Captain) Company, Col. Dangerfield's 7th Virginia Regiment. He served continuously until Buford's Defeat in South Carolina, Waxhaws Creek, May 29, 1780. He was wounded and taken prisoner and held to the close of the war. He was a cripple all his life. He married Barbara Baumgardner in 1785. She was born in 1763 and died in 1852. Resided for many years at Laymantown, Botetourt County, Virginia. Had ten children. Mrs. C. W. Alwin, 203 South Church Street, Charles Town, West Virginia.

E-'41. (a). Grigsby.—Wish family data on James Grigsby who removed from Edgefield County, South Carolina, to Greene County, Georgia, before or about 1800; married Elizabeth Moody. This
James, supposed to be son of General Rhody Grigsby, Revolutionary Officer of Edgefield County, South Carolina. Also any data on Grigsby family located in Greene County, Georgia.

(b). Smith.—Who were parents of Rhode L. Smith, born (?) County, Georgia, in 1782. Served in War 1812 as Ensign; married Susan Eiland, born 1793, (Georgia). Smith family moved from Georgia to North Louisiana along 1842. Who were parents of Susan Eiland, James, Enoch, or ——? Paxton Harold Grigsby, 1836 Irving Place, Shreveport, Louisiana.

E-'41. (a). Robinson.—Will found in Hopkinton, Rhode Island, discloses that John Robinson died May 1777, leaving a wife Sarah; daughter Lydia Rathbun (Mrs. Acors Rathbun); son Rowland; son John, for whom he had made previous settlement; son Jedediah, who married Elizabeth Lawton, daughter of Joseph and Abigail Foster Lawton. Want information as to parentage and wife of this John Robinson of Hopkinton.

(b). Robinson.—Want information on John Robinson, Jr., who married November 12, 1762, Elizabeth Wells, and lived in Hopkinton, Rhode Island, or in Westerly, Rhode Island. Mrs. O. M. Quackenbush, 757 James Street, Syracuse, New York.

E-'41. Alexander.—Thomas Alexander, born November 24, 1756, in King George County, Virginia, died there in October 1827. His father was John Alexander, born 1711 died 1763. Did Thomas Alexander serve in the Revolutionary War? Want Company and Regiment. Mr. H. L. Alexander, 635 Winchester Avenue, Martinsburg, West Virginia.

E-'41. Clark.—Who were the parents of Joseph Clark, born 1677, married 1789, died December 1804, buried Clarke or Frederick County, Virginia. Will probated at Winchester, Frederick County, Virginia, by Polly or Mary, his wife. Polly or Mary Reynolds Clark, born 1768 in Washington County, Maryland, parents Captain John and Margaret Smith Reynolds of same place, died 1817, Augusta County, Virginia. Margaret Smith Reynolds married second William Baird of Washington County, Maryland, and had two children by him; and about seven by first marriage. Mrs. Edith P. H. McCullough, 1626 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, California.


(b). Whitsett, Sr.-Dawson.—William Whitsett, Sr. (1709-98) father of William above, married in Ireland—(was it Elizabeth Dawson)? He, with two brothers, John and Joseph, came from Ireland, 1740 to Pennsylvania. He had children: Henry, born 1730 in Ireland, and William Jr., born 1731 in Ireland. Want proof of William Whitsett, Sr.'s, birth, death, marriage, children, dates, places and Revolutionary Record. Mrs. J. V. Hardcastle, Route 1, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

E-'41. McEntire.—Desire information concerning Jerry McEntire, born about 1740, Scotland. He came to Virginia, later moved to one of the Carolinas, after his second marriage, with family of five children. His son, John Henry McEntire married Mary or Molly Salmon or Selmond and had son John Alexander, born July 16, 1792, in Halifax County, Virginia. He married Elizabeth Mowing Dean. Mrs. LaMarr Holmes, 105 Lewis Avenue, Billings, Montana.

E-'41. (a). Markland.—Matthew, Richard and William Markland served in the Revolutionary War from Washington County, Pennsylvania. Wanted to learn if their father, Jonathan, or brother Thomas, born 1764, saw service. Think the Markland family originally was from Maryland.

(b). Summers.—Wanted information of John L. (probably Letton) wife, Anna Maria, daughter Anna Maria, sons, Michael, Caleb, Benjamin. Daughter Anna Maria, born 1768, married Thomas Markland. John L. Summers owned land after the
Revolutionary War in Washington County, Pennsylvania. From Pennsylvania, Markland and Summers families went to Boone County, Kentucky, then Hamilton County, Ohio. Mrs. Jessie Markland Brown, Rockport, Indiana.

**E’41. Council-Coucill.**—Correspondence invited pertaining to genealogy now in preparation. Particular data desired relative to the antecedents of David G. Council mentioned in Power’s History of Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois, which lists several of his children. David G. Council was born about 1817 in Montgomery County, Tennessee. It is believed his parents came from Halifax County, North Carolina, an item needing confirmation. Judson Council, Clifton, Virginia.

**E’41. (a). Mathews-Bradshaw.**—Wanted Revolutionary record, Richard Mathews, son of John and Ann (Archer) Mathews, Augusta Co., Virginia. Richard’s wife was Elinor. Was she a Bradshaw? Wanted also marriage record of Richard and Elinor. Their son, Sampson, born 1767 near the Natural Bridge, Rockbridge Co., Virginia, named his oldest son Thomas Bradshaw M. Richard died in Tennessee or Kentucky, about 1799, Sampson born 1767, died about 1815, in Tennessee.


**E’41. (a). Wilkins.**—Wanted the parents of Robert Wilkins, (died 1738) in Prince George County, Virginia, wife Mary Limbrey (daughter of John and Elizabeth Limbrey, Prince George County). They had a son John Limbrey Wilkins (born 1710) Prince George County, (died 1747) in Brunswick County, Virginia. He married Susanna Douglas, 1741, (born 1724), daughter of John and Mary Douglas of Brunswick County. She married second John Maclin.

**E’41. (b). Douglas-Limbrey.**—Who were the parents of this John and Mary Douglas of Brunswick County, Virginia? He appears there in 1734 records. Where did he remove from? Want the surname of Elizabeth, wife of John Limbrey. Miss E. C. Wilkins, Star Route, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

**E’41. (a). Bailey-Bugbee.**—I am descended from a Judah and Polly (Bugbee) Bailey. Judah was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, in 1770. Can anyone tell me who his father and mother were, and whether they came from Lebanon, Connecticut? Did he have a brother, Samuel, who served in the Revolution? Also, who were Polly Bugbee’s parents?

**E’41. (b). Griffen.**—Matthew Griffen, born 1-26-1794 some place in Connecticut, married Sally Webber, daughter of John and Hannah (Parks) Webber, February 2, 1818. Can anyone tell me who his parents were? Did his father serve in the Revolution? An old land grant in the Connecticut Western Reserve which came into the family’s possession would lead me to think so. Mrs. G. W. Burge, 714 South Cherokee, Girard, Kansas.

**E’41. (a). Fuller-Smith.**—Wanted ancestors of Esther Fuller, also of Jedidiah Smith. They were married at Monson, Massachusetts, August 30, 1787. Jedidiah Smith was born 1762 in Ashford, Connecticut. Esther Fuller was born 1766. They lived and died in Roxbury, Vermont.

**E’41. (b). Dunsmore-Powers.**—Wanted parentage of Samuel Dunsmore, also of his wife Anna Powers. Samuel Dunsmore brought his wife (bride) to Northfield, Vermont, in 1814, from Charlestown, New Hampshire. They lived and died in Northfield, Vermont, having nine children. Mrs. Stephen Dunbar, 44 Diamond Street, St. Albans, Vermont.

**E’41. (a). Burns.**—Mary Ann Burns, born 1807 in New York, m. June 12, 1829 to Joel Read, b. Feb. 7, 1803 in New Hampshire; daughter of John Burns and wife Jammelje Huyck. Want any information on John Burns or his wife.

**E’41. (b). Keith.**—Jane Glenn Keith, born Sept. 24, 1842 in Ohio, m. December 12, 1859, Bates County, Missouri, to Calvin Read, born Oct. 12, 1832 in New York, son of Joel Read. Who were her parents? Mrs. W. W. Badgley, Tudor Hall, Washington, D.'C.

_Correction:_ In the April issue, the address of Mrs. Pauline K. Skinner, State Registrar of Delaware, was given as Newark, New Jersey, instead of Delaware.
FOLLOWING is the list of ancestors whose records of service during the American Revolution have recently been established, also giving the states from which the men served. This list will be contributed to from time to time by the Registrar General as a supplement to the Genealogical Department.

A

ABBE, Samuel ...... Conn.
ABELE, Joseph ...... Conn.
ABREU, Samuel ...... Mass.
ABRAHAM, Samuel ...... Conn.
ABRAMS, Stephen ...... Conn.
ABRAHAM, Joseph ...... Mass.
ABRAHAMS, Jacob ...... N. Y.
ABRAMS, Jonas ...... Pa.
ABRAMS, Peter ...... Mass.
ABRAMS, Samuel ...... N. C.
ABRAMS, Thomas ...... Conn.
ABRAMS, William ...... Conn.
ABRAMS, Zadoc ...... Conn.
ABRAMS, John ...... Conn.

B

ABRAHAMS, Jacob ...... Mass.
ABRAHAMS, John ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, Peter ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, David ...... N. Y.
ABRAHAMS, Zadoc ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, Samuel ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, John ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, Peter ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, David ...... N. Y.
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ABRAHAMS, Zadoc ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, Samuel ...... Conn.
ABRAHAMS, John ...... Conn.
Michigan

MRS. R. B. Linsley, State Treasurer, gave a dinner marking the first anniversary of the organization of the Abiel Fellows Juniors. Guests included Mrs. George Schermerhorn, outgoing Organizing Secretary General, Miss Harriet Simons, National Vice Chairman of Junior American Citizens Clubs, and Mrs. Rowens Hornbeck, Regent of the Kalamazoo Chapter. Marjorie Berger, Chairman of the Junior Group and toastmistress, presented Mrs. Linsley. Mrs. E. H. Andrews, Regent of the Abiel Fellows Chapter, commended the Juniors on their work. Mrs. Schermerhorn gave an enlightening talk on projects of the Juniors throughout the country, and in conclusion she showed a colored reel made in Scotland just before war was declared.

Did You Know?

MASSACHUSETTS Juniors have formed their own Motor Corps? The Massachusetts Juniors held their Assembly and movies were shown featuring their various activities? The St. Petersburg Juniors had a very successful Bridge Party? North Carolina held a Junior Assembly?

Oregon

DOROTHY A. McGEE, Junior Regent of the Wahkeena Chapter in Portland, presented flags to the Booker T. Washington Club of Junior American Citizens. Following the presentation, mothers of the group members were entertained at tea.

Illinois

CARRYING out the custom established several years ago, the Juniors of the Chicago Chapter entertained as their guests members of the Mary Virginia Ellet Cabell Society of the Children of the American Revolution, at a luncheon and party. Juniors of the David Kennison Chapter have been busy with a play which was presented at the Senior Homecoming Dinner.

Florence M. Smith, State Chairman.

North Carolina

CHARLOTTE Juniors acted as hostesses to a mid-season meeting of Junior representatives from all of the state groups. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. W. H. Belk.

Noel W. Robbins.

Colorado

PEACE Pipe Juniors contributed to the Golden Jubilee Reforestation and to the Colorado Golden Jubilee Costume Case, both honoring Eugenia McFarlane Adams, late Vice President General.

Marguerite Maston, Chairman.

California

ESCHSCHOLTZIA Juniors have contributed clothing, food, and toys to the children of a mountain school near Saugus. Our group has literally adopted this little school for children of migratory workers and has contributed, in addition, clothing and parties for the underprivileged children of the Neighborhood House and the Kate Duncan Smith D. A. R. School. At present we are interested in our newest project, our own Red Cross Unit. We call ourselves “The Poppies,” for Eschscholtzia when translated means “Poppy.”

CHIO SCHOLL.

Southwestern Division

ARKANSAS Juniors are busy organizing new groups and assisting prospective members with application blanks. Texas Juniors are working for the Red Cross and British War Relief. The Corpus Christi Group has chosen “Americanism” and “Girl Scouting” for the year’s activity. Mary Tyler Juniors gave a Barn Dance for Approved Schools and a rummage sale for the White Day Nursery. Alamo Juniors have supplied milk and scrapbooks for the Children’s T. B. Clinic.

Lois Lentz, Chairman.
On the American Bookshelf

Vanguards of the Frontier. Everett Dick, Appleton-Century. $5.00

West of the River. Dorothy Gardiner, Crowell. $3.50

Cadiz to Cathay. Miles P. DuVal, Jr., Stanford University Press. $5.00

From Panama to Verdun. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, Dorrance. $2.50

The Truth About Leif Ericsson. William B. Goodwin, Meador. $3.50

Out at the Soldiers’ Home. Elizabeth Corbett, Appleton-Century. $2.50

It has been largely the fault of the historians of the present day that history is not a subject enjoyed by young people or by the casual reader. Modern historians apparently have been so concerned with the material with which they are working, that they have left out the most vital part—the spirit of history itself—which is of course the spirit of the people who fashioned it. The following books are notable exceptions, being both accurate and readable.

Nowhere perhaps has the spirit of the American people been better illustrated than in the opening and developing of our West. I would refer you to two books dealing with the frontiers west of the Mississippi, Everett Dick’s Vanguards of the Frontier, and Dorothy Gardiner’s West of the River. Here marching before your eyes are the fur traders, the soldiers, the Indian agents, the missionaries and the miners. The Mississippi and its tributaries are alive with river craft, and from here the caravans, first of the trader and then of the settlers, move westward. According to Mr. Dick, “The conquest of the country was a stupendous adventure which has miraculously transformed a population of Europeans of diverse origins into a nation of Americans.”

Dr. Dick’s organization of his material is masterly, for he has rediscovered the secret of the popular historians of the nineteenth century—Fiske, Parkman, and Prescott—that of handling time so that history moves steadily forward before the readers’ eyes. He has special aptitude, too, for presenting the heroes of the West in such fashion that they are real people, “living narrow lives and dreaming large dreams.”

It may well be that for some readers, Miss Gardiner’s West of the River will sound a more popular key, for she makes no pretense of being a formal historian. The organization of her material with regard to this matter of time-sequence is not so well handled, but she has a fashion of bringing in unexpected details which is charming, and the divisions of her chapters are often delightful essays in themselves.

Anyone reading these two volumes will be well informed on western history. Both are recommended for family reading.

I have referred you to these books on our western frontiers, since this is a day when all the world is facing new problems, and it is well to consider the temper and the temperament of Americans who were undaunted in the past.

At the present moment, perhaps as at no other time, the Panama Canal looms large in everyone’s thinking, for on that waterway between the oceans depends the protection of our intercontinental life. It is very fitting therefore that Commander DuVal’s book, Cadiz to Cathay, should appear at this time. The subtitle of the book is “The Story of the Long Struggle for a Waterway across the American Isthmus,” and a portion of the dedication of the book gives a quick and concise summary of the contents: “To the Spanish who conceived, the Colombians who fostered, the French who initiated, the Panamanians who precipitated—the leaders who executed the great undertaking.”

The struggle for the control of the transisthmian canal route is told by Commander
DuVal of the United States Navy in a restrained and scholarly fashion, replete with quotations from a mass of source material. Here is the definitive presentation of the story from beginning to end, replete with diplomacy, intrigue and drama. All it would seem that remains for the writer of the future to add, will be the part which this canal seems bound to play in the history of the continents of the west from this time on.

No figure perhaps played a more important part in the canal controversy than the French engineer, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who died just before the German troops entered Paris. In writing the dedication for the first English translation of his memoirs, *From Panama to Verdun*, Bunau-Varilla saw the shadow overhanging France and pointed out prophetically, it is hoped, that in 1918 what appeared to be defeat was transformed by French genius into victory. After reading Commander DuVal’s book, you will find your interest such that you will wish to continue the tale as told by Colonel Bunau-Varilla himself, for one book supplements the other. Incidentally here was a Frenchman who portrayed in his own life, that refusal to concede defeat, which changed the seeming impossible into the possible.

This characteristic of “fashioning good luck out of bad,” appeared in the history of the western hemisphere in the person of Eric the Red, whose son Leif the Lucky was the first Northern European to land somewhere on the shores of North America. It has long been a controversy as to just where this landing of the Northmen, who followed that first voyage with subsequent journeys, might be. William B. Goodwin is the latest author to issue a book on the subject, *Leif Ericsson and the Greenland Voyages to New England*.

After many years of preoccupation with the subject, he presents his evidence, which leads him to believe that the harbor and land about Portsmouth, New Hampshire, bears the closest resemblance to the topographical details contained in the Greenland and Iceland sagas. With this evidence, he links up the later references to Norumbega, a mysterious city, river, country, which in the sixteenth century was sought by Europeans somewhere in New England.

The book is detailed for the casual reader, but for the student of Vineland affairs, it has a multitude of suggestions and interpretations which will be eagerly followed.

A singularly appropriate book to read in May is Elizabeth Corbett’s *Out at the Soldiers’ Home*, which Miss Corbett calls “a memory book,” since it was written about the days when as a child she dwelt on the campus of such a home. The home was filled with soldiers, largely veterans of the Civil War, for it was thought somehow that the Spanish War veterans did not quite belong there. The book is filled with delightful anecdotes of the old men with the imprint of war upon them, anecdotes that bear a trace of sadness always between the lines. There was, for instance, the soldier who drew a book every day from the library, simply because it gave him a feeling of importance to have something to do, never noticing that the librarian gave him the same books over and over again.

“There was,” writes the author, “a funeral almost every day,” and she attended regularly. Doubtless the modern psychologist would have been appalled at the child’s intimate knowledge of death. But for the small “Beppy” it was more a matter of watching the fife and drum corps, of seeing the artillery caisson passing, covered with the large American flag, and followed faithfully by the Home Company.

**Other Books Received**

*Our Contemporary Composers.* John Tasker Howard, Crowell. $3.50.

A discussion of American music since 1900, showing Nationalist trends, foreign influences, Broadway and jazz echoes, all considered for their effect on our serious composers.

*Maryland During the American Revolution.* Esther Mohr Dole, Waverly Press, Baltimore. $2.50.

Dr. Dole has made a comprehensive study of the Revolution, with special emphasis on the part Maryland troops played as a whole, with due consideration for the fact that so far as Loyalists were then concerned, this was a civil war. Of real historical value and of special interest to Marylanders.
NOTICE

Reports of state conferences must be submitted to the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE at least within thirty days after the meetings take place in order to be included in this department. Because of the large number of states holding conferences during the spring, reports are necessarily abbreviated.

HAWAII

The flags of the Children of the American Revolution, the Aloha and William and Mary Alexander chapters, N. S. D. A. R., carried by members of the C. A. R., led the procession to open the Nineteenth Annual Conference of the Hawaii Daughters February 15. Mrs. Carl B. Andrews, the State Regent, sounded the call to order.

Mrs. Eli A. Helmick, Past Registrar General, conducted the worship service.

Reports of the state officers and committee chairmen revealed much work accomplished along many lines.

Election of officers brought the following results: Vice Regent, Mrs. Juliett Davis; Secretary, Mrs. H. Maurice Grant; Registrar, Mrs. Olive Lindsay-Braue; and Historian, Miss Faith Hunt.

After the installation of the newly elected officers, the delegates adjourned to the dining room where tables were set for seventy. The beautiful decorations, appropriate to the occasion, were planned by members of the C. A. R. and the luncheon committee. The receiving hostess, Mrs. Robert Johnson, was assisted by Ian Harrington and Paul Haygood, pages from the C. A. R.

Faith A. Hunt,
State Historian.

FLORIDA

The Thirty-ninth Annual State Conference was held in Daytona Beach, March 2-5, by invitation of the Abigail Bartholomew Chapter. Florida Daughters were honored by the presence of many distinguished guests, including: Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, Registrar General; Mrs. Willard Steele, Curator General; Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President General, and Mrs. John Morrison Kerr, National President of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

Memorial service was conducted on Sunday afternoon by Mrs. Walter Rush, State Chaplain.

Mrs. T. C. Maguire, State Regent, presided over all sessions. Monday afternoon, featured welcoming speeches by the State Regent, hostess regent, and Mayor Cunningham of Daytona Beach were responded to by the State First Vice Regent, Mrs. R. S. Abernethy. Greetings were also given from the League of American Pen Women, Florida Federation of Garden Clubs, American Legion, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, and the Children of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Nason gave a message from the National Society. Miss Barbara Moffet of Orlando was drawn as Florida's Good Citizenship Pilgrim. Reports from State officers, chairmen, and chapter regents, showed much work accomplished and a steady growth in interest and effort. The conference voted, as a Golden Jubilee project, to give one thousand dollars for a classroom in the new building at Tamassee D. A. R. School—all pledges over the thousand dollars up to two thousand to go to Crossnore School. It was also voted to give a hundred dollars to assist in placing a native settlement worker among the Indians in the Everglades, and to purchase a C. A. R. flag for the State C. A. R. Society.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Many social affairs were arranged by the hostess chapter. The banquet was highlighted by an address, “National Defense,
What Is It?” by Col. O. W. McNeese. The final business session closed by presenting the newly elected officers.

EDITH H. WRIGHT,  
(Mrs. David M.)  
State Historian.

ARKANSAS

THE Thirty-third Annual State Conference was held in Pine Bluff, February 20-21, with the John McAlmont and Pine Bluff chapters as hostesses and Mrs. Philip Fall Crutcher, State Regent, presiding.

The conference was honored by the presence of Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General; Mrs. Homer Fergus Sloan, Vice President General; and Miss Marion Mullins, Honorary State Regent of Texas.

A banquet Thursday evening honored the President General.

The formal opening was featured by the usual processional and addresses of welcome by Mayor Lawrence Blackwell and others, to which Mrs. David M. Biggs, Vice State Regent, graciously responded. Mrs. Sloan introduced Mrs. Robert, whose address was the highlight of the conference.

Friday morning was devoted to routine business and a memorial service for five departed members. Reports of officers and chairmen reflected that excellent progress has been made during the year.

The conference voted to divide the state into five districts. The Northwest District will be conference hostess in 1942.

New officers were confirmed by Mrs. Robert.

Among the social features of the conference were a luncheon honoring Mrs. Sloan, and the committee chairmen; the presentation of Miss Ethel Jo Dyer as the Good Citizenship Pilgrim; a tea honoring the State Regent, under whose able leadership so much has been accomplished; a candlelight supper honoring chapter regents; and the Pages’ Ball.

The conference closed with a meeting of the State Officers Club.

ESTHER TRIPLETT WILLIAMSON,  
(Mrs. C. S.)  
State Corresponding Secretary.

OKLAHOMA

THE Thirty-second Annual State Conference was held in Bartlesville, March 4-6, with the State Regent, Mrs. James J. McNeill, presiding.

After the usual opening exercises including an address of welcome by the hostess chapter regent, Mrs. Brice T. Sutton, and response by Mrs. A. J. Roberts, regent of the Chickasha Chapter, Dr. B. D. Weeks, President of Bacone College, gave an inspiring address, “The Challenge of a Race,” an impassioned plea on behalf of Indian youth. A reception followed the evening program.

Reports of state chairmen and chapter regents were given the following day. Miss Marion Mullins, Past State Regent of Texas, was a distinguished visitor whose address on “Our Golden Jubilee” closed with the presentation of a souvenir plate to our new museum now being founded in the Oklahoma State Historical building. The museum—a Golden Jubilee project of Oklahoma—is being showered with pieces of Colonial furniture from chapters.

A visit to famous “Woolaroc,” the Frank Phillips’ ranch, with its extensive zoo as well as its museum housing a collection of Indian art, was a thrill for all Daughters.

The honor guest of the conference was Mrs. Imogen B. Emery, National Chairman of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education. She addressed the banquet given in her honor at Hillcrest Country Club, her topic being “The Spirit Within.” Greetings were extended by Mrs. Frank Hamilton Marshall, Past Vice President General, and Mrs. Luther Tomm, Past Librarian General.

On Thursday morning at a breakfast in the Maire Hotel, Mrs. Emery conducted a “round table” discussion on National Defense.

During the forenoon session, reports were completed, by-laws revised, and election of officers held. Officers were installed by Mrs. Tomm. Sessions closed by accepting the invitation from Tulsa Chapter for the 1942 Conference.

MRS. HOWARD SEARCY,  
State Historian.
IDAHO

The Twenty-ninth Annual State Conference was held in Lewiston, March 6-7, with one hundred and twenty-five officers and members registered.

The conference opened with the usual processional, and was honored with the presence of Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General of the National Society. Two Past State Regents were also present: Mrs. F. B. Laney of Moscow and Mrs. W. W. Brothers of Pocatello.

Mrs. Robert graciously answered all questions, and at the banquet on the evening of the sixth, made a most outstanding address. Mrs. Clouchek of Twin Falls, also a banquet speaker, had for her subject “Our Heritage.”

At the session on Friday, Mrs. Brothers made the award for the greatest gain in membership to the Twin Falls Chapter. An invitation was extended and accepted to meet in 1942 with the Idaho Pocahontas Chapter in Caldwell.

The following members were elected to office and were installed by Mrs. Robert: State Regent, Mrs. Henry Ashcroft; Vice Regent, Miss Mabel Gupton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Thayer Hill; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. L. Ball; Treasurer, Mrs. R. R. Spafford; Historian, Mrs. J. P. Halliwell; Auditor, Mrs. E. C. O'Keefe; Chaplain, Mrs. Paul Case; Librarian, Mrs. Francis B. Laney; Registrar, Mrs. T. S. Campbell.

Mrs. Robert was taken to the Spalding Mission site and to the museum and was presented by Mrs. Raleigh Albright of Julietta with gifts of Nez Perce handwork.

MRS. EARL WHEELER,  
State Historian.

MINNESOTA

More than two hundred Daughters assembled in St. Paul for the Forty-sixth Annual State Conference March 10-12. Miss Nellie L. Sloan, State Regent, presided over the sessions at which Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, and Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury, Historian General, were guests of honor.

Interesting reports of chapter regents, state chairmen, and state officers revealed large and varied work accomplished. Among the outstanding Golden Jubilee projects were: the gift to the two D. A. R. schools of $2,500 honoring our former State Regent, Mrs. Floyd W. Bennison; the completion of funds to pay for Minnesota’s Bell at Valley Forge; and the completion of chapter histories for file in the office of the Historian General.

Tuesday’s session opened with a roundtable discussion conducted by Mrs. Robert, and the officers presented the President General with a small gift for the Endowment Fund.

A lovely banner of our D. A. R. emblem, done in needlepoint by Mrs. W. R. Powrie, was presented to the State in honor of Mrs. Floyd W. Bennison, Honorary State Regent. Minnesota Daughters paid tribute to those who passed away during the year.

A new office was created by action of the conference, that of State Librarian.

A special tribute was paid to Mrs. M. Ingalls, Real Granddaughter, who greeted the assemblage. Mrs. Ingalls joined the National Society in 1893 and is now ninety-three years of age.

The dinner speaker was Mrs. Robert, who spoke on “Good Questions.” One of the colorful moments of the evening’s program was the drawing of Minnesota’s Good Citizenship Pilgrim, Miss Betty Lilligren of Minneapolis.

Work of the Sibley House Association was reported on Wednesday which showed splendid results in making this historic spot not only beautiful but enduring. The completion of this business brought to a close a most successful conference.

MRS. B. T. WILSON,  
State Historian.

COLORADO

In typical spring weather, Colorado Daughters held their Thirty-eighth Annual State Conference at Fort Collins, March 12-14. About one hundred and fifty officers and delegates were present.
The principal address of the conference was made by Roy M. Green, President of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Fort Collins, whose subject was "Attitudes Toward National Defense." Twice during the conference, the song "Colorado," by Maud McFerrin Price, long a Colorado Daughter, who died in March, was sung.

A "History of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Colorado" by Mrs. Winfield S. Tarbell, Honorary State Regent and member for thirty-seven years, was a completed project brought to the attention of the conference.

Three chapters received membership awards: Arkansas Valley, the Maria Wheaton banner; Rio Del Norte, the Lerah Stratton McHugh plaque; and Zebulon Pike, the Eugenia McFarlane Adams plate.

Miss Wanda Chenoweth, first choice as Good Citizenship Pilgrim, yielded the honor to Miss Lucy Hartshorn of Longmont, second choice since she was already planning a trip to Washington this spring.

Guests included Mrs. Reuben Knight of Alliance, Nebraska, Vice President General and Mrs. Wilbur K. Mylar, State Regent of Wyoming.

The conference concluded with the triennial election at which the following officers were elected: Mrs. Howard Latting of Colorado Springs, Regent; Mrs. W. Barrie Huston of Denver, Vice Regent; Mrs. Lawrence C. Criley of Golden, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Frederic C. Krauser of Denver, Treasurer; Mrs. Ben Counter of Brighton, Auditor; Mrs. Victor B. Wood of Pueblo, Consulting Registrar; Mrs. R. K. Young of Salida, Historian; Mrs. James E. Luttrell of Craig, Librarian; and Mrs. Augustus D. Forbush of Pueblo, Chaplain.

Mrs. John T. Bartlett,
State Press Chairman.

IOWA

IOWA Daughters met in Chicago, March 13-15, for the Golden Jubilee Conference. The occasion also marked the forty-fifth state conference and the fiftieth anniversary of the Chicago Chapter, the first to be organized. The thirty chapters of the Fourth Division served as hostesses.

Many national officers and visiting state regents were present. An unexpected pleasure was the surprise visit of Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General. Mrs. Grace Lincoln Hall Brosseau, a native Daughter of Illinois and an Honorary President General, was honor guest during the entire session. The climax of the conference was her Thursday evening address, "Termites of Liberty," to an audience of more than nine hundred. She also drew the name of the winning Good Citizenship Pilgrim, Miss Ruth Maloney, who was sponsored by Evanston.

Mr. W. J. Cameron of the Ford Motor Company was the speaker for the banquet on Friday evening, his subject being "The American Revolution".

Illinois is closing a two-year period of great activity under the leadership of Miss Helen McMackin, retiring State Regent. Increase in membership has been greatly stressed, resulting in the organization of three new chapters and a net gain of one hundred and fifty members this past year.

The reports of the State Officers, seven Division Directors, and of all Chairmen gave evidence that a new spirit pervades the entire state membership. Two major projects, the completion of the Boys' Dormitory at Tamassee, and the state's special Golden Jubilee Project, the reforestation of one thousand acres, have been finished during these two years. Best of all, the state budget has been balanced and there will be no debts to face the new regent, Mrs. O. H. Crist of Danville. The surplus, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars, was given to the Endowment Fund.

Other officers elected were: Chaplain, Mrs. Ray Thomas of Waukegan; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. Chris Wallace of Monmouth; Registrar, Mrs. D. A. Lehman of Harrisburg; and Historian, Mrs. James Twitchell of Belleville.

Mrs. Manford E. Cox,
State Recording Secretary.

ILLINOIS Press Chairman.
Van Eaton, president of the Chamber of Commerce, expressed greetings as did Mrs. A. S. Elder, for the hostess chapter, Martha Washington. Flowers were presented by Mrs. J. F. McMartin, president of the American Legion Auxiliary, and Mrs. Oscar Hanson, past state president of the Iowa department of the Auxiliary, and from the D. U. V. unit of Sioux City. Greetings were read from Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, and from Mrs. Bessie Carroll Higgins, Vice President of the National Officers Club.

Mrs. O. S. von Krog, State Regent, presided over the sessions. Mrs. Robert J. Johnston, Vice President General, served as parliamentarian, and Mrs. Imogen B. Emery, chairman of the committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education, highlighted the program Tuesday evening with her talk.

Seven past state regents were present, as was Mrs. J. H. Cumbow, State Regent of South Dakota.

The group organized to promote the welfare of the State Society. Iowa's Good Citizenship Pilgrim, Helen McElroy of Ottumwa, was presented Tuesday evening. Two prizes were awarded in the state-wide cotton dress contest sponsored by Miss Marble Turner, chairman of the Girl Home Makers Committee.

Following a memorial service Tuesday afternoon, a pilgrimage was made to the grave of Mrs. Robert H. Munger, Past State Regent and Vice President General. A Jubilee gift of two hundred and fifty dollars was voted to the endowment fund.

The history of the American flags was a feature of Wednesday's program and the National Defense Breakfast and State Officers' Round Tables should be mentioned. The invitation to meet in Des Moines for the 1942 conference was accepted. After the introduction of the newly elected state officers, the conference was adjourned.

ELIZABETH B. INK,  
State Historian.

NEW JERSEY

THE Annual State Conference was held March 13-14 at Trenton, with Mrs. Norman H. Cooper as general chairman and Mrs. Tobias Brill as vice chairman. Colonel Scott, the president of the Senate, brought greetings as did Governor Edison and many other distinguished guests.

Reports of state officers and state chairmen revealed an amazing amount of work accomplished during this administration. A splendid exhibit was staged by the Historical Research department. There were completed bound volumes of material, many excellent county maps and posters, and views of historic spots.

Fifty-nine Good Citizenship winners were welcomed and received medals from the State Regent, after which they were greeted by Governor Edison and taken on a tour.

The State Chaplain, assisted by the pages, conducted a beautiful memorial service for those who had passed into the great beyond this year.

Mrs. William S. Allen, State Regent of South Carolina, addressed the Conference on "The State Jubilee Project of New Jersey." Colonel Albert L. Evans, of Fort Dix, spoke to the delegates on "Civic Responsibility and the Soldier."

The banquet on Thursday evening was attended by two hundred and fifty members. Entertainment was by a male quartet which rendered beautiful selections. A humorous skit, written and given by the State Historian, was a feature of the program.

Officers elected were as follows: Mrs. Raymond C. Goodfellow, State Regent; Mrs. Edward F. Randolph, State Vice Regent; Mrs. Albert C. Abbott, State Chaplain; Mrs. A. C. Forman, State Recording Secretary; Mrs. John C. Wootton, State Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. C. Pryor, State Treasurer; Mrs. R. T. Stevens, State Registrar; Mrs. Dorman McFaddin, State Historian; and Mrs. C. C. Baldwin, State Librarian.

AMELIA STICKNEY DECKER,  
State Historian.

RHODE ISLAND

Following the call to order, the invocation was given by the State Chaplain, Mrs. J. Morton Ferrier. Mrs. Albert L. Calder, 2nd, former Vice President General, Mrs. Edward S. Moulton, Mrs. Philip Caswell, and Mrs. Arthur M. McCrillis, former State Regents, responded graciously with greetings when presented by the State Regent. A delightful talk on “Early Days in the National Society” was given by Mrs. J. Benton Porter, Charter Member No. 569 of the National Society. The reports given by the state officers, nominating committee, and chairmen formed the keynote of the morning session. The Golden Jubilee projects of the chapters were most interesting.

Following the morning session, a memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain and the State Registrar.

The afternoon session convened after a luncheon and reception. Captain Marshall E. Littlefield, of the United States Army, addressed the conference on “National Defense.” Motion pictures of Army life were shown. A report of the Junior Assembly was given by Mrs. Vernon Allen and the report of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims was read by Miss Mary Aiello, President. A feature of the session was the presentation of the Pilgrims chosen this year from the twenty-four state high schools and the selection of the Rhode Island representative, Miss Shirley Holley of the South Kingston High School.

Election of officers followed. Mrs. T. Frederick Chase of Providence was elected State Regent. After presentation of the newly elected officers to the assemblage, the conference closed with the singing of “Blest Be The Tie That Binds.”

MARION G. CORDIN,  
State Historian.
News Items

Anniversary Celebrations

The Irondequoit Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Rochester, New York, celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the chapter. Under the direction of the historian and committee, who were dressed in old-fashioned authentic costumes, the chapter house in Livingston Park was the scene of the dramatization of the first meeting of the chapter.

The guest of honor was Miss Edna Sheldon, ninety-two years old, a member of the chapter, whose grandfather fought in the American Revolution. Mrs. Edith Willis Linn Forbes, a member of the chapter who is well known for her poetry and her affiliation with the National Poetry Society, contributed an original poem to the program composed especially in honor of the occasion.

The Colonial Silver Tea given by the Sally DeForest Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Norwalk, Ohio, was well attended by members and friends in surrounding counties. The chapter house was decorated with a number of heirlooms loaned for the display. There was old lace, china, pewter, glassware, dolls and daguerreotypes. A sampler loaned by Miss Aurelia Green which was made by her grandmother, Levina Knight, in 1785, evoked much comment as did the display of coats-of-arms of many Norwalk families. Patriotic songs were played and sung by Mrs. N. B. Furlong, and each song was introduced with a brief history of the author given by Miss Catharine Skilton. The tea table was centered with an old-fashioned castor surrounded by red, white, and blue tapers. All the hostesses were attired in costumes which were varied and beautiful.
The Point of Rock Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Alliance, Nebraska, celebrated George Washington’s birthday with a colonial party. Members were assisted by representatives of the Children of the American Revolution Society.

A parade of fashions, ranging from century-old heirloom costumes to modern dresses was arranged in celebration of Washington’s birthday by the Samuel Davies Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Bowling Green, Kentucky. To the accompaniment of musical numbers rendered by Mrs. E. L. Williams, participants in the show trod down the steps in the main salon of the Kentucky Building as Mrs. W. S. Bennett narrated the history of their costumes. Bridal dresses of former years were very lovely, and the entertainment was brought to a fitting climax with the singing of “God Bless America,” with Mrs. Joe Gardner posing as the Goddess of Liberty.

Washington’s birthday was celebrated by members of the Aurantia and Rubidoux Chapters, N. S. D. A. R., of Riverside, California. Patrons of the premiere performance there of California’s historical pageant, the Mission Play, were greeted by chapter representatives attired in Spanish-California costumes. The hostesses were: Mrs. Hugh B. Knight, Mrs. Frank A. Miller, Mrs. Miguel Estudillo, Mrs. Eva M. Sullivan, Mrs. J. H. W. Warren, and Mrs. Arthur G. Kieser.

Davidson County Regents’ Council of Nashville, Tennessee, observed George Washington’s birthday in a joint celebration with a Goodwill Luncheon. Mrs. Ben K. Espey, regent of the Robert Cooke Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Nashville, served as chairman. Mrs. William Harrison Hightower, Vice President General, was the principal speaker and Mrs. Walter M. Berry, State Regent, and Mrs. W. H. Lambeth, State Regent-elect, were guests of honor as was Mrs. Willard Steele, Curator General. More than two hundred Tennessee Daughters were received by the representatives of the twelve chapters of Davidson County.

Four musicians in four generations of the same family were presented at the annual anniversary luncheon of the Mt. Garfield Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Grand Junction, Colorado, on Washington’s birthday when music was furnished by Mrs. Edwin Price, her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Meserve, her daughter, Mrs. Fred Huebner, and her daughter, Miss Shirley Huebner. Old favorites were sung. Mrs. Price is one of the charter members of the chapter which was founded in 1910 and a pioneer of Grand Junction.

Flag Presentation

The Katherine Pratt Horton Buffalo Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Buffalo, New York, recently presented a beautiful silk flag to Judge John Knight in Federal Court. District Director Arthur J. Karnuth of the Immigration Service accepted the flag. The beautiful court room, where the flag will be in its standard, is the scene where naturalized citizens take the citizenship oath.

Inscription on My Door

ESTHER BERGMAN NAREY

Oh, some may call me shiftless
And some may call me mad.
Is summer joy so shiftless
Because it is so glad?
I take my time to wander
And learn the sun’s affairs,
The merry winds from yonder
They blow away my cares.
I spend my days to see them,
My friends, the trees and flowers,
‘Gainst when I’ll be above them,
Where time’s not marked by hours!
Committee Reports

Advancement of American Music

American Women Composers

This report of the outgoing National Chairman combines the subject for this month and that chosen for June. Two themes, "Vocal Ensembles" and "Orchestral Music," are a happy combination, for many compositions contain both types of music.

The Mass in E Flat by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach was probably the first work of large proportions undertaken by an American woman. Its writing covered three years, and in 1892 it was produced by the Handeland Haydn Society of Boston. The orchestral portions were played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Boston Transcript of February 8, 1892, carried a report of the performance, which is quoted in part: "That the work shows talent, even remarkable talent, seems unquestionable, even after a single hearing." The next year (1893), Mrs. Beach's Festival Jubilate for chorus and orchestra was performed in Chicago under the baton of Theodore Thomas. A few years later, the Boston Symphony again gave a premiere of one of her works. This time it was the Gaelic Symphony, Op. 32.

Among other American women to gain success is Mary Howe, a native Virginian, now of the District of Columbia. Her composition Sand, played on the American School of the Air program in 1939, received favorable comment. Her Chain Gang Song for chorus and orchestra likewise has been well reported. Another woman composing in the larger forms of composition is Mabel Daniels of Boston. Her prelude, Deep Forest, was presented on the radio program mentioned above. It also had three performances by as many major orchestras in six months after its completion. Miss Daniel's latest work, a cantata called The Song of Jael, has already been very well received. Dorothy Radde Emery of Silver Spring, Maryland, is another woman with similar interests in creative music. To her credit are two ballets with full orchestra and a tone poem for baritone and orchestra. Some of her music has been played with success by the Service Symphonic Bands. Both her choral work, Ode to Saint Cecilia, which has a chamber orchestra accompaniment, and her children's operetta, The Nightingale, have won awards from the National League of American Pen Women.

Now let us consider some of the music that speaks with dramatic effects. Grace Warner Gulesian's Princess Marina is widely known. For some of her work, Mrs. Gulesian writes her own lyrics while for others she collaborates with Mrs. Larz Anderson. With similar interests in operatic writing is Eleanor Everest Freer, whose one-act opera, The Brownings Go to Italy, attracts added attention because of its connections. Her longer opera, Little Women, is a portrayal of the familiar story.

Janet Cutler Mead.

Motion Picture

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

The Black Cat (Universal)


An eerie mystery with a full quota of moaning trees, rattling shutters, piercing screams, and a double crime. There is much intricate plot and counterplot, and the confusion is complicated by the antics of Hugh Herbert in the role of an antique dealer who doubles the value of his antiques by adding worm holes and cracks of varying degrees. A fine cast does full justice to
the plot. The setting is an old and gloomy estate. Adults and Young People.

THE GREAT LIE (Warner Bros.)

Miss Davis plays one of her finest roles in an appealing and beautifully acted and directed love story. It is highly dramatic and centers around an unusual triangle situation in which a wholesome and high-principled girl pits her charms against those of a sophisticated professional musician for the love of a famous flyer-explorer. The story, an adaptation of the novel, "January Heights," by Polan Banks, has been given decidedly original treatment and is full of interest throughout. It tells of a woman who, believing her husband to be dead, adopts his child by a former marriage, and when the husband returns is afraid to tell him that the child is not hers. The unexpected ending is clever and delightful. The drama has been directed with delicate perception, the settings are luxurious, there is an exceptionally fine supporting cast, and the music is noteworthy. Adults.

MAJOR BARBARA (United Artists)

George Bernard Shaw's very human story of a munitions maker's daughter who entered the Salvation Army and learned things about life and money she had never before known has been made into a compelling film. The story of its production under the most depressing conditions, with conferences held in air-raid shelters, is an amazing one. Mr. Shaw prepared the prologue for the film and wrote thirty new scenes for it. It has been admirably staged and cast, and the acting is of a high quality. Wendy Hiller, who plays the leading role, will be remembered for her work in Pygmalion. Adults and Young People.

NAVAL ACADEMY (Columbia)

Three young boys come to a crossroads in their lives when they enroll at State Naval Academy. One, an alert, clean-cut descendant of sailors, easily adapts himself to the discipline of the academy, but the other two do not fare as well. Their experiences and the effect on their characters make up the story content. The life and training at the academy are carefully pictured, the direction is skillful, and the acting of the youthful cast is exceptionally good. Family.

ONE NIGHT IN LISBON (Paramount)

A screen adaptation of the successful stage play, "There's Always Juliet," by John Van Druten. The fundamental story has been retained, but certain changes have been made to bring it up to date and to make the war background that of the present world conflict, with the locale evenly divided between London and Lisbon. Against this background a fast-moving romance develops between an American airman flying bombers across the Atlantic for delivery to the R.A.F., and an English girl engaged in volunteer war work. Action, suspense and sparkling dialogue add enjoyment to a strong story excellently acted by a notable cast. Adults.

MODEL WIFE (Universal)

A sprightly comedy in which Miss Blondell is co-starred with her real-life husband, Dick Powell, in a series of marital mix-ups and misunderstandings. The story is set against the background of an exclusive gown shop and concerns the problems of two of its employees who dare not tell of their secret marriage since it breaks the store's first rule. It all makes for complicated and highly amusing situations and offers an opportunity for the display of some lovely gowns. A cast of well known comedians adds to the fun, the lines are bright, and the direction expert. Adults and Young People.

ZIEGFELD GIRL (MGM)

A dramatic story of failure and success, of sorrow and happiness runs through this elaborately staged musical extravaganz. The period is the fabulous era of Broadway and the Ziegfeld Follies, the musical numbers are lavishly produced, and the imaginative costumes are designed by Adrian. An all-star cast and the same brilliant direction that gave an Academy Award to The Great Ziegfeld mark a spectacular production that offers outstanding entertainment for those who enjoy a combination of drama, music, and spectacle. Adults and Young People.

Short Subjects

MEMORY TRICKS (MGM)
The amusing Pete Smith gives the audience a memory test and suggests various ways of remembering names, faces, telephone numbers, etc., by mental association. Family.

RAGGEDY ANN AND RAGGEDY ANDY (Paramount)
Two characters, beloved of children, are brought to life for the first time in an animated cartoon in Technicolor, true to the spirit of the Raggedy Ann fables. The delightful characters, created by the late Johnny Gruelle, have been book favorites for more than a generation and have delighted children and grown-ups alike. The antics of the Camel with the Wrinkled-Knees add to the enjoyment. Family and Junior Matinee.
SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW MUSIC?
No. 1 (Columbia)

Enjoyable short subject material taken from a well-known radio show featured weekly by a major network on a coast-to-coast broadcast. The contestants featured are: Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the writer; Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Sir Hubert Wilkins, explorer; and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, comedian. Family.

QUIZ BIZ (MGM)

Pete Smith presents his screen questions in entertaining fashion. The object which the question concerns is first pictured and then the question is flashed on the screen. Family.

VOICE OF LIBERTY (MGM)

A recent issue of a New York newspaper carried a small paragraph stating that “La Libre Belgique,” secret Belgian newspaper distributed during the last war, had resumed publication. John Nesbitt, in one of his informative Passing Parade subjects, tells the stirring story behind this story of the Belgian people in 1914-18 whose will to live at peace and in freedom could not be bent by the iron heel of a powerful invader. Only from a small paper, little more than a leaflet, could the people learn what was actually going on in their country. Family.

Marion Lee Montgomery.

Junior American Citizens

THIS is a brief note of appreciation from the outgoing National Chairman to all State Chairmen who have worked with her during the past administration. State Regents, too, have joined with the chairmen in giving their support.

The Congressional Report for the committee shows what the states have done, how hard they have worked, and how they presented the President General with more than 210,000 Junior American Citizens as a jubilee offering. This is an increase of more than 63,000 in membership in one year, and was possible only through the untiring efforts of all chairmen and their helpers throughout the country.

It is a real tribute to the Daughters of the American Revolution that their vision has caught the need of this club work and that they have given so much of themselves to help the youth of the land to become better young citizens. It is a tribute, also, to the educators and directors who have cooperated with them in such a splendid manner, and the National Society’s Chairman for this Committee finishes her administration of the work with gratefulness in her heart for all the happiness given her by loyal, interested and enthusiastic Daughters.

What a heritage this Committee gives to the Jubilee! May it be just the beginning of things to come!

Eleanor Greenwood.

State Conferences
(Continued from page 57)

Guild, Regent of the hostess chapter. Our State Regent, Mrs. Cumbow, graciously responded.

The business of the morning session consisted of reports by the state officers and state chairmen. An impressive memorial service was conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. W. H. Graham, for the Daughters who have passed on during the past year. The afternoon session consisted of reports from the Chapter Regents.

We were greatly honored by having Mrs. Imogen B. Émery, Chairman of the Committee on National Defense Through Patriotic Education, as speaker at the banquet given on the evening of March 20 for members and guests.

The 1941 Good Citizenship Pilgrim, Miss Edna Billups of Stickney, was presented by the State Regent.

A courtesy breakfast was given on the morning of the 21st by the local chapter.

Business on the second day consisted of election of officers for the ensuing year, unfinished, and new business.

Our Golden Jubilee projects consisted of financing a museum case for Continental Hall, a flag for Valley Forge, and the Penny Pines Project. These have been accomplished through the efficient leadership of our State Regent, Mrs. John H. Cumbow.

Mrs. J. A. Wilson,
State Recording Secretary.