Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine

Published by the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution
Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D.C.

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Contents

Frontispiece—Victory Monument at Yorktown, Virginia ...................................................... 778
The President General's Message ......................................................................................... 779
When Editors Disagree—Grace L. H. Brosseau ................................................................. 780
And Now There Will Be Two!—Herbert G. Moore ......................................................... 782
"The State Will Provide" ..................................................................................................... 785
Builders of Destiny—Mildred Holmes Railsback ............................................................... 787
Mosaic (poem)—Pearl Gentry Haemer ............................................................................... 788
Some Facts Relating to the Observance of Yorktown Day at Yorktown, Va.—Sarah C. Armistead .......................................................... 789
The Right To Choose (poem)—Rachel Palmer ................................................................. 791
Colonial Life in Bedford County, Virginia—Lula Jeter Parker ........................................ 792
Old Brown Marsh Church—Amanda Clark ...................................................................... 798
Indians of Tennessee—Dorothy V. Croft .......................................................................... 801
I Collect Ancestors—Bernice B. Wyman ........................................................................ 806
Bathsheba Herring Lincoln—Mary F. Barley .................................................................. 808
The Unknown Revolutionary Soldier—Mrs. Robert Duncan .......................................... 809
Americanization—Grace Lee Kenyon ............................................................................... 810
"Famous Firsts" .................................................................................................................. 811
What's Right with America?—George Ulrich ................................................................... 812
What Is Americanism?—Barbara Van Ault ...................................................................... 814
National Defense Committee—Katharine G. Reynolds and Frances B. Lucas ............. 815
Financing for the Future—Mrs. Donald Bennett Adams ................................................ 819
Administration Building Fund Honor Roll ...................................................................... 819
Book Reviews—Frances Marsh Towner .......................................................................... 820
Parliamentary Procedure—Nellie Watts Fleming ............................................................ 826
Slavery versus the Triumph of Principle—Dorothy Stets ............................................. 827
Chapters ............................................................................................................................. 828
Treasures of Our Museum—Dorothy LeVere Halloran ................................................ 831
Genealogical Department ................................................................................................. 832

Issued Monthly By

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Publication Office: ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, 1776 D St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

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Address all manuscripts, photographs and editorial communications to The Editor, The Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine, Administration Building, 1776 D Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

MRS. WILL ED GUPTON, National Chairman

Single Copy, 35 Cents. Yearly Subscription, $2.00

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Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879
VICTORY MONUMENT AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA
DEAR DAUGHTERS:

THE sixtieth anniversary of the founding of our National Society on October 11, 1890, in Washington, will be observed this month and should serve as an appropriate time for all our chapters and members to recall with pride the outstanding accomplishments of our sixty years of service, and to build on the past for even greater achievements for Home and Country.

On July 13, 1890, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, of Washington, aroused by the action of the Sons of the American Revolution in voting down a motion to admit women to their society, published in the Washington Post an article entitled: "Women Worthy of Honor." This narrative included the story of Hannah Arnett, a patriot of the American Revolution.


The first informal meeting was held July 29 at the home of Mrs. Brown, with five women present: Mrs. Brown, Miss Washington, Miss Desha, Mrs. Wolff and Mrs. Ellen H. Walworth.

Another meeting took place August 9 at the Langam Hotel, where Mrs. Walworth resided. The hostess, Miss Washington and Miss Desha attended. They formulated definite plans and laid the groundwork for the founding of the Society.

Desiring to stress the influence of women from behind the public scenes in the development of our nation from its beginning, the founders of our society, at the suggestion of Mr. McDowell, chose for their formal organization date the anniversary of the discovery of America, because it was the sacrifice of her jewels by a woman, Queen Isabella of Spain, which made possible the first voyage of Christopher Columbus to the New World.

Since the anniversary day of October 12 came that year on Sunday, they met on October 11, the anniversary of the day on which Columbus first sighted American soil.

The D. A. R. statue on our Headquarters property, unveiled April 17, 1929, honors our Founders: Miss Desha, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Walworth and Miss Washington.

In its 60 years of progress, the National Society has increased its financial capital from $18 to many millions of dollars, including our handsome buildings valued at approximately $7,000,000, not counting the land or the furnishings. From the original membership of 30, we have grown to 167,846 members as of June 1, 1950.

This month carries several anniversaries which are important in the life of our country. On the 19th of October will be celebrated at Yorktown, Virginia, the 169th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. We, as Daughters as well as citizens, should take time to reiterate our gratitude to our ancestors who, through battles and hardships, gave us this country. Today we have a form of government which is the oldest of its kind.

It is well to think of the past for background and inspiration, as we face the future. As we study history we know the important part which women have played in the development of this country. From the work of these women who have served throughout the years we may derive vision, courage and enthusiasm to continue to go forward, never forgetting that "The Past is Prologue."

MARGUERITE C. PATTON,
President General, N. S. D. A. R.
When Editors Disagree

BY GRACE L. H. BROSSEAU

IN the June issue of Freedom and Union (Journal of the World Republic), Mr. Clarence Streit, Editor, takes issue with the Daughters of the American Revolution because of its stand against World Government.

Mr. Streit is scholarly and on the rostrum he is soft-spoken and persuasive in word and manner and does not rudely challenge his opponents as this writer has reason to know from experience, but he does go off the deep end in the article in question.

First off, he remarks that "certain U. S. societies make a cult of patriotism," and one is led to wonder just what he means, for that quality or feeling lies in the very roots of one's being and cannot be acquired through the mechanics of an organized cult.

Then later Mr. Streit goes on to say that the Daughters "sowed the seeds of confusion among themselves when they made membership depend upon birth. They thereby loaded the dice on the side of father, rather than on the side of the freedom and equality father fought for."

Since birth is a matter of circumstance rather than of choice, his deduction is rather peculiar, to say the least. The father element being rather remote, the raison d'etre, therefore, lies in the pride of achievement of the collective ancestors who settled this country, fought for its preservation and then through its institutions of government, based upon the Constitution, gave to posterity its priceless freedom. A careful reading of the Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution is recommended as substantiation of this statement.

As for "confusion," one has but to follow the history of this Society to learn that for sixty years it has marched in unbroken formation toward its objective goal of aid to humanity. In that respect it has done an excellent job. A perusal of the published brochure, What the Daughters Do, would be quite enlightening to the uninitiated.

This Society has become used to sniping; in fact, would probably feel quite lost if it ever ceased, for in that case the "glow of inner satisfaction" would become dim and perhaps ultimately fade away.

Back in the twenties, and after World War I, it took a vigorous stand for preparedness in the matter of National Defense, whereupon the peace makers of the land accused it of warmongering.

It has always strongly advocated Universal Military Training and more emphatically so since the episode of Pearl Harbor.

Then, when about twenty-five years ago it started a crusade against communism and widely briefed its members upon the evils and the dangers of that ideology, skepticism and ridicule from all quarters rose to high heaven. One newspaper editor remarked that the Daughters were seeing a bewhiskered Communist behind every tree.

Well, two later wars have shown that in the first case the Daughters did have some idea of what they were talking about. In the second, time and events have proved that Communists do not lurk behind trees but are out in the open flaunting the Constitution of the United States. They have invaded the fields of industry, education and even religion, and if one can believe what one reads and hears, have reached the high echelons of government.

The gentle suggestion is made to Mr. Streit that he look upon us not as an organized body of practically 168,000 people, but as individuals—as women who have the rare privilege of sharing, at least in part, the joys and the burdens of life in these United States.

As voters, taxpayers, and in many cases the holders of the purse strings, women have a vital interest in all that goes on in Federal, state and local governments. Add to that the cruel fact that their young sons must fight the battles of the world and the picture is complete. Two generations of our boys have already been massacred and maimed and at this writing the third is facing annihilation, or worse, in far off Korea. Quite naturally, the mothers of America are asking two questions, "For whom? For what?"

[ 780 ]
The average woman reads and reads intelligently,(0,38),(999,987) and she knows by now that, though her heart aches for peace, that dawning is too far off for her to discern even the first faint rays.

Mr. Streit quotes from Washington’s Farewell Address, but he omits mention of the solemn warning uttered to his fellow countrymen to beware of “entangling alliances.” That precept was never more applicable than it is in this confused world of today.

The Russians have consistently stymied the United Nations, upon which organization hopes and prayers have been centered. Anyone who watched the proceedings of early August when Jacob Malik presided over the Security Council at Lake Success, cannot truthfully state that with human relations at their present low ebb, any sort of workable or peaceful over-all World Government could be established at this time or at any time in the near future.

Therefore, the descendants of the Founding Fathers believe that the reins of sovereignty and freedom should be kept in the hands of those who believe in and love America.

There is no disposition to question the loyalty and good faith of Mr. Clarence Streit. He is entitled to his beliefs and opinions and to the expression thereof.

And, by the same token, so are the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences.

What are the personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country’s fate?

Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in the defense of the liberties and the Constitution of his country.

—Daniel Webster.

As announced by Mrs. Brosseau in September, this is her last issue of the three-year term in which she served as Editor. Miss Gertrude Carraway, her successor, makes her initial bow in the November number.
And Now There Will Be Two!

BY HERBERT G. MOORE

JUST 29 years ago this November there took place a series of solemn events which will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to participate in them. And now those who were present then are once again telling the story to their children and grandchildren as we prepare to stage next May what in a sense might be described as a reenactment of that very impressive and deeply moving ceremony of 1921. Only the cast of characters will be different this time.

It all started on November 8, 1921, when the U.S.S. Olympia, Admiral Dewey's storied old flagship, dropped anchor in Hampton Roads. She had made the long voyage from France with just a single item in her cargo—a steel gray, flag-covered box. Now her part in the formalities was completed; another historic ship, the Presidential yacht Mayflower, took up the burden.

As the Mayflower, bearing this precious freight, proceeded up the Chesapeake, the mighty guns of warships and shore installations let go their booming salvos. As she steamed up the Potomac, the shores were lined with a great hushed multitude, standing uncovered. The trim little vessel, of course, had long been accustomed to such salutes and signs of respect. But never before had it been quite like this. For this time the President of the United States was not aboard; this time the one being honored was unable to acknowledge the homage.

At the Washington Navy Yard, scores of high-ranking government dignitaries and a regiment of cavalry, sabers drawn at "present," met the Mayflower. Few men, living or dead, had ever before been accorded such formal honors on American soil. And yet in this instance no one even knew the name of the recipient of all this pomp and ceremony. For he was, you see, the Unknown Soldier of World War I who was returning that day, returning to rest in eternal peace 'neath Arlington's perpetual flame.

The casket, that long, steel gray box which the Olympia had borne across the sea, was now reverently placed on a black-draped caisson, drawn by six coal-black horses, and escorted to the Capitol. There, in the great rotunda, it was cradled on the very same catafalque where only three others had ever before rested—the martyred Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. On November 10, 1921, the body lay in state, and for 24 hours a steady stream of Americans filed past in final tribute to a nameless hero.

At dawn the next morning the third anniversary of the signing of the Armistice, the guns at near-by Fort Myer began firing, and continued as the cortège moved out slowly from the Capitol up Pennsylvania Avenue on its way to Arlington National Cemetery. The official mourners in line included President Warren G. Harding, General of the Armies John J. Pershing, justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, Governors, Senators, Representatives, high-ranking officers of the armed services, officials of the several veterans' organizations, delegates from various patriotic orders, and ambassadors from all the Allied nations—a solemn procession of prominent dignitaries escorting the unknown body within the steel gray casket on its last journey. There was scarcely a dry eye that day in all the silent multitude that lined the streets.

At the cemetery, with the massed military units acting as a guard of honor and with thousands of still moist-eyed civilians watching from points of vantage, the President placed the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross, a grateful nation's two highest decorations, upon the flag-draped casket. Since the religious beliefs of the deceased were unknown, brief services were conducted by three clergymen—a Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, a Jewish rabbi—and there were a few appropriate words from the President and other officials. Then came taps, sounding out over Arlington's historic Fields of Dead, row upon row of plain stone markers drawn up as if at attention as far as the eye could see.

Yes, to those who were present at Arlington on November 11, 1921, that moment
will live forever. With unprecedented pomp and ceremony for this land of democracy, America's Unknown Soldier had gone to his final resting place in a tomb hewn out of a solid block of marble—symbol of the thousands of American heroes who had given their lives on the battlefields of World War I. Somehow it seemed highly fitting that a people, who do not recognize rank in life, should have completely ignored it in death.

Who was this Unknown Soldier of World War I days? That is a question that will forever remain unanswered. No one knew his identity then—and no one can possibly know it now. He may have been a chubby-faced farm boy from Iowa, or a little ragamuffin from Chicago's slums. He may have been a Negro from Harlem or a poor white from Mississippi. He may have been rich or poor, educated or illiterate, a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew. His ancestors may have been at Valley Forge, or his parents may have been immigrants recently arrived from the old country. The secret is forever sealed within that crypt at Arlington—and it's better that way.

For 29 years this Unknown Hero of World War I has kept his lonely vigil beneath Arlington's Eternal Flame. Now, next Memorial Day, he is to be joined in his sleep by another—the Unknown Serviceman of World War II.

Five long years have passed since V-J Day, and some may wonder why this delay was necessary. But we must remember that in World War I American troops fought in a relatively limited area, and, to make the selection then, it was only necessary to pick one body from each of the four major fronts—Belleau Wood, the Somme, the Moselle and the Argonne. World War II, however, was a global struggle, and American boys were in action everywhere—in Africa, in Italy, in France and Germany, on the long island-hopping drive from Australia to Japan. Many, too, gave their lives in flying the dangerous “hump” from India, and some 3000 of their bodies have been found in out-of-the-way places in China and Burma, far, far off the beaten track. The selection of the Unknown Serviceman of World War II could not properly be undertaken until the task of locating all the bodies had been completed.

Nor could the selection be made until every means of identifying the bodies had been exhausted—for we have been far more particular on this point than in the past. During these last five years the well-organized search teams of the Quartermaster Corps and the efficient units of the Graves Registration Service have been endeavoring to fill in the missing links. Like super sleuths in a world-wide man hunt, they have resorted to every known device to establish identities—the “dog tags” worn by each serviceman, serial numbers on equipment, papers and letters found on the bodies, rings, scars, birthmarks, laundry marks, fingerprints, dental charts, even anthropology. For in some cases where no other clues remained, it was possible, by measuring bones, to ascertain the height of the deceased, and by noting their condition, to tell the approximate age, and then by piecing together this information and referring to records, to determine the name of the deceased.

In other cases, by reconstructing the facial contours over a skull, absolute identity was established. Every device of science and every trick of the detective profession were brought into play. It was unquestionably the most stupendous task of its kind ever undertaken, and the results have been truly amazing.

For out of the hundreds of thousands of World War II dead, there remain today only some 8000 bodies which still defy identification. This achievement becomes the more striking when we realize that after the Civil War there remained 140,469 unidentified dead, or nearly 45 per cent of all battlefield interments. Since no World War II case was closed as long as there was the remotest possibility of establishing identity, this means that these remaining 8000 bodies are positively unidentifiable. Yes, the task has taken five long years and has cost considerable money. But if it has brought some comfort and some measure of satisfaction to bereaved parents and widows to know where their loved ones died and to learn perhaps a few facts concerning their last minutes, if it has helped to establish something positive in the minds of those left behind, it has all been worth while. We wish it could be said that all government money had been so well spent.

So now the stage is cleared at last for the selection of our second Unknown Hero. And the procedure will naturally differ
somewhat in detail from the first time. In October, 1921, the War Department directed four officers to proceed, under sealed orders, to each of the four American military cemeteries in France, where the honored dead from the four major fronts were buried. Each set of orders contained one number which had been drawn from a bowl. When the four designated bodies had been exhumed from the four widely-scattered graves, all records of their former numbers, plots and cemeteries were carefully destroyed. There was pitifully little known about these four men, but even that little was not to be remembered.

These four unidentified bodies, each encased in an identical casket, were then taken to the city hall at Chalons-sur-Marne, where they lay in state and where the French people were permitted to pay their last respects. On October 24, 1921, Sergeant Edward F. Younger, himself a wounded and much decorated veteran, was chosen to make the final selection. He passed slowly three times around the four caskets, then paused to lay a bouquet of French flowers upon one—the one that a few days later was carried aboard the Olympia and finally came to eternal rest in the marble crypt at Arlington.

The selection of World War II’s Unknown Serviceman will, as pointed out above, be somewhat different, but equally dramatic. The bill, authorizing the selection, was passed by the 79th Congress on June 14, 1946, and the Defense Department has recently announced the official steps that will be taken in order to carry out the will of Congress and the people. The program of selection will start this October.

This time six bodies, instead of four, will be selected to represent the six major theatres of war. But in each case there will be five alternate numbers drawn. For one final test will be made to establish identity, and, if identity is deemed even remotely possible, then one of the alternates will be selected. The Unknown must really be unknown.

The bodies of the six nameless heroes so determined will then be brought to Philadelphia, where at Independence Hall on May 26, 1951, the final selection ceremony will be held. The chosen one of the six will immediately be taken to Washington and will lie in state in the great rotunda of the Capitol, just as in 1921. Next Memorial Day the remains will be entombed at Arlington, with all the pomp and ceremony that attended the first interment. (The five other unknown bodies will be returned overseas for reburial.)

Who will this second Unknown Serviceman be? Once again we will not know what manner of man we are honoring. Once again he may be rich or poor, well-educated or illiterate, white or black, native born or foreign born, maybe even a Nisei. There will be nothing to indicate whether he was an officer or an enlisted man, or to what branch of the service he belonged—Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, Coast Guard. It is even possible that this Unknown Serviceman of World War II could be the son of the Unknown Soldier of World War I. Stranger things have happened.

So now the lonely vigil is nearly over. So now there will be two resting in eternal sleep on the quiet hillside at Arlington beneath that never-dying flame, two heroic souls who willingly made the Supreme Sacrifice in defense of their native land. It’s a grand feeling to know that there will always be such men standing ready on our ramparts. But next Memorial Day, when the solemn ceremony takes place at Arlington, some 150 million of us will join in a fervent prayer that a third American will never have to join these two!
HOW many people remember that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the shores of Massachusetts they established a colony run on communist lines?

The story is told by Governor Bradford in his *History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646*. He tells how they set up a system of rationing of their common product and storehouse, even though it came to “but a quarter of a pound of bread a day to each person.” When harvest time came, “it arose to but a little.”

People grumbled and complained that they were too weak from lack of food to take care of the crops as they should and they took to stealing from each other. Governor Bradford comments, “It well appeared that famine must still insue the next year also, if not some way prevented.”

He explains how the colonists “begane to thinke how they might raise as much corne as they could, and obtaine a better crope than they had done, that they might not still thus languish in miserie. At length, after much debate of things, the Governor (with the advise of the cheefeest among them) gave way that they should set come every man for his owne perticuler, and in that regard trust to themselves; in all other things to goe on in the generall way as before. And so assigned to every family a parcell of land. . .

“This had very good success; for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corne was planted than other wise would have bene by any means the Gov. or any other could use, and saved him a great deal of trouble and gave farr better contente.”

And so the system was tried out in a sincere and desperate attempt to provide food and clothing for the entire colony on a common basis. The results are told in Governor Bradford’s own words: “The experience that was had in this commone course and condition, tried sundrie years, and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanitie of that conceite of Platos and other ancients, applauseed by some of later times;—that the taking away of propertie and bringing in communitie into a commone wealth, would make them happy and flourishing; as if they were wiser than God.

“For this communitie (so farr as it was) was found to breed much confusion and discontent, and retard much employment that would have been to their benefite and comforte. For the yongmen that were most able and fitte for labour and service did repine that they should spend their time and strength to worke for other mens wives and children, with out any recompence.

“The strong or man of parts, had no more in division of victails and cloaths than that he that was weake and not able to doe a quarter the other could; that was thought injustice. The aged and graver men to be ranked and equalised in labours and victails, cloaths, etc, with the meaner and yonger sorte, thought it some indigne and disrespect unto them.

“Upon the poynte all being to have alike, and all to doe alike, they thought them selves in the like condition, and one as good as another; and so if it did not cut of those relations that God had set amongst men, yet it did at least much diminish and take of the mutuall respects that should be preserved amongst them. And it would have bene worse if they had bene men of another condition.”

And thus ended America’s early venture into the field of community property and state rationing.

It failed to work because the people whom it was designed to benefit had no incentive for exerting themselves in sowing corn and obtaining better crops. The shiftless received as much as the energetic workers; the young men “did repine” because their time and strength were spent not in enjoying the results of their own initiative and hard work and in building their own future, but in working for other men’s wives and children without recompense. This is the normal reaction of resourceful human beings, and all the laws passed by government will never change this basic urge to provide for one’s own family.

With the community scheme out of the way and every family assigned a piece of
land to work, plant and harvest for its own enjoyment and benefit, the result was: “Instead of famine, now God gave them plentie and the face of things was changed, to the rejoysing of the harts of many. And the effect of their particular (private) planting was well seene, for all had, one way and other, pretty well to bring the year aboute, and some of the abler sorte and more industrious had to spare, and sell to others, so as any generall wante or famine hath not been amongst them since to this day.”

History has a way of repeating itself. Our early history exposes the fallacy of the claim that if we look to the State for security and abundance we are “progressive” and modern. Statism is not “the wave of the future,” but a throwback to an attempt made and abandoned over three hundred years ago. Human nature does not change, and what happened in the Plymouth Bay Colony is more than likely to be repeated in our day under similar pressures. The greatest pressure of all today is that the State shall provide.

These lies have been thundered so loudly and so often that people are beginning to believe them. To offset them, we must emphasize the truth, remembering that the truth behind lies is far greater than the lies themselves.

The criterion by which any system should be judged is, has it worked? History proves that our free system has done a magnificent job; that we have achieved greater production and better distribution of goods and wealth than any other country on earth. Through freedom to express our individual initiative our country has become a world power. We have progressed by experiment, trial and error, but have always kept our individual freedom.

Our system is not flawless, but only a free democracy can provide opportunities for the correction of flaws in its system. Give a free people time and opportunity and they will correct any errors which need correcting. Look back to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers and observe the solid progress made in man’s betterment since that time. This progress can continue unchecked only under freedom from regimentation.

In this country we should be aware of this from our own long experience which has brought us to the peak of our industrial development through freedom from regimentation. All through our history we have proved the elementary fact that business must show a profit, after all expenses are paid, before it can pay taxes. Yet business and industrial profits are not a bottomless pit into which tax collections and the advocates of Statism can dip indefinitely.

This is the simple truth which makes the suggestion that the State will provide, a dangerous fallacy. The State will never provide wealth or abundance or even a bare subsistence for its people because it cannot. Every dollar the State gives out comes from the people in the first place, and a business which is taxed beyond its ability to pay is on the road to bankruptcy.

Winston Churchill had every civilized nation in mind when he said, “We have not journeyed across the centuries, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the prairies, because we are made of sugar candy.”

Like the Pilgrim Fathers we must return to the old-fashioned principles of sturdy self-reliance, if we are to find abundance of supply and an inner self-respect.

Editor’s Note: This very timely and interesting article was sent to us by Mrs. Edsall P. Ford, a member of the El Palo Alto Chapter of Stanford University, Calif. She obtained permission from the Fireman’s Fund Record, in which it first appeared, quite evidently an editorial.

—THOREAU
Preble County in Ohio is a peaceful valley, famed in history, through which in the days of wilderness ruled by savages, the army of St. Clair marched to defeat and massacre but the army of Wayne to glorious victory.

After the Revolutionary War when the Northwest Territory was open to settlers, the fertile Miami Valley was the mecca of scores of weary soldiers seeking the peace of homes and freedom.

Among these brave soldiers of fortune blazing the trail through the wilderness early in 1800, seventy-four names have been verified and honored by a bronze plaque in the Preble County Courthouse at Eaton, Ohio. Two of these names are outstanding—William Bruce, founder of Eaton and Cornelius Van Ausdal, pioneer merchant whose trading post established in his Conestoga wagon was famous far and near. Among his patrons were the historical Indian Chiefs, Little Turtle, Tecumseh, John the Prophet and many others.

In the spring of 1807 the few residents of the embryo village made a log rolling to clear up Main Street from Colonel Hawkins’ Tavern, east of the public ground, west to the creek. Men, women and children joined in the work of gathering logs and brush and it is asserted that when the day’s work was done all of the men celebrated by a general drunk, casting their coonskin caps upon the burning logs. The town of Eaton was born!

Probably the most illustrious family was the Lanier family, beginning with Capt. James Lanier, Revolutionary soldier who later fought with General Anthony Wayne.

Major Alexander C. Lanier, who contributed largely to the organization of the County, was clerk of the Board of Commissioners and his fine old records attest his executive ability. He erected the first brick house in Eaton and the name Lanier Township stands as a tribute to his memory. In 1817 he moved to Indiana and served under General Harrison with the rank of Major in his Northwest campaign.

General Harrison’s friendship for him was shown in many acts of kindness to his son, James Franklin Lanier, who, as a boy of fourteen went with him and occupied part of his tent at the time of the important treaty held with the Indians at Greenville, Ohio. One could hardly grasp the significant thrill which the lad experienced or the influence upon his future life from this association with great men. Later that same boy was to learn business sagacity in the trading center of Cornelius Van Ausdal, to whom in after years he gave full credit for his success.

Cornelius erected a large brick building in 1822 on the Northwest corner of Main and Barron Streets where a general store flourished for a century and where the First National Bank now stands. He was noted as one of the most successful merchants in the Northwest Territory and a fair trader with Indians and pioneers. During the War of 1812 he was assistant paymaster for the U. S. Army, furnishing supplies where it was operating between the Ohio River and Lake Erie.

James Franklin Lanier became a banker of national renown and contributed largely to the construction of the sprawling chain of western railroads. He advanced to the state of Indiana sums aggregating over a million dollars to aid and equip Indiana soldiers. Too old to fight in the Civil War where his forefathers had gained distinction in former wars, he gave freely of his vast wealth and time.

He retired to the white colonial mansion at Madison, Indiana, which is now a public museum on the banks of the beautiful Ohio. The framed family tree of this illustrious family hangs in state in the entrance hall. After his election to the Presidency in 1840, William Henry Harrison took a vacation and rest at this home with his friend, James Lanier.

“Tippecanoe and Tyler too! There never has been and never will be another campaign like that,” so saith one of Eaton’s pioneer fathers who voted for Harrison. It was the first presidential struggle involving the western frontier and it caused wild
enthusiasm. The resulting victory was a grand surprise.

General Harrison spoke to an immense audience Saturday, September 8, 1840, in Eaton. He remained over night in the substantial brick home of the Van Ausdale-Donohue family, where the Colonial Kitchen is now located, going on to Greenville the next day led by a great parade.

Preble County gave a governor to Ohio, Colonel Andrew L. Harris of Civil War fame, whose fine old home is an Eaton landmark. Many citizens of Preble have served in the State Legislature.

The name Preble is in honor of Commodore Preble and the name Eaton a famous General. The streets are named after famed people—Decatur, Barron, Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, St. Clair and Wayne. The townships of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson and Harrison honor Presidents.

Preble County is rural, unspoiled by commercialism and the thousands of fertile acres and fine homes testify to the wise choice of the pioneers. Many descendants of these men still live on the original land grants and are justly proud of their heritage.

A great county, a great state, a great nation!

NOTE: Mrs. Railsback is Regent-Historian of the Commodore Preble Chapter of Eaton, Ohio.

Mosaic

This happiness we seek is an anadem,
A jewel, splendidous, exquisite, rare:
Not just a precious stone nor brilliant solitaire
That gleams and glistens like a diadem.

For years and years I searched and when at last
The flawless find lay safely in my hand,
I marvelled. So few throughout the land
Discern the truth about this perfect gem;
A lovely potpourri of myriad hues,
Fire opal, turquoise, sapphire, emerald,
Each one a faultless stone. You shift and choose,
Inlay with care and set in purest gold

Until at last it is complete, a fine
New Byzantine. Your labors in Mosaic shrine.

—PEARL GENTRY HAEMER.

BY SARAH C. ARMISTEAD

WITH the approach of October 19, the 169th anniversary of the surrender of the British army under Lord Cornwallis to the allied French and Americans under General Washington on October 19, 1781, interest is again focused upon the annual observance of this anniversary in the quiet little hamlet of Yorktown, Virginia, where this significant event took place. As was the case in 1949, this year's program is sponsored by the Yorktown Day Association, and it seems appropriate to review briefly some of the various observances of YORKTOWN DAY since it was "founded," so to speak, on October 19, 1781, and the reasons for the formation of the Association.

The number and nature of all the observances is not known to this writer—to ascertain them would be an interesting study. It is known, however, that one of the most extensive was that held in 1824 when General Lafayette visited Yorktown October 18-20. Also of record (Southern Literary Messenger, December, 1837) are special exercises at Yorktown on October 19, 1837 when the Hon. John Tyler made an address at the request of the "Williamsburg Guards" who seem to have sponsored the ceremonies. In Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, New York, November 8, 1879, appears a colorful account of a "preliminary celebration," on October 23, 1879, of the centennial of Cornwallis's surrender, when "vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron rode at anchor off the town handsomely decked out with national colors." The article states that the attendance numbered 5,000 or 6,000 and that at the close of the program the military and invited guests were entertained at a huge barbecue on the lawn in front of the Nelson House. Following this "preliminary" came the Centennial Celebration at Yorktown October 18-20, 1881, amid such panoply of eloquent oration and military and naval participation that the list of distinguished guests and the military filled 26 pages of the official report of the Centennial Commission! On October 18 the cornerstone of the Victory Monument was laid—100 years after its authorization by the Congress on October 29, 1781.

Following the Centennial, observance of the October 19 anniversary seems to have continued at varying intervals. The older residents of Yorktown today recall frequent celebrations held in the early 1900's, some sponsored by the Yorktown Historical Society, organized about 1909 but no longer in existence, some perhaps by other groups, the people of the village and of the Peninsula. There are memories of a year when a U. S. Navy ship was in the harbor, a representative of the French Embassy, Washington, was at Yorktown, the speeches planned for outdoor delivery were made at the Courthouse and the "big parade" cancelled because of inclement weather, and a Colonial Ball in "Ye Olde Yorktown Hotel" closed the festive occasion.

In 1922 two events occurred which more or less stabilized the annual observance of YORKTOWN DAY for the next few years. Mr. and Mrs. George Durbin Chenoweth in 1919 had removed from Woodbury, New Jersey, to Yorktown, Virginia to make their home. Mrs. Chenoweth, long a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, organized the Comte de Grasse Chapter of the Daughters in Yorktown in February, 1922. She was named the first regent and was reelected to this office every year for 26 years. When Mrs. Herndon Jenkins of Yorktown succeeded her in 1948 Mrs. Chenoweth was made honorary regent of the chapter which office she still holds. In October, 1922, the State Conference of the
Virginia Daughters was held in Yorktown. Beginning that year, and continuing each year through 1930, the Comte de Grasse Chapter assumed the responsibility of sponsoring a program in observance of October 19. Due to Mrs. Chenoweth's enthusiasm and efforts, interest was aroused not only throughout the state, but throughout the United States, in the significance of the occasion.

In 1931, October 16 to 19, was held the overwhelming Yorktown Sesquicentennial Celebration, the success of which was largely due to the vision and work of the late Hon. S. Otis Bland, Representative in the Congress from the First Virginia District. This celebration, with its naval and military setting, its distinguished guests, and its matchless pageantry, will ever be remembered as one of the most spectacular and inspiring of like occasions in the nation's history. As an integral part of the National Society, the Comte de Grasse Chapter, under Mrs. Chenoweth's leadership, participated in the Sesquicentennial program.

On the opening day of the “Sesqui,” the Colonial National Monument, embracing the Yorktown Battlefield, Jamestown Island, parts of the City of Williamsburg, and areas for connecting highways, established the previous year by proclamation of President Hoover pursuant to an act of the Congress approved July 3, 1930, was dedicated. As a unit of the National Park System of the United States, the Monument (the name was changed in 1936 to Colonial National Historical Park) was established for the “preservation of the historical structures and remains thereon and for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.” In the dedication ceremony Mr. Horace M. Albright, the then Director of the National Park Service, said, “The spirit of the Sesquicentennial Celebration will live and grow, the 19th of October will be especially commemorated every year.”

From 1932 to 1936 inclusive, the observance of YORKTOWN DAY was under the joint auspices of the Comte de Grasse Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, other patriotic organizations, the citizens of Yorktown, and Colonial National Monument (in 1936, Colonial National Historical Park). In 1932 Director Albright presided at the ceremonies. In 1937, when a tablet was placed in the Customhouse by the Virginia Daughters in honor of Mrs. Chenoweth, the program was sponsored by the Virginia Daughters, though all local arrangements were handled by the Comte de Grasse Chapter with the cooperation of the Park staff. From 1938 to 1941, inclusive, Mrs. Chenoweth, as regent of the Comte de Grasse Chapter, planned the annual program and each year the Park cooperated in every way possible.

During World War II, with the imposition of travel and other limitations, no large celebrations were held, but during each of the years 1942 to 1946 inclusive, the Comte de Grasse Chapter held a meeting in the Customhouse, the chapter headquarters, on October 19, and observed the anniversary in a brief program. Mrs. William H. Pouch, as President General and as Honorary President General of the National Society, faithfully attended every meeting during the war years. In 1947 there was a joint observance of the 166th anniversary of the victory at Yorktown and the 250th anniversary of the building of the Parish Church. The church service was held in Grace Church, York-Hampton Parish, Yorktown, during the morning, and the patriotic exercises at the Victory Monument in Colonial National Historical Park in the afternoon. Mrs. Chenoweth, who had planned the afternoon program, in cooperation with Mr. Alfred P. Goddin, President of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of Virginia, and the Park staff, presided at the exercises.

By 1948 it had become quite obvious that other patriotic organizations and the people of Yorktown desired to have an established part in the annual YORKTOWN DAY program. In the summer of that year, Mrs. Herndon Jenkins, the newly elected regent of the Comte de Grasse Chapter, invited the Thomas Nelson, Jr., Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution; the Sons of the Revolution in the State of Virginia; the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Virginia; The American Friends of Lafayette; the Trustees of the Town of York; and Colonial National Historical Park, to send representatives to meet with her to plan the 1948 YORKTOWN DAY program. At that meeting a joint committee was formed to plan and carry out the program which was held at the Victory Monument, with an attendance of about 2,000. As the plans progressed
and were consummated, it became increasingly clear to the committee that it would be advisable to have a permanent committee or association to sponsor a program each year. With that end in view the committee met in the early part of 1949 and formed the Yorktown Day Association, comprised of the several organizations represented on the joint Program Committee for 1948, to sponsor appropriate ceremonies each year on YORKTOWN DAY, October 19. Membership in the Association is open to other organizations whose primary interest is commemorating the Revolutionary period of American history, with the approval of a majority of the members of the Association. The splendid program carried out on October 19, 1949 evidenced the wisdom of its sponsorship by the Yorktown Day Association.

The significance of YORKTOWN DAY is national in scope, its observance is not limited to any one organization. Opportunity to participate and contribute to the success of the program should be given to all patriotic organizations, whose primary interest is commemorating the Revolutionary period of American history, desiring to do so. It is particularly fortunate for such organizations that the National Park Service, through Colonial National Historical Park, administers the area where the momentous events of 1781 occurred and where ceremonies are held annually to observe their anniversary. Without the assistance the Park is giving it would not be possible to present programs of the magnitude the occasion deserves. Throughout the year the Park staff is engaged in its work of preservation and development of the Yorktown Battlefield and interpretation of its significance in American history for the benefit and enjoyment of all the people of the nation. The Yorktown Day Association is endeavoring to promote annual programs on October 19 which will portray this significance and encourage a wide appreciation of Yorktown as a shrine of freedom for liberty loving peoples.

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**The Right to Choose**

**By Rachel Palmer**

We have the right to choose:
To say yes, or to say no.
It's a right secured for us
By our fathers long ago.

We can say yes to man-made evils
Of war, corrupt politics, and crime,
And write on the pages of history
A "dark ages" of all time.

Or we can say no, and bring in ways
Of good living, and ways to do right,
To move the world forward
Free from a deadly blight.

Note: Mrs. Palmer is a member of the Gainesville Chapter, Gainesville, Fla.
Colonial Life in
Bedford County, Virginia

BY LULA JETER PARKER

A STUDY of the records indicates that there were in Bedford County, Virginia, at the time of its formation, in 1754, probably 150 to 200 plantations of varying sizes. Five hundred acres was a small plantation, 1000 to 2000 acres being the average, and some included as much as 10,000 to 15,000. At least one, "Pebbleton," home of Nicholas Davies, had 33,000 acres.

The owners of the largest plantations and the greatest number of slaves filled all important offices of the county, such as justice of the peace, sheriff, commonwealth's attorney, county surveyor, county clerk, church warden and vestryman, member of the House of Burgesses, etc. Some of these offices have been almost hereditary, especially that of county clerk, which was held by members of the same family for more than one hundred years.

The manors of these "Gentlemen," known also as "Squires," were situated when possible, upon high elevations which commanded extensive views of the surrounding country. Whether these sites were chosen for enjoyment of the beautiful scenery thereabout or to better discern the approach of Indians is a matter of conjecture. These residences were not as large as those of the more thickly settled parts of eastern Virginia, the number of rooms only averaging six or seven. Kitchens and dining rooms were either in the basement or the kitchen in a building outside and the dining room on the first floor of the dwelling. The latter plan was most frequently used.

Each manor had its smoke house, where hams, shoulders, bacon and beef were cured; its spring house, in which cold running water supplied refrigeration for the milk and butter; and an ice house, sunk eight to ten feet in the ground and filled with ice cut from a pond on the plantation. The ice was covered to a depth of three or four feet with oak leaves, piled up in the fall and kept for this purpose. There was also a store room in which were kept quantities of flour, meal, molasses, sugar, tea, coffee, preserves, apple butter, cheese, dried fruits, etc. Potatoes, apples and cabbage were buried in shallow pits and covered first with straw and then with earth. No canning of fruits or vegetables, even in glass, was done before the middle of the eighteenth century.

Cabins for the slaves who worked the fields were placed at convenient locations over the plantation, and "quarters" for those who worked in and about the house were near the residence. All of these were built chiefly of logs, though sometimes when brick for the dwelling was made on the ground, the quarters were built of the same.

Every big plantation had an overseer, whose duty it was to supervise the work of the slaves. The owner, called "Marster" by the negroes, rode about his plantation, advising with his overseer; sat in judgment on slave quarrels and passed sentence upon the guilty; attended to the affairs of county and parish; and increased his acreage whenever possible, so that he might leave big estates to each of his children, who sometimes numbered as many as a score. He seldom had only one wife. Pioneer life was too strenuous for a woman to live to be old, and the life of a widower with a young family almost forced him to a second, and even a third, marriage.

The mistress of the manor, called "Miss" by the negroes, had many duties to perform, even though she had slaves at her command. She planned the meals for her family and with her basket of keys on her arm, made daily visits to the store room and smoke house to issue supplies to the cook. She issued rations weekly to the families of slaves who lined up with baskets and sacks for their portions; she supervised the spinning, weaving, sewing, and mending for her family and the slaves; the making of hominy, sauerkraut, soap and candles; the drying of fruits and corn; the shelling and storing of beans and peas; the making of dyes and liniments; and the preparation
of herbs and roots for medicine. She was also the plantation doctor, going from cabin to cabin to minister to those who were sick. "Mammy," the beloved nurse of the white children, was usually more intelligent than the other negroes and was of great assistance in directing the work of the women.

On the smaller plantations where slaves were fewer, cooperation between landowners was necessary. When a new house was to be built, all the men of the neighborhood came together, cut the logs from the forest and, when on a hillside, rolled them to where they would be accessible to wagon and team. Then all took part in building the residence, which, within a few days, was ready for occupancy. While this was in progress the women prepared sumptuous meals for the workmen, and when the day was done all made merry together.

In those days there were no means of lighting the houses except with candles—"tallow dips," they were called. These were made at home of melted tallow poured into pewter molds, in which wicks of soft cotton threads had been inserted. They were then plunged into cold water to harden. These were placed in candlesticks and lighted from the fire with a lightwood splinter or a paper candle-lighter. On every mantel was seen a china vase filled with these candle-lighters. They were made of strips of white paper—usually writing paper—an inch wide and about twelve inches long, rolled diagonally into a tube about the size of a pencil and turned down at the larger end to secure it. One candle was often the only illumination of the room in which all the reading, sewing and knitting were done. In winter, lightwood and pine knots were burned in the open fireplace for illumination, and many a boy, who afterwards became an eminent scholar, pored over his books while stretched full length upon the floor in front of these blazing chunks.

Before matches were known, the problem of creating a spark with which to light the fire was a difficult one. A flint struck with a heavy stick, or two pieces of stone quickly struck together, produced a spark for which splinters or "punk" had to be in readiness. Fire thus started was carefully guarded and covered with ashes when not needed. Neighbors often borrowed fire from one another to start their own, hence the old saying, when one had made a short visit, "You must have come for a chunk of fire!"

The introduction of kerosene oil as a means of illumination was a tremendous step forward, and lamps were considered a great luxury. Only in comparatively late years was oil used for heating purposes.

Before the invention of machines, the methods of accomplishing work on the plantations were primitive indeed. Corn was grown in large quantities for both man and beast. Corn meal was made by beating the corn in large wooden mortars, and hominy was made by soaking the corn in strong lye water to remove the husks. Wheat was the second largest crop grown. The seed were sown by hand and the grain harvested with a reap hook. The wheat was separated from the chaff by beating it with hickory flails. These were made by pounding the big end of a hickory pole until it was flattened and limber for about two feet. The wheat was then cleaned by pouring it from one sheet to another when the wind was strong enough to blow the chaff from it.

The introduction of the cradle for harvesting was a decided advance. The wheat was then tied in bundles and laid on a treading floor in a large circle with the heads turned inward. Horses were driven over it until the grain was separated from the straw and then it was passed through a fan to clear it of chaff and dust. A boon indeed was the reaper invented by Cyrus McCormick of the neighboring county, Rockbridge, and equally so the threshing machine, even though the first ones were operated entirely by horse power.

Cotton was grown in Bedford County in these early days and tedious hand processes were employed to convert it into condition for spinning and weaving. Every home had a spinning wheel and a loom with which cotton, wool and flax were spun and woven into cloth either by the women of the family or by slaves especially trained for this work.

A very durable cloth was made from flax. The seed of the flax were sown broadcast and when ripe the flax was pulled up, tied in bundles and dried. The seed were then taken out and the flax spread on the ground until well rotted, after which it was broken in a flax brake, swingled and hackled. These processes separated the fine from the coarse fibres, the fine being
called linen, and the coarse called tow. Cloth was made of both grades of fibre, the linen being bleached and used for table cloths, sheets, women's dresses and men's suits.

The coarsest of the tow was used for making ropes, but the better quality was made into an unbleached cloth which was used for men's work shirts, "everyday" towels and bed-ticking. The last, when filled with wheat straw, made fairly comfortable beds, and were often used underneath those of feathers to protect them from the cords with which the bedsteads were held together and which served as both slats and springs. Many of these feather beds have been handed down from generation to generation and can be found today in many of the old homes of the county.

Sheep were raised, sheared and the wool carded, spun, knit into socks for the men and stockings for the women and children, and woven into blankets, "yarn counterpanes" and wearing apparel for all members of the family. The men felt quite well groomed in suits of "homespun," every stitch of which—both weaving and sewing—had been done by their wives, while the women wore their handiwork with equal grace and satisfaction.

But back to the "good times": Molasses boilings were among the social events of the neighborhood. Molasses was made—as today—from cane, called sorghum, and during war times was the only sweetening to be had; so it was necessary that every planter grow a little patch of sorghum. When the cane was ripe the juice was extracted and all the young people within reach were invited to the boiling. A big iron kettle was hung over a fire out of doors and the juice put on to boil early in the day. Along toward night as the molasses began to thicken, the crowd gathered, and soon, to prevent scorching, it became necessary to stir the syrup constantly. Now a big paddle, attached at right angles to a six foot pole was produced, and the boys and girls paired off for the stirring—each couple taking its turn.

Apple butter boilings were conducted in the same manner. Cider had been made and apples pared and all put on to boil before the arrival of the guests. Spices, molasses and sugar were added and the whole cooked to the proper consistency, the young people stirring in couples, as before. A feast and frolic always followed—sometimes only games, and sometimes, at the homes of the very worldly, a square dance.

Another favorite entertainment among the women was a quilting party. Every thrifty housewife must have stacks and stacks of quilts, and every young girl must begin her hope chest with these very necessary articles of home-furnishing. Long winter evenings and odd moments during the days were spent in piecing these quilts, which when finished were stretched in frames, filling and lining secured in place and the whole made ready for the party. Guests were invited to come early in the morning and bring scissors and thimbles. As the work progressed the frames were loosened and the sides rolled from time to time so that the central part of the quilt might be reached. As each was finished and taken from the frame, as many laughing, struggling lassies as possible were caught within its folds, the tradition being that each thus captured would be a bride within a year. In the evening the husbands and sweethearts of the quilters joined them in feasting, dancing and general merrymaking.

Corn shuckings—or husking bees, as they were called in other sections—were equally popular with the men. When the corn crop had been gathered and placed in a long pile in the barn, all the men of the neighborhood were invited to the shucking—the slaves joining them after the day's work was done. The men discussed their successes and failures and discoursed upon the topics of the day, while the negroes sang "corn songs" until the work was done. The negroes then lifted the host to their shoulders and carried him twice around the barn, singing, "Round up the corn pile and pass around the jug", after which they all repaired to the house for the feast which always followed, the white men being served in the dining room and the negroes in the kitchen, and the "jug passed around" to all.

But the big social events were the weddings. For these occasions sometimes the house was decorated with boughs of cedar which had been dampened and dipped in flour, and illuminated with tallow candles in the handsome old brass candlesticks, so much prized today. The hour for the ceremony was usually "early candle light." White swiss muslin was a favorite material for the wedding dress and also for those
of the bridesmaids, all of which were made with high waists, full skirts, high necks and long sleeves. After the ceremony a wedding feast was served, when the centerpiece for the table was built up in tiers sloping to a mere point at the top. These tiers, made of thin pieces of wood, were edged with white paper cut in fancy scallops and a candle placed in each of the four corners, the tiers rising one above the other about the height of a candle. The bride and groom and their attendants—then called "waiters"—spent the night at the home of the bride, and the next morning she donned her "second day's dress" and her bridesmaids silk dresses of various colors. After breakfast, all left for the home of the groom, the newly married couple riding in a buggy, if one could be procured, and the waiters going on horseback, the girls carrying needed raiment in carpet bags hung on the pommels of their saddles. At the groom's home the "infare" was held and the merry-making continued for another day and night.

Long visits were the order of the day, friends and relatives often staying for weeks at a time when they had come from a distance. Neighbors constantly spent the day with each other, arriving without special invitation early in the morning, bringing some light handiwork to employ the time and remaining until late in the afternoon—"evening," it was called then. From twelve o'clock until dark was evening, and from that time until dawn was night.

As soon as the hostess spied her guests arriving she would grab the broom and brush up any trash to be seen on the floor, brush back her hair, snatch up a clean apron and meet them at the stile. After greetings and surprises had been expressed and the guests had removed bonnets and shawls and were comfortably seated she would then betake herself to the kitchen and spend the remainder of the morning preparing the "company meal," which was always served at twelve o'clock, and she would have no time for the entertainment of her guests until after every dish had been washed and put in its place. Upon such occasions no thought was given to a balanced diet, but some of everything available was placed upon the table—a scant table signifying poverty. Often it was simply cake and wine; or, on a hot day, an ice cold mint julep was offered but always something. At Christmas time neighborhood dinings were greatly enjoyed, whole families spending the days together until each had entertained all the others. This was especially done by relatives living near each other.

Until about seventy-five years ago, all cooking was done in pots, ovens and skillets on the open fireplace. A crane was built in the side of the chimney or a horizontal bar was placed across the fireplace, from either of which was suspended, by means of pot hooks, an iron pot in which all food that had to be boiled was cooked. Breads, cakes, and pies, were baked in an iron oven, with legs and an iron top, with standing rim. Red hot coals were raked from the fireplace and some put underneath the oven and some on top of it. By this means the heat inside was kept at the proper temperature, and no salt rising bread nor pound cake baked in the electric stoves of today surpassed these of our grandmothers cooked in this primitive manner.

Coffee was bought in the green state, parched and ground in a hand mill. It was then boiled in a pot set on a trivet over hot coals.

For a company meal—breakfast, dinner or supper—the table was set with a white linen cloth, often hand woven, with a silver castor for a centerpiece. Between this and the hostess were placed two large footed glass dishes, with tops, for two kinds of preserves, or one for preserves and the other for honey, and opposite these was a fancy print of butter, sometimes in the shape of a duck, in a glass covered dish; and in small dishes, here and there, were jellies, sweetmeats and pickles of every variety afforded by the pantry. A huge home-cured ham always graced one end of the table and a roasted hen or big platter of fried chicken the other, while meats of all other varieties available were also included in the menu. Equally abundant were the vegetables and fruits, and the dessert was scant indeed when only two kinds each of pie and cake were served. At Christmas, boiled custard, "spiked" liberally with apple brandy, and pound cake were favorite desserts.

It was necessary that such dishes as mentioned above should have lids, for in those days there were no screens in either doors or windows and it took one person's
time to shoo the flies from the table during the meal. This was sometimes done with a small branch of a tree or shrub, called a “flybush,” from which all leaves had been stripped except those near the end, or with another contrivance made by sewing curled papers about twelve inches wide on the end of a wand. For more elegant occasions a flybush of peacock feathers was used, the white ends of the feather being woven together to form a handle. Later, swinging fans, made of wooden frames with curled papers attached, were suspended from the ceiling over the table and by means of pulleys and a cord, often drawn by a little negro standing behind the hostess, were made to swing back and forth and shoo the flies. Still later an automatic device was introduced, with arms similar to a windmill, which was wound up with a key and placed in the center of the table and the arms revolved about it.

Before the advent of clocks and watches, sun dials—often crude, home made affairs—were used. It was also quite common to see tiny grooves cut in floors or upon doors to mark shadows on these places at certain hours of the day—particularly at noon.

There were so few physicians in these early days that the people had to depend almost entirely upon home remedies for their ailments, and it was customary to store up roots, barks and herbs for medicine along with fruits and vegetables for food for the winter. "Bitters," a spring tonic, was made by putting wild cherry bark in whiskey or apple brandy. "Sarsaparilla" was made in the same way by using the roots of the sarsaparilla. For dysentery it was customary to set fire to apple brandy and allow it to blaze for a minute or two before drinking it. For sore-throat mutton tallow, camphor and kerosene oil were rubbed on and then a woolen cloth or stocking pinned around the neck before retiring for the night. Old linens were kept in reserve and scraped to make lint with which to stop the flow of blood. A bunch of keys down one’s back was supposed to stop nosebleed.

Dentistry was even as crude. For toothache the offending member was cut around, usually by the man of the house as having the strongest nerve, who sharpened his pocket knife upon the sole of his shoe while the patient looked on, and then extracted the tooth with forceps made in his own blacksmith’s shop.

Shoes were made by a shoemaker on the plantation or by one in the neighborhood. There were tanneries in every community and the choice hides of the cattle killed for food were made into leather for shoes for the family and slaves. The foot was placed upon a piece of paper and outlined with a pencil and the sole of the shoe cut by this pattern. The shoes were put together with little wooden pegs, also made at home. Later they were sold in the country store by the pint.

Soap was made of grease and meat scraps from the kitchen and lye dripped from a hopper filled with wood ashes, over which water was poured daily. This was cooked out of doors in a big kettle hung by pot hooks to a pole suspended over an open fire. The method of testing the strength of the lye in the mixture was by means of a feather. If it ate up the feather at once, it needed more grease, and if it did not eat it at all it did not contain enough lye. The happy medium was found only by the experience of the soap maker.

The aesthetic impulses of the people found expression in various ways. Gardening was as popular then as now, the flower and vegetable gardens often being combined and laid off in little squares, according to the plan of their English cousins. These squares were edged with low-growing flowers, such as violets, lily of the valley, narcissus, etc., and small vegetables were planted within. Walks edged with boxwood were found everywhere, especially leading from the front gate to the house, and often on around the house. Much of this old box has been sold in recent years to northern dealers for the restoration of old gardens in other sections of the country, and also for planting on new estates of the wealthy.

Besides the quilts and bedspreads mentioned above, the ladies did other fine needlework, such as knitting, tatting, netting and crocheting; embroidery on garments, fancy household articles and samplers; wax flowers and figures fashioned of white wax colored to please the taste of the artist; and flowers and personal ornaments made of human hair. The forms for the hair flowers were made of fine wire and the hair was woven in and out over them. Little locks of hair were set under glass in
gold breastpins and worn with pride and pleasure by relatives and close friends of those to whom the hair belonged. Watch chains were also made of hair woven in fancy patterns to cover ropes of thread about a quarter of an inch in diameter and about four inches long. These were mounted with gold ends and linked together to form the chain.

In those days all watches had closed cases, and women had tiny watch pockets at the waist line of their tight basques and wore long heavy gold chains around their necks, with a handsome gold slide, bejeweled and fringed, to hold the chain in place while it fell in loops to the pocket.

Every well dressed woman carried a "reticule" for her handkerchief, fan, etc., which was made of silk, embroidered and beaded, with a draw string of ribbon in the top.

Hoop skirts were worn until after the Civil War. These, of course, necessitated very full skirts, which were just above ankle length. Under these were fancy pantalets, showing about six inches below the skirt, with the toe of the slipper peeping from beneath the pantalet. Hoop skirts were followed by bustles which projected sometimes as much as eighteen inches just below the waist at the back. With these were worn overskirts and ruffles. Then came the trained skirts, both for daytime and evening wear, and the left hand must always be free to lift the train whenever objects over which it could not drag gracefully and safely were sighted.

These trains were the straws that broke the camel's back. Dress reform now became the order of the day and a really sensible dress was evolved. Tight corsets no longer caused milady to faint when she was trying to look her best, and hoop skirts and bustles were relegated to the attic. But as the years passed skirts became shorter and shorter, until they almost reached the knees, and the sight of women's ankles no longer caused loafers on the street corners to turn and look.

It is said that Boonsboro, a small village just west of Lynchburg on the Natural Bridge highway, was the most noted recreation center of Bedford County in the days of long ago. Its proximity to the city made possible a large attendance at the various functions—tournaments, dances, and other amusements—during the summer and autumn.

Tournaments were especially popular sixty or seventy years ago, and many of the knights became quite proficient in the art of catching the suspended ring on the point of the lance as they rode rapidly down the course. Upon these occasions riders came from far and near to enter the contest, and the victorious knight had the honor of choosing and crowning the "queen of love and beauty." The coronation ceremony was held in the open field near the old brick residence of the Meriwethers, no trace of which now remains. The coronation ball, which always followed in the evening, was led by the victor and his queen, while the other knights followed with the ladies of their choice.

About three miles east of Boonsboro was a recreation center known as "Irvington," which flourished between 1870 and 1885. Its setting of natural beauty was enhanced by plantings of flowers and shrubs, shaded walkways, and rustic seats placed here and there throughout the grounds. A large dancing pavilion was lighted by tallow candles and kerosene lanterns, with the addition of Japanese lanterns upon special occasions. It was here that the belles and beaux of this and adjoining counties "tripped the light fantastic" 'til the "wee small" hours of the morning.

The principal mode of travel of the visitors was by horseback. It was not uncommon for a young man and his best girl to ride double on a horse, the young lady riding behind. She wore a long black riding skirt and sat sideways on the horse, back of the saddle.

After arrival, the ladies were invited to a dressing room, where, with the assistance of a colored maid, they made ready for the festivities. Blacking and brush were always in readiness for those who had been so unfortunate as to step in the dust or mud. Overshoes were unknown.

A mineral spring with reputed healing properties was located at this place. People from Lynchburg and elsewhere came to buy water and carry it away in jugs, believing they were benefited by drinking it, but after a few years a story was circulated which raised a doubt in their minds as to its efficacy, and its popularity waned. It

(Concluded on page 800)
Old Brown Marsh Church

BY AMANDA CLARK

Many have written the history of this little relic of antiquity which is of state and national interest but none is complete because of the fact that during the Revolutionary War records were destroyed. It is not only of vast interest but is a history that has no beginning and no end! We do not know the date of its birth, and we hope it will never die. For what was Brown Marsh Church in the original is now Clarkton Presbyterian Church. In the year 1871 a new church was built two miles nearer the newly constructed Carolina Central (now S.A.L.) Railway. For fourteen years the name of the church remained the same, but in 1885 while Rev. A. McFadyen was pastor the station was changed to Clarkton and the church name became Clarkton Presbyterian Church.

Situated on the Old Elizabeth-Fair Bluff Road (one of the oldest in the State) and said to have previously been an Indian Trail which tradition tells us was granted by King George III, is the 175 x 50 foot weather beaten structure. It has a small balcony in one end, in the other the pulpit over which is a little hand carved sounding board. With no steeple, no bell, no paint (never did have any), with an occasional old wooden blind sagging from fragments of latter day glass windows, you may today see Brown Marsh Church trying to brace itself against Father Time in an effort to tell the fast living world today the handicaps and hardships of our ancestors.

This building was the third on the site—the two former being of logs. Tradition also tells us that the first settlers on the same spot worshipped under a shelter while their church was being built. A fourth building which was to have been of brick was never finished. Supposedly, the congregation was impoverished of means and men by the Revolutionary War. Bricks are on the ground and a pit remains to verify this fact.

No church records are found prior to 1795, but from that date on fairly good ones were kept. There is also a receipt of $4.00 which was given in 1791 in payment of the preacher’s salary, the Rev. Jas. Kelly, a first honor graduate of the University of North Carolina and president of the first Y.M.C.A. at Chapel Hill. John D. Currie, elder, wrote the history at the time that the building was moved. It is stated that the elders of the church in 1795 were bent and white with old age, and that their names soon ceased to appear on the books; also that there was no reason to believe that these officers were the first officers of the church. I quote another who said “In the year 1729 many English and Scottish settlers came to Brown Marsh,” and—please note—“THEY BROUGHT THEIR RELIGION WITH THEM.”

Now it is accepted that the organization began before the year 1756 and we are sure these people (many of whom came to America because of religious persecution) did not stay here thirty to forty years without a place of worship.

It was in the year 1756 that Rev. Hugh McAden wrote in his diary “The day being wet I preached at Esq. McNeill’s to a small congregation.” An interesting fact is mentioned by him that his preaching was well received and that the Scottish listeners invited him to remain permanently among them and preach. I quote him—“After the sermon a proposal was made to get me to come and settle among them and I think I never saw people more engaged or subscribed with greater freedom in all my life.” Sounds as though they had services at “Oak Forest” because of bad weather. Anyway we know that the church is very old and dates back as far as 1756. It is mother of Mt. Horob and Elizabethtown Churches; the oldest in Bladen County and one of the oldest in the state. It boasted of one of the largest congregations, for people drove twenty-five and thirty miles on a Sabbath morn in order to worship there.

Many wrote in their diaries of their visits—one says “I went to Brown Marsh Church to preaching today—heard a fine sermon, stopped by the grog shop and got me a pint.”

Another wrote in his diary: “Went to Brown Marsh Church to preaching, heard a good sermon. Went home with Dougald
Blue to dine. He had a large wild turkey.”

It was a custom on Sacramental occasions to have the assistance of a preacher who could speak Gaelic and on some occasions it was known that communion was not administered because of lack of a minister who could speak the tongue. A general examination was given before each service of this kind and the member passing a satisfactory examination was given a small piece of metal, known as a “token” showing that he was worthy of partaking in the ceremony. In my possession I have one of these tokens.

On communion Sundays from one end of the church to the other was laid a long table covered with a spotless white cloth on which was placed the bread and wine and around which the communicants sat. Often many who could not get into the church waited on the outside and as one set finished communing and passed out of the back door, others came in the front door. After communion, tokens were placed on the table and were taken up and kept for another service of this kind.

For nearly a hundred years the church was used for day school. The most able teachers were employed, some of them coming directly from England for this purpose. Among these—and the first mentioned in the church records—was Samuel Stanford who also preached; a Professor Wright who died during a school session, and a Professor Johnson who moved to Marion, South Carolina and became prominent in state and national affairs.

In the year 1846 the session voted “that the church no longer be used for week day school.” Following this “Hyman Academy” was operated under church rule. This building—oldest citizens now living tell us—stood directly back of the church after it moved to what is now the Clarkton Presbyterian Cemetery lot.

Politics and religion were sometimes mixed. On the ceiling overhead in the Church you may read “Success to J. Quincy Adams,” probably put there during his race for the presidency!

While noting secular things connected with this sacred subject, I will tell you some stories that have been handed down. One Sabbath some mischief makers made an early visit to the meeting house and before the arrival of the preacher put a snake on the sounding board over the pulpit. The parson, who was a vehement speaker, took his place as usual and began putting the usual fire and brimstone into his sermon. No sooner had he done this than the serpent was seen peeping over. The women gasped, arose as a flock of birds and sat down again. The preacher thinking he was receiving encouragement, pounded on the pulpit. The snake crawled around. Again the women stood up. The men with eyes fixed above, tried to raise a voice but to no avail. Repeatedly this went on until exhausted, the preacher mopped his face and descended the narrow stairs and while a kind friend assisted him, the congregation made a rush for the doors.

Another story is told which may be about the same preacher who persisted in preaching after he had been asked to resign. On a Sabbath he found the door nailed tight but this did not faze him. He tore it off and carried it to the rushing Brown Marsh Swamp and placed it in the waters. Later it was rescued and put in the little balcony where it is today.

In records we find the name of Patrick Stewart, a brother of William Stewart, ancestor of Whistler, the artist, who settled on South River and who became a member of the S. River Presbyterian Church in the year 1739. Many names of interest are found, among them are McNeill, McColl, McColsly, McKeithan, Blue, Taylor, Ward, Jessup, Clark, McLeod, McEwen, Campbell, Currie, Kelly, Watson, Wright, McFatter, Pierce, McCallum, Cromartie, Grave, Buie, McKinnon, Oldham, Troy, Swindell, Sessions, McKay, Ballentine, Burney, and others. The sessions of the church seemed to have been a strict court, and you’d be surprised how many times you will find these names before the church court. Fact is, few there were to escape.

We have already mentioned the preaching of Rev. Hugh McAden, that splendid old man who through his diary gave us so much information. Another was Rev. Colin Lindsay, a native of Scotland and a powerful man in the service of the Lord. Many recall the story of his birth—how his mother, supposedly dead, was buried; how robbers in an attempt to get jewelry, cut her finger and started circulation. She revived and was restored to health. Several years later her son Colin was born.

Other ministers were: Rev. Samuel Stanford, also teacher, Rev. Wm. Brabson, Rev,
Jas. Hall, Rev. John McFarland, Colin McIver, Robert Tate (called "Father Tate") and Dr. Wilson, father of President Woodrow Wilson. The late James Shipman of Columbus County said that he made his horse swim the swamp in order to hear Dr. Wilson preach.

For about forty years following the building of a new church on what is the cemetery, nearer the newly built town, there were no services in the old building. About 1908 Mr. Guilford Horne, a godly man of Cumberland Co., married Miss Mattie Blue and came to Bladen to live. Shortly after moving here they organized a church with seventeen members and this was known as the Old Brown Marsh Church. After Mr. Horne's death the membership began to dwindle and today it is silent again.

What Old Ironsides was to the Navy, Brown Marsh Church is to education and religion for surely she carried into the Kingdom a great cargo of souls. But unlike Old Ironsides, Brown Marsh Church is unkept.

NOTE: Miss Clark is Historian of the Battle of Elizabethtown Chapter of Clarkton, North Carolina.

Colonial Life in Bedford County, Virginia

(From page 797)

seemed that one patient, who had been using the water quite freely, began to lose faith in its curative qualities and remarked to the negro who helped him fill his jug, "The last water I got here was not as strong of iron as usual. Why was that?" "Yes suh," replied the honest negro, "Marse Jim forgot to put the pieces of rusty iron in the spring that time."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Parker is historian of Peaks of Otter Chapter, Bedford, Virginia.

It behooves us to remember that men can never escape being governed. Either they must govern themselves or they must submit to being governed by others. If from lawlessness or fickleness, from folly or self-indulgence, they refuse to govern themselves, then most assuredly in the end they will have to be governed from the outside. They can prevent the need of government from without only by showing that they possess the power of government from within.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
Indians of Tennessee

By Dorothy V. Croft

The aborigines of this continent were the original Americans. Very little or nothing is known of their origin but one theory is that long before the dawn of recorded history, the primeval ancestors of the Indians came to this country from Asia by way of the Bering Straits and Alaska, thence on down the Pacific coast, to spread out and inhabit the whole country. The Mongoloid type of feature consisting of the high cheek bones seems somewhat to give credence to this theory and yet the Indian is considered by most authorities as belonging to a distinct and separate race. At any rate, from the time this country was first known to the white man, the Indian had been firmly established here for countless centuries of time.

That they were of a single race throughout the country and not an admixture of many nor a diversity of races settled in different sections, is borne out by the fact that from one end of the country to the other—north, south, east, and west, all have the same general characteristics: the same swarthy red or copper complexion, dark eyes, coarse straight black hair, high cheek bones, generally aquiline nose, and the absence or scantiness of beards. They all have the same simple and primitive habits, the same drudgery of the women. All have the love of smoking, of gay colors, painted faces and bodies, feathers, plumes, feasts and dances. All were naked or partly so depending somewhat on the climate.

Although there was remarkable unity as to racial characteristics, yet each tribe was more or less a separate entity in itself with separate primitive government except in very few instances in the north where a few tribes were banded together in a sort of confederation. The southern tribes were generally more devoted to agriculture than those in the north or northwest but all were fierce, warlike and very vindictive.

The first definite knowledge we have of the presence of the people of the western world, was when Columbus discovered America and called its inhabitants Indians because he thought he had reached India. Ponce de Leon came to Florida in 1512 and other Spanish and Italian explorers touched the coast of the Carolinas. In 1540 De Soto discovered the Mississippi and in 1673 Marquette floated down this great river, its first white explorer. Champlain and others explored the north and east, and far to the west, the Spanish Conquistadors had explored, and later Spanish towns had sprung up. Santa Fé in New Mexico—a thousand miles to the west of Tennessee—had become an old Spanish town and yet the land comprising Kentucky and Tennessee was virtually unknown. In spite of all of this exploring activity and the beginning of settlements in the surrounding country, Tennessee was still without name or description, unexplored and unknown save that it was marked on New World maps as "the unexplored land of the Ancient Shawnees." These facts show how very little history can tell us directly of the people of Ancient Tennessee, and the Indians had no written language nor hieroglyphics nor word-of-mouth traditions from which we can learn about them or their customs. However, by slow and pains-taking work, archæologists, from their study of the mounds, graves, and skeletons of Tennessee Indians, have given to us a fairly clear picture of their habits and customs.

Throughout the world and back through the centuries, man has erected earthen monuments to the dead. Mounds of every size and shape have been found in the United States principally in the Mississippi valley. Before recorded history, it is thought that between the coming of Columbus and the settling of the first white settlers in this region, Tennessee was occupied by these "mound builders."

It has been contended by some historians that these mound builders, not only in Tennessee but throughout the Mississippi valley, were of a superior culture to those Indians who came later. However, there is no evidence from the contents of the various mounds that this is so. Rare and unique forms of stone, clay, bone, shell and copper; mysterious objects whose exact
uses cannot always be discovered, beautiful implements, wrought with infinite labor and no little skill have been found in abundance; yet all indicate or are consistent with, the theory of a comparatively rude and primitive state of society.

No prehistoric implement or article of iron or evidence of manufactured iron has been found excepting objects made from the unmelted ores. Rude articles of native copper hammered into form and an occasional ornament of hammered silver have been discovered but none of melted copper or bronze or silver.

No writing or intelligible inscription indicating a written language or decipherable symbol language, no pictograph or tablet or inscription approaching the higher grades of hieroglyphic writing, no cloth or fabric except of coarse or rude manufacture, no piece of masonry or stone wall, or anything approaching architecture, or trace of burned brick wall has been found.

Utensils and objects of well-burned clay of varied, original and even artistic form indicate no knowledge of the potter’s wheel but were fashioned by hand. In fact, no Indian, historic or prehistoric, not even the highly cultured and civilized Incas, Aztecs, or Mayan tribes, had progressed far enough to discover the use of the wheel. The images or idols of stone, judged by civilized standards, were rude and belong to a low grade of sculpture.

Although the mound building tribes had the ability to make finely finished stone implements and handmade earthenware, yet the most savage of races have been able to make finely wrought weapons of war and of the hunt. This resulted from a natural mechanical instinct rather than from culture.

So it is now generally conceded that these mound builders were merely the ancestors of Indians within the historic period and possessed no superior culture or civilization. Nevertheless, the objects brought to light are of extreme interest and tell a story that written history cannot give.

The area around Nashville and middle Tennessee was inhabited by people who are known, not only as mound builders, but as the “stone-grave race” as they buried their dead in stone-grave cemeteries which are peculiar to this section alone and are found in no other place. The dead were placed in tombs made of flat stones carefully laid to conform to the size of the individual to be interred. Sometimes they were laid in three or four tiers forming the burial mounds that sometimes contained more than a hundred graves. The remains and memorials placed within them were thus sealed up and preserved. Into these tombs were placed articles and food for the departed to take on his journey to the other world. It is from these burial and other mounds that we can piece together much of the history of these early people.

The principal towns of these original Tennessee natives were well fortified, walled towns. They were surrounded by palisades formed by the trunks of trees, plastered with hay and straw, reinforced by earthwork, and surmounted at intervals by towers. They had protected openings or gateways. They sometimes contained a population of several thousand inhabitants. The house of the chief was often built on an artificial mound or raised foundation of dirt. Sometimes the houses of his retainers or family were also erected upon the same elevation. The so-called altars of worship were built on raised foundations or mounds. The common houses or huts were built of poles or rude timber, were plastered with clay and straw, and thatched with bark and cane. A number of towns sometimes were surrounded by artificial ditches filled with water. At least until recent years, there was a group of these earthworks on the Harpeth River, one near Lebanon, and one on a farm in Sumner County near Saundersville, Tennessee.

The latter may be described as typical. It was comprised of about fourteen acres. The earthlines and smaller mounds in the cultivated fields were nearly obliterated but in the woodland they were well preserved. The mound of the chief was nearly 26 feet high with flat top platform and steep sides. The circumference was about 318 feet and it was entirely artificial having been constructed by earth excavated near its base. The small elevations were burial mounds with stone-graves radiating from the center. The next in size were probably house or wigwam mounds. They were circular in form averaging about 30 feet in diameter, with the remains of burned clay or ancient fire hearths in the center. At irregular intervals along the earthlines in the woodland, angles of earth projected about ten feet beyond the general line in-
indicating the location of towers or rude bastions in the stockade or wall line. Some of them were doubtless protected openings or gateways. In the burial mounds have been found many fine implements and vessels of pottery.

There is an interesting ancient earthwork near Manchester, Tennessee, called the "Stone Fort." It differs from the other aboriginal defensive works in Tennessee in its partial construction of stone, yet there is no masonry in it, no wall of stone. Large stones from the adjacent river were used with the earth in building it.

Seldom did an individual reach senility in those days. From skeletal studies it has been learned that about 50% died before reaching the age of seven and very few attained the fifty mark due to wars, pestilence, starvation, and the general hardships of their life. Most women, and a few men, had artificial skull flattening, accomplished by binding the infant's head to a cradle board and placing a sandbag on its forehead. The average height of the men was seldom over five and a half feet.

The industrial nature of primitive Tennessee men is proven by the patience and skill embodied in their narrow blades of flint which sometimes reached a length of over twenty inches. Occasionally an ambitious person fashioned a hatchet, both handle and blade, from a single piece of stone and polished the entire specimen to the smoothness of glass. As many as 15,000 shell beads have been found with a single skeleton. To make a globular bead the size of a small pea from a flat piece of shell with no tools other than stone and flint, not to mention the drilling of the hole, would require hours of patient labor.

Agriculture was pursued in the fertile valleys and along the rivers and streams and they raised sweet and white potatoes, corn, peanuts, tomatoes, beans, squash, and other plants such as tobacco.

Nashville, itself, and its immediate environs, are exceedingly rich in relics of this period for prehistoric settlers made their homes near the streams and rivers and they found the stone ideal for their sturdy, sharp-edged weapons and work tools. Many farmers of mid-Tennessee have built their barns on the high and dry mounds of the Indians and one of the finest thoroughbred stables is built directly over a wonderful Indian burial ground. Sure signs of Indian graves are small heaps of shell perhaps plowed up by farmers cultivating the soil as the Indians ate a gumbo made out of the bodies in small shells and around the Indian villages were accumulated piles of these shells. Patches of dark, black earth, burned by long years of use on a camp site, are another sign of Indian graves. When a filling station was built on West End and 25th a few years ago, workmen, clearing the lot for the foundation, found numerous Indian graves close to the surface of the earth. Duncan Preparatory School near Vanderbilt, is built on the site of Indian graves.

Three years ago, on Wednesday September 17, 1947, while bulldozers were being used in working on a new golf course at McCabe Park on Murphy Road, a series of about fifteen stone-lined graves were uncovered on a knoll in an area of about fifty square feet where the number eleven green now is. These graves were not in a mound so these Indians must have lived here after the mound builders but were of the stone-grave race. There was no uniformity in the layout of the burial ground as the grave sites, while fairly close, were scattered about. Some of the graves were only three feet long while others were more than six feet, and they were thought to have been from six hundred to eight hundred years old. The first grave that was uncovered showed the bones of an Indian girl about seventeen years old, complete except for the skull, which was missing. Also found were several pieces of shell used as ornaments, as well as a set of shell ear rings and other pieces evidently used as a necklace or bracelet. The shells appeared to be river mussels and some were more or less transparent. The body was covered by a top stone slab similar in construction to the stone slabs used for the sides and for the head and foot stones of the grave.

Children of the vicinity had been picking up flint arrow heads from the area for several years but until the uncovering of the grave stones, no one knew of any Indian settlement in that section.

Dr. T. Hugh Young of Nashville has a large and most interesting collection of relics taken from Indian graves in and about Nashville. He has hundreds of perfect pieces of pottery which follow the features of animals close to human life. The water bottles, bowls, vases, and urns
have handles, spouts, and legs in the form of frogs, owls, beavers, fish and ducks. One of the fish-shaped bowls has holes on each side so that it could be hung in the wigwam. Some of the many thousands of arrows in Dr. Young's collection are of transparent and delicately colored stone, some are heavy, and slender and needle sharp, and some are notched along the edge. He has polished "celts"—a primitive chisel or ax-shaped stone, rounded on one end and sharp-edged on the other which were used to stroke hides into a high polish, and also for scooping out logs to be made into dugouts or canoes. Granite axes which were attached to wooden handles with leather thongs, and hoes, both single and double-edged, are to be found in his collection. He has many banner stones used as ceremonial pieces north of the Ohio, numerous and beautifully marked bird-stones used largely by northern Indians in their ceremonies, and many types and sizes of pipes.

In play, the Indians, much as the ancient Romans threw the discus, competed in throwing the heavy discoidal, rock discs with thick rounded edges and almost transparently thin centers, in a game called "Chungke." He has a fine and varied collection of these discoids. He has beautifully carved shell gorgets which are ornaments the women and girls wore suspended from their neck.

In each grave that is opened is a glimpse of the kind of life that the buried lived, for the warrior, the hunter, the potter, the farmer, the squaw, took their tools and ornaments to the grave with them and even the babies had what might be their toys at their side. In one of the baby graves, Dr. Young found a "mortuary bowl" of the type found in most Indian graves except on the four sides of this bowl are tiny, hollow medallions and in each was placed a small article, a pebble perhaps, to form a tiny rattle. In another baby grave, he found a red clay figurine of a man sitting with crossed legs and the statuette was so placed that the baby could reach out and hold it.

In most of the graves are pieces of pottery in which food had been placed for the dead. Some of the bowls have mussel-shell spoons lying across the top and there are even left-handed spoons.

Warriors are found lying on their backs with one arm behind them and in the concealed hand is a razor-edged spear or knife of polished stone.

One Indian bottle belonging to Dr. Young, is topped by a turbanned head with Asiatic features and a gorget made of bone is cut in a swirling design with the original Asiatic swastika lines.

Some of the contents of the graves indicate that, besides the usual hunting and agricultural implements and various articles of adornment and pottery, all indigenous to this locality, these long ago inhabitants must have had some trading negotiations with distant tribes. Among some of the treasures found in an Indian cemetery about five miles from Nashville on Brown's Creek, are pipes made of "red pipestone" or catline, found only in the Dakota territory more than a thousand miles distant, native copper from the shores of Lake Superior, ornamental sea shells from the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts, mica from North Carolina, polished implements of cannel coal, pearls from southern rivers, implements of polished hematite from distant iron mines, and of steatite and quartz from the Allegheny range. In a child's grave in this ancient cemetery was also found a remarkable figure in clay, nine inches long, representing a papoose tied to its hanging cradle board. There are only two known relics of this description, this one which I understand is in a collection at Vanderbilt University, and one in Dr. Young's possession. The latter rare and valuable image was copied by the Smithsonian Institution for its collection.

The oldest grave Dr. Young has explored so far as he can determine, was at the foot of a rocky hillside on the Nolensville Pike. The years that go into the eroding of eight inches of rock that had slipped down the hillside in the slow passage of time, and into the growing and dying of an eight-foot oak tree over that rock, would indicate that the Indians buried beneath the rock had lain there for well over a thousand years. On excavating, he found these Indians buried in individual stone-vault graves—another indication of great age. He took some very interesting photographs of these.

These ancient people were in all probability the ancestors of the ancient tribe of Natchez Indians which tradition and history speak of as being inhabitants of...
Tennessee but so much of those early tribes is shrouded in obscurity that we can only hazard a guess as to just who any of these early inhabitants were. The Creeks came next and later the Shawnee became the conquerors of the land now called Tennessee. An ancient Shawnee village was built on the present site of Nashville. The Iroquois on the north, the Chicasaws and Choctaws on the south and southwest, and the Cherokees from the east and southeast, all preyed on the Shawnee until they were either driven out or those who remained were annihilated and for perhaps sixty years before the first settlement by the whites, Tennessee was an uninhabited wilderness. There was not a single village anywhere between the Ohio and the Tennessee Rivers though tribes from both north and south claimed and exercised the right of hunting in this vast natural park.

Though history may be very niggardly in giving us authentic information of the earliest inhabitants of Tennessee, yet since then we have many and interesting accounts of Indian life as it was lived after the first white settlers appeared. The tribes that the early settlers came most into contact with were the Cherokees living in East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, the Chicasaws who inhabited West Tennessee, Western Kentucky and Northern Mississippi, the Choctaws who dwelt in Mississippi, and the Creeks, a fierce and warlike tribe who lived in Alabama and Georgia. One early historian who lived among the Indians for many years says, “They are brave, ingenious, witty, cunning, and deceitful, very faithful to their own tribe but dishonest and mischievous to the whites.” To the pioneers, however, the Indians, taken as a whole, were a cruel, cunning, bloodthirsty, dirty, lousy, treacherous, naked, savage, ignorant, superstitious and heathen race; brave, but their bravery was unrelieved by any trace of chivalry. However, viewed from the distance of many years, we cannot help but have a certain sympathy for them even though we cannot condone their actions, as they were a proud and primitive race, fighting for their homes and land they felt were rightfully theirs and had been since the beginning of time. Being deprived of his hunting ground was the greatest injury an Indian could conceive. The whites pressed ever westward in spite of hardships of living and almost constant Indian attacks. The Choctaws and the Chicasaws, especially the latter, became friendly with the whites, but the Creeks and Cherokees waged bitter warfare but theirs was a losing fight. General Sevier’s last expedition against these two tribes was in 1793. In the north the Indians were finally defeated by Mad Anthony Wayne at the battle of Fallen Timbers, in northern Ohio near the present site of Toledo, on August 20, 1794. Three weeks and three days later, on September 13, 1794, The Tennesseans and Kentuckians defeated the southern Indians at the battle of Nickojack on the Tennessee River. These two battles brought the Indians to such a frame of mind that they were willing to make peace during the following year, 1795, and they remained quiet until the War of 1812 when the Creeks allied themselves with the British. They were finally defeated in 1815 by General Jackson in five battles and as an organized tribe they were virtually destroyed and except for a few sporadic attacks, the hold of the Indian in Tennessee was completely broken. In 1817 to 1823, the United States moved a large part of the Cherokees west of the Mississippi River and located them on lands that are now within the states of Arkansas and Oklahoma where the remnants of this once proud and powerful tribe are today.

Note: Mrs. Croft is a member of the French Lick Chapter of Nashville, Tenn., as is also her daughter. Her mother, who belongs to the El Camino Real Chapter of Los Angeles, is a granddaughter of the Revolutionary soldier, Joshua Hunt.
I Collect Ancestors

BY BERNICE B. WYMAN

FROM the time when I began to hoard the inane, sentimental buttons of the nineties, I have been an incurable victim of the collecting habit, and have run the gamut of that popular sport through souvenir red glass, college banners, and leather post cards to the more sophisticated antique silver.

Along with interest in these many hobbies, there has always been as a by-product a consuming curiosity about the origin of the articles collected. My mother was no doubt at her wits' end to recall or fabricate a tale to satisfy my queries as to “Who used this button on her dress? Where did she wear it? Who gave you this cup? When?”

I am told that it is unusual for a child to be interested in the people of the past and that study of genealogy presupposes white hair, faltering steps, and an easy chair by the fire. No child ever had a more healthy eagerness for life and at the same time a more insatiable curiosity about the life and customs of a past and gone generation, than did this collector as she grew up. My mind is crowded with memories of the times my patient mother strung beads of insignificant incidents into a connected chain to form a story of her childhood and girlhood that never ceased to thrill, even though the small listener could have prompted the narrative at various points, so thoroughly familiar was the story. At the end of an exhaustive recital of her schooldays in the rural school, or her first party, she was invariably implored to “Tell more, please!”

My young imagination was fired with the romance of my grand-parents’ families leaving their comfortable Virginia acres to join the covered wagon caravan to the unknown and difficult Middle West, and of the love-story that developed between the young people of the two families. Surrounded with the rosy light of youth, I used to wish I had experienced some of those things, only to realize in adulthood the hardy and courageous qualities possessed by my pioneer ancestors and sadly lacking in their descendant.

I think I learned the names of my female ancestors for five generations along with my A-B-C’s. Merely surnames at first, they intrigued me through the years until I was determined they should some day become real persons to me. Someone back in the family had had a keen sense of humor, perhaps realizing the amusement it would afford later generations to read of Ulysses, Trojan, Virgil, Gonzalos, Cordova, and a long line of their ilk, as they named their children in the years when ten children constituted a normal family. Since my generation had families of four and five, it was hard to believe that there could have been twenty-one children in my grandfather’s family.

With that background, I began some ten years ago to make a collection of my ancestors! They are kept in three filing cases and on a colossal chart, the exhibit open to any interested persons at any time, with no admission fee! This hobby has the advantages of costing little more than the price of postage stamps and of being easily pursued at a desk no matter what the weather may be. During these years, my collection of ancestors has grown to approximately 1500 and there are yet many gaps which I hope to fill before I am content.

Perhaps there is no justification in spending rare leisure poring over dusty records, town histories and genealogies in order to identify elusive forebears, except to say that there should most surely be instilled in coming generations an interest in and a respect for the men and women who have bequeathed to them their inheritance of mind and body and soul. There need be no feeling of superiority because one wishes to know the names of his ancestors and no chagrin if a family “black sheep” is discovered among the flock.

Digging up ancestors is like a story that is as never-ending as “another locust came and carried off another grain of corn”; it is a game of hide and seek, a jigsaw puzzle, and as thrilling as a murder mystery when you guess the villain! I am asked many times where I started and how I pursue my
investigations. It is amazing how much of a record is to be found for the searching, and I know of no thrill of accomplishment equal to discovering a name that has evaded me for several years.

It would be trite to say that I began by inquiring all possible information from every living relative, including all Family Bible records in their possession. Dates are important as clues inasmuch as one must be fairly accurate in inquiring for research by town and county clerks. One expects to give more than a thank you if much time is consumed by these people. I have found them invariably pleasant and willing to cooperate in discovering the right birth or marriage records required. As another fruitful source of help, there is the State Library which will send out town histories and genealogies if a local library is not accessible. Failing these, there are the Bureau of Census records, pension records in cases of soldiers and their widows, old cemeteries and grave-stones, letters to old residents of towns, and a host of other sources from which to obtain aid. The joy of discovery is in direct proportion to the difficulty of the search.

Very fortunately, my husband is likewise interested in the hobby, and we have compiled a joint chart in the form of a circle, for the benefit of our children, who, we trust, will find pleasure in it. The children’s names at the center in a small circle, with dates and places of birth, is the smallest of many concentric circles, each of which designates one generation. One half of the entire chart is the paternal and the other the maternal family. The second circle is divided into two parts, the third into four, then eight, sixteen, et cetera. Had we never undertaken this fascinating pastime, my husband and I should never have known that we are related other than by marriage. More than one hundred families on the chart have been traced to the original ancestor in America, who in most instances was among the earliest arrivals. Some twelve lines go back as far as fifteen generations into England.

In addition to the chart as a means of keeping our records, the same data is in more complete form in filing folders labeled with the names of more than two hundred families on whom we are doing research work. These are kept alphabetically in steel files.

Not content with mere records of words, we have endeavored to accumulate a pictorial family history for future generations to enjoy, and perhaps to smile over. In our possession are copies of many likenesses of ancestors on both sides, pictures of early homes (it has been amazing how many are still standing) and of old grave-stones. A scrap-book contains a number of old letters written as far back as 1801, and our cupboard contains pieces of china belonging to many branches of the families, properly marked and approximately dated. We want our children to become acquainted with their parents’ relatives and to feel at home with their great-great-grand-parents.

What we have done with this hobby, anyone can do—we have no more ancestors nor more easily located ones. Sometimes they seem absolutely non-existent—and then suddenly they are exorcised and appear in very real form. There are still a few families which have eluded me up to now, but I shall run them out of their hiding places some time!

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The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than appellatives derived from local discriminations.

(From GEORGE WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address.)
Bathsheba Herring Lincoln

By Mary F. Barley

Bathsheba Herring, paternal grandmother of Abraham Lincoln, was for more than a hundred years an unidentified figure among the President’s ancestors.

She was the only daughter of Alexander Herring who migrated to Augusta County, Virginia from Delaware before 1750. He purchased land first on Linville Creek and then on Cook Creek and it was at the latter location in the present county of Rockingham where Alexander Herring established his residence. The home place comprised 1100 acres of the best land in the Shenandoah Valley and there, Bathsheba Herring grew to womanhood.

According to family tradition, the Herrings descend from an Englishman gentleman of that name in county Norfolk who was granted arms in 1374. The family, no doubt is of Norman origin.

Herring Chrisman (1823-1911) in his Memoirs of Lincoln, says that Alexander Herring was the son of Lord Benjamin Herring the immigrant to Delaware. Mr. Chrisman was a contemporary of Abraham Lincoln, living in Illinois. He tells of asking Lincoln if he knew the name of his grandmother whereupon Lincoln replied “I think I have heard them say her name was Herring.” After explaining the relationship it was found that Abraham Lincoln and Herring Chrisman’s mother were second cousins and Lincoln was delighted to find a “kinsman.”

Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the President, married Bathsheba Herring in 1770 but only the groom’s name was recorded, which accounts for the long delay in her identification. Abraham and Bathsheba were parents of five children, three boys and two girls, the third son, Thomas, being the father of the President.

The family removed to Kentucky about 1782 where Abraham was killed by an Indian. That Bathsheba remained in Kentucky, held the land acquired by her husband, and brought up her family—a considerable achievement in those days for a lone woman—is proof that she possessed exceptional courage and strength of character, qualities derived from a good family background. Had she returned to her people in Virginia, a slave holding environment, this country might have been deprived of the great services of Abraham Lincoln as President.

The first land settled on by Bathsheba and Abraham Lincoln was located in Jefferson County Kentucky, one of the three original counties. Administration of the estate, after his death, was in Nelson County in 1788. Nelson County was taken from Jefferson in 1784. Later we find Bathsheba residing in Washington County, taken from Nelson in 1792. At first thought one is inclined to believe the Lincolns lived in three different localities, but it is possible that such was not the case, as the sub-divisions of counties may be responsible for the appearance of removals. Bathsheba died about 1795 in Washington County, near the present town of Gravel Switch, now in Marion County, taken from Washington in 1834.

No tombstone bearing the name of Bathsheba Lincoln has ever been found, but as the years pass it is to be hoped that her place in the Lincoln Genealogy will be an established fact and her genuine ancestral worth recognized. Too much stress has been placed on the impoverished condition of the Lincoln family and their relatives and too little on their mental and spiritual qualifications. The fact has been entirely overlooked that Abraham Lincoln, the President, had many well-to-do relatives in Virginia, both among the Lincolns and Herrings, of high social standing, and occupying places of influence and responsibility.
The Unknown Revolutionary Soldier

Of timely and special interest is the introduction of a bill in Congress to officially designate the Tomb of the Unknown Revolutionary Soldier in the Old Presbyterian Meeting House Yard at Alexandria, Virginia as “The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of the American Revolution.” Members of our organization will appreciate the efforts of Judge Howard W. Smith of Virginia, and Senator Virgil M. Chapman of Kentucky, sponsors of the bill, to have this grave appropriately recognized.

It seems especially fitting that this action be taken at this time when we are again faced with the grave possibility of war. Honoring our Unknown Dead of the American Revolution is an act of patriotism and true Americanism. This grave, so ideally located midway between Arlington and Mount Vernon, is surrounded by graves of a number of other known patriots of the American Revolution, including John Carlyle, Revolutionary hero, two of Washington’s pallbearers, six captains of the American Revolution and twenty-two members of the Alexandria-Washington Lodge of Masons—George Washington’s Lodge.

The interest in preservation and proper designation of this tomb is nationwide in scope through such organizations as the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, who placed the existing stone there in 1929, the Sons of the American Revolution, who gave the brick wall protecting the graveyard, the Daughters of the American Revolution, a number of individual chapters having endorsed this movement some time ago, and the Military Order of the Purple Heart through its officers and national legislative committees. In addition, a number of local societies for the preservation of historic spots have gone on record supporting this effort. The epitaph, so beautifully expressed, was written by William Tyler Page, author of the American’s Creed.

The Old Meeting House is maintained as a shrine open to the public daily and a house of worship for Sunday services. All are welcome at any time to worship or to visit. The Presbyterian Congregation deems its guardianship a precious heritage.

MRS. ROBERT DUNCAN,
State Regent of Virginia.

Christmas Gifts

Give the Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine for Christmas gifts. Attractive gift cards will be sent from the office to recipients. Your checks should be made payable to the Treasurer General and sent to her with your orders. This is a gift any Daughter will appreciate. If she is already a subscriber her subscription will be advanced a year. Subscription price is two dollars a year.
Americanization
By Grace Lee Kenyon

The Americanization of a man or woman is the greatest experience that life can offer. It is something that comes unbidden, but once it strikes deep into the heart and soul, it is there forever. It may be awakened by the sight of our flag being borne into church, or along the street. It may be aroused by the story of some loyal American who performed an heroic deed. It may be the effect of a simple word spoken from the heart of someone who has known the realization of what it means to be an American. Whatever the cause, the feeling is an experience never to be forgotten.

It is a high privilege to be born an American, and it is also a high privilege to be honored with American citizenship. It is always to be regarded as an honor and never cheapened by the prevalent attitude on the part of the ignorant and the greedy that one honors America by becoming a citizen. If any man or woman feels this sense of assumed superiority, if they have the slightest disloyalty in their hearts, they are not Americans and they have no legitimate place in the life of this country.

When you become an American, a citizen of the greatest country on earth today, you become conscious of your responsibility as a parent, a friend, and a loyal and law-abiding citizen of your neighborhood, your city and your country. In all three capacities, you are assuming an obligation to act in such a way as to bring credit upon the country of your birth or adoption. You are not here to aid in putting dishonest persons in power because it will help to fill your own pockets. You are not given civil and religious liberty in order that you may encourage radical organizations that are trying to wreck our Government. You are not privileged to bring up your children to believe that the law is a joke that they may defy at their will, something at which they may mock and jeer as though they were above its jurisdiction.

You are given freedom and independence such as is allowed nowhere else on earth, but only for so long as you do not abuse it. This freedom is a priceless possession. It is worth fighting for, worth dying for, but it does not mean license. It does not mean that because you are living in a free country, you are entitled to walk roughshod over your fellow citizens.

When you accept Americanism, you are expected to help to build up the country, to support its institutions, to vote intelligently and honestly, to train your children to become decent citizens, not lawless hoodlums. Furthermore, it is up to you to be willing to work, and work hard, to obtain the good things you crave, instead of expecting everything to be given you for nothing. Life puts a price on all these things and, sooner or later, everyone must pay that price.

An American has no use for these false and fantastic creeds that are being avidly followed by the shiftless, the lazy, the weak and the born-tireds, all of whom are in search of something for nothing. When you are American born, you are too accustomed to the American way of life to swallow these nauseating doses. If you are an American by adoption, you should realize that these things are what you came here to escape. An American knows that these false prophets are out to line their own pockets at the expense of the ignorant and the greedy. He prefers to make his own way as an individual, not as one of a mob of lawless mendicants.

When you are an American, you have no place in your life for racial nor religious hatreds. You are aware that this country was founded as a land where each man may worship as he sees fit, without fear of persecution or scorn. And you know also that, inasmuch as you enjoy this privilege, you must see to it that all men receive a like liberty.

If you are an American, you believe in our Constitution as the foundation of all that is offered you in the way of liberty and justice. You honor our flag, you respect the great men who helped to make America, and you feel it is up to you to tell your children that they must do their part to raise our standards ever higher. As they are more fortunate than the children of other lands, with greater oppor-
opportunities, and more freedom, it is up to them to make this a country that is looked up to and revered throughout the world.

It makes no difference where you were born, of what race, or in what financial circumstances. If you believe in the things that are part of the enduring foundation of America, if you are willing to fight to protect them, to die for them if necessary, then you are an American.

But, if you sneer at our institutions, if you defy the law, and think it smart to be dishonest, if you allow the insidious infiltration of un-American activities, if you believe the world owes you a living, whether or not you work for it, and will stoop to any means to get something for nothing, then, whether you are American born or American by adoption, you are not an American and no naturalization paper can ever make you one.

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"Famous Firsts"

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT IN THE HISTORY OF MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN IN THE UNITED STATES

1727—First Children's Institution: founded by Ursuline Nuns in New Orleans to care for children orphaned by Indian massacre.

1752—First Hospital: Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia. Cornerstone laid by Benjamin Franklin. Now a Red Feather service.

1851—First Group Work Agency: Boston YMCA, December 29. Patterned after "Y" in Montreal. 644 Y's are Red Feather services of local Community Chests today.

1853—First Foster Home Service for Children: The Children's Aid Society of New York was the first to place dependent or neglected children in "foster homes," rather than in orphanages.

1854—First Day Nursery: Following in the wake of the French "creche" movement in Paris, a "Nursery for Children of Poor Women" was established in New York City in 1854. Now, many day nurseries are supported through Community Chests.

1877—First Visiting Nurse Association: New York City. Visiting Nursing is now one of the most important of the Red Feather services.

1877—First Family Service Society: Buffalo, N. Y. Established to "do away with the whole indiscriminate method of almsgiving" and to "organize the charitable impulses and resources of the community in behalf of families in need according to their need."


1909—First Council of Social Agencies: Milwaukee, Wis., and Pittsburgh, Pa. There are now 400 Councils throughout the United States, often called now "Community Welfare Councils."

1913—First Community Chest: Cleveland, Ohio established the first united fund-raising campaign with budgeting and social planning.

1945—First Adoption of Red Feather as National Symbol of the Community Chests and Councils of America.

There are now 15,000 Red Feather services supported by Community Chests, many of which are direct descendants of these "Famous Firsts."

This is a movement in which we as individuals, outside of chapter activities, are interested because of the human appeal and the worthy causes which are aided and even in some cases, entirely sustained.
What's Right with America?

BY GEORGE ULRICH

I AM proud to live in America. There may be many things wrong about it, but it's still the freest and greatest nation on the face of the earth to me. The language spoken here is spreading over the whole world, and the opportunities we have are practically infinite. In no other country on earth do you have the right to speak and worship as freely as you do here and in no other land are you born as free and independent as here under the Stars and Stripes.

We are all proud of our country and we're all able to stick together in peace and war. We may have little disagreements, but if a crisis comes, we're always in there "one for all and all for one" and you can't beat spirit like that!

Americans can thank their forefathers for everything they have today. Surely when we look back and see the hard times they went through to preserve our country, holding their heads high and never losing hope, we can't sell out to those small groups of people who would seek everything for themselves by various plans such as Fascism, Communism, or other dictatorships. We have too much to save and too much to add on to our forefathers' accomplishments to let them slip between our fingers.

Look at our store of literature which they say keeps a civilization alive. It was once said by a European, "Who reads an American book?" That was before Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allen Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Harte, and many other famous American writers arrived, such a host of which hasn't yet been equalled in any other country. Countries all over the world have copied our Declaration of Independence and Constitution. More appropriate words have never been written to declare and to define the one thing people all over the world have sought for thousands of years, the right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Our standard of living is the highest on earth. In the United States ninety-two per cent of the world's bathtubs exist. Cleanliness holds a higher place in the ranks of necessities here than in any other country. No one section upholds the reputation of America more than another because each one is dependent on all the others. This was discovered when a period of unfriendliness came upon the North and the South. There was a bloody Civil War, but out of this finally came a purified and reunited nation. Even during this war love was shown between both sides. The Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, and Lincoln, who had each lost a son, exchanged sympathy notes.

America is favored greatly by Nature. It is situated in the temperate latitudes, has a vast and very fertile area, and contains a wealth of minerals that will never be exhausted. There are twenty thousand miles of navigable waterways, and our farmlands are plentiful and fertile. In 1920 there were over five million acres of improved farmland, about seven hundred fifty million acres of unimproved pastureland, and five hundred fifty million acres of forestland. These figures have been considerably changed since then. We have many synthetics for substances that are becoming scarce, and you can give the credit to American ingenuity. As far as coal is concerned, we have enough to last a thousand more years allowing for a reasonable increase in the amount we use now.

In America there are climates to suit everyone, warmth and sun in the South, a change of weather every few minutes in the North, and a happy combination of the two out West. There are two great mountain ranges and a great number of rivers and natural harbors. Many of us don't realize how lucky we are to be living with so many possibilities, and they're all ripe for the taking by anyone who wants to do something for himself and his country.

Our education system is without a doubt one of the best-planned and most efficiently-run systems. Every child under sixteen must attend a public school which is free to him no matter what race he belongs to or creed he believes in. We are the most fortunate people in the world to have a government furnish our schools and
not be afraid to have us learn all about how it runs. And we can’t say that we’re not able to attend colleges because we’re not rich enough. On the contrary, if you try to learn and work hard trying, you will receive scholarships or if not these, you can earn your way as you go. In America if you want something bad enough and work hard enough to get it, you can have anything you wish.

Then there is our government. They say when man was put on earth, he was given the right to provide a government for himself, and when his government should go too far, he has the right to overthrow it or to correct it until it fits his purpose. The foresight with which our ancestors wrote the Constitution makes it possible for us to amend it to suit our needs. In our democracy, we run the government according to the wishes of the most people, which is the freest way any government can possibly be run. We send our own representatives who express our opinions in Congress. We may write to them or we may send letters to the local newspapers which publish any man’s opinion; that is if the paper is honest and unprejudiced, and the majority of them are.

The love and concern Americans hold for one another is not to be found in any other land on earth. For instance, look at our huge territory which was originally thirteen separate little colonies who, when they realized how they could help each other, joined into a mightier nation, in spirit and in strength, than the world had ever seen. Compare this with Europe. All the small countries there are separated from one another by barriers of hate, prejudice, and difference of language. Even in Russia and China, who have vast territories, there is very little national spirit and various languages are spoken within them. In South America the situation is similar. It is only two and a half times as big as the United States and yet there are fourteen separate nations included in it.

The American system is to me the simplest and yet the greatest plan for society ever thought of. It considers that persons who make up the various races and who contribute to society’s improvement, should also govern themselves and choose their own ways to success. And the best part is that each one must respect the right of others to have the same chance. Under this system men may think freely and act freely, but they must also agree under their own free will. As Lincoln put it in the shortest way to describe it, it is a “government of the people, by the people, and for the people.”

The best thing of all about America is her people. Our nation is the great melting pot of the world. There are many, many members of every religion, race, and creed, and they’re all Americans. We actually have a universal brotherhood of men. This is sometimes called the “great experiment” of our civilization. The success of this experiment depends on every person’s realizing his obligation to be loyal to his country, to make the most of his many opportunities, and to leave the world a better place in which to live.

Editor’s Note: This prize essay was written by a young student who did not know he was entering into a contest which was under the auspices of Rumford Chapter of Concord, New Hampshire.

A gentleman is liberal in his attainments, opinions, practices and concessions. He asks for himself no more than he is willing to concede to others.

J. Fenimore Cooper: The American Democrat.
What Is Americanism?

BY BARBARA VAN AULT

ASK any true American for a definition of Americanism, and he will say that it is his faith in his country and Government, his respect and tribute to her traditions and ideals, his willingness to cooperate with others to fulfill her desires and commands. It is the spirit of democracy that prevails throughout America, the essence of liberty held so dear in the heart of every American. The torch lifted high by the Statue of Liberty to spread its glow of freedom above our Nation’s shores, the book of justice held firmly beneath her arm—these things are Americanism.

Stemming from our forefathers, who escaped from tyranny by sheer perseverance and belief in their dreams of freedom, Americanism is our way of life, our democratic attributes. By virtue of their faith and constancy, their valiant struggles to gain a free life, we of this generation have been handed a firm foundation upon which to build and to keep as long as progress goes onward.

Americanism is the will of the people to build on that foundation, and to erect a structure that will last throughout the ages, a monument to the faith and deeds of the people who have strived through eras of prosperity, to emerge from the mists of gloom to the sunshine of a Nation’s wholeheartedness. It is the freedom of the people to carry out that will, to speak and write as they wish, without fear of repression by the Government.

It is this Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that makes Americanism what it is today—a realization of the hopes, fears and dreams of generations of American people, their abilities to live a life of happiness and freedom of spirit, as well as freedom of American principles.

Americanism is an indestructible quality of our Nation, a lasting quality that generations far into the future will still hold dear. It is through Americanism that any boy or girl can dream, and can make these dreams come true by working toward a higher goal of success.

The spirit that prompts our soldiers to offer their lives without thought of personal gain to defend our Nation’s creed is Americanism, helping to spread our ideals in far-flung nations of the world.

It is the generosity of the American people, their willingness to devote countless time and effort to serve mankind diligently, their generous gifts to help their fellowmen. The American Red Cross, polio, tuberculosis, cancer and heart-disease drives, the struggle to help the unfortunate and crippled children, are symbolic of the great devotion to Americanism in our country today.

The freedom to express our true faith in any religion that we choose is Americanism. Americans are free to worship in any church, at any time. They are not denied the privilege because of an overruling Government. Religion has been outlawed in some countries; in America, it is looked up to and praised for all to hear.

It is the right of the parent to chastise the child, to correct him when he has done wrong, without fear of an armed policeman saying, “You may not punish your own child—that is up to the government.” It is this freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom from despair, freedom to say what we please when we please, freedom to put our thoughts in writing for the whole Nation to read, freedom to carry out our own individual plans, freedom to worship in the church of our choice, freedom to help ourselves on the road to success, that makes Americanism a truly great loyalty to a truly great Nation.

Yes, ask any American for his definition of Americanism. His ability and willingness to answer your question is Americanism.

EDITOR’S NOTE: The above article was written by an eighteen-year-old high school student of Keensburg, Ill. She is editor of her school paper and member of the Future Teachers of America. The Hon. Edward Jenison, U. S. Representative, thought so highly of the sentiments expressed by the young student that he entered the essay in the Congressional Record of April 3, 1950.
A STEP TOWARD DESTRUCTION

MR. J. T. NORRIS

IT IS nothing to the credit of this column or its writer that he has not commented before on one resolution passed by the 1950 Kentucky General Assembly. The only excuse is that I learned only very recently of it. A pretty safe guess is that, not only the vast majority of the people of the state remained in ignorance of this particular step of our legislative bodies but also many of the members themselves.

The resolution referred to is the one approving a world government into which the United States would be merged, if those who advocate our surrender of national sovereignty into a World Federation have their way.

Kentucky, I am informed, was the only state in the union to take this action so far in 1950. Georgia, California and Rhode Island, which had taken it previously, rescinded their actions this year. Their legislators found out what they had done and hastened to undo it. So far as the public knows, our Kentucky lawmakers knew nothing of what they were doing. Probably most of them do not know to this day. There is no record of real debate on the matter.

That statement is made because I do not believe even one representative or senator could be found in the Kentucky General Assembly who actually wants to destroy American independence, or the Federal constitution and the form of government under which we maintain our national sovereignty.

The resolution actually adopted does not call for that. It was merely a form of general approval of the idea of world government, which actually meant no more officially in committing the state to any action than any other piously expressed generalized approval of an abstract idea. It was probably done at the request of some well meaning but gullible idealist who wants world peace just as all of us do.

It would be another thing entirely, however, if Kentucky should take the next step planned for it by the United World Federalists. They have already put up to some states a resolution which would call for a constitutional convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution of the United States “to expedite and insure the participation of the United States in a world federal government.”

If the legislatures of thirty-six states should pass this latter resolution, or one of similar intent, calling of the constitutional convention would be mandatory. If it were dominated by the same groups who have initiated the movement, it might well result in the surrender of the independence of this nation. That is the type of resolution which the states of Georgia, California and Rhode Island passed, then rescinded after they had discovered who the principal forces behind the United World Federalists are.

It is no wonder they were misled. Some of the best men and women in the nation have supported the movement with the idea and the hope that it might lead to world peace. But they have dropped away as they have discovered that the initiative and real support of the movement come from subversive Communist front organizations and their leaders. These are groups already branded by the U. S. Attorney General and the F. B. I.

The world citizenship which they would offer us would be exactly the same type under the Cominform as is endured today by Bulgaria, Romania, Czechoslovakia and other Russian slave satellites. In this proposed organization, the people of the United States would be only a hopeless minority, with minority representation as compared with the countries under the control of Communism.

Certainly, peace for us and for the world does not lie in that direction. Or if it does, it would be the uneasy peace that slaves or prisoners enjoy, in which liberty and freedom would be surrendered in return for mere physical safety. That is not the type of peace the American people seek or have ever sought.
There are various recent exposures of the United World Federalists, who they are and where their money comes from. Various patriotic organizations, notably the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, have done much to expose it. The most complete analysis I have seen is the book, "We Must Abolish the United States," by Joseph P. Kamp, published only this year by the Hallmark Publishers of New York. The title is challenging, but the exposures of the efforts being made by this group to "abolish" are even more so.

The world government movement has powerful propaganda and shows the usual left-wing tendency to smear and to abuse any opposition. This led the New York Times to declare editorially:

"The subject has become so highly emotionalized that a public statement that could be interpreted as in the slightest unsympathetic brings blows that bow the stiffest head."

Probably this column can be considered more than slightly unsympathetic.

By J. T. Norris.

Major J. T. Norris is Past State Commander of the American Legion in Kentucky and a veteran of World War I and World War II. Mrs. Norris is National Defense Chairman for Poage Chapter.

* * * * * *

The preceding address made before the Poage Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Ashland, Kentucky, seems of particular importance at this time, when World Government Resolutions are to be voted upon in Oklahoma and Florida in November. Mr. Norris brings to our attention the probability that such resolutions are approved by members of the legislatures through lack of information on their dangerous tendencies. This warns all of our members to be active in opposing the adoption of resolutions for World Government.

Daughters in those states where resolutions for World Government are to be voted on this November, please contact every member of your state legislatures and your governors. Do not lose your democracy at home, while American forces are fighting for self-government for Koreans!

Those who do not have to fight World Government Resolutions, follow Michigan’s lead — Pass resolutions opposing World Government.

Learn how candidates for public offices stand on World Government and if they are associated with any of these movements before casting your vote. You do not want World Government. Don’t vote for those leaning in that direction, regardless of personal friendship or party affiliation. Any World Government assembly will be dominated by Communist and backward countries. The plan is to have representation according to population: America will have but a "wee small voice" in such an assembly. How can anyone think a World Government assembly dominated by Russia and her allies will guarantee peace? Russia does not have to work with any World Government program. The Kremlin can just sit back and wait to take control after, and if, World Government is adopted. Two-thirds of the representation will be apportioned to Russia and her allies, thus presenting the control of the world to her. How would Russia use this great power? Is the thrust across the 38th parallel by one of her satellites, North Korea, causing the United Nations to go to war to protect South Korea’s right to continue as a peaceful nation, an example of the method she would use to dominate the World? Is this the kind of peace World Government, with Russia controlling the majority of the votes in a World Assembly, has to offer? That is the peace of slavery—not the peace of independent peoples.

During a panel discussion of the United Nations in July, at the University of Virginia Institute of Public Affairs, a panel member remarked that Russia is sitting pretty—or words to that effect—in regard to the Korean situation. If we have World Government, Russia will be sitting pretty as to the control of the World! When the various groups for World Government say Russia is not helping to promote their cause, can it be possible they do not realize that all Russia need do is to wait for that plum to be dropped into her lap!

KATHARINE G. REYNOLDS.
ARE YOU AN AMERICAN OR AN INTERNATIONALIST?

This picture is quite different from the 1949 map. The Daughters of the American Revolution pioneered the fight against World Government, and have been influential in the results obtained. Many other fine organizations have joined us in the battle and are passing Resolutions against this insidious danger.

Those states in black still have a Resolution FOR World Government, while the gray shows that Resolutions have been rescinded.

Of twenty-two states FOR World Government in June, 1949, six have rescinded: Georgia, California, Rhode Island, Louisiana, Alabama and Massachusetts.

Do not relax in these states for your National Defense office has information that attempts will be made to reintroduce these bills.

World Government Resolutions were defeated in Vermont and New Mexico.

Initiative #174 in the state of Washington lacked the 50,000 signatures necessary to place World Government on the ballot.

Florida and Oklahoma have World Government as an issue on the ballot in November. See that the voters learn the facts.

Our last census was 150 million people. The last Communist count was 800 million, —which does not include subversive groups in every country, including our own. With this overwhelming majority WORLD GOVERNMENT WOULD MEAN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.
CHAOS—NOT PEACE

Joining a World Government would result in such chaos as we have never endured.

Advocates of World Government say, "Give up just a little sovereignty." Sovereignty is life itself. Without sovereignty the United States dies, ceases to exist, becomes a 7% voice lost in the tremendous preponderance of Communist nations and peoples.

Stalin dictated to 170 million in 1939, while in this year, 1950, he has smothered 800 million under the cloak of Communism. This number does not include subversive groups in all nations, including our own.

If we join any World Government scheme we become extinct as a nation. Our laws are abolished, replaced by those of the World body.

Immigration quotas are oversubscribed to our country for years to come. Without restrictions these immigrants would swarm our shores and plunder our standard of living by accepting lower wages. There would be no American minimum wage law to stop them.

Our monetary system would be obsolete. Perhaps the world coin would be the Russian ruble. Picture the panic over this ONE readjustment,—money. What about your bonds, with no government to back them?

American justice as we know it would terminate. A World Court would preside. Does any American honestly believe that the 7% voice of our people could convince the peoples of the world,—without a common cultural heritage, without common traditions, with no common language, with religion the basis of law in many nations,—that the American Way of Life is best?

Ability to pay would be the basis for taxes. We would shoulder the heaviest load, for ours is the highest standard of living in the world. Taxes collected would be spent as this governing body decides,—to improve WORLD CONDITIONS. Taxation without representation has irked us before, as history so well records.

We couldn't rebel or fight for our liberty so stupidly forfeited. The first move in joining a World Government is to disband the Armed Forces of the United States. The World Governing body will decide who of us, men and women, will serve on POLICE duty, scattered to the far corners of the globe. The only weapon which keeps Russia from overrunning the world today is the atomic bomb,—but that would be in the hands of this governing body. Ours would be the subjugation of slavery.

Once we are in, we cannot seece.

Power inflates the ego of crafty men. Let one man of the ilk of Mussolini, Hitler or Stalin be placed on this ruling body to promulgate propaganda for his being named Dictator and the world is lost. The radio and the press would be stifled except for what this group decides the world population should read or hear. Anyone with practical common sense knows this is how the cunning Stalin has engulfed the countries behind the Iron Curtain, China et cetera. While he uses these duped, frightened peoples to further his brutal ends, he sits in the Kremlin building Russia into an impenetrable fortress.

Another plan appealing to naive, impractical idealists is to unite with the so-called Democracies,—some are actually socialistic, the first step toward Communism.

The fallacy of this is proved by Korea. If he were afraid of the Democracies he would never have started to nibble at South Korea. At last, instead of following the expert advice of Far Eastern Experts who had informed us that the Chinese were revolting against the Nationalist Government, a firm stand was taken. Call it POLICE action if they must, it is war. Our men are dying. But,—does Russia stop, although 53 of 59 nations have called her to account bitterly at the United Nations Security Council where the procrastinator, Malik, the Russian, acting as President, plays grimly for time? If we were to join this type of World Government, realizing our unpreparedness, Stalin would strike simultaneously at many fronts, dissipate our forces,—for it is OUR forces on the ground, holding the ditches, being shot with hands tied behind their backs and who fight to death rather than be captured,—bankrupt us with taxes to maintain these forces, then move in with the all-powerful Russian army for victory.

Will you trade the United States, your Republic, where you walk with pride, speak freely and have individual dignity for the mass rule of a Communistic World Government? FRANCES B. LUCAS.
Financing for the Future

MRS. DONALD BENNETT ADAMS
National Chairman, Building Completion Committee

WHEN I told you last month about the finances of this committee I hope you were all sufficiently astute to realize that the amount of the interest—over $10,000.00 per year—must be added to the amount of our indebtedness. And the one dollar per member per year will just cover the sum we owe to the banks. So, when you have your benefit for the Building Completion Committee, please try to make it enough more to cover the interest, too!

The loans will be paid off as fast as you send us the money. And the larger the amounts sent to us, the faster we pay them off, and the less interest we have to pay next time. IT IS MONEY IN YOUR POCKET TO PAY OFF THE LOANS.

Did you read and heed the list of prizes offered for contributions during the coming year? Your State Regent has it. Your State Chairman of the Building Completion Committee has it. It was published in the August Press Digest. It was published in the September issue of the D. A. R. Magazine. Are YOU doing anything about winning those prizes?

Remember that we still want Gold and Silver Star Chapters and States. Your badge will be sent you as soon as you reach the Honor Roll, and the name of your Chapter will be published in the Magazine. Have you forgotten the amounts? $6.00 per member for Gold Star. $5.50 per member for Silver Star. (1 February 1949 record of membership in Washington remains the date for figuring Honor Roll status.) All contributions are to be credited through the Chapters, all contributions are deductible for income tax purposes, so if you can be generous it will all go to the overall credit of your Chapter. And if you do anything spectacular, please let us know about it. We shall talk about it and write about it, and it may be just what is needed to encourage other members and Chapters.

Of course money was very slow coming in during the summer. But now the Chapters are meeting regularly and we look forward to reducing the loans substantially in the near future. Please do not wait until you have a large amount before sending it to us through the proper channels. It is to your personal advantage to reduce these loans. SEND US WHATEVER YOU HAVE and SEND IT NOW.

National Honor Roll of Chapters
Administration Building Fund
Continued through 31 August 1950

CALIFORNIA
Anne Loucks
Los Padres
Major Pierson B. Reading
Robert Field Stockton

DELAWARE
Cooch's Bridge

ILLINOIS
Pierre Menard

KANSAS
* Martha Vail
* Samuel Linscott

MASSACHUSETTS
Ennice Day

MINNESOTA
Daughters of Liberty

MISSOURI
* Fort Osage

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Old Number Four

NEW YORK
Major Thomas Wickes

OHIO
Joseph Spencer

WASHINGTON
Mary Morris

STARS added to previously listed Chapters

CALIFORNIA
* Alhambra-San Gabriel
* Dorothy Clark
* Las Flores
* Picmont
* Santa Lucia

COLORADO
* Sarah Platt Decker

GEORGIA
* Thronateeska

ILLINOIS
* Fort Dearborn

INDIANA
* Richard Henry Lee

LOUISIANA
* Tangipahoa

MASSACHUSETTS
* Joseph Coolidge

MISSOURI
* Nancy Hunter

OHIO
* Massillon

TEXAS
* Alamo

* Indicates Gold Star Honor Roll—a payment of $6.00 per member of record of 1 February 1949.

743 GOLD STAR HONOR ROLL CHAPTERS
193 SILVER STAR HONOR ROLL CHAPTERS
TREASON, by Nathaniel Weyl.

This author has presented the story of disloyalty and betrayal in America and never before have we been made so aware of treason and traitors of these days and this is the first time such information has been put in book form. Strange as it may seem, the United States is the only nation which defines the crime of treason in the Constitution and yet it has never executed a traitor.

The real story of treason started in the bloody days of early English history. The punishment of traitors was inhuman and fearsome in the eyes of the world for the standard English penalty from the days of the War of the Roses until the nineteenth century took the dreaded form of hanging, drawing and quartering.

In Germany, Frederick II used to have the traitors in his country wrapped in lead and hurled into a red hot furnace. Roman history shows signs of treason persecutions and the crime during the era of the Caesars covered every real or fancied slight of the omnipotent ruler. Many innocent persons were put to death because they did not agree with the monarch or the laws of the country. Their estates were confiscated and their families were left destitute to wander in shame over the land.

Knowing of these atrocities, the new American Republic sought for a definition of treason which could be applied to a democratic society. Mr. Weyl has spent much time in study and research and as a result has given us an authoritative history of subversive activities which have been directed against the very heart of our Republic. He clearly outlines betrayal from the days of the War of Independence on through the Alger Hiss and Judith Coplon cases.

A good part of the book is devoted to those who betrayed America during the Revolution down through World War II. It gives in detail the background and daily lives of these traitors and presents our method of handling such cases. One will find the complete story of General Charles Lee, who came so near to breaking down American independence; also General James Wilkerson, the Spanish secret service agent who became a commanding general in our army. All know the story of Aaron Burr with his plan to kidnap the President of the United States, seize the navy and to run an empire for himself and his beloved daughter. The author adds many interesting but little known items regarding the Burr trial.

An account is given of the pro-Nazis in World War II, names are given and methods of handling the cases are revealed. The Hitler radio traitors and the women turncoats are listed. In addition to Alger Hiss and Judith Coplon, the Red Seditionists' trial under Judge Medina is given much space.

Treason under our Constitution is a betrayal of a free society. The Declaration of Independence defines the type of government under which American patriots have been willing to sacrifice their lives and fortunes.

Every page of Treason is filled with history. Those who love to trace and to define motives and methods, will find it a wonderful guide. It is also a fine work of reference.

Nathaniel Weyl, the author, was educated at Columbia University and in the London School of Economics. He served overseas in the Infantry during World War II.

Published by Public Affairs Press. Washington, D. C.

IF YOU WERE BORN IN RUSSIA, by Arthur Goodfriend.

If there is anyone in these United States who wishes he could have been born in Russia, he should read this book. The author was born in New York but spent most of his life in travel. Once he drove a jeep from New York to Rio. He has spent some time in Russia, so as a student of conditions and a keen observer, he is well qualified to write on this subject.

He does not try to influence his readers but he states the plain facts and then leaves
Mr. Goodfriend seems to think that the Americans and the Russians will either have to get together and find a way to permanent peace or they will have to fight. In either case, something should be known about them—what they really are, what they feel, their home life and what makes them tick. His book contains over two hundred pictures which represent an imaginary Soviet family a cut above the average.

If you were born in Russia, start in a Soviet maternity home. The new baby receives 170 dollars in a grant from the government, plus twelve dollars a month until he is five. The mother gets a “Medal of Motherhood” if she has five living children. The Soviet organizer constantly points out to the father that the Soviet Union is the only one to give free maternity service with thirty-five days of maternity leave and another forty-five days in which to rest before returning to factory work.

He also impresses on the family that if the mother can attain a goal of seven living children, she will be given a “Motherhood Glory Medal” and a $250.00 grant, plus twenty dollars a month for the child. If the family is blest with ten children, that is where Stalin really smiles on it and it is reported to have “made good.” The mother is given the title of “Mother Heroine” and $350.00, and the child $25.00 a month until he is five. That is, of course, if all the children are kept alive.

In the maternity hospital, which is fairly good but much overcrowded, the mother is kept ten days but she can have no visitors, not even the members of her family. At the end of ten days the father arrives to take his family home, where they all live in one room—six of them and a grandmother.

Boys are nearly always named Lenin, Tractor and October, in honor of the October Revolution, and some are even named Five-Year-Plan. When the time comes that the mother returns to her job, the baby is bundled up and taken to a Soviet nursery where it is kept until after working hours. When it grows older, it is sent to a kindergarten where it is taught games and Soviet lullabies. Later it learns to read from a Soviet primer, which contains pictures suggesting sounds. To teach the sound of H, the boy is handed a rifle and says Ha. All of the alphabet is taught by association with war pictures or tools and the teachers are constantly reminded to impress on the children that above all else they must be developed into fighters for the Socialist structure.

One child asked “What is God?” and the reply was “God does not exist. It is something people thought up long ago to explain things they do not understand.” Instead of asking about God, they are told to read and learn the life of Stalin, the world’s greatest leader and the friend of Lenin.

With Mr. Goodfriend one follows life from birth to death and one sees and feels and shudders as one reads the demands and restrictions laid upon all Soviet families. It would seem that everywhere they are surrounded by pictures and statues of Lenin and Stalin.

When one dies the Soviets expect him to be cremated, for to them burial suggests a belief in the hereafter and it also involves much waste of precious space. When the mother in the book died, the family insisted upon her being buried. Services were held in the office of the funeral bureau where the clerk did not stop but kept right on working.

The body was placed in a red and silver painted coffin and a Trade Union Chairman spoke the last farewell. “She was a good mother and a good Soviet citizen. She gave five children to the Soviet state and died while carrying the sixth. This motherhood medal showed her devotion to the cause of Lenin-Stalin by insisting upon marching in her weakened condition in the big anniversary parade and as she lifted her fist in the vow of allegiance to our great leader, Stalin smiled upon her as he does upon all workers of the Soviet Motherland and in that smile this woman found peace. Lenin is dead but Leninism lives on.”

A man in a long red coat led the procession to the cemetery and a wooden marker topped by a star was ready to be placed on the grave as the Soviet funeral dirge was played.

When you finish the story of a Russian family, you fully realize that the people in the Soviet Union cannot see, hear or read anything except material outlined by
that government. Then you ask yourself what it must be like to live in such a country and how you, a freeborn American citizen, would react to Communist control.

Published by Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc., New York City.

THEN AND THIRTY-NINE, by Rena Schack.

A very intriguing and interesting small volume has come to us. It is dedicated to the pioneers whose moral and physical courage built this great country on the principle of Liberty and Justice for all.

It is an imaginary travelogue in which Benjamin Franklin and his two grandsons visit the New York of 1939 and its World’s Fair. A deep interest in what the future held in the way of development was one of the outstanding characteristics of Franklin. One day when seeing flies which had been found in a wine cask and which upon being exposed to the rays of the sun, were restored and flew away, he had an idea and in a humorous way expressed the wish that he might be preserved in a cask of Madeira at his death and one hundred years later come to life so he could see and note the changes in New York.

This is the theme upon which the travelogue is based and it has the decided aim to develop the average person’s appreciation of the scope of life and the great advantages enjoyed by all today compared with the great lack of conveniences of the time the country was founded.

After a long hard day spent in sightseeing at the World’s Fair, John Hole returned to his home near Philadelphia which Jonathan Hole, his grandfather had built nearly one hundred years before. The original house had been turned into a museum and library and a new one erected on another part of the ground and there Jonathan had settled his family.

For some reason John Hole started to think of Benjamin Franklin and of the great surprise he would experience over the scientific progress made in the country since his day. Few countries had done so well or were even interested in the freedoms enjoyed by Americans.

John Hole must have dozed off, for suddenly he was aroused by a slight sound and the dim lantern light seemed to focus on the door which was starting to open and let in an icy and mysterious draft of air. He started up and rubbed his eyes and there before him were three figures—an elderly man flanked by two younger ones.

The older man spoke: “There must be something wrong here. I thought that America was well advanced and yet this room is furnished in the same manner as my old home in Philadelphia.”

At last John found his voice and murmured, “Why you must be Benjamin Franklin.” “I am and I am your humble servant and these are my two grandsons.”

Still in a daze, John said, “I cannot believe this is true. Why it is almost as if I wished you back.” “I made such a wish nearly two centuries ago,” sighed the visitor, “and here I am. But as I look at this room and even the house, there seems to be so little improvement over what I was accustomed to.”

“Let me explain,” answered John. “This home has been preserved exactly as it was built by my ancestors before the Revolution and it is now a museum. I shall be glad to show you and your grandsons the great progress your own country has made.”

So off the four started while John carefully explained how the car was run by a fluid called gasoline, which was ignited by an electric spark—a spark which years before Franklin himself had experimented with. “Well,” said Franklin, “I never dreamed that the sparks I derived from a kite in the sky would ever be put to such a use.”

From there on it was like a trip through fairyland for they sped by lofty buildings; saw a fireboat putting down a blaze by forcing water through a rubber hose; visited the Statue of Liberty which the old statesman viewed through misty eyes. The visitors were astounded at the mail system with its postage stamps. They stopped in front of a window displaying radios, electric fans and machines and were breathless over the banking system. They lunched in an automat and rode in a subway. These were just a few of the strange experiences.

The interests of Benjamin Franklin were so numerous and he started so many ideas for the development of the country and to improve the life of every man that it is no wonder he still remains an outstanding figure of the early days. From such men...
of wisdom and of vision, stemmed the achievements of America. It would seem like a good move to have more of these travelogues on the lives of other of our great men and to place them in all schools and libraries. Then perhaps the younger generations would realize that the name Franklin does not mean a heating device or a fancy cigarette but the name would bring at once to mind an outstanding American who aided in bringing to their country the conveniences and the freedoms they now enjoy.

Published by the William-Frederick Press, New York City.

* * *

TEA BURNING TOWN, by Joseph S. Sickler. Photographic art work by Charles Cordrey.

During these war days when people are anxious about what may happen to the United States, it is encouraging to find a book which with pictures and written descriptions portrays for us the gracious way in which our ancestors lived. Such a one has been brought to our attention and in years to come it will gain in value, for it reveals the beautiful homes with the period furniture which was so dear to the hearts of our early settlers. They built their homes to last and to serve as the background for family life.

The scene of Tea Burning Town lies in the quiet section of the flats in western New Jersey. Its real name is Greenwich and with its twin town Salem was founded in 1675, which makes the two older than the city of Philadelphia.

Greenwich has only been lightly touched by the passing years and stands as an example of the homes of yesterday. It is a real piece of Americana and has often been referred to as the Williamsburg of New Jersey, though nothing has been done in the way of restoration. It still exists in its natural antiquity and loveliness as it did in those days when it was a busy and bustling port of entry and ships docked over two hundred years ago.

Joseph Sickler was born in Greenwich and so it is with pride and a loving pen that he has produced this book with more than fifty beautiful illustrations. He has written of the founding of his home town, its history and its strugglings and how it remains today a living example of the best in America.

Visitors can still stroll down the famous "Ye Great Streete," which is over two miles in length and can easily picture the village as it was when England's flag flew high above the roof tops in 1749. On both sides of the street are the proud old homes of the earliest settlers, unchanged by the passing years, nestling beneath the ancient sycamores and silver maples. In imagination one will march with the "tea burners," those valiant forerunners of the Revolution and learn the story of Major Philip Vickers Fithian, one of America's greatest sons.

The citizens of this little town defied the mighty British assault and openly resisted the taxes imposed. Back in 1774 there was a levy on almost everything, even tea, stamps and window glass. So in Greenwich today may be found windows still sealed up because Parliament had imposed a tax on panes of glass in a house. Rather than pay, the colonists decided to do without sunlight.

Then came the Tea Revolt. The Boston Tea Party was a warning and an example, so when a British ship loaded with tea from the East India Company of London and destined for Philadelphia had to make port in Greenwich because of a severe storm, word spread quickly over the town. Knowing the bitter feeling, the captain put his cargo in the home of a friend but at night young men garbed as Indians with faces smeared with red paint, glided along the street single file, secured the tea and consumed it in a huge roaring fire, while the so-called Indians performed a war dance.

One youthful tea burner named Henry Sacks was a great lover of the beverage and hated to waste so much tea. So, hoping he would not be seen, he gathered up as much as he could cram into his many pockets, his hose and shoes and became so overstuffed that he resembled a warehouse. Of course, he was spotted and forever afterward was known as "Tea Sacks."

Greenwich has much to offer in the line of history. It was the birthplace of William Howell, the father of Varina Howell who became Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the First Lady of the Confederate States.

The illustrations in the book are beauti-
ful and show the dignity and extreme beauty of the old colonial homes where our early heritage remains undisturbed and open for all to visit and learn.

LORE OF OUR LAND PICTURED IN GLASS, by Bessie M. Lindsey.

Some time ago we had the great pleasure and privilege of reviewing the first volume of Lore of Our Land Pictured in Glass by Mrs. Lindsey. It was a beautiful book and a real collector’s item for any library. Now she has continued in a fine companion piece.

These books are very worthwhile, are historical and authentic and are filled with illustrations of rare pieces of glass owned by the author. Glass is her great hobby and her collection is like no other in existence for it portrays, period by period, the history of this country.

The photographs of the various pieces are real works of art, for it takes careful and very special handling to bring out the highlights of the subjects so as to not blur the patterns.

This second volume has sections devoted to the heroes of our Army and Navy, notables of the stage and writers, but the largest group consists of portraiture of our Presidents, Vice Presidents and even some defeated candidates for those offices.

Mrs. Lindsey explains that most commemorative pictures are found in crystal but many are available in color, such as blue, green, amber, black, amethyst and even some in mixtures. Glass makers have apparently been greatly impressed and inspired by the events in the history of the United States and have produced in glass an unusual assortment of important scenes of the past. Around 250 illustrations have been woven into our great American heritage and they should awaken memories and create a keen desire to become familiar with the records of the country.

The subjects dealt with are not all what may be termed “antiques,” for Mrs. Lindsey has included Lafayette, John Paul Jones, Sheridan and Dewey. Also may be found Wendell Willkie pieces, a Masonic hat and loving cup, a General Douglas MacArthur bottle and a Charlie Ross bottle, which brings back to memory one of the most famous kidnapping cases of our history.

There is a tray commemorating Niagara Falls from the American side. Spray clouds are seen rising and even the foam is shown at the foot of the falls. This tray is done in crystal. Royalty has not been overlooked, for pieces show Queen Victoria and King Edward the Seventh, Bismarck and Napoleon.

Mrs. Lindsey has produced a wonderful book and makes glass a fascinating study, as well as bringing light great events and outstanding people, and it should be of great value to collectors, schools and libraries.

It is of special interest to the Daughters of the American Revolution for she is a member and has served as regent and vice regent of the Stephen Decatur Chapter of Decatur, Illinois. She is her own publisher and now lives at Forsythe, Illinois.

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES, by Marion Crawford.

All the world loves a fairy tale and when the characters belong to the present day and are people we have all known about, the story has a strong appeal. Marion Crawford’s new book may not have great literary value but it does have something much more worthwhile for it depicts a real home and parents who love and understand their children and children who respect and obey their parents. Today these attributes seem to be rare.

One finds humorous and tragic moments and the book is filled with intimate episodes and anecdotes of family life which can be enjoyed by one and all as the story of two healthy minded and well brought up children develops and shows that the fate of the nation is embedded in a real home.

Marion Crawford, a Scot who came from the home town where Elizabeth was born, was for seventeen years the governess to the royal family. She arrived on trial one evening at Windsor Castle to find the little blonde “Lilibet,” as she was lovingly called, waiting for her while baby Margaret slept nearby. From then on she had the task of bringing up these two little girls and they grew and developed in a country over which hung the dark clouds of an approaching war. England was filled with old traditions but Miss Crawford overcame many of the established habits and helped the
little girls to grow wholesome and become real personalities.

Sometimes Queen Mary stepped in with suggestions regarding their studies for she wanted more Bible reading and literature, and King George desired Lilibet and Margaret to be taught to write a decent hand, for to his way of thinking, none of his children did.

The writer portrays a loving pen picture of Queen Mary who looked extra tall because of her magnificent carriage, and who always was a rock of strength. She tells of King George with his cane and booming voice which had a tendency to frighten the children. Both the King and the Queen dearly loved their grandchildren and insisted that the serious days ahead for them be kept in the background.

However, Elizabeth seemed to sense what she might have to face and was always dignified and serious. Margaret was enchanting and doll like and every one loved her. She was devoted to her elder sister. Miss Crawford describes with real humor the play hours in the park, where the children were often joined by their father who entered wholeheartedly into their games and was by far the fastest runner.

One shares the tension and even the pathos when Uncle David, then the King and their great favorite, abdicated the throne, and feels real sorrow for the new King and Queen, who without complaint, gave up their own home life to assume the new duties. However, the children continued their early morning visits to their parents and enjoyed the usual romps. Breaking all tradition, the Princesses were allowed to play with the evacuated children and even join the Girl Guides and to take part in small plays.

“Crawfie,” as she was called, tells of the ceremony at the elevation of the Duke and Duchess to the throne. When the war finally broke, the governess took her young charges to Windsor Castle where they spent four years in freezing gloomy rooms while bombs were bursting outside.

Domestic scenes are revealed, such as the death of King George, the visit of Mrs. Simpson to tea, the dress rehearsal of the King and Queen in their ceremonial regalia; the hours in the dungeon of Windsor Castle waiting for the all-clear signal; the first encounter of Princess Elizabeth with the tall, lanky boy named Philip; the wedding of the Princess and the birth of bonnie Prince Charles.

All in all, it is a heart warming story and will appeal to old as well as young. It gives a clear picture of home life and family devotion and restores one’s faith and courage, making one sincerely feel that the future of the world is safer when in the hands of a young person who has been taught from birth the seriousness of world conditions.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

On Saturday, October 14th, Salem, New Jersey, is planning an “Open House Day” for the benefit of the Salem County Historical Society. At the same time it is celebrating the founding of the city of Salem in 1675.

As there is a room in the Historical Society building which is devoted to the interests of the Daughters of the American Revolution, those who are sponsoring this important event, hope that many members of the organization will plan to visit Salem that day.

Luncheon will be served at the Salem Friends’ Meeting House and even overnight accommodations may be secured if required.
Parliamentary Procedure

NELLIE WATTS FLEMING

QUESTION. How should we list our former State Regents in our year book, as Past State or Ex Regents? Answer. List them as Past State Regents. Of course if they have been elected Honorary, you should say Honorary State Regent. But they are never called “Ex.”

Question. When saying in the minutes the vote was by ballot should the recording secretary write it thus: “The vote was by written secret ballot?” Answer. No. The word ballot means that it is written and is secret.

Question. Should the quorum for a meeting be a certain per cent of the membership? Answer. No. The quorum should not be based upon any per cent of the members. The by-laws should state a given number necessary for a quorum. Here are a few items that your parliamentarian must again call to your attention: the quorum should be small, and it should not contain the requirement that the regent or a vice regent must be present. Remember there is a rule that tells what to do when a regent and vice regent are absent.

Question. Our chapter has a very wide awake Junior Committee and some of the juniors do not want to leave that group when they reach the age of 35 years. Is there anything we can do about this? Answer. Many chapters are having this same trouble, for the young women do have a congenial time with others their same age, but there is a law and it must be upheld. The Chairman of the Junior Committee should endeavor to keep before it that the time of membership in this group is limited. Just a word to the chapter. Probably more stress should be given to finding something for these juniors to do. In a chapter that has a limited membership it would not wish to admit the juniors to full membership because they would place them above the limit of their membership. Now this chapter should have taken into consideration when these juniors were admitted into the chapter, they were counted as regular members and only placed in the junior committee because of their age, and that such committee is therefore a part of the chapter.

Question. This fall we will have in attendance at our State Conference several National Officers and we would like to know when we rise to claim the floor if we should address these National Officers first? Answer. No. Address your State Regent for she will be presiding and is the one to be addressed first, no matter who else is present on the platform.

Question. Our chapter has had a difficult time for several years in getting members to allow their names to be placed in nomination for office because our term runs for three years. So our revisions committee would like to know if we might be allowed to amend our by-laws and substitute two years? Answer. While the National Society desires the term of office for chapter and state officers to be three years it is not obligatory. Should you reduce your term to two years do keep it a term. Do not state in your by-laws that officers shall be elected for one year, but shall have the privilege of serving another year consecutively. This would mean that each year your chapter would be in the throes of an election. If possible keep the three-year term, but if you must change make it a two-year term. Here are a few parliamentary “Don’ts” for your regent:

Do not fail to call the meeting to order on time, a quorum being present.

Do not forget your principal duties as the presiding officer are: to establish and maintain order; to see that the assembly abides by its by-laws and standing rules.

Do not stand while a member is debating, or while any other business is being transacted.

Do not make motions while you are in the chair.

Do not take part in debate while you are in the chair.

Do not submit the executive board’s report while you are in the chair.

Do not forget that one of the reasons why you have a vice regent is to take the chair when you wish to vacate it.
Do not fail to address the vice regent when she takes the chair as "Madame Regent."

Do not show favoritism to members.
Do not allow members to deal in personal affairs while they are debating.
Do not speak of yourself except as "the chair."
Do not forget that you are the servant of the assembly and not the dictator!

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**Slavery versus the Triumph of Principle**

**By Dorothy Stets**

THREE YEARS ago a nation-wide contest was sponsored in search for a definition of a Communist. Being an unlucky individual at such games, I reluctantly pondered the question, but, because it held a vital meaning to me and my patriotic point of view, I cast my bread crumb upon the waters with: "A Communist is a person who would rather slave for the world than be a servant to his soul." Needless to say the sponsors were not interested in the Divinity and moral aspect of man's conscience to his God and his Country.

However the dangers of a "Slave State" in America have since been hurled at the people by the more concerned leaders of our Country.

There is nothing complex about the way to political serfdom, and the conclusion is simple, because: MAN IS SERVANT TO HIS CONSCIENCE ONLY AS LONG AS HIS IDEALS REMAIN A STANDARD.

Principles are eternal, but men at different times adopt different principles according to conviction, and different conduct according to circumstances, but experience has taught the absolute necessity of adopting our Forefathers' policy in many particulars. This then is the Triumph of Principle, and it is infinitely more valuable than the triumph of any party reform.

If we are to rescue our liberty from the grasp of a domestic tyrant, we cannot indulge in what we believe our exclusive right to freedom. We know Democracy is not an heirloom willed to the D. A. R. by patriots, nor are our enterprises and systems the spoils of the recent war for our victors and their valor.

Democracy in America is a legacy with many clauses, executions, and obligations. Its trust is hinged upon man's faith, for truth relies on conscience. If we are to make Democracy work, we must adhere to the principles which constitute the Unity of our government.

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The natural tendency of every young man who is conscious of powers and capabilities above his station is to adopt what are called popular or liberal opinions. He peculiarly feels the disadvantage of his own class, and is tempted to look with jealousy on all those who, with less natural talent, enjoy superior privileges.

—George Crabbe, Jr., *Life of the Rev. George Crabbe*. 
Chapters

**Ketoctin (Bluemont, Va.).** Ketoctin chapter held its organization meeting on April 5 at Whitehall, the home of Mrs. Frank W. McComb, near Bluemont. The State Regent, Mrs. Everett L. Repass of Salem and Mrs. William A. Disque of Washington, D.C., were guests.

In addition to the organizing members a large number of women who are interested in becoming charter members of the new chapter were present.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Mrs. McComb, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance and the American's Creed led by Mrs. Everett Wallace. The appointed officers, Mrs. Frank W. McComb, regent; Mrs. Harvey M. Ball, vice regent; Mrs. Robert J. Pancoast, Secretary; Mrs. George A. Grille, treasurer, were confirmed by the organizing members.

The State Regent gave a very interesting message, emphasizing her pride in the fine work of the Virginia Society. She explained a few of the objectives carried forward by the state committees.

Mrs. Repass expressed her pride in this new chapter and congratulated it upon its achievement in bringing to Loudoun County an organization based not alone on pride of ancestry but one which endeavors to preserve our heritage procured for us by the labors and sacrifices of those ancestors.

The next meeting of Ketoctin Chapter was held in the home of Mrs. Robert G. Kirkwood, near Purcellville, on May second and subsequent meetings will be held on the first Tuesday of each month. The charter will be held open for a period in order to give the prospective members time in which to complete their application papers.

*MRS. S. J. CROOKER, Corresponding Secretary.*

**Short Hills (Short Hills, N.J.).** Cast in bronze, and set in a native boulder on the lawn of the First Presbyterian Church of Whippany, this inscription became New Jersey's first memorial to our Revolutionary allies. Draped in the blue of our Society and surrounded by the lilies of France, the tablet was unveiled on the afternoon of May 2nd.

National Society representatives and State officers and many friends from other patriotic societies were entertained at a buffet luncheon before the dedication exercises, which were conducted by Mrs. Kenneth Blanchard, Regent of Short Hills Chapter. Mrs. Palmer M. Way, New Jersey's retiring State Regent, was the principal speaker. Vice President General, Mrs. Raymond C. Goodfellow, congratulated the Chapter, and Mrs. Ralph W. Greenlaw, incoming State Regent, paid her first official visit at the dedication.

The town of Whippany helped to make a memorable occasion of the ceremony. The First National Bank presented a fine new flag which was raised for the first time on the large pole set behind the marker. Local Boy Scouts officiated with a bugler, school children attended in a body, and many local citizens who had cooperated with the project were introduced. The marker was accepted for the Presbyterian Church and for the town by the Reverend Donald W. Zimmerman.

The research which resulted in the placing of this marker was carried on by Mrs. John C. Hover, Chapter Historian, and her annotated work on the subject has been published by the New Jersey Historical Society. Over the past three years, many programs based on this work have been presented to various patriotic and historical organizations. They have been accompanied by a set of large illustrations executed by Mrs. Alexander W. Keller, Short Hills Chapter's Organizing Regent. Contributions made to the chapter for these programs were accumulated and used to pay for the marker. The entire project has resulted in much favorable publicity and Short Hills Chapter members feel very happy to have contributed this permanent memorial to the work of our Society.

*MRS. JOHN C. HOVER, Chairman Genealogical Records.*

**Elizabeth Sherman Reese (Lancaster, Ohio).** Commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Elizabeth Sherman Reese Chapter members arranged a delightful afternoon tea, Monday, May first at the
American Legion Home. A number of State Officers joined chapter members for the occasion.

It was on April 23, 1900 that a group of women met to organize a chapter, Mrs. Moses Granger sponsoring the formation of one in Lancaster as this was her former home. The name was chosen to honor one of the city's prominent women, Mary Elizabeth Sherman, the sister of two distinguished brothers, John and William Tecumseh.

Members heard of the organization and the many activities of the group when Mrs. John L. Graham read the history as one of the program highlights. Mrs. Berford L. Henderson, regent, opened the program, telling how the group had grown from 15 to a large and active organization. The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, the singing of America and prayer by Mrs. Richard Troup, chaplain, were included in the opening program, along with remarks by State Officers present.

A beautiful tribute to Mrs. Elizabeth Wynkoop MacCracken, the organizing regent, was given by Mrs. C. C. Miller, a past regent.

A style show was an additional feature of the event with Mrs. Robert Fox as chairman. Ten models displayed lovely gowns of fifty years ago and those receiving the guests were likewise dressed. Mrs. Henderson wore her mother's wedding dress, Mrs. Albert Savoy her mother's graduation dress and Mrs. John Clark was in a beautiful dress of her mother's.

For the tea the table was beautifully centered with an arrangement of yellow jonquils and tall lighted candles. Favors were tiny golden shoes, made by Mrs. Z. C. Zollinger, with the inscription "D.A.R. '50" written on the soles. Mrs. Henderson poured. Mrs. Troup made beautiful corsages which were presented to the ex-regents and honored guests.

Mrs. Frank McMillen, past State Regent, was a distinguished guest and other State Officers were Mrs. Ralph O. Whitaker, Vice Regent; Mrs. Wilbur Dyer, Chaplain; Mrs. Marshall Bixler, Treasurer; Mrs. Russell Bowers, Librarian; Miss Charlene Mark, Historian; and Mrs. Charles Petree, District Director.

In turning the pages of the fifty years gone by, interested guests learned of the great amount of patriotic work, civic proj-
and Mrs. Ralph Bell, State Director of Central Pennsylvania. Mrs. Bell introduced the State Chairman of the various committees: Mrs. Ralph Baker, Mrs. Howard Stuart, Mrs. Robert Clarke, Miss Irene Bittenbender and Mrs. Charles Lewis. After congratulating the Du Bois Chapter they responded with brief addresses on chapter activities.

Mrs. Lee, State Regent, gave an interesting address including an outline on State and National activities.

Mrs. Crea Fetterman of Punxsutawney and Mrs. Paul Morrow of Brockway were soloists, accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Hill and Mrs. McMeekin.

“Reminiscences” being a brief history of Du Bois Chapter was given by Miss Ethelyn Fye, and a radio program was conducted by Mrs. George Lum.

Congressman Van Zant, after greeting the members as “champions of true Americanism because you speak out against those who would destroy our nation”, continued with a stirring address on Communism and the American Flag.

CHARLOTTE KELLEY JONES,
Regent.

Philadelphia (Philadelphia, Pa.). The annual meeting of Philadelphia Chapter was held on May third last, when officers for the next three years were elected. The newly elected regent is Mrs. Hamilton R. Disston.

Highlights of the report of Mrs. Irvin R. MacElwee, historian, were that the chapter for many years has given two scholarships to two students at Tamasssee, amounting to $400.00 a year; that the Building Fund was far over the quota with a total of $2,953.00, most of which was given in honor of Mrs. Van Court Carwithen, past Historian General; the Valley Forge Memorial Bell Tower $530.00 and many cook books and cards had been sold. The gift of $105.00 to Ellis Island was the largest contributed by any chapter in the state of Pennsylvania. Many awards have been made of American History books and medals in Philadelphia schools. There has been a splendid increase in membership and a vast amount of work accomplished by the National Defense and other Committees.

The retiring regent, Mrs. George C. Lewis, presented an Honorary Regent’s pin to the chapter’s most beloved, distinguished and outstanding member, Mrs. Van Court Carwithen, past Historian General.

Philadelphia Chapter was organized August 11, 1892 and in the past fifty-eight years of the chapter’s history Mrs. Carwithen is the first to be elected an honorary regent. The 355 members of the chapter take pride in thus recognizing the splendid achievements of Mrs. Carwithen in the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARCIA MOSS LEWIS,
Ex-Regent.

Correction

THE very excellent report of the Missouri State Conference, held March 14-16 in Kansas City, Missouri, was duly received in this office and appeared in the June issue of the Magazine. As it came typed in single space, which form the printers will not accept, the report had to be re-typed in double space. In doing the copying, the typist inadvertently omitted the fact that the Kansas City Chapter was one of the hostess chapters. We are indeed sorry for the omission and take this opportunity of making correction.
HERE we have another American historical view on Staffordshire china, the William Penn Treaty with the Indians in 1682, the famous treaty of Shackamaxon, in brown and white transfer. But how Oriental the scene is! This platter is an example of the small number of transfer ware subjects designated fantastic in the interpretation of an American scene. It is noticeable that the few subjects which are not true representations are those dealing with the very earliest history of the "new continent," as The Landing of Columbus topic. The transfers were done from previous conceptions of the new world, which, at that time, were confused with Marco Polo's travels.

Thomas Green, operator of the Minerva Works in Fenton, Staffordshire, England, who is described as a compatriot of William Penn, chose as his sole American subject this famous treaty. He put out a dozen different versions. The platter pictured is one of two views (the writer's research reveals) in which Penn is seated. In the other views he is standing with various numbers of attendants and Indians. All of the versions portray exotic scenery, palm trees, ferns, coconut fruit and Chinese pagoda type architecture in the distance. Certainly, the draftsmen had made up for their lack of knowledge with vivid imaginations! However, Penn is recognizable in practically all the versions, although one view is spoken of in which he is dressed as a mandarin.

In reality the William Penn Treaty was agreed to on the banks of the Delaware River under a spreading elm, and not under the coconut palm shown. This Treaty fostered and secured a most beneficial friendship between the savages and the pioneers of Pennsylvania, making possible the famous "City of Brotherly Love."

The border on this platter is rather unique, not the usual floral one, but lace-like in its effect, produced by diamond shapes, slanting and zig-zag lines.
**Genealogical Department**

**MARRIAGE NOTICES**

From *The Raleigh Register and The North Carolina State Gazette, 1799-1803*

Compiled by CARRIE L. BROUGHTON, North Carolina State Librarian. From the files in the North Carolina State Library, Raleigh, N. C.

1799


Hancock, Rev. Roger to Betsey Fowler, Oct., Wake county. R. R. Oct. 22, 1806

Jones, Jane to John Vail, Dec. 6, Newbern. R. R. Dec. 17, 1806

Neale, Peggy to Major G. Painter, Oct. 17, Burlington. R. R. Nov. 12, 1799

Painter, Major G. to Peggy Neale, Oct. 17, Burlington. R. R. Nov. 12, 1799

Pasteur, Dr. James of Raleigh to Miss Shepard of Glasgow county, Nov. 14. R. R. Dec. 3, 1799


Shepard, Miss of Glasgow county to Dr. James Pasteur of Raleigh, Nov. 14. R. R. Dec. 3, 1799

Vail, John to Jane Jones, Dec. 6, Newbern. R. R. Dec. 17, 1799

Wills, Henry of Edenton to Miles Lydia Brower of New York, Nov. 1, New York. R. R. Dec. 3, 1799

1800


Crawford, Charles M. of Beaufort county to Sidney C. Bryan of Newbern, Apr., Beaufort county. R. R. Apr. 22, 1800

Daily, Ann G. to John Snead, Mar. 26, Newbern. R. R. Apr. 8, 1800

Davis, Nancy to Josiah Dillard, Feb., Fayetteville. R. R. Feb. 18, 1800

Dillard, Josiah to Nancy Davis, Feb., Fayetteville. R. R. Feb. 18, 1800

Everett, Cynthia of Johnston county to Samuel Walton of Wake county, Nov. R. R. Dec. 2, 1800

Hunt, Betsey to Ohborn Hunter of Johnston county, Nov. 27, Franklin county. R. R. Dec. 2, 1800

Hunter, Ohborn of Johnston county to Betsey Hunt, Nov. 27, Franklin county. R. R. Dec. 2, 1800

James, Polly to Capt. George Sears, Feb. 23, Newbern. R. R. Mar. 11, 1800

Jones, William of Johnston county to Elizabeth Turner of Wake county, Dec. 2. R. R. Dec. 9, 1800


Kelly, Betsey to John Oliver, My. 1, Newbern. R. R. Je. 17, 1800

Lamb, Mary to Sally Simmons, My. 22, Wilmington. R. R. Aug. 5, 1800

Lindsay, Eliza of Newbern to Samuel Williams of Edenton, Apr. 2, Newbern. R. R. Apr. 22, 1800

Long, Nancy to Jordan Thomas, Jan. 16, Franklin county. R. R. Feb. 4, 1800


Mahry, Polly to John Young of Wake county, Mar. 3, Raleigh. R. R. Mar. 4, 1800

M’Lemore, Robert to Barbara Williams, Jan. 16, Franklin county. R. R. Feb. 4, 1800

Oliver, John to Betsey Kelly, My. 1, Newbern. R. R. Je. 17, 1800


Scurlock, William to Apphia Taylor, Dec., Pittsborough. R. R. Dec. 9, 1800

Sears, Capt. George to Polly James, Feb. 23, Newbern. R. R. Mar. 11, 1800

Seawell, Henry of Raleigh to Gracy Hinton, Apr. 3, Wake county. R. R. Apr. 8, 1800

Sharp, Elizabeth of Hillsborough to Jacob Wil- fong of Raleigh, Sept., Hillsborough. R. R. Sept. 16, 1800

Shepard, Mrs. Martha J. of Greene county to Joseph Scurlock of Chatham county, Jly. 13, Greene county. R. R. Aug. 5, 1800

Simmons, Sally to Mark Lamb, Jly. 22, Wilmington. R. R. Aug. 5, 1800

Snear, John to Ann G. Daily, Mar. 26, Newbern. R. R. Apr. 8, 1800


Thomas, Jordan to Nancy Long, Jan. 16, Franklin county. R. R. Feb. 4, 1800

Turner, Elizabeth of Wake county to William Jones of Johnston county, Dec. 2. R. R. Dec. 9, 1800


Wilsong, Jacob of Raleigh to Elizabeth Sharp of Hillsborough, Sept., Hillsborough. R. R. Sept. 16, 1800

Wilkins, Samuel of Edenton to Eliza Lindsay of Newbern, Apr. 2, Newbern. R. R. Apr. 22, 1800

Young, John to Polly Mahry of Wake county, Mar. 3, Raleigh. R. R. Mar. 4, 1800

[832]
1801

Armstrong, Sally to James Coman, Jan. 15, Raleigh. R. R. Jan. 20, 1801
Avery, Jonathan to Polly Cook, Apr. 19, Wilmington. R. R. Apr. 28, 1801
Binford, Susan of Northampton county to Daniel Mason of Halifax county, Nov. 10. R. R. Nov. 17, 1801
Bland, Polly to Thomas Olive, Apr. 12, Raleigh. R. R. Apr. 14, 1801
Boylan, William of Raleigh to Betsey M'Colloch of Halifax, Nov. 4, Halifax county. R. R. Nov. 10, 1801
Bragg, John of Craven county to Mrs. Mary Taylor of Newbern, Sept. 1, Newbern. R. R. Sept. 22, 1801
Bryan, John Arthur to Eliza Smith, Nov. 26, Johnston county. R. R. Dec. 8, 1801
Caswell, Dollon of Newbern to Lemuel Hatch of Jones county, My. 21, Craven county. R. R. Je. 2, 1801
Caswell, Sally R. of Raleigh to Grove Wright of Greenville, My. 14. R. R. Je. 9, 1801
Comas, James to Sally Armstrong, Jan. 15, Raleigh. R. R. Jan. 20, 1801
Cook, Polly to Jonathan Avery, Apr. 19, Wilmington. R. R. Apr. 28, 1801
Craig, Alexander to Jane Strayhorn, Je. 11, Orange county. R. R. Je. 30, 1801
Daniel, William of Raleigh to Kitty Hicks, Feb. 5, Wake county. R. R. Feb. 10, 1801
Dickson, Capt. William of Ashe county to Peggy McDowell, Je. 4, Burke county. R. R. Jly. 7, 1801
Eaton, John R. of Granville county to Miss Somerville, Sept. 15, Granville county. R. R. Sept. 22, 1801
Grove, William B. of Fayetteville to Sally Shephard of Orange county, Aug. 11. R. R. Aug. 18, 1801
Hatch, Lemuel of Jones county to Mrs. Dollon Caswell of Newbern, My. 21, Craven county. R. R. Je. 2, 1801
Henderson, Archibald of Salisbury to Sally Alexander of Mecklenburg county, Aug. R. R. Aug. 18, 1801
Hicks, Kitty to William Daniel of Raleigh, Feb. 5, Wake county. R. R. Feb. 10, 1801
Jennings, Mrs. Ann to Thomas Jennings, Oct. 29, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 10, 1801
Jennings, Thomas to Mrs. Ann Jennings, Oct. 29, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 10, 1801
Jones, Hardy to Peggy Meairs, Feb. 26, Raleigh. R. R. Mar. 3, 1801
Lowthrop, Jane to John S. Pasteur, Apr., Newbern. R. R. Apr. 21, 1801
M'Colloch, Betsey of Halifax to William Boylan of Raleigh, Nov. 4, Halifax county. R. R. Nov. 10, 1801
Macon, Miss of Warren county to William Martin of Granville county, Nov. Warren county. R. R. Nov. 17, 1801
Martin, William of Granville county to Miss Macon of Warren county, Nov. Warren county. R. R. Nov. 17, 1801
Mason, Daniel of Halifax county to Susan Binford of Northampton county, Nov. 10. R. R. Nov. 17, 1801
Massenburg, Dr. Gargiel of Raleigh to Nancy Brier of Franklin county, Dec. 24, Franklin county. R. R. Dec. 29, 1801
Mears, Peggy to Hardy Jones, Feb. 26, Raleigh. R. R. Mar. 3, 1801
Murphey, A. D. of Hillsborough to Jane Scott of Orange county, Nov. 12, Orange county. R. R. Nov. 17, 1801
Nichols, John to Polly Thompson, Oct. 25, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 3, 1801
Nixon, Polly to Alexander Torrans, Mar. 12, Newbern. R. R. Mar. 24, 1801
Osborne, Mr. of Salisbury to Harriet Walker of Wilmington, Dec. 18, Wilmington. R. R. Jan. 20, 1801
Pasteur, John S. to Jane Lowthrop, Apr., Newbern. R. R. Apr. 21, 1801
Polk, Col. William of Raleigh to Sally Hawkins, Jan. 1, Warren county. R. R. Jan. 6, 1801
Scott, Jane of Orange county to A. D. Murphey of Hillsborough, Nov. 12, Orange county. R. R. Nov. 17, 1801
Shepherd, Sally of Orange county to William B. Grove of Fayetteville, Aug. 11. R. R. Aug. 18, 1801
Smith, Eliza to John Arthur Bryan, Nov. 26, Johnston county. R. R. Dec. 8, 1801
Somerville, Miss to John R. Eaton of Granville county, Sept. 15, Granville county. R. R. Sept. 22, 1801
Strayhorn, Jane to Alexander Craig, Je. 11, Orange county. R. R. Je. 30, 1801
Taylor, Mrs. Mary of Newbern to John Bragg of Craven county, Sept. 1, Newbern. R. R. Sept. 22, 1801
Thomas, Olive to Polly Bland, Apr. 12, Raleigh. R. R. Apr. 14, 1801
Thompson, Polly to John Nichols, Oct. 25, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 3, 1801
Torrans, Alexander of Newbern to Polly Nixon, Mar. 12, Newbern. R. R. Mar. 24, 1801
Walker, Harriet of Wilmington to Mr. Osborne of Salisbury, Dec. 18, Wilmington. R. R. Jan. 20, 1801
Wright, Grove of Greenville to Sally R. Caswell of Raleigh, My. 14. R. R. Je. 9, 1801.

1802

Brown, Polly to Moses Jarvis, Apr. 22, Newbern. R. R. My. 11, 1802
Burgwin, Carolina of Wilmington to George C. Clitherrall of Charleston, My. 4. R. R. My. 18, 1802
Christophers, C. to Betsey Lane, Feb. 14, Raleigh. R. R. Feb. 16, 1802
Clarke, Jas. to Arebella Toole, Jan. 4, Tarboro. R. R. Jan. 12, 1802
Clitherrall, George C. of Charleston to Caroline Burgwin of Wilmington, My. 4. R. R. My. 18, 1802
Cooke, Susannah to Hanson Kelly, Feb. 4, Wilmington. R. R. Feb. 16, 1802
Creightown, Wm. to Ellen Eastwood of Savannah. Ga., Jly. 25, Wilmington. R. R. Aug. 2, 1802
Davis, Mrs. Elizabeth to Richard Overton, Aug. 1, Rockingham county. R. R. Aug. 30, 1802
Davis, Thomas H. of Wilmington to Sarah Eagles of Brunswick county, Oct. 28, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 1, 1802
Dekeyfer, Caroline to John Winslow, My. 24, Fayetteville. R. R. My. 25, 1802
Dickson, Dr. Wm. of Tennessee to Polly Gray of Franklin county, Aug. 19, Nashville, Tenn. R. R. Oct. 18, 1802
Dolton, John to Eliza W. Gentry, Jan. 12, Rockingham county. R. R. Jan. 26, 1802
Eagles, Richard to Margaret Jones, Dec. 21, Wilmington. R. R. Dec. 27, 1802
Eagles, Sarah of Brunswick county to Thomas H. Davis of Wilmington, Oct. 28, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 1, 1802
Eastwood, Ellen to Wm. Creighton of Savannah, Ga., Jly. 25, Wilmington. R. R. Aug. 2, 1802
Galloway, Mrs. James to Joseph Gentry, Jan. 5, Rockingham county. R. R. Jan. 26, 1802
Geer, Gilbert to Sarah Kemp, Dec. 21, Wilmington. R. R. Dec. 27, 1802
Gentry, Eliza W. to John Dolton, Jan. 12, Rockingham county. R. R. Jan. 26, 1802
Gentry, Joseph to Mrs. James Galloway, Jan. 5, Rockingham county. R. R. Jan. 26, 1802
Gilmor, Sally of Cumberland county to Simon Stephens, Nov., Wake county. R. R. Nov. 22, 1802
Gray, Polly of Franklin county to Dr. Wm. Dickson of Tennessee, Aug. 19, Nashville, Tenn. R. R. Oct. 18, 1802
Gregory, William of Camden county to Martha Long, Jly. 6, Halifax. R. R. Jly. 26, 1802
Hays, Esther of Guilford county to Arthur Scott of Baltimore, Feb. 26, Guilford county. R. R. Mar. 16, 1802
Hurley, Mrs. Elizabeth to Paris J. Tillinghast, Jly. 15, Fayetteville. R. R. Aug. 2, 1802
Jarvis, Moses to Polly Brown, Apr. 22, Newbern. R. R. My. 11, 1802
Kelly, Hanson to Susannah Cooke, Feb. 4, Wilmington. R. R. Feb. 16, 1802
Kemp, Sarah to Gilbert Geer, Dec. 21, Wilmington. R. R. Dec. 27, 1802
Kenan, Catharine to John Macoll, Aug. 15, Wilmington. R. R. Aug. 23, 1802
Kennon, Nancy of Pitt county to Southy Bond of Raleigh, Oct., Pitt county. R. R. Oct. 18, 1802
Lacy, William to Sally B. Overton, Je. 24, Rockingham county. R. R. Jly. 5, 1802
Lane, Betsey to C. Christophers, Feb. 14, Raleigh. R. R. Feb. 16, 1802
Long, George W. of Halifax to Sarah Lewis of Granville county, My. 13. R. R. My. 8, 1802
Long, Martha to William Gregory of Camden county, Jly. 6, Halifax. R. R. Jly. 26, 1802
M'Kenzie, Mrs. Eliza to John Willkings, Nov. 13, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Macoll, John to Catharine Kenan, Aug. 15, Wilmington. R. R. Aug. 23, 1802
Marshall, Thomas to Miss Watson, Nov., Newbern. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Moseley, Maria to Carlston Walker, Dec. 24, Wilmington. R. R. Jan. 5, 1802
Neal, James to Abigail Peebles, Dec. 19, Chatham county. R. R. Dec. 20, 1802
Overton, Richard to Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, Aug. 1, Rockingham county. R. R. Aug. 30, 1802
Overton, Sally B. to William Lacy, Je. 24, Rockingham county. R. R. Jly. 5, 1802
Peebles, Abigail to James Neal, Dec. 19, Chatham county. R. R. Dec. 20, 1802
Scott, Arthur of Baltimore to Esther Hays of Guilford county, Feb. 26, Guilford county. R. R. Mar. 16, 1802
Smith, Winifred to Nathan Stevens, Jan. 7, Wake county. R. R. Jan. 12, 1802
Smith, Samuel to Sally Williams, Nov., Newbern. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Stephens, Simon to Sally Gilmore of Cumberland county, Nov., Wake county. R. R. Nov. 22, 1802
Stevens, Nathan to Winifred Smith, Jan. 7, Wake county. R. R. Jan 12, 1802
Stoutenburg, Mrs. Rebecca to Jeffe Wingate, Nov. 3, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Thomas, Margaret of Nash county to John Alston of Halifax county, Oct. R. R. Oct. 25, 1802
Tinker, Susannah to Capt. Samuel Torrans, Oct. 21, Newbern. R. R. Nov. 1, 1802
Toole, Arabella to Jas. Clarke, Jan. 4, Tarborough. R. R. Jan. 12, 1802
Torrans, Capt. Samuel to Susannah Tinker, Oct. 21, Newbern. R. R. Nov. 1, 1802
Walker, Carlston to Maria Mosely, Dec. 24, Wilmington. R. R. Jan. 5, 1802
Watson, Miss to Thomas Marshall, Nov., Newbern. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Williams, Sally to Samuel Smyth, Nov., Newbern. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Willkings, John to Mrs. Eliza M'Kenzie, Nov. 13, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Wingate, Jeffe to Mrs. Rebecca Stoutenburg, Nov. 3, Wilmington. R. R. Nov. 15, 1802
Winslow, John to Caroline DeKeyfer, My. 24, Fayetteville. R. R. My. 25, 1802

1803
Alston, Temperance to Atherton Dawson, My. 12, Warren county. R. R. My. 16, 1803
Barge, Richard to Miss Parker of Cape Fear, Oct. 18, Fayetteville. R. R. Oct. 24, 1803
Branch, John Jr. to Elizabeth Foort, Apr. 6, Halifax county. R. R. Apr. 11, 1803
Bennet, Rebecca of Orange county to Duncan Cameron of Hillsborough, Mar., Orange county. R. R. Mr. 7, 1803
Bird, Miss to Lewis Atkins, Oct. 18, Wake county. R. R. Oct. 24, 1803
Bludworth, William of New Hanover county to Mary Larkins, My. 5. R. R. My. 16, 1803
Blythe, Mrs. Mary to Charles Carrol, Apr., Wilmington. R. R. My. 2, 1803
Boyd, Jane of Mecklenburg county, Va., to John D. Hawkins of Raleigh, My. 2, Mecklenburg county, Va. R. R. My. 16, 1803
Bush, Mrs. William to Needham Whitfield of Wayne county, Jly. 10, Jones county. R. R. Aug. 8, 1803
Caldwell, Rev. Joseph to Susan Roan, Jly. 16, Fayetteville. R. R. Jly. 18, 1803
Cameron, Duncan of Hillsborough to Rebecca Bennehan of Orange county, Mar., Orange county. R. R. Mar. 7, 1803

Campbell, Peggy to Isaham Edwards, Sept. 29, Person county. R. R. Oct. 17, 1803

Carroll, Charles to Mrs. Mary Blythe, Apr., Wilmington. R. R. My. 2, 1803

Cochran, Mrs. to James Turner, Sept. 10, Warren- ront. R. R. Sept. 19, 1803

Cohen, Miss of Charleston, S. C., to Aaron Lazarus of Wilmington, My. 10, Charleston, S. C. R. R. My. 6, 1803

Dawson, Atherton to Temperance Alston, My. 12, Warren county. R. R. My. 16, 1803

Edwards, Isaham to Peggy Campbell, Sept. 29, Person county. R. R. Oct. 17, 1803

Foort, Elizabeth to John Branch, Jr., Apr. 6, Halifax county. R. R. Apr. 11, 1803

Fulwood, Mrs. Ann to Ezekiel Smith, Apr. 17, Brunswick county. R. R. My. 2, 1803


Geddy, Missaw of Raleigh to William Hall of Haywood county, Jan. 6, Franklin county. R. R. Jan. 10, 1803

Gillespie, Elizabeth of Duplin county to Aaron Morgan of New Hanover county, My. R. R. My. 16, 1803

Gilmore, Stephen to Miss Teams, Jan., Cumberland county. R. R. Jan. 10, 1803


Hall, Dr. Thomas to Mrs. Sittgreaves, Jan. 6, Halifax. R. R. Jan. 17, 1803

Hall, William of Haywood county to Misshaw Geddy of Raleigh, Jan. 6, Franklin county. R. R. Jan. 10, 1803

Harrison, Mr. to Sally Jones, Aug. 25, Newbern. R. R. Sept. 5, 1803

Hawkins, John D. of Raleigh to Jane Boyd of Mecklenburg county, Va., My. 2, Mecklenburg county, Va. R. R. My. 16, 1803

Hay, Susan to William Gaston of Newbern, Sept. 4, Fayetteville. R. R. Sept. 19, 1803

Henderson, Polly to John Lacey, My., Rockingham county. R. R. My. 30, 1803

Holcroft, Courtney to Colonel John Ingle, Nov. 17, Wake county. R. R. Nov. 14, 1803

Hunter, Henry of Wake county to Nancy Seawell of Franklin county, Dec. 7, Franklin county. R. R. Dec. 12, 1803

Ingle, Colonel John to Courtney Holcroft, Nov. 12, Wake county. R. R. Nov. 14, 1803

Jeffreys, Mrs. of Person county to James Thompson, Feb. 17, Wake county. R. R. Feb. 22, 1803


Jones, Martha B. to James Turner, My., Halifax county. R. R. My. 16, 1803


Jones, Sally to Mr. Harrison, Aug. 25, Newbern. R. R. Sept. 5, 1803

Kollock, Mary of New Jersey to Frederic Nash of Newbern, Sept., Elizabethtown, N. J. R. R. Sept. 19, 1803

Lacey, John to Polly Henderson, My., Rockingham county. R. R. My. 30, 1803

Larkins, Mary to William Bludworth of New Hanover county, My. 5. R. R. My. 16, 1803

Lazarus, Aaron of Wilmington to Miss Cohen of Charleston, S. C., My. 10, Charleston, S. C. R. R. Je. 6, 1803

M'rackan, James to Marianne Wingate, Nov. 6, Fayetteville. R. R. Nov. 14, 1803

M'Ree, Helen to Mr. Turner of Sampson county, Mar., Cumberland county. R. R. Mar. 21, 1803

Martin, Susanna to Thomas Brownrigg, Dec. 29, Halifax. R. R. Jan. 17, 1803

Moore, Jas. to Jean L. Overton, My. 19, Fayetteville. R. R. My. 30, 1803

Morgan, Polly to Richard Stanford, Sept. 11, Person county. R. R. Sept. 26, 1803

Morgan, Aaron of New Hanover county to Elizabeth Giuspie of Duplin county, My. R. R. My. 16, 1803

Naah, Elizabeth S. to Robert Ogden, Je., Newbern. R. R. Je. 20, 1803

Naah, Frederic of Newbern to Mary Kollection New Jersey, Sept., Elizabethtown, N. J. R. R. Sept. 19, 1803

Ogden, Robert to Elizabeth S. Nash, Je., Newbern. R. R. Je. 20, 1803

Overton, Jean L. to Jas. Moore, My. 19, Fayetteville. R. R. My. 30, 1803

Palmer, James of Hawfields to Polly Jones, Dec. 26, Wake county. R. R. Jan. 4, 1803

Parish, John of Raleigh to Miss Sims of Wake county, Mar. 1. R. R. Mar. 7, 1803

Parker, Miss of Cape Fear to Richard Barge, Oct. 18, Fayetteville. R. R. Oct. 24, 1803

Potts, Jeffe to Nancy Starling, Sept. 4, Fayetteville. R. R. Sept. 19, 1803


Roan, Susan to Rev. Joseph Caldwell, Jly. 16, Fayetteville. R. R. Jly. 18, 1803


Sims, Miss of Wake county to John Parish of Raleigh, Mar. 1. R. R. Mar. 7, 1803

Sittgreaves, Mrs. to Dr. Thomas Hall, Jan. 6, Halifax. R. R. Jan. 17, 1803

Smith, Ezekiel to Mrs. Ann Fulwood, Apr. 17, Brunswick county. R. R. My. 2, 1803

Stanford, Richard to Polly Moore, Sept. 11, Person county. R. R. Sept. 26, 1803

Starling, Nancy to Jeffe Potts, Sept. 4, Fayetteville. R. R. Sept. 19, 1803

Taylor, Charles of Granville county to Miss Turner of Wake county, Nov. 23. R. R. Nov. 28, 1803

Teams, Miss to Stephen Gilmore, Jan., Cumberland county. R. R. Jan. 10, 1803

Thompson, James of Person county to Mrs. Jeffrey, Feb. 17, Wake county. R. R. Feb. 22, 1803

Turner, James to Martha B. Jones, My., Halifax county. R. R. My. 16, 1803


Turner, Miss of Wake county to Charles Taylor of Granville county, Nov. 23. R. R. Nov. 28, 1803

(Concluded on page 840)
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(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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<td>9 E. Indian Club Drive, Phoenix</td>
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(From page 83)
Turner, Mr. of Sampson county to Helen M'Ree, Mar., Cumberland county. R. R. Mar. 21, 1803
West, Hollon to Colonel Thomas A. Green, Oct. 5, Newbern. R. R. Oct. 24, 1803
Whitfield, Needham of Wayne county to Mrs. William Bush, Jly. 10, Jones county. R. R. Aug. 8, 1803
Wingate, Marianne to James M'Rackan, Nov. 6, Fayetteville. R. R. Nov. 14, 1803

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