SCRAP BOOK

NEWS

Father Niemoeller

He named his son Martin, and he preached fearlessly

By Ewart Edmund Turner

Word comes belatedly from Germany that Heinrich Niemoeller, father of Martin Niemoeller, has gone on to the Church Triumphant. He died during the third week of March, at eighty-two years of age.

"Father Niemoeller," as he is affectionately called, played a dramatic and decisive part in maintaining the spiritual resistance of the Confessional Church in Germany. This has been increasingly so each month since Hitler ordered Martin Niemoeller's arrest on July 1, 1937.

One bright day in August, just before this war broke out, I arrived in a beautiful upper-tal city of the Rhineland, Elberfeld. Here Martin Niemoeller had been brought up, and here his parents still resided.

Now it happened that a Nazi pastor was one of the four pastors on the staff of the large Elberfeld church. It also happened that, because of rotation, the preaching schedule for the next fell to the Nazi pastor to determine. And he proceeded to assign the services to himself and to a few near by supine worshipers, excluding from the pulpit all preaching of the historic Christian faith.

Having emptied the pulpit of the faithful, the Nazi pastor also succeeded in emptying the pews of the faithful. They began to gather in parish homes for services conducted by the three loyal pastors. Such overcrowdings kept occurring that some other solution was sought. By the time I arrived in Elberfeld a happy solution had been found. Songs were sung and the Word preached in a dance hall.

Father Niemoeller, a pulpit giant in his own right, began drawing ever larger crowds. The longer his son Martin languished in the Elberfeld people realized that they had after confinement for the gospel's sake, responsibility to share Niemoeller's ministry with other embattled congregations. Thus began the itinerary which developed

COLONEL WILLIAM WATTS, C.S.A.
(1817-1877)

orty-Eighth Annual Convention

VIRGINIA DIVISION

d Daughters of the Confederacy

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

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WILLIAM WATTS CHAPTER
SOUTHERN CROSS CHAPTER
ROANOKE CHAPTER
SPONSORS

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uesday, October 5, to Thursday, October 7, 1943

Distributed by
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When Paula Niemoeller entered the study of the Elberfeld parsonage I learned that Martin did resemble one of his parents, for he bears no facial similarity to his father. From his father he inherited the aptness of applying Scripture to life situations, a spontaneity of personality that flows out into the task at hand, an exuberant capacity for friendship, and what the Germans term "the Wesphalian thick skull," a dogged stubbornness to finish a task begun. From his mother, according to one of his colleagues, Martin inherited "the tendency to take things harder and more passionately."

I carry with me always a photo of Martin Niemoeller given to me by his saintly father. On the back he wrote with firm hand, in German: "Heartiest greetings from Martin's parents, D. (for "doctor") Heinrich Niemoeller, Paula Niemoller. Micah 7.7-11." "You preach a sermon on that," he said as he handed me the photo. I did, the Sunday after he died.

(Note—*Mr. Turner is pastor of the Yellow Meeting House, Dracut, Mass., and formerly pastor of the American Church in Berlin. Editor.*)

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ROAN

ANS TOLD SCHOOL

WAR MOTHER GETS LETTER FROM NIMITZ—Mrs. Clara B. Ballou, 509 Eleventh street, S. W., here is shown receiving from Chief Quartermaster P. L. (Spud) Murphey, USN, a letter of condolence which was given to him personally by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, at Honolulu, T. H.

Chief Murphey, a very close friend of Mrs. Ballou's son, William Edward Ballou, chief electrician's mate, who has been reported missing, flew in from Honolulu and arrived here Friday to present the letter. He will visit his mother in Dallas, Texas, before returning to Honolulu.

Behind Mrs. Ballou hangs the service flag with five stars for her five sons, all of them navy men. Inset (upper right) is a Silver Star medal which has been presented to her missing son and which she received earlier in the week from the navy department. (Times staff photo.)

ying Many Of Lee's Prec

UDC PRESENTS CROSS TO HIM

Decoration Is Bestowed at Charlottesville

CHARLOTTESVILLE, June 4 (AP).—Lt. Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift, marine corps commandant, received the Confederate Cross of military service from the United Daughters of the Confederacy here today, and said that many of the precepts of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson had been followed with benefit by American military leaders in this war.

Had Spirit Of Self-denial

Lee's spirit of self-denial and reluctance to unnecessarily sacrifice the life of any of his Confederate soldiers, are among Lee's principles "which our commanders are striving to apply in every way possible," Gen. Vandegrift said, in a prepared speech.

He received the UDC decoration, which may be bestowed upon descendants of Confederate soldiers for distinguished service in this war, at deferred Memorial Day exercises held at the University of Virginia. The cross was presented by the Albemarle (county) chapter of the UDC.

He said that the standards the Confederate Cross represents "are among the highest and most honorable that soldiering men may strive to attain."

At Guadalcanal, he said, "many was the time I gained renewed courage from the recollection of the man, Stonewall Jackson, who achieved so much with so little.

"General Jackson's lessons in mobile movement and surprise stood us in good stead there, and assuredly those tactical qualities have been among the basic components of the subsequent march of the Allied armed forces up through the Pacific."

The general, recalling Jackson's words, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," said that eternal vigilance, now as never before we know, will be the price of peace.

"We cannot unnerve the would-be assailant with words. We cannot stop aggression with appeasement."

Should Include Courage

The American heritage which has "given us the courage to overcome the trials of war" should provide courage to meet those of peace, he continued. "We have the strength now to win the peace. After it is won, let us maintain the strength to keep it."

In referring to present military operations, General Vandegrift said that "our store of plans for swift execution and surprise are far from exhausted. Some are coming soon, others will unfold in due time. At this very moment, our enemies on both sides of the world are waiting tensely, desperately, for blows to fall, but they know not when, or where, or in what manner."

However, he said, "the men and women of our nation must understand that every move we make in the offensives against Germany and Japan is, in some measure, a national risk. The presence of peril must never be discounted, but at the same time it must not shake the determination of the people, any more than it daunts the confidence of the men who face it in the field."

E TIMES
FEBRUARY 14, 1943.

STIGATING COMI

SMYTH'S BEARDED LADY—The late Annie Jones (above), famed a few decades ago as Smyth county's bearded woman, made a fortune displaying her ankle-length tresses and full beard on three globe-circling trips with circuses and theatrical companies. She was born near Chilhowie about 60 years ago. The picture shown here was taken in Lille, France, in 1896, by Jules Ferrand, professional photographer, and shows the small, effeminate Miss Jones in her exquisitely embroidered, pearl-trimmed wedding gown. She was twice married.

BEARDED LADY BORN IN SMYTH

Annie Jones Amassed Fortune as Circus Freak

By CLARA HILL CARNER

MARION, Feb. 13 (Special).—Tradition, mythology and history, as well as the Bible, have furnished many interesting and colorful narratives in which a woman's suite of hair was the theme.

"Bearded Beauty"

Smyth county has its own story, well substantiated by photographs and in the memories of many living citizens of the county, which concerns the "Bearded Beauty," Annie Jones, born near Chilhowie. Her parents were Elias and Margaret Robinson Jones.

As a baby she had a heavy suite of hair and when about 12 years of age a beard began to appear.

Being of an unusual appearance, while yet a child she was kidnaped by a man named White who took her down South. A reward for her recovery was offered by Barnum and Bailey circus. Her mother accompanied a detective who achieved her release.

Being a "freak of nature" she traveled with several circuses and theatrical companies, accompanied by her mother. She made three trips around the world and acquired a sizeable fortune.

Notwithstanding her heavy, full beard, Miss Jones was quite effeminate, being of small sature with small hands and feet.

Twice Married

She was twice married. Her first husband was Richard Elliott of New York, whom she divorced. Her second husband was William Donovan of England.

Dying at the age of 35, several years ago, she lies buried in the Evergreen cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Several relatives still live in Smyth county.

General Eisenhower Is Thoroughly An American In Speech And Actions

By CLARK LEE
Representing the Combined American Press
Distributed by The Associated Press

WITH GEN. EISENHOWER AT AN ADVANCED ALLIED COMMAND POST, Sept. 24 (Delayed).—The first thing that strikes about Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower is that his speech, manners, gestures and even his cuss words couldn't be anything but American. He has absolutely no sophistication in the European sense of continental manners, polished small talk and meaningless chit chat.

This is not to suggest that he cannot take care of himself in any company. He is as much at home with kings as with doughboys, and he is a man of great tact and understanding. But the essential quality that you feel while talking to him or watching him work are his intense sincerity and honesty. You know immediately that he would never compromise in his fight for what he believes to be right.

Have Won Respect

It is those qualities that have won the respect and friendship of his associates and which enable him to quarterback with such great success the all-star backfield of Admiral Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur W. Tedder and Gen. Sir. Harold Alexander, all of them famous British commanders when Eisenhower was still a lieutenant colonel.

Eisenhower's headquarters staff is an all-star team, too, and many of his subordinates have had longer military careers than the general.

In planning an operation like the current invasion of Italy, Eisenhower asks and accepts the advice of his associates, but the final decision is his and so is the responsibility.

Once his mind is made up and a course of action decided upon Eisenhower goes ahead unswervingly, using all his knowledge, skill and resources to bring it to a successful conclusion.

Up to now he has been uniformly successful, but you feel that he has the necessary strength to endure reverses and to meet and survive the setbacks that are bound to come.

Eisenhower's job is essentially a lonely one, its strain unrelieved by the sharp excitement of combat action. For him the greatest period of tension comes between the time an operation is decided upon and its actual beginning, until the ships and landing craft are already underway to their invasion points and the paratroops and planes are in the air and it is too late to call off the attack.

Puts Thought Aside

Then he relaxes a little during that period of "sweating it out"—an overworked G. I. expression that applies to almost any situation involving waiting for something to happen. Eisenhower faces in his own mind the fact that a great many soldiers will die in the operation he has planned. Then as any soldier must do, whether private or general, he puts that thought aside and goes ahead with his work.

This writer has known Eisenhower only a few days and is not going to attempt to tell his life story, but here are a few personal notes about the general:

Most of the personnel at headquarters refer to him as "General Ike," including the British officers. His aides call him "The Boss." The aides are Maj. Tex Lee, a breezy San Antonian who was formerly an automobile salesman, and Commander Harry C. Butcher, who left a job as vice-president of Columbia Broadcasting to join the navy.

The general's reading tastes are somewhat confusing. He likes anything that is well written. Aboard the plane in which he covers the huge area he commands there is a well-selected shelf of classics.

En route to headquarters two days before the invasion of Italy he picked up Ivanhoe and read with absorption for a couple of hours. He also is very fond of westerns and goes through an occasional pulp with interest. He doesn't care for who dunnits.

Watched Planes Fly

The night before our invasion of Sicily he stood on the coast of Africa and watched the parachute planes fly by. On the eve of the Fifth army's landing at Salerno he went to bed at 10 p. m. and read for a while (here is a chance for a free ad. The book was this writer's "They Call It Pacific"). It didn't keep him awake long and next morning he pointed out a mistake I had made in regard to the Philippines, where the general served with MacArthur for several years.

Eisenhower never sleeps longer than exactly six hours. Then an alarm clock in his busy brain seems to awaken him. If he goes to bed at 10 he is up at 4 a. m. looking for coffee.

The general is as happy as any G. I. when he gets mail from home. In other periods of his army service he has been separated from his family but never for such an indefinite assignment as this one. He thinks it wonderful and a little surprising when he receives a batch of letters. He wishes his wife would use V mail, which is faster than any other.

His cuss words are the standard ones that have become part of the American vocabulary. He has no theatrical mannerisms, gestures or expressions and no personal vanity except that he is proud of his excellent physical condition.

Has Powerful Chest

He has the powerful chest of a wrestler, but is not muscle-bound. He walks with the spring step of a halfback. As a young man he played baseball and football and boxed with skill and enthusiasm and he occasionally uses sports slang. A knee injury forced him to give up contact sports and turn to gymnastics.

On a visit to North Africa some months ago Gen. George C. Marshall ordered Gen. Eisenhower to spend more time away from his office and he now rides horseback and swims once in a while. His tan is so even that it looks as if it were painted on with a spraygun and the color blends with his meager graying hair. His eyes are a vivid blue and his teeth perfect.

He likes good food but eats moderately and has no difficulty keeping his weight at 180 pounds. While conversing, he smokes four or five cigarettes an hour. A physical examination before his recent promotion to the permanent rank of major general showed him to be in perfect condition.

His associates say that his honors decorations and victories have not changed him at all. He likes bridge but seldom has a chance to play. One of his favorite partners is Maj. Gen. Alfred Gruenther, an outstanding expert since his West Point days.

Since last November Gen. "Ike" and Gruenther have had five evenings of cards with Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark and Commander Butcher as their opponents. Clark and Butcher won three times at a tenth of a cent a point. In their last game a few days before the Salerno invasion, which Clark commanded, Eisenhower and Gruenther came out $31.80 each winners. Clark, however, was somewhat distracted during the evening.

Ahead of Time

Eisenhower is always a few minutes ahead of time for appointments. If he tells his pilot that he will take off at 6:30 a. m. the general will be at the field at 6:25.

He is punctual because he realizes that if he is late there will be a similar delay all down the long chain of people whose movements are dependent on his.

He learned to fly in the Philippines but is not a first class pilot. Once in a while he takes the controls of his plane in the air. He recently "landed" small cabin plane five feet off the ground. The result was a big bump when the plane squashed down, but nobody was hurt.

Except on rare occasions, he pays no attention to enemy propaganda. He is not interested in what the Germans or Japs have to say. An exception was during the Salerno landing when the Berlin radio claimed another Dunkerque was developing. The general commented that those claims were nonsensical.

Reads Western Stories

The telephone by his bed is an extension of a line in Commander Butcher's room. Butcher answers calls during the night and if the matter is urgent enough goes in and wakes the general. To go back to sleep Eisenhower reads a few pages of a Western story.

Recently a new group of courier officers were assigned to the headquarters. One of them got into the general's bedroom early one morning and asked: "Are you Gen. Eisenhower?"

"Yes."

"May I see your credentials, please?"

Eisenhower produced his credentials and the officer handed over his message.

The same thing occurred the next morning with another officer while the general was at breakfast. Again he showed his identification. Then he arranged for all the new couriers to have a good look at "my mug."

Never Plays Poker

Eisenhower loves poker but never plays. He learned the game from cowboys in the Midwest where they play for keeps. As a young army officer he won a lot of money. Learning that a fellow officer had lost so heavily at poker that his career was threatened, Eisenhower persuaded him to give up the game and stopped playing himself.

He has several superstitions. He keeps his seven lucky coins in his pocket in a special leather bag. In tight spots he takes one out and rubs it ceremoniously. He thinks Friday is his lucky day. The

HELP UNCLE SAM
GET IN THE THIRD WAR LOAN

Irritability Unnatural

Not all irritability is caused by vexations of war conditions. Frequently eye-strain or improper vision is the cause of nervousness. This may be due to the need of glasses or changing those you now wear. If your eyes need glasses, only the best are good enough for "The only pair of eyes you'll ever have!"

THE S. GALESKI OPTICAL CO.

Medical Arts Building

Mrs Burt

COLONEL WILLIAM WATTS, C.S.A.
(1817-1877)

Forty-Eighth Annual Convention

VIRGINIA DIVISION

United Daughters of the Confederacy

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

★

WILLIAM WATTS CHAPTER
SOUTHERN CROSS CHAPTER
ROANOKE CHAPTER
SPONSORS

★

Tuesday, October 5, to Thursday, October 7, 1943

Dedication

This program is dedicated to the memory of Colonel William Watts, who was born at Flat Creek, Campbell County, Virginia, on December 20, 1817.

Colonel Watts' army record in the Confederate States Army (1861-1865) was highly honorable.

He enlisted in March, 1861, at Salem, Roanoke County, Virginia, in a company known as the "Roanoke Grays."

That company ("Roanoke Grays") joined the 28th Virginia Regiment at Lynchburg in April of that same year.

William Watts, then a lieutenant of Infantry, received rapid promotion and in the latter part of the war he was made colonel of the regiment.

That regiment fought through the Battles of Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Antietam, Second Manassas and other battles, and formed part of "Pickett's Division" at Gettysburg. It gave noble and invaluable service in the Gettysburg engagement.

Colonel Watts died on May 1, 1877, in his 69th year. He was buried at "Oaklands," the family home, just outside the corporate limits of Roanoke City.

The local William Watts Camp of Confederate Veterans and the William Watts Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, were both named in honor of Colonel William Watts.

The local William Watts Chapter, Division Number Eight (No. 8), was the first Chapter organized in Roanoke City and County.

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THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their Wars behind them—God's great Peace before.
They fought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast our woe;
And now the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave!

—Sass

VIRGINIA DIVISION
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

★

OFFICERS OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

President.....Mrs. J. L. Bugg, Farmville, '43
First Vice President.....Mrs. J. M. Graham, Wytheville, '44
Second Vice President.....Mrs. E. A. Hering, Harrisonburg, '44
Third Vice President.....Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, Richmond, '44
Recording Secretary.....Mrs. J. J. Nelms, Petersburg, '43
Treasurer.....Mrs. Janet Freeman, Stony Creek, '44
Corresponding Secretary.....Mrs. J. W. Simmons, Farmville, '43
Registrar.....Mrs. Lewis Littlepage, Norfolk, '44
Historian.....Mrs. Ferguson Cary, Alexandria, '44
Recorder of Crosses.....Mrs. Cecil Morris, Big Stone Gap, '43
Custodian.....Mrs. John C. Gilmer, Bristol, '43

DISTRICT CHAIRMEN

First District.....Mrs. H. C. Graybeal, Radford
Second District.....Mrs. C. F. Williams, Clifton Forge
728 McCormick Street
Third District.....Mrs. H. F. Jones, Appomattox
Fourth District.....Mrs. N. McG. Ewell, Charlottesville
1838 Fendall Avenue
Fifth District.....Miss Mary O. Haw, Hanover Court House
Sixth District.....Miss Mary Stephenson, Box 148, Wakefield

GENERAL INFORMATION

Headquarters of Convention, Hotel Roanoke.

Executive Board Meeting, 2:30 P. M., Tuesday, October 5th, Hotel Roanoke.

Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Committee will meet immediately after Executive Board Meeting.

Credentials Committee Meeting, Hotel Roanoke, Tuesday, October 5th.

Memorial Committee Meeting, Hotel Roanoke, Tuesday, October 5th.

Education Committee Meeting, Hotel Roanoke, Tuesday, October 5th.

Chapter Registrars and all interested members are asked to meet with Mrs. Lewis Littlepage, Division Registrar, on Thursday, October 7th, at 8:45 A. M., in ballroom, Hotel Roanoke.

All Business Sessions will be held in Hotel Roanoke.

Watch the Bulletin Board in Hotel Lobby for Announcements

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EVENTS

Tuesday.....7:00 P. M.....Chapter Presidents' Dinner
Hotel Roanoke

Wednesday.....8:30 P. M.....Historical Evening Program
Hotel Roanoke Ballroom

Program

CHAPTER PRESIDENTS' DINNER

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1943, AT 7 P. M.

HOTEL ROANOKE

MRS. J. M. GRAHAM, *First Vice President*, Presiding

★

Roll Call of Chapters in two Districts

Violin Selections.....MRS. RAYMOND E. CARDWELL
Accompanist, MISS NELLIE STUART

Roll Call of Chapters in two Districts

Solos.....MRS. JOHN R. ANDERSON
"Madrigal".....*Chaminade*
"Coming to the Fair".....*Martin*
Accompanist, MISS NELLIE STUART

Roll Call of Chapters in two Districts

Award of Minnie C. Eller District Banner to the Chairman whose District has accomplished the best general work during the year

BUSINESS SESSION

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1943, AT 9 A. M.

HOTEL ROANOKE BALLROOM

★

Call to Order.....MRS. JAMES LUCKIN BUGG, *President* Virginia Division

Invocation.....DR. J. MANNING POTTS, *Pastor* Greene Memorial Methodist Church

Pledge of Allegiance: "I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Salute to the Confederate Flag: "I salute the Confederate Flag with affection, reverence and undying remembrance."

RITUAL, U. D. C.

(*Prepared by Mrs. J. D. Beale, Montgomery, Ala., 1904*)

PRESIDENT: "Daughters of the Confederacy, this day we are gathered together, in the sight of God, to strengthen the vows of loyalty to our sacred principles; to do homage unto the memory of our gallant Confederate soldiers, and to perpetuate the fame of their noble deeds unto the third and fourth generations. To this end we invoke the aid of our Lord."

PRESIDENT: "Hear my prayer, O God, attend unto my prayer."

RESPONSE BY ALL PRESENT: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is Higher than I."

PRESIDENT: "For Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive and plenteous in mercy unto all them call upon Thee."

RESPONSE: "Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer, and attend to the voice of my supplications."

PRAYER

(*Composed by Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina*)

PRESIDENT: "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we adore Thy Love and Providence in the history of our country, and especially would we thank Thee for our Confederate history.

"We thank Thee for its pure record of virtue, valor, and sacrifice, and for the inspiring reflection that, despite its

bitter disappointments and sorrow, it proclaims for us, to all the world, that we came through its years of trial and struggle with our battered shields pure, and character as a patriotic and courageous people untarnished and nothing to regret in our defense of the rights and honor of our Southland.

"Give us grace, our Heavenly Father, faithfully to accept Thy will concerning us, and make us all to glorify Thee in a sincere obedience to Thy holy commandments, through the merits and mediation of Thy Son, our only Saviour, Jesus Christ."

RESPONSE: "Amen." (The President repeats the Lord's Prayer, followed by all present.)

PRESIDENT: "And now, by the authority in me vested as President of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I do hereby declare this Convention open and ready for business."

Report ("Partial") of
Credentials Committee..MRS. LEWIS LITTLEPAGE, *Chairman*

Rules of the Convention...MRS. J. J. NELMS, *Recording Secretary*

Report of Program
Committee.....MRS. JAMES B. MORGAN, *General Chairman*

Roll Call of Officers and District Chairmen..*Recording Secretary*

Roll Call of Chapters.....*Recording Secretary*

Presentation of Flags.....MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKE

Acceptance of Flags.....*General Chairman*

Presentation of Distinguished Guests

Announcements of Recommendations and Resolutions Committees

Report of the President

Reports of the three Vice Presidents, in order

Reports of the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries

Report of the Treasurer

Report of the Historian

Report of the Registrar

Report of the Custodian

Reports of the six District Chairmen

Announcements

Reading of Greetings

U. S. Cadet Nurses' Corps.....MRS. CHARLES E. BOLLING
General Chairman, Patriotic Activities and
Civilian Defense Committee

New Business

MEMORIAL HOUR

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1943, AT NOON

MRS. E. A. HERING, Presiding

★

O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

—MONSELL

★

Music—Hymn

Scripture Reading and Invocation.....REV. J. F. W. FEILD
Pastor, Christ Episcopal Church

Music.....MISS ELIZABETH STARRITT

Special Memorials

Memorial Roll Call of Chapters
("Lead Kindly Light" [Dykes] and "Ave Maria" [Gounod] played softly while flowers are placed in wreath)
Violin.....MRS. RAYMOND E. CARDWELL
Piano.....MRS. DEAN M. DUNWODY

Presentation of Wreath for Colonel William Watts' Grave
(Mrs. William Watts and Mrs. English Showalter will place wreath on grave)

Benediction

"Taps".....HARRY WITHERS, JR.

Adjournment

LUNCHEON, 1 TO 2 P. M.—HOTEL ROANOKE

Talk—"War Bonds and Stamps".....MRS. J. W. BOSWELL

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1943, AT 2 P. M.

HOTEL ROANOKE BALLROOM

★

Call to Order.....MRS. JAMES LUCKIN BUGG, *President*

Music

Minutes

Report of Executive Board

Reports of Standing Committees:

Blue Ridge and Catawba Cots..MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKE
Commemorative Meetings.....MRS. A. E. HERING
Confederate Museum.....MISS INDIA THOMAS
Credentials.....MRS. LEWIS LITTLEPAGE
Education.....MRS. ROBERT GRAY
Finance.....MRS. W. O. BICKLE
History and Literature.....MRS. FERGUSON CARY
Historical Evening.....MRS. V. FERGUSON CARY
Nominations Committee.....MRS. H. G. ROBINSON
Relief.....MRS. WALLACE SAUNDERS
Transportation.....MRS. WILLIAM ALLEN

Report of Recommendations Committee

New Business

Announcements

Adjournment

★ ★ ★

HISTORICAL EVENING

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1943, AT 8:30 P. M.

HOTEL ROANOKE BALLROOM

★

Dedicated to the memory of the men from Roanoke County who fought to protect their homes from invasion in 1861-1865—with particular mention of Colonel William Watts.

MRS. FERGUSON CARY, *Historian of the Virginia Division, U. D. C.*, Presiding

Incidental Music.....Jefferson High School Band
MR. JERRY WHITE, *Conductor*

Processional.....Jefferson High School Band
MR. JERRY WHITE, *Conductor*

Color Bearers and Color Guards, Pages, Chapter Historians, Members of History and Literature Committees, Past Division Historians, Speaker, Chaplain, Recipients of Crosses, President and other officers of the Virginia Division.

Call to Order.....MRS. J. L. BUGG, *Division President*

Invocation.....DR. RICHARD S. OWENS
Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church

Bestowal of Crosses of Military Service, MRS. J. L. BUGG, *President*

Recipients of Crosses..... { BROADDUS E. CHEWNING / WILLIAM L. CRAWFORD OAKEY

Presentation of Division Historian by Division President

Music—"America".....(By Audience)

Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America

Salute to the Confederate Flag

Presentation of Distinguished Guests.....MRS. FERGUSON CARY

Music—Medley of Southern Songs....MRS. DEAN M. DUNWODY

Tribute to Colonel William Watts....COLONEL JAMES P. WOODS
(And to other Confederate Veterans)

Presentation of Speaker.....MRS. FERGUSON CARY

Address.....LIEUTENANT HARRIET STYER
United States Army Nurses' Corps

Music—Medley of World War II Songs...MRS. ROBT. COCHRANE
MRS. DEAN DUNWODY, *Accompanist*

Award of Prizes

Prayer—"In Time of War" (Read in concert by Audience)

Music—"Star Spangled Banner" (Audience Standing)

Recessional (Audience Standing)
Retiring of Flags, Color Bearers, Color Guards, etc.

BUSINESS SESSION

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1943, AT 9 A. M.

HOTEL ROANOKE BALLROOM

★

Call to Order.....MRS. J. L. BUGG, *President*

The Lord's Prayer in Concert

Minutes

Greetings

Final Report of Credentials Committee

Reports of Special Committees:

- Confederate Grave Markers....MRS. CHARLES W. SCHAADT
- Jefferson Davis Highway.....MRS. B. A. BLENNER
- Junior Work.....MRS. C. C. GUTHRIE, Richmond
- Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Committee..MRS. JAMES A. SCOTT
- Pensions.....MRS. A. S. J. WILLIAMS
- Publicity.....MRS. MARGARET BAILEY
- Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries.....MRS. JOHN R. MORRIS
- Virginia-Tennessee Book Committee..MRS. GEORGE H. SLATER
- Radio Committee.....MRS. E. C. WHITEHURST
- Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Endowment..MRS. E. L. GARRETT
- Sidney Lanier for Hall of Fame.....MRS. FERGUSON CARY
- Patriotic Activities and Civilian Defense....MISS ANNE V. MANN, *State Chairman*
- Custodian of Lee Chapel and Mausoleum.....MRS. WILLIAM CABELL FLOURNEY
- Bulletin

Recommendations Committee Report

Election of Officers for Virginia Division

Unfinished Business

New Business

Report of Resolutions Committee

Adjournment

LUNCHEON

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1943 — 1 TO 2 P. M.

HOTEL ROANOKE

★ ★ ★

BUSINESS SESSION

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK

Call to Order.....MRS. J. L. BUGG, *President*

Unfinished Reports

Unfinished Business—Where shall Convention meet in 1944?

Installation of New Officers of Virginia Division

Hymn

Adjournment

CONVENTION COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

General Chairman.....Mrs. James B. Morgan
Co-Chairman.....Mrs. W. E. Barton
General Treasurer.....Mrs. Eugene J. Harris

Convention Hall.....Mrs. E. C. Whitehurst
Information.....Mrs. S. R. Wheeler
Hospitality.....Mrs. Corbin D. Glass
Credentials.....Mrs. Lewis Littlepage
Historical Evening.....Mrs. Ferguson Cary
Printing.....Mrs. C. R. Williams
Music.....Mrs. Dean M. Dunwody
Program.....Mrs. James B. Morgan
Commemorative Meeting.....Mrs. E. A. Hering
Finance.....Mrs. Eugene J. Harris
Pages.....Mrs. H. G. Kirby
Luncheon.....Mrs. E. V. Gookin
Flowers.....Mrs. M. S. McKinney, Jr.
Badges.....Mrs. Marvin C. Akers
Decorations.....Miss Belle Browning
Flags.....Mrs. J. Kyle Montague
Processional.....Miss Gertrude Richardson
Chapter Presidents' Evening.....Mrs. James M. Graham
Publicity.....Mrs. F. J. Burt

PAGES

Miss Margie Elizabeth Davis
Miss Eleanor Folk
Miss Anita Hackett
Miss Peggy Ott Hackler
Miss Lucy Lukens
Miss Nancy Morrison
Mrs. William S. Murray
Miss Barbara Norris
Miss Elizabeth Orndorff
Miss Mary Katherine Sellers
Miss Thelma Shank
Miss Evelyn Taylor Smith
Miss Mary Jane Stone
Miss Dorothy Thompson

Virginia Division

United Daughters of the Confederacy

Roanoke Chapter

Roanoke, Virginia

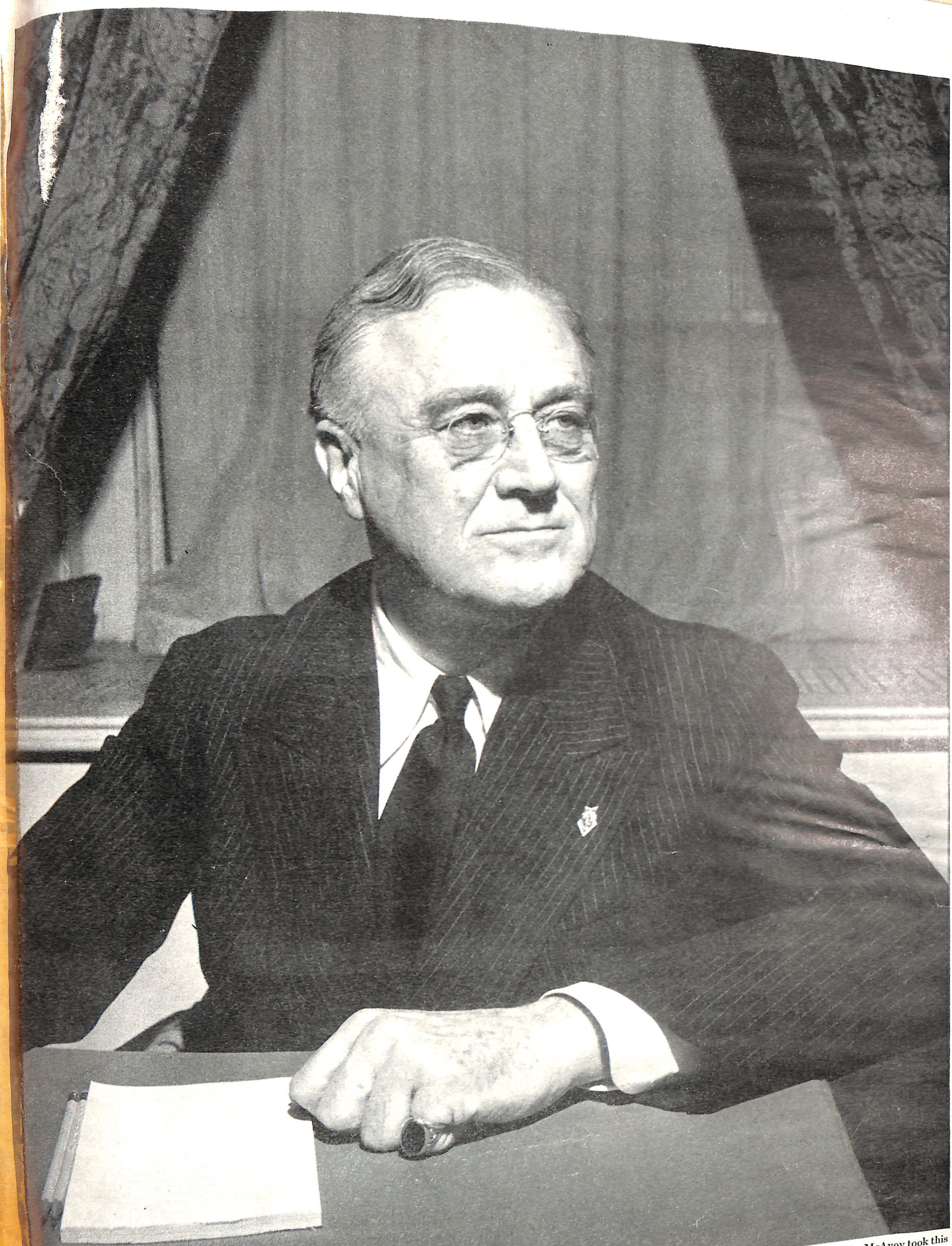
1942

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

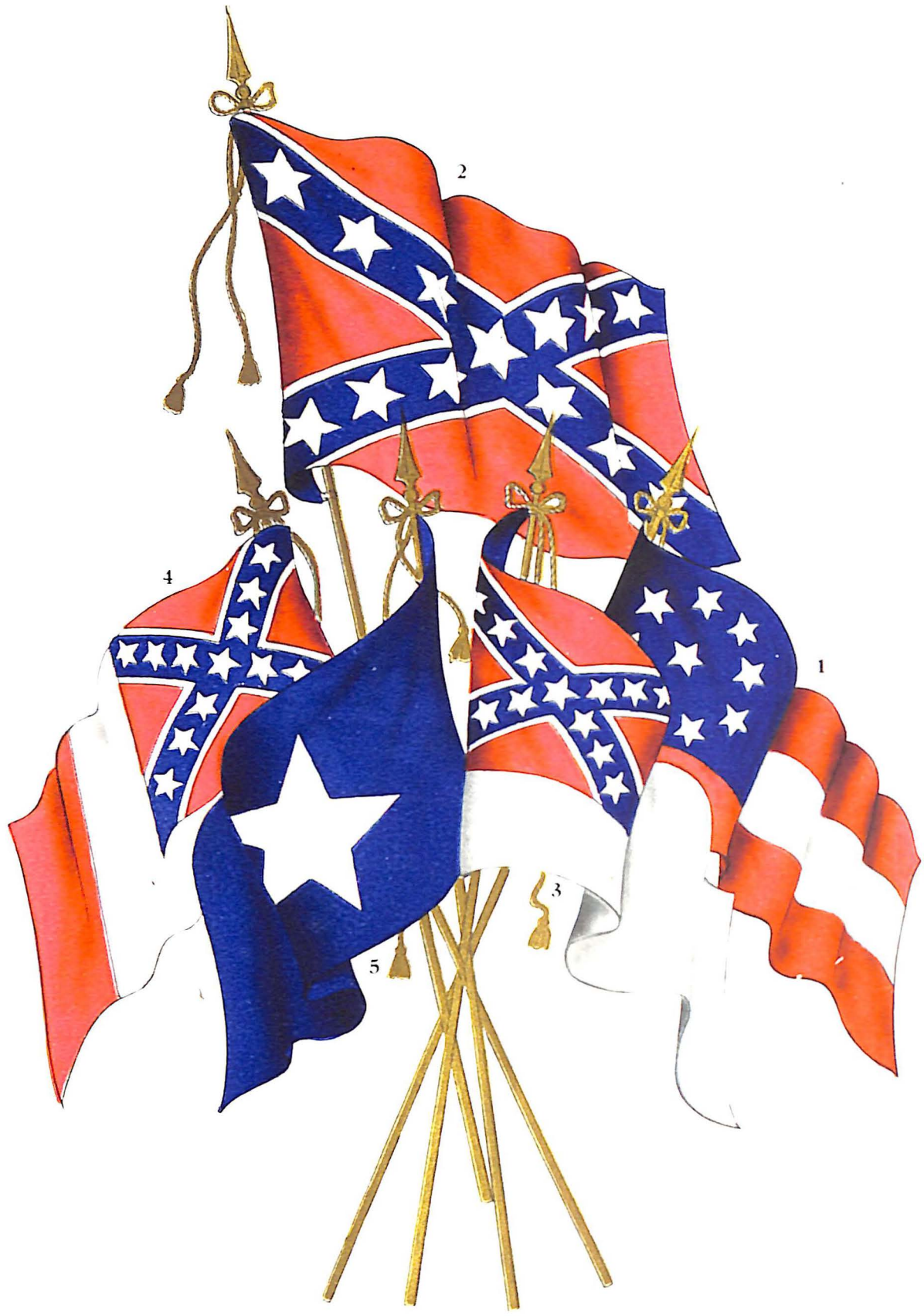
ROANOKE CHAPTER

ROANOKE, VA.

1942



On his 60th birthday, the President appeared at press conference radiant with energy, full of good spirits and dolled up in an elegant blue worsted suit with white pin stripes. After he had talked with reporters he posed gravely while LIFE's Photographer Tom McAvoy took this splendid birthday portrait. In his lapel he wears insignia of Infantile Paralysis Foundation.



THE FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY

No. 1. The "Stars and Bars" was the first flag of the Confederate States and was adopted by the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Alabama.

No. 2. The "Battle Flag" was designed after the first battle of Manassas, and afterward adopted by the Confederate Congress. The reason for its adoption was, that in battle the "Stars and Bars" was frequently mistaken for the "Stars and Stripes." It remained as the "Battle Flag" until the close of the war.

No. 3. On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted this flag as the "National Flag."

No. 4. On March 4, 1865, the Confederate Congress adopted this design as the "National Flag" of the Confederate States, because the other, when limp, was too much like a flag of truce.

No. 5. "The Bonnie Blue Flag," used by the Confederate soldier before the "Stars and Bars" had been designed or adopted by the Confederate Congress, and become dear to the hearts of the Southern people, in 1861, on account of the popular song by that name.

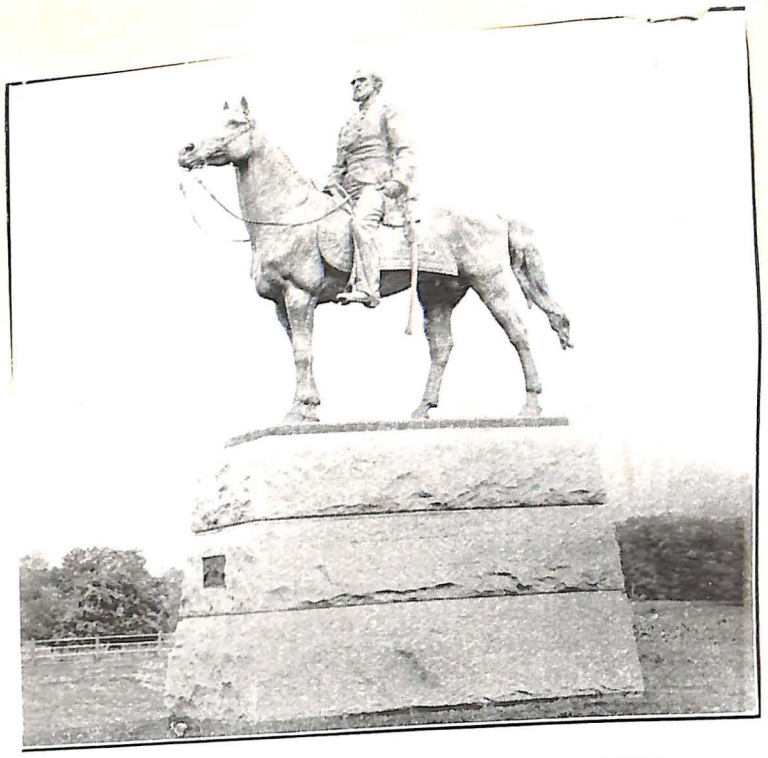
New Lee Statue

Associated Press Photo

On the anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, January 19, the Virginia general assembly will unveil this full length bronze statue of the South's beloved leader at Richmond. It is the work of Rudolph R. Evans, noted Virginia sculptor.

Barefooted Men.—Colonel Benning, C. S. A., reports that his regiment carried three hundred and thirty-five men into the Second Manassas fight; and of these, one-third were shoeless, without a piece of leather on their feet. Captain Waddell also reports over one hundred men in this same fight who were barefooted, "and many of whom left bloody footprints among the thorns and briers through which they rushed with Spartan courage upon the serried ranks of the foe." However, after this battle they got enough Yankee shoes to go around.

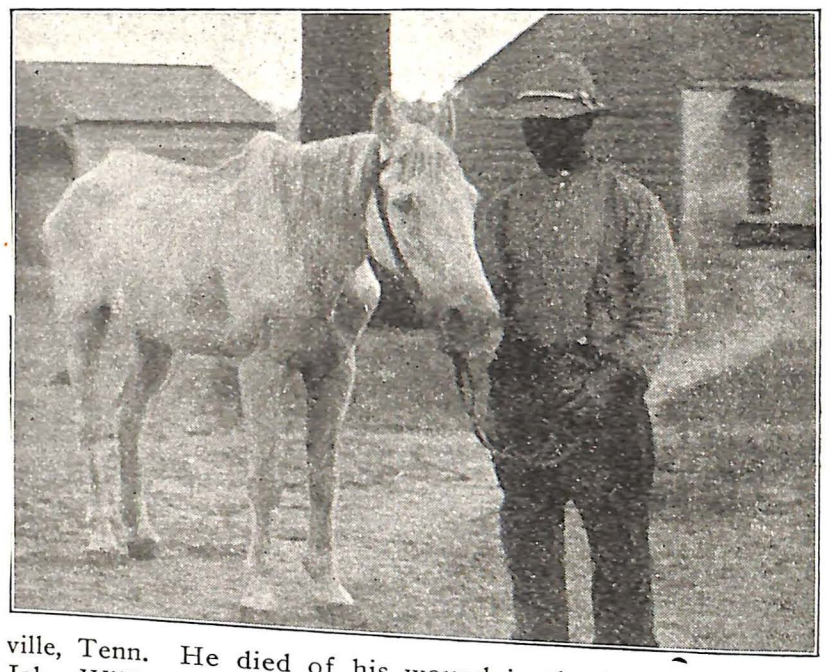
Color Bearers.—Colonel Robertson, 6th Texas, says that in the Second Manassas battle, his "flag was borne into action by Sergeant Royston, Company I; next by Corporal Miller, Company B; Private Moncrief, Company C; Private Harris, Company D; Sergeant Hume, Company D—all of whom were shot down while gallantly bearing the flag in front of the regiment. It was borne through the remainder of the fight by Private Farthing, of Company D." It took six, but it went through.



STATUE OF GENERAL MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

THE OLDEST CAVALRY HORSE.

The accompanying picture shows Old Jim, a blooded gray horse that, with his owner, was shot down in a fight between some cavalry from Sherman's army under General Fitzpatrick during a raid on the town of Aiken, S. C., February 12, 1865, and the Confederate force defending the town under command of Gen. Joe Wheeler, in which the latter was successful in defeating the enemy. The owner of the horse, Lieutenant McMahon, of Pigue's command, was from Sevier-



ville, Tenn. He died of his wound in the home of the late John Williams, near whose place he fell, and was buried in the family burial ground on the plantation. The horse was so severely wounded that it was thought best to kill him; but at the earnest request of Mr. Williams his life was spared, and by the tender care of Mr. Williams, to whom he was given, he recovered and afterwards served his new master until he reached the advanced horse age of thirty-seven years. It is believed that he was the oldest and last surviving horse of the Confederate cavalry.

ARE ANY OF THEM HERE?

(Those who did not have the privilege of hearing the talk by Dr. Douglas Freeman, Editor the *News-Leader*, of Richmond, to the Confederate veterans at the dedication of the Battle Field Park Area on June 22, will enjoy this much of it as given in an editorial during the reunion.)

Out at the Soldiers' Home, close to old Camp Lee, are there among the city's welcome guests any of the old Stonewall Brigade that stood on the hill at Manassas when General Lee rallied his South Carolinians on them?

Can anyone find a survivor of those who charged Casey's redoubt at Seven Pines? Where are the Georgians and the Carolinians who plunged down into the hay field at Ellerson's Mill? How many of Hood's Texans are there—those Texans who broke the line at Gaines' Mill and outran the charging line to the Chinn house at Second Manassas, and rallied on the left at Sharpsburg, and passed between Devil's Den and Big Round Top on the second day at Gettysburg, and turned Lee "to the rear" as they rushed past Wilcox's men that morning in the Wilderness?

Who among the Alabamians remains to tell of that assault on Randol's battery at Frayser's farm? Of Lawton's 3,500 who came up from Georgia for the battles of the Seven Days, how many will answer the roll-call tomorrow? And Wright and Mahone, long dead, who led their men so high up Malvern Hill that they could see the eyes of the enemy when they raised up to fire in the July twilight—have any of their brigade remained to tell of that great hour?

What of those magnificent South Carolinians who stood on the left beyond Groveton, while Maxcy Gregg waved that old revolutionary scimitar and told them to die there, rather than yield their ground?

Who recalls how the Federals looked that afternoon at Fredericksburg as they came on, line after line, time after time, to wreck themselves against Cobb's Georgians and Kershaw's South Carolinians, after Barksdale's Mississippi boys had won glory in defending the crossing of the Rappahannock?

Who followed Jackson with clanking canteen as he marched away that May morning at Chancellorsville, disappearing in the forest like a Norse god, when he led his corps around Hooker's flank? Who heard him say that day, "Close up, men, close up!" and who remembers how he sat, watch in hand, till the line was formed and then gave Rodes the word to advance? Bugle after bugle took up the call in the tangled Wilderness—has the last echo of that music died away?

Cooke's Carolinians and that grand old Third Arkansas that fought almost alone on D. H. Hill's front at Sharpsburg; those cannoneers who lashed their horses and opened under Lee's very eyes when the Federals made that last charge against Jackson's left while Longstreet waited to launch his attack; are any of them here that honor may be done them? Who remembers how General Armistead looked when he put his hat on the end of his sword and led his brigade toward frowning Cemetery Ridge? Was not old General Garnett wrapped in an army overcoat that day, though it was July? And Pickett's words—"Up, men, and forward, and don't forget today that you came from old Virginia"—who heard them? General Lee there among Alexander's guns, rallying the men as they came back—who saw him?

Falling Waters, Bristoe Station, Rappahannock bridge—are any of Heth's division and Cooke's and Kirkland's and Hoke's and Hays' brigades here? When Gordon turned Sedgwick's flank in the Wilderness on the afternoon of the 6th of May, who went forward with him? Who saw Longstreet fall, or hurried to the right along the unfinished railroad, with the gallant Sorrel? How many are there in Richmond today who found Fitz Lee's cavalry fighting when they reached Spotsylvania on May 8, 1864? Who saw the rally after Doles' lines were broken on May 10? Are any left who saw General Gordon put his horse in front of Traveller and forbid General Lee to participate in the charge to recover the Bloody Angle? How many recall the look of that dread field at Cold Harbor after Grant had charged on June 3? Of Wise's brigade, and of Dearing's artillery, who saved Petersburg on June 15, how many survive? Who was at the Crater? Who at Reams' Station? Who shared in the assault on Fort Stedman and who the anguish of Five Forks?

Of the cavalrymen, who rode around McClellan? Who groped in the rain and the darkness to Catlett's station? How many were in the battle of Brandy Station?

Seven hundred thousand there were, first and last, and now not more than 2,000 are mustered in Richmond . . . . but what a company of invisible witnesses!

- End -

FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JUDGE WALTER A. MONTGOMERY, RALEIGH, N. C.

There were three flags of the Confederate States in successive use during the short life of a little more than four years of that government. The first flag, generally known as the Stars and Bars, was adopted by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Ala., on March 4, 1861; the second one, at Richmond, Va., on May 1, 1863; and the third, at Richmond on February 4, 1865, at regular sessions of the Congress.

It appears from contemporaneous accounts—the Journal of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States and prominent newspapers published in the South—that the matter of adopting a flag for the Confederate States by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery excited much public interest throughout the South and was attended with heated discussion both in and out of the Congress. Numerous and variegated were the designs and models submitted to the Congress for adoption, most of them modifications or variations of the Stars and Stripes. It seemed that by far the greater weight of public sentiment favored a flag that should "differ from the Stars and Stripes only enough to make it easily distinguishable," and that was the prevailing judgment of the members of the Congress. A leading Southern newspaper in an article on the subject declared that "there was a general desire to depart as little as possible from the old flag."

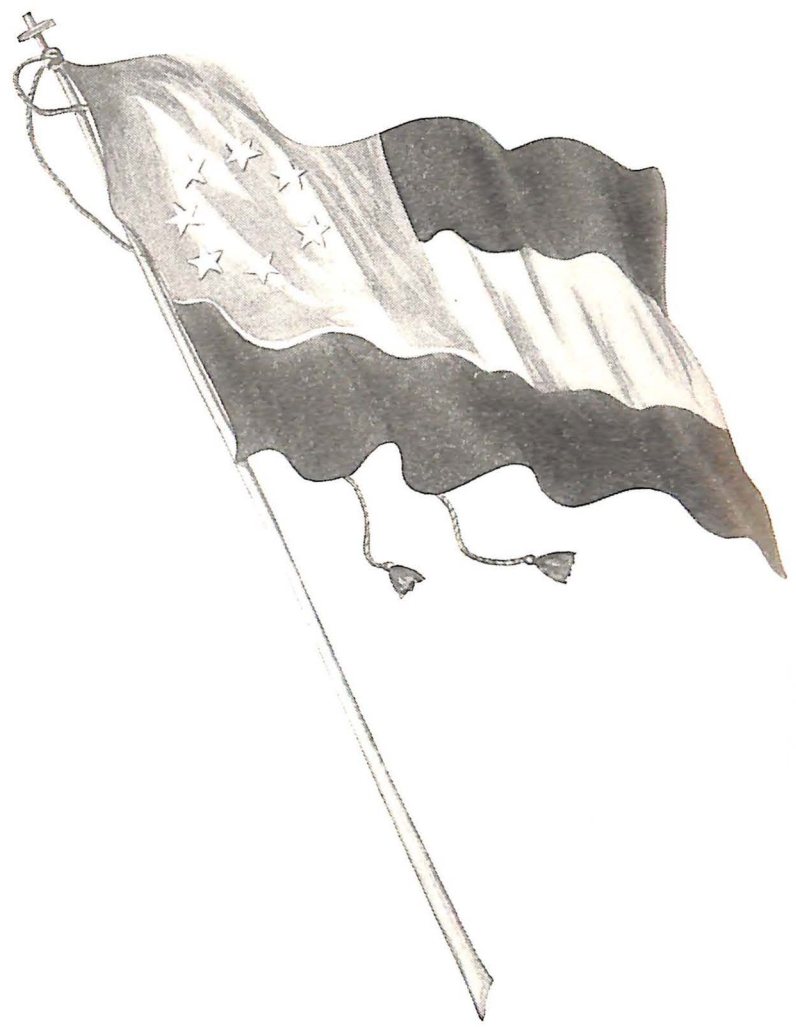
The Stars and Bars.

Mr. Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, chairman of the committee selected to consider the adoption of a flag, recommended one entirely different from the Stars and Stripes, but it appears from the report of the committee that concessions were made to the popular demand. The language of the report in that respect was: "It must be admitted, however, that something was conceded to what seemed so strong and earnest a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the old Stars and Stripes." The committee, as appears from their report, did not adopt either or any of the designs or models of flags submitted to them and recommended one of their own designing, which was the one that was adopted by the Congress. The committee had been authorized to procure the services of a draftsman. It appears also from the Journal of the Congress that after the adoption of the flag recommended by the committee all the models of flags which had been submitted for consideration were by resolution of the Congress ordered into the hands of the clerk of that body to be returned to the authors upon their being called for.

The flag which was adopted did not give general satisfaction. Neither those who desired to retain the flag of the United States or one closely resembling it, nor those who thought the new flag resembled too nearly the Stars and Stripes, nor those who were desirous of having every trace of the Stars and Stripes omitted were pleased with the Stars and Bars. It was raised for the first time over the Capitol at Montgomery by the granddaughter of former President John Tyler on March 4, 1861. It had seven stars in a circle in the blue union, one representing Texas, although that State had not on that day ratified the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States. Her seven delegates had been present, however, for several days in anticipation of the adoption of that constitution by that State.

Adoption of the First Confederate Flag.

The records of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, preserved in the Journal of that body, show that on the 9th of February, 1861, a committee of six—one from each of the seceded States (Mr. Miles, chairman, of South Carolina; Burton, of Georgia; Shorter, of Alabama; Harris of Mississippi; Sparrow, of Louisiana; and Morton, of Florida; the Texas delegation not having arrived)—was appointed to consider the adoption of a flag; that on the same day Mr. Memminger presented a model for the flag designed by the ladies of South Carolina and another model offered by a gentleman of the city of Charleston accompanying the same with explanatory remarks; that on the 12th of February Mr



THE STARS AND BARS.

Thomas R. R. Cobb presented a design for a flag, seal, and coat of arms forwarded by Mr. Edwin V. Sharp, of Augusta, Ga., which, on motion of Mr. Cobb, was referred to the select committee on the flag; that on the next day Mr. Alexander H. Stephens presented a flag which was referred to the committee, and on the same day Mr. Robert Toombs presented a model for a flag, accompanied by a communication from Mr. J. M. Spelman, which was referred to the special committee on flags and seals; that on the 16th of February designs for flags were presented by Messrs. Barton, Cobb, and Memminger and referred to the committee; and that on the 22d, 23d, 26th, 27th, and 28th of February designs for a flag were respectively presented by Mr. Hale, Mr. Wright, Mr. Hale, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Curry, and all were referred to the special committee.

Barefooted Men.—Co
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Color Bearers.—Colo
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master until he reached the advanced horse age of thirty-seven years. It is believed that he was the oldest and last surviving horse of the Confederate cavalry.

is also shown by the Journal that on the 4th of March, Mr. Miles, for the Committee on Flag and Seal, made eport to the Congress and that the report was adopted on same day and an order made that the whole of the report the flag be entered on the Journal.

n the 7th of March it further appears from the Journal t a resolution was passed directing that "all models for s be placed in the custody of the clerk of Congress, who ll return them to their authors when called for."

The report of the committee was, according to the order, ered in full on the Journal (Volume I., pages 101 and 102), d it will be found interesting, especially as indicative of motives which inspired the creators of the flag and also showing that the Stars and Bars was not a design of any ividual, but was the work and design of the committee.

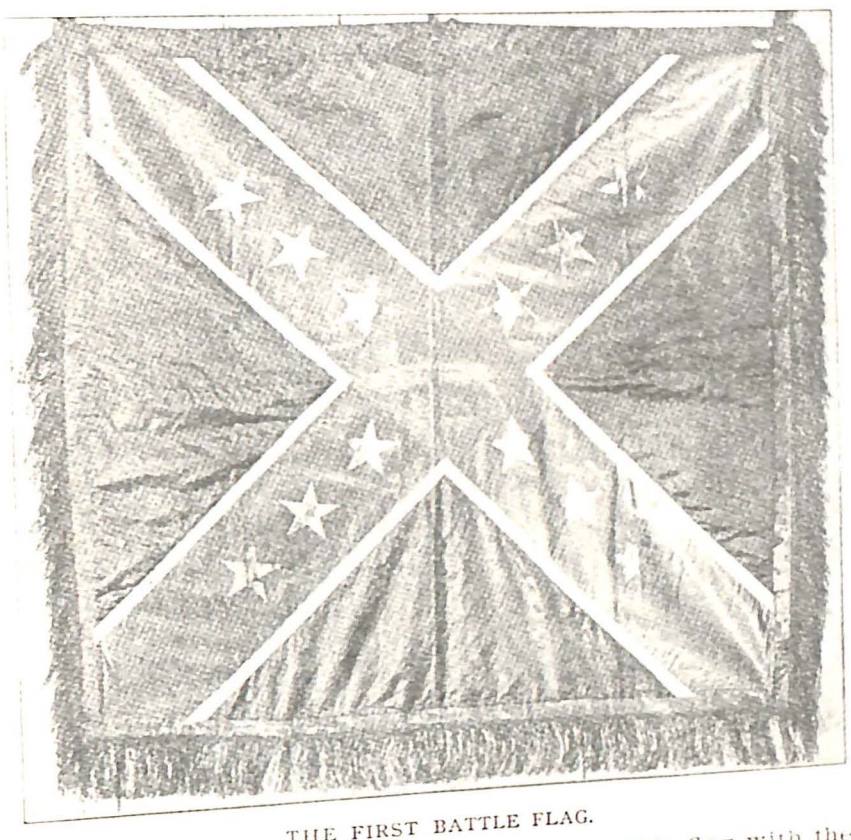
Mr. Miles, for the Committee on the Flag and Seal of the nfederacy, made the following report:

The committee appointed to select a proper flag for the nfederate States of America beg leave to report that they e given this subject due consideration and carefully in- cted all of the designs and models submitted to them. The mber of these has been immense, but they all may be di- ed into two great classes:

1. Those which copy and preserve the principal features the United States flag, with slight and unimportant modi- ations.

2. Those which are very elaborate, complicated, or fan- stical. The objection to the first class is that some of them any considerable distance could readily be distinguished om the one which they imitate. Whatever attachment may e felt from association for the Stars and Stripes (an at- achment which your committee may be permitted to say they o not all share), it is manifest that in inaugurating a new overnment we cannot with any propriety or without en- untering very obvious practical difficulties retain the flag the government from which we have withdrawn. There s no propriety in retaining the ensign of a government which, n the opinion of the States composing this Confederacy, has become so oppressive and injurious to their interests as to equire their separation from it. It is idle to talk of 'keeping' he flag of the United States when we have voluntarily se- eded from them. It is superfluous to dwell upon the prac- cal difficulties which would flow from the fact of two dis- nct and probably hostile governments, both employing the ame or very similar flags. It would be a political and mili- ary solecism. [It would produce endless confusion and mis- akes. It would lead to perpetual disputes.*] As to 'the tories of the old flag,' we must bear in mind that the bat- les of the Revolution, about which our fondest and proudest memories cluster, were not fought beneath its folds. And although in more recent times—in the War of 1812 and in the war with Mexico—the South did win her fair share of glory and shed a full measure of blood under its guidance and in s defense, we think the impartial page of history will pre- serve and commemorate the fact more imperishably than a mere piece of striped bunting. When the colonists achieved heir independence of the 'mother country' (which up to the ast they fondly called her) they did not desire to retain the British flag or anything at all similar to it. Yet under that lag they had been planted and nurtured and fostered. Under hat flag they had fought in their infancy for their very ex- stence against more than one determined foe; under it they had repelled and driven back the relentless savage and carried it farther and farther into the decreasing wilderness as the standard of civilization and religion; under it the youthful Washington won his spurs in the memorable and unfortunate expedition of Braddock; and Americans helped to plant it on the heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell covered with glory in the arms of victory. But our forefathers when they separated themselves from Great Britain—a separation not on account of their hatred of the English constitution or of English institutions, but in consequence of the tyrannical and unconstitutional rule of Lord North's administration and because their destiny beckoned them on to independent expansion and achievement—cast no lingering, regretful looks behind. They were proud of their race and lineage, proud of their heritage in the glories and genius and language of Old England; but they were influenced by the spirit of the motto of the great Hampden, '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*' They were determined to build up a new power among the nations of the world. They, therefore, did not attempt 'to keep the old flag.' We think it good to imitate them in this comparatively little matter, as well as to emulate them in greater and more important ones.

"The committee in examining the representations of the flags of all countries found that Liberia and the Sandwich Islands had flags so similar to that of the United States that it seemed to them an additional, if not in itself a conclusive, reason why we should not 'keep,' copy, or imitate it. They felt no inclination to borrow at second hand what had been pilfered and appropriated by a free negro community and a race of savages. It must be admitted, however, that something was conceded by the committee to what seemed so



THE FIRST BATTLE FLAG.

In 1861, after the first battle of Manassas, this flag with the St. Andrew's Cross was adopted as the battle flag of the Confederate States army. The Misses Carey (Hettie and Constance), of Virginia, made three flags and presented them to Generals Johnston, Van Dorn, and Beauregard. The latter's flag was sent by him to New Orleans and, upon the fall of that city, to Havana; then it was returned to New Orleans and placed in custody of the Washington Artillery, where it is at present.

*Not in the Journal, but contained in original report on file in the War Department.

strong and earnest a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the old Stars and Stripes. So much for the mass of models and designs more or less copied from, or assimilated to, the United States flag.

"With reference to the second class of designs—those of an elaborate and complicated character, but many of them showing considerable artistic skill and taste—the committee will merely remark that, however pretty they may be when made up by the cunning skill of a fair lady's fingers in silk, satin, and embroidery, they are not appropriate as flags. A flag should be simple, readily made, and, above all, capable of being made up in bunting. It should be different from the flag of any other country, place, or people. It should be significant. It should be readily distinguishable at a distance. The colors should be well contrasted and durable, and, lastly and not the least important point, it should be effective and handsome.

"The committee humbly think that the flag which they submit combines these requisites. It is very easy to make. It is entirely different from any national flag. The three colors of which it is composed—red, white, and blue—are the true republican colors. In heraldry they are emblematic of the three great virtues, valor, purity, and truth. Naval men assure us that it can be recognized and distinguished at a great distance. The colors contrast admirably and are lasting. In effect and appearance it must speak for itself.

"Your committee, therefore, recommend that the flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces above and below to be of the same width as the white, the union blue extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space, in the center of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States of the Confederacy. If adopted, long may it wave over a brave, a free, and a virtuous people! May the career of the Confederacy, whose duty it will then be to support and defend it, be such as to endear it to our children's children as the flag of a loved, because a just and benign, government and the cherished symbol of its valor, purity, and truth!

"Respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, *Chairman.*"

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

The Stars and Bars continued to be the national flag of the Confederate States until May 1, 1863, when the second Confederate flag was adopted. But shortly after the first battle of Manassas a flag for service in the field was created for the army around Manassas, then known as the Army of the Potomac. It became within a year the battle flag of all the Confederate armies and was borne by the troops throughout the war.

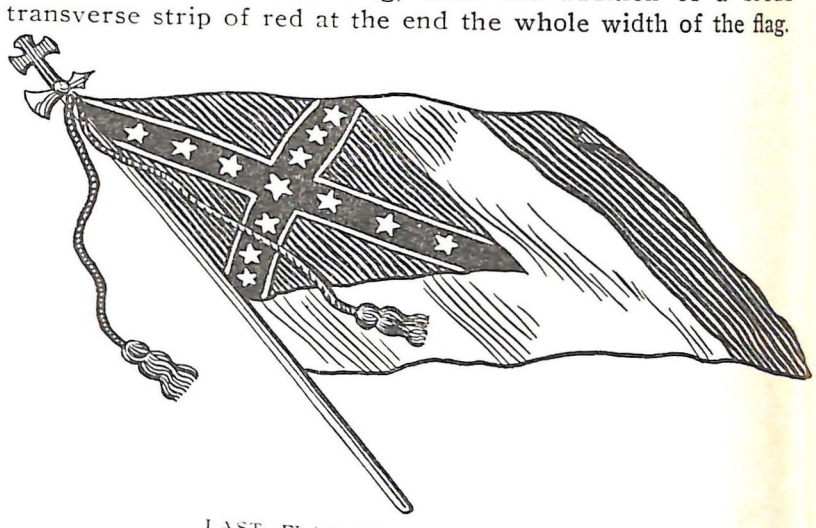
It seemed abnormal that in the civil life of the people one flag should be regarded as the national flag and another borne by the fighting men in battle; but there was thought to be a necessity for the creation of the battle flag at the time it was adopted. The resemblance between the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars made it somewhat difficult to distinguish at a distance the two flags, and at the battle of Manassas, especially on the Confederate left, where occurred the Confederate flanking movement, some confusion ensued because of this resemblance. On account of that incident General Beauregard, of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. G. W. Smith, commanding the Army of the Shenandoah, determined to make a flag for the use of the troops under their commands, the flag to be entirely different from any State or Federal flag.

Many designs for the battle flag were submitted, the two favorite ones differing only as to the shape of the cross, one bearing the St. Andrew's and the other the Latin. Both were oblong. But Gen. J. E. Johnston, in general command of the forces around Manassas, preferred a square flag. In General Beauregard's account of the selection between the two models he wrote: "We finally adopted in September, 1861, the well-known battle flag of the Army of the Potomac [as it was first called] to which our soldiers became so devoted. Its field was red or crimson; its bars were blue and, running diagnally across from one corner to the other, formed the Greek cross; the stars on the bars were white or gold, their number being equal to the number of States in the Confederacy; the blue bars were separated from the red field by a small white fillet. The size of the flag for infantry was fixed at 4x4 feet, for artillery at 3x3 feet, and for cavalry 2½x2½ feet."

THE SECOND AND THIRD CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

The Confederate Congress on May 1, 1863, adopted another national flag, the second flag of the Confederate States, in the place of the Stars and Bars. The new flag was described in the language of the act of Congress which created it as follows: "The field to be white, the length double the width of the flag, with the union (now used as the battle flag) to be a square of two-thirds the width of the flag, having the ground red; thereon a broad saltier of blue bordered with white and emblazoned with white mullets, or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States." Objections to this flag were at once raised and continued until it was altered. The objections were that it resembled closely the white ensign of Great Britain and also a flag of truce. When hanging limp, it showed all white.

The objections were so well taken that the Congress on February 4, 1865, adopted the third flag, which was officially described as follows: "The width two-thirds of its length; the union, now used as a battle flag, to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width below it; to have a ground of red and broad blue saltier thereon bordered with white and emblazoned with mullets, or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States; the field to be white except the outer half of the union, which shall be a red bar extending the width of the flag." This flag was, in fact, a duplicate of the second Confederate flag, with the addition of a broad transverse strip of red at the end the whole width of the flag.



LAST FLAG OF THE CONFEDERACY.

New

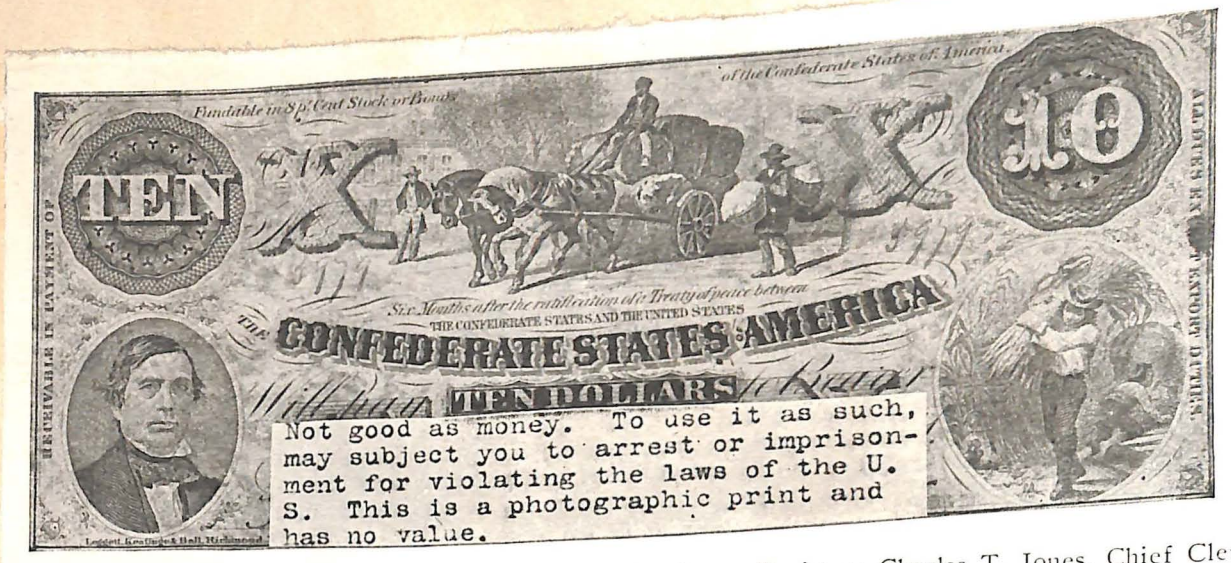
On the anni
Robert E. Lee,
ginia general a
full length bro
beloved leader
work of Rudolp
ginia sculptor.

Barefooted Men.—C
his regiment carried
the Second Manassas
less, without a piece c
dell also reports over
who were barefooted,
prints among the thorn
with Spartan courage
However, after this b
go around.

Color Bearers.—Col
the Second Manassas
by Sergeant Royston, Company I; next by Corporal Miller, Company B; Private Moncrief, Company C; Private Harris, Company D; Sergeant Hume, Company D—all of whom were shot down while gallantly bearing the flag in front of the regiment. It was borne through the remainder of the fight by Private Farthing, of Company D." It took six, but it went through.

he was given, he recovered and afterwards served his new master until he reached the advanced horse age of thirty-seven years. It is believed that he was the oldest and last surviving horse of the Confederate cavalry.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG



lowing years might furnish clues to the members of the firm or their descendants, some of whom might know the facts.

It is possible that the engravers might have been furnished with a number of photographs of persons who had been considered for the honor of appearing on the bill and by some accident got the photographs mixed or that they even purposely selected the photograph of some good-looking gentleman who was comparatively unknown and not even remotely connected with the Confederate Treasury or government in any official capacity. How would the members of the engraving firm know, for instance, the identity of a photograph sent them from New Orleans or Montgomery if the name of the person had not been written on it?

It seems highly important and desirable that old photograph albums in the South should be diligently searched for a small card photograph exactly duplicating the picture on the bill.

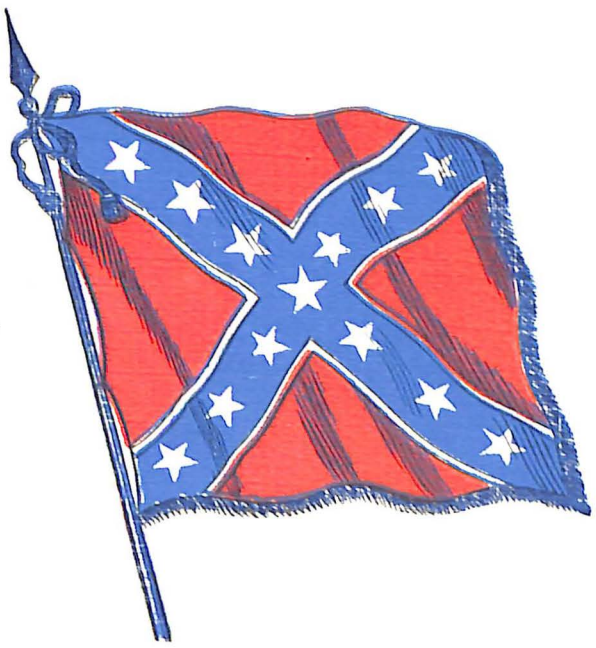
I refuse to believe that there is not somewhere in the South, even at this late day, incontrovertible evidence which will settle this mystery for all time; and I call on all loyal Southern people, librarians (State, city, or town), historians, teachers, students, members of Confederate veteran societies, all men who were at Richmond in 1861 (and perhaps employed in the Confederate Treasury), any one who knows any of the descendants of Keatinge, Leggett & Ball, who engraved the bill (either at Richmond or Columbia, S. C.), and last, but not least, the great army of newspaper men, who often do things when all others fail, to take up and conduct a vigorous search in an endeavor to find out who this man was and thus solve the great mystery. To the first person who sends me definite proof I will pay a reward of $10 and an extra $10 to any one sending me a small card photograph exactly duplicating the likeness on the bill.

I have lately received from a patriotic Southern woman a list of officers and clerks of the Treasury Department at Richmond in 1861-62. Some of these gentlemen were probably young men and may be alive to-day. If not, their descendants must be, and it is extremely probable that from this list may be found some one who can offer proof as to the picture on the bill. The list follows: C. G. Memminger, Secretary; Philip Claxton, Assistant Secretary; Henry D. Capers, Chief Clerk and Disbursing Officer; James H. Nash, Correspondent (English); H. Kennerworth, German and French Correspondent; James A. Crawford, Warrant Clerk; Henry Sparnick, Edmund Randolph, J. P. Stevens, J. W. Anderson, Thompson Allen, W. I. Strother, and C. C. Pinckney, General Clerks; Lewis Cruger, Comptroller of the Treasury; John Ott, Chief Clerk; Bolling Baker, First Auditor; W. W. Lester, Chief Clerk; W. H. S. Taylor, Second Auditor; M. F. Govan, Chief Clerk; Alexander B. Clitherall, Register; Charles T. Jones, Chief Clerk; Edward C. Elmore, Treasurer; Thomas T. Green, Chief Clerk.

Is It Edward C. Elmore?

Some years ago Mr. William W. Bradbeer, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., whose great book on Confederate money is now the standard authority, took a trip through the South, partly in an effort to locate the mystery. He met some Southern gentlemen who had been employed in the Treasury Department at Richmond. On being shown a copy of the bill, one of them exclaimed: "Why, that is my old boss, Ed Elmore!" Little realizing that the statement might be challenged and believing it to be first-hand evidence, Mr. Bradbeer accepted it as a fact, even neglecting to take the names of any of the gentlemen present. However, Hon. Edward C. Elmore, Jr., of Columbia, S. C., informs me that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the picture on the bill is not that of his father, Edward C. Elmore, who was the Treasurer of the Confederacy, and he sends me an enlarged copy of the only photograph of his father in the possession of the family, which seems to bear out his assertion. Mr. Bradbeer, in publishing his book last July, makes the assertion that the picture is that of Edward C. Elmore, and he stands pat on the statement to-day and challenges proof to the contrary; and I do the same, partly because of the statement made to him by an employee of the Treasury and partly because it would have been very natural and eminently proper for the Confederacy to have recognized on one of its pieces of money the chief officer of the Treasury Department, which issued and handled the money, and the officer whose personal signature appears on all four of the bills issued at Montgomery, which were fine examples of the engraver's art and greatly prized in any collection of Confederate money. Can another picture of Mr. Elmore be found exactly duplicating the picture on the bill? I hope all old photograph albums in the South will be searched for this.

Keatinge, Leggett & Ball was the firm that engraved and printed the bill, and it was probably done at Richmond. It is not clear whether the members of the firm were natives of the South, of Virginia, or even of Richmond; but it would seem that the city directories of Richmond for 1861 or following years could be traced for the members of the firm or their descendants and some one be located who could give us information. When Richmond was abandoned, the firm went to Columbia, S. C., and from that city the work on Confederate money was continued. Later on Mr. Leggett left the firm, and it was known for some time as Keatinge & Ball. Possibly the city directories of Columbia for 1861 and fol-



LINES ON THE BACK OF A CONFEDERATE NOTE

Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it--
As the pledge of a nation that passed away,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle will tell
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our "promise to pay"
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still,
Coin was so scarce the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
Though our poverty well we discerned;
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it.
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay
And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay
Or of bills that were overdue—
We knew if it bought our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells all our history over
From the birth of the dream to its last,
Modest and born of the Angel Hope,
Like our hope of success—it passed.

Major Jonas was a member of the staff of General Stephen D. Lee when paroled at High Point, N. C. In May, 1865, he went with a party of officers to Richmond to secure transportation home. At the Powhatan Hotel, they met Miss Anna Rush, a young girl from the North, then visiting in Richmond. In conversation with the officers one day, she showed them some Confederate notes, printed on one side. She was going to carry them home as souvenirs. Handing one to each officer, she requested them to write on the back a few lines, with autographs attached. Each gallantly complied, and Major Jonas handed back the now famous lines, which appeared soon after in the New York Metropolitan Record under the heading, "Something Too Good to Be Lost."

Compliments Hammond's Printing & Litho. Works, Roanoke, Virginia

TWENTY

TWO YEARS AFTER THE RATIFICATION OF A TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE CONFEDERATE STATES AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

20

No 54127

C

No 54127

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

Will pay TWENTY DOLLARS to the bearer on demand

Richmond February 17th 1864.

for Register

for Treasurer

Keatinge & Ball Columbia S.C.

TEN

TWO YEARS AFTER THE RATIFICATION OF A TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE CONFEDERATE STATES AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

G

No 59118

G

No 59118

10

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

Will pay TEN DOLLARS to Bearer

Richmond February 17th 1864

10

for Regr

for Treas

10 TEN 10

TEN

10 10

500

EIGHT PER CENT

JULY 1st 1868.

500

No. 38163

STATES OF AMERICA

No. 38163

LOAN

LOAN

Authorized BY THE Act OF CONGRESS, C.S.A. OF February 20, 1863.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

On the 1st day of July, 1868, at the seat of Government, or at such place of deposit pay to the Bearer of this Bond, at the Treasury, the sum of **Five Hundred Dollars**, as may be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, Eight per Cent per annum, Payable semi-with interest thereon from date, at the rate of Eight per Cent per annum, Payable semi-annually on the surrender of the annexed Coupons. This Contract is authorized by An Act of Congress, approved February 20, 1863. Entitled "An Act to authorize the issue of Bonds for funding Treasury notes," and is upon the Express condition that said Confederate States may from time to time extend the time of payment for any period not exceeding thirty years from this date, at the same rate of interest, upon the surrender of the Bond.

In Witness whereof the Register of the Treasury, in pursuance of said Act of Congress, hath hereunto set his hand and affixed the seal of the Treasury at RICHMOND, this 2nd day of March, 1863.

ENTERED R.J.

RECORDED

500

500

C.S. LOAN. FEBY 20. 1863

STATE
LOAN
Authorized by the Act of Congress, C.S.A. of February 20, 1863.
On the 1st day of July, 1868, the Confederate States of America, will pay to the Bearer of this Bond, at the seat of Government, or at such place of deposit as may be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, with interest thereon from date, at the rate of Eight per Cent per annum, Payable semi-annually on the surrender of the annexed Coupons. This Contract is authorized by An Act of Congress, approved February 20 1863. Entitled "An Act to authorize the issue of Bonds for funding Treasury notes," and is upon the Express condition that said Confederate States may from time to time extend the time of payment for any period not exceeding thirty years from this date at the same rate of interest, upon the surrender of the Bond.
In Witness whereof the Register of the Treasury, in pursuance of said Act of Congress, hath hereunto set his hand and affixed the seal of the Treasury at RICHMOND, this 2nd day of March, 1863.
ENTERED
RECORDED
REGISTER OF THE TREASURY
500
C.S. LOAN. FEBY 20. 1863
THE CONFEDERATE STATES of AMERICA
WILL PAY TO BEARER
$20
TWENTY DOLLARS
For Six Months Interest Due July 1st 1868.
For Six Months Interest Due Jany 1st 1868
For Six Months Interest Due July 1st 1867
For Six Months Interest Due Jany 1st 1867
For Six Months Interest Due July 1st 1866
For Six Months Interest Due Jany 1st 1866
For Six Months Interest Due July 1st 1865
On Bond No 38063
for $500
For Register of the Treasury

Lines on Confederate Note.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The following I send in answer to the request of L. W. S., Floyd, Va.

Lines written on the back of a Confederate $20 bill by Major S. A. Jones, of Louisiana, after the war of 1861-1865:

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell;
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much a stranger to borrow;
We issued to-day our promise to pay
Which we hoped to redeem on the morrow.

But days rolled on and weeks became years,
While our coffers were empty still,
And coin was so rare the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well discerned,
And those little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold;
Yet as gold our soldiers received it,
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patient soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of the bills that were over-due
We knew if it brought us bread to-day
'Twas the best our country could do.

Keep it—it tells the history o'er,
From the birth of its dream to the last;
Modest and born of the angel of hope
Like the hope of success, it has passed.

RECORD THE CONFEDERATES MADE

Published by COLONEL D. M. ARMSTRONG
Proceeds for the benefit of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association

Our record is such that we should feel proud,
  As we were with Jackson when McDowell made a play,
  To rid the earth of Beauregard, and so we marched that way.
It was at Manassas Junction, which the Federals call Bull Run,
And in the stirring summer-time of eighteen hundred and sixty-one;
  The government officials and society turned out
  From Washington, to see us run in ignominious rout;
They found us without searching, and before the day was done
That gay assemblage burnt the wind in flight back to Washington.
  Oh, there was wild confusion, and that thoroughfare of old
  Was strewn for miles with fans, silk hats and epaulets of gold,
Three thousand killed and wounded were the only ones that stayed,
That's why we were amazed at the record that we made.

And then we were at Seven Pines and at Mechanicsville,
At Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm and Bloody Malvern Hill.
  For seven days the battle raged, and when its wrath was o'er
  Abe Lincoln said he needed just THREE hundred thousand more.
But scarcely had we rested, when again at old Bull Run,
We hurled Pope's shattered columns in defeat to Washington,
  He tried to drive a wedge 'twixt Lee and Jackson's corps,
  Then Lincoln found he needed just SIX hundred thousand more
To quell the Rebel Rising in the fierce Secession States,
And then he had no surplus men, as history relates.
  And then later on at Fredericksburg, with Burnside in command,
  They rashly stormed the flaming height, where we had made a stand;
Twelve thousand dead and wounded was the penalty they paid,
And that's why we were amazed at the record that we made.

And as luck would have it, we were of the daring throng
That bayed Joe Hooker's army, entrenched one hundred thousand strong,
  We had just one-third his number, but that mattered not, for we
  Were led by grim old Stonewall, the great commander, he
Who, in soft slouch hat of brown and faded cape of gray,
Was worth fully fifty thousand men on any battle day.
  When Jackson gave the orders, his immortal veteran corps
  Shot by and flanked the enemy by fifteen miles or more,
And burst upon his right and rear, as was his accustomed way;
While Lee, with fourteen thousand, kept the battle from that day.
  We scattered them like chaff, although outnumbered three to one,
  They faded from our vision like the mist before the sun;
We didn't leave enough to make a decent dress parade,
And that's why we were amazed at the record that we made.

Then we had some trouble in the Spring of sixty-four,
When Grant appeared upon the scene and pushed his forces o'er
  The Rapidan toward Richmond, and the journey, I would state,
  Consumed eleven months, although the distance is not great.
He might mave made it in a week, but found along the way
Some serious impediments in the ragged coats of gray.
  Then we met him at Cold Harbor in the blithesome month of June;
  Our uniforms were faded, but our guns were in tune.
The hand of the dread angel that smote Egypt in a night
Was no more deadly than the hands that we raised in that fight;
  He charged, recoiled, then stormed again, and failed, with all his power,
  And lost ten thousand on the field within less than half an hour.
Such deeds seem superhuman, and their memory will not fade,
And that's why we were amazed at the record that we made.

By for one
with kind wishes I
am truly yours
Col. D. M. Armstrong

531. Mt. Vernon
Road

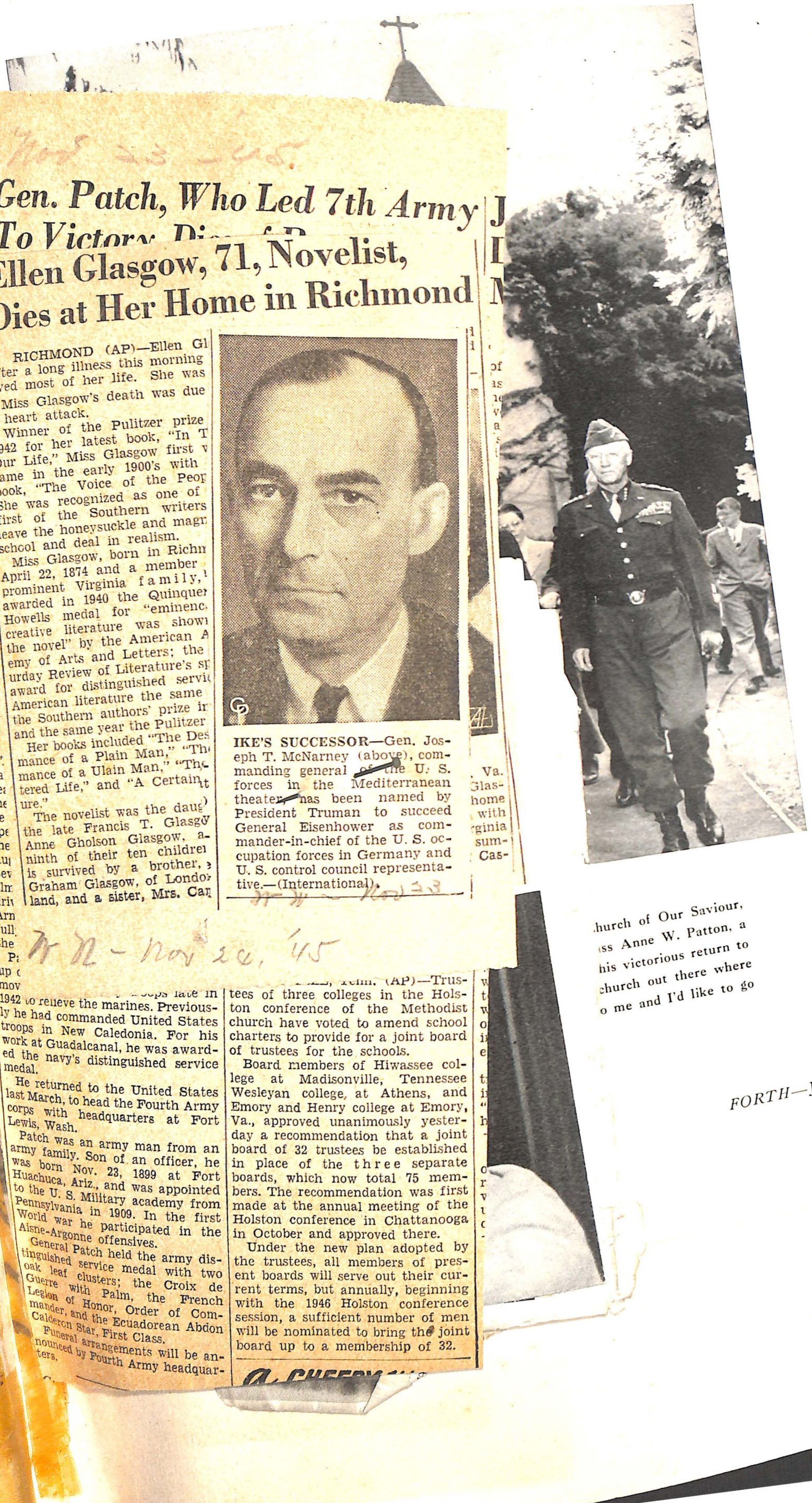
Roanoke Va
Nov 10 _ 32

Dear Miss Hoover

I am in receipt of your note of the 9th inst in which you request my presents to make a talk for the Roanoke chapter U.D.C. on Monday the 14.. So far as I know now I can be there. yet I must say that I am not a public Speaker By any means. and I fear that I will not be able to Entertain you Ladies. I note you will call By for me

with kind wishes I am truly yours

Col. D. M. Arnes Trong



Gen. Patch, Who Led 7th Army To Victory, Dies of P...

Ellen Glasgow, 71, Novelist, Dies at Her Home in Richmond

RICHMOND (AP)—Ellen Gl
after a long illness this morning
lived most of her life. She was

Miss Glasgow's death was due
a heart attack.

Winner of the Pulitzer prize
1942 for her latest book, "In T
Our Life," Miss Glasgow first v
fame in the early 1900's with
book, "The Voice of the Peop
She was recognized as one of
first of the Southern writers
leave the honeysuckle and magn
school and deal in realism.

Miss Glasgow, born in Richn
April 22, 1874 and a member
prominent Virginia family,
awarded in 1940 the Quinquen
Howells medal for "eminenc
creative literature was shown
the novel" by the American A
emy of Arts and Letters; the
urday Review of Literature's sp
award for distinguished servic
American literature the same
the Southern authors' prize in
and the same year the Pulitzer

Her books included "The Des
mance of a Plain Man," "Th
mance of a Ulain Man," "The
tered Life," and "A Certain
ure."

The novelist was the daug
the late Francis T. Glasgo
Anne Gholson Glasgow, a
ninth of their ten children
is survived by a brother,
Graham Glasgow, of Londo
land, and a sister, Mrs. Car

IKE'S SUCCESSOR—Gen. Joseph T. McNarney (above), commanding general of the U. S. forces in the Mediterranean theater, has been named by President Truman to succeed General Eisenhower as commander-in-chief of the U. S. occupation forces in Germany and U. S. control council representative.—(International).

1942 to relieve the marines. Previously he had commanded United States troops in New Caledonia. For his work at Guadalcanal, he was awarded the navy's distinguished service medal.

He returned to the United States last March, to head the Fourth Army corps with headquarters at Fort Lewis, Wash.

Patch was an army man from an army family. Son of an officer, he was born Nov. 23, 1899 at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., and was appointed to the U. S. Military academy from Pennsylvania in 1909. In the first World war he participated in the Aisne-Argonne offensives.

General Patch held the army distinguished service medal with two oak leaf clusters; the Croix de Guerre with Palm, the French Legion of Honor, Order of Commander, and the Ecuadorean Abdon Calderon Star, First Class.

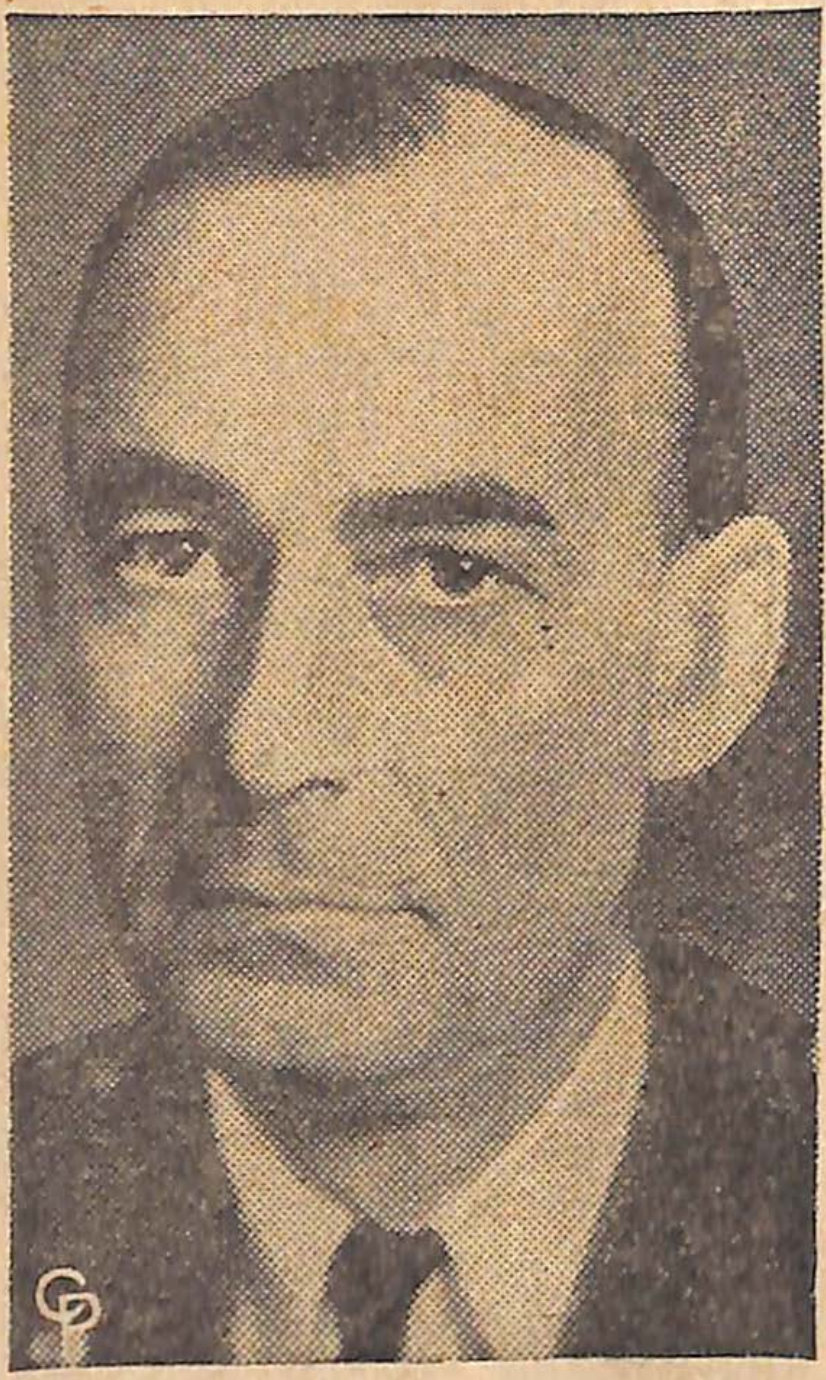
Funeral arrangements will be announced by Fourth Army headquarters.

...ees of three colleges in the Holston conference of the Methodist church have voted to amend school charters to provide for a joint board of trustees for the schools.

Board members of Hiwassee college at Madisonville, Tennessee Wesleyan college, at Athens, and Emory and Henry college at Emory, Va., approved unanimously yesterday a recommendation that a joint board of 32 trustees be established in place of the three separate boards, which now total 75 members. The recommendation was first made at the annual meeting of the Holston conference in Chattanooga in October and approved there.

Under the new plan adopted by the trustees, all members of present boards will serve out their current terms, but annually, beginning with the 1946 Holston conference session, a sufficient number of men will be nominated to bring the joint board up to a membership of 32.

...hurch of Our Saviour,
...ss Anne W. Patton, a
...his victorious return to
...church out there where
...o me and I'd like to go



IKE'S SUCCESSOR—Gen. Joseph T. McNarney (above), commanding general of the U. S. forces in the Mediterranean theater, has been named by President Truman to succeed General Eisenhower as commander-in-chief of the U. S. occupation forces in Germany and U. S. control council representative.—(International).

Ellen Glasgow, 71, Novelist, Dies at Her Home in Richmond

RICHMOND (AP)—Ellen Glasgow, nationally known author, died after a long illness this morning in the Richmond home where she had lived most of her life. She was 71.

Miss Glasgow's death was due to a heart attack.

Winner of the Pulitzer prize in 1942 for her latest book, "In This Our Life," Miss Glasgow first won fame in the early 1900's with her book, "The Voice of the People." She was recognized as one of the first of the Southern writers to leave the honeysuckle and magnolia school and deal in realism.

Miss Glasgow, born in Richmond April 22, 1874 and a member of a prominent Virginia family, was awarded in 1940 the Quinquennial Howells medal for "eminence in creative literature was shown in the novel" by the American Academy of Arts and Letters; the Saturday Review of Literature's special award for distinguished service to American literature the same year; the Southern authors' prize in 1941 and the same year the Pulitzer prize.

Her books included "The Descendmance of a Plain Man," "The Romance of a Ulain Man," "The Sheltered Life," and "A Certain Measure."

The novelist was the daughter of the late Francis T. Glasgow and Anne Gholson Glasgow, and the ninth of their ten children. She is survived by a brother, Arthur Graham Glasgow, of London, England, and a sister, Mrs. Carrington Cabell Tutwiler, of Lexington, Va.

Ellen Glasgow

For a number of years Miss Glasgow has shared the large gray home on East Main street, Richmond, with her secretary, Mrs. Anne Virginia Bennett. She has spent her summers at her summer home in Castine, Maine.

N - Nov 22, '45

Ellen Glasgow, Southern Rebel

Virginia lost one of its most distinguished authors when Ellen Glasgow died at the age of 71 in Rchmond, where she had lived most of her life.

As well pointed out in the accounts of her death, Miss Glasgow was one of the first Southern writers to break away from the worn-out tradition of "honeysuckle and magnolia" and to depict the men and women of this part of the world as ordinary human beings, with their full share of frailties and sordid cares. Owing in considerable part to her efforts, the formerly popular conception of the "Old South" as a paradise of impossibly virtuous white plantation dwellers and laughing, carefree Negroes is now almost defunct. Of course, Margaret Mitchell a decade ago brought out all the stock formulas and mixed them with enough sexy writing to score a sensational success with "Gone With the Wind," but her achievement was a one-book effort, and few cultured readers would suggest that as an author the Georgia woman belongs in Miss Glasgow's class.

The Richmond writer's books dealt frankly, but delicately, with human relationships. They were never risque. Though few of her readers, perhaps, thought of calling her a humorist, essentially that was what she was. Her pen, to which that rather hackneyed adjective, "trenchant," was frequently applied, usually appeared to be impelled by a spirit of gentle irony, which on occasion contained a slight infusion of unmistakably feminine malice toward the creations of her brain.

It was because of her genuinely impressive literary achievements that Miss Glasgow received such honors as the Quinquennial Howells medal in 1940 for eminence in creative literature and the Pulitzer prize in 1942. Some of her books were of only ephemereal interest, but the better ones will find readers for generations to come.

On the same day that Miss Glasglow's death was announced, Robert Benchley also died in New York. On first thought, no two writers could seem more dissimilar, but actually the basic attitude of the two had marked resemblance. Both regarded human existence as a comedy of errors, but Miss Glasgow's approach was gently refined, while Benchley resorted to uproarious humor, told with a "dead pan" expression of ultra-earnestness, to point much the same moral as was evident between the lines of the Virginia author's books. Benchley, 15 years Miss Glasgow's junior, was one of the most accomplished humorous writers of his generation and his passing, like hers, is deplored by lovers of good writing.

Gen. Patch, Who Led 7th Army To Victory, Dies of Pneumonia

SAN ANTONIO, Texas (AP)—Lt. Gen. Alexander McCarrell Patch, Jr., 55, bemedalled veteran of two wars who led the victorious drive of the U. S. Seventh Army across France and Germany lost his battle for life last night.

The high-tempered slightly-built, six footer, "Sandy Patch" to his friends and his men, who triumphed in the Pacific theater as well as on the European continent, died of pneumonia in Brooke General hospital here. He had entered the hospital Nov. 14.

Commander of the Fourth Army at Fort Sam Houston since last July, General Patch would have observed his 56th birthday anniversary tomorrow.

At his bedside, where an oxygen tent had been used to combat what hospital authorities called a special type of pneumonia, were his wife, Julia Lillell Patch; his daughter, Mrs. Charles M. Drummond; his widowed daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alexander M. Patch, 3rd, and his brother, Maj. Gen. Joseph Patch. The general's son, a captain, member of the U. S. First Army in France, was killed Oct. 22, 1944, while assaulting enemy positions.

Drove Across France

The colorful career of Sandy Patch found a climax in the European war. Placed in command of the Seventh Army March 1, 1944, he trained the army for amphibious operations and led it when it hit the beaches of southern France Aug. 15, 1944. In three months the Seventh drove the Germans back almost 600 miles. The smashing drive made General Patch the First Army commander to pierce successfully the natural frontier formed by the Vosges mountains.

Patch handled the final mopping up of the Japanese on Guadalcanal, moving in with army troops late in 1942 to relieve the marines. Previously he had commanded United States troops in New Caledonia. For his work at Guadalcanal, he was awarded the navy's distinguished service medal.

He returned to the United States last March, to head the Fourth Army corps with headquarters at Fort Lewis, Wash.

Patch was an army man from an army family. Son of an officer, he was born Nov. 23, 1899 at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., and was appointed to the U. S. Military academy from Pennsylvania in 1909. In the first World war he participated in the Aisne-Argonne offensives.

General Patch held the army distinguished service medal with two oak leaf clusters; the Croix de Guerre with Palm, the French Legion of Honor, Order of Commander, and the Ecuadorean Abdon Calderon Star, First Class.

Funeral arrangements will be announced by Fourth Army headquarters.

Gen. Alexander M. Patch

Adm. Daniel E. Barbey, new commander of the U. S. Seventh fleet; Edwin W. Pauley, head of the U. S. reparations commission; Maj. Gen. Henry L. Larsen of the marine corps, former island commandant at Guam; and Rear Adm. John J. Ballentine, deputy commander of the Pacific fleet air force.

Discussion of the communist-nationalist clashes in North China and of Sino-Russian relations were regarded as inevitable at the meeting of Chiang and his American guests.

Joint Board to Operate 3 Methodist Schools

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (AP)—Trustees of three colleges in the Holston conference of the Methodist church have voted to amend school charters to provide for a joint board of trustees for the schools.

Board members of Hiwassee college at Madisonville, Tennessee Wesleyan college at Athens, and Emory and Henry college at Emory, Va., approved unanimously yesterday a recommendation that a joint board of 32 trustees be established in place of the three separate boards, which now total 75 members. The recommendation was first made at the annual meeting of the Holston conference in Chattanooga in October and approved there.

Under the new plan adopted by the trustees, all members of present boards will serve out their current terms, but annually, beginning with the 1946 Holston conference session, a sufficient number of men will be nominated to bring the joint board up to a membership of 32.

Gen. Patch Passes Away

The death of Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch, Jr., who succumbed to pneumonia Wednesday night in a San Antonio, Tex., hospital after an illness of more than a week, removes one of the outstanding military figures of World War II. His service included a leading part in operations in both the Pacific and European theaters. He commanded the Army troops who moved in to complete the mopping up operations on Guadalcanal in 1942 after the Marines who had conducted the initial phase of the invasion so brilliantly were withdrawn. In 1944 he replaced Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., as commander of the Seventh Army in Europe and led that army in the invasion of Southern France.

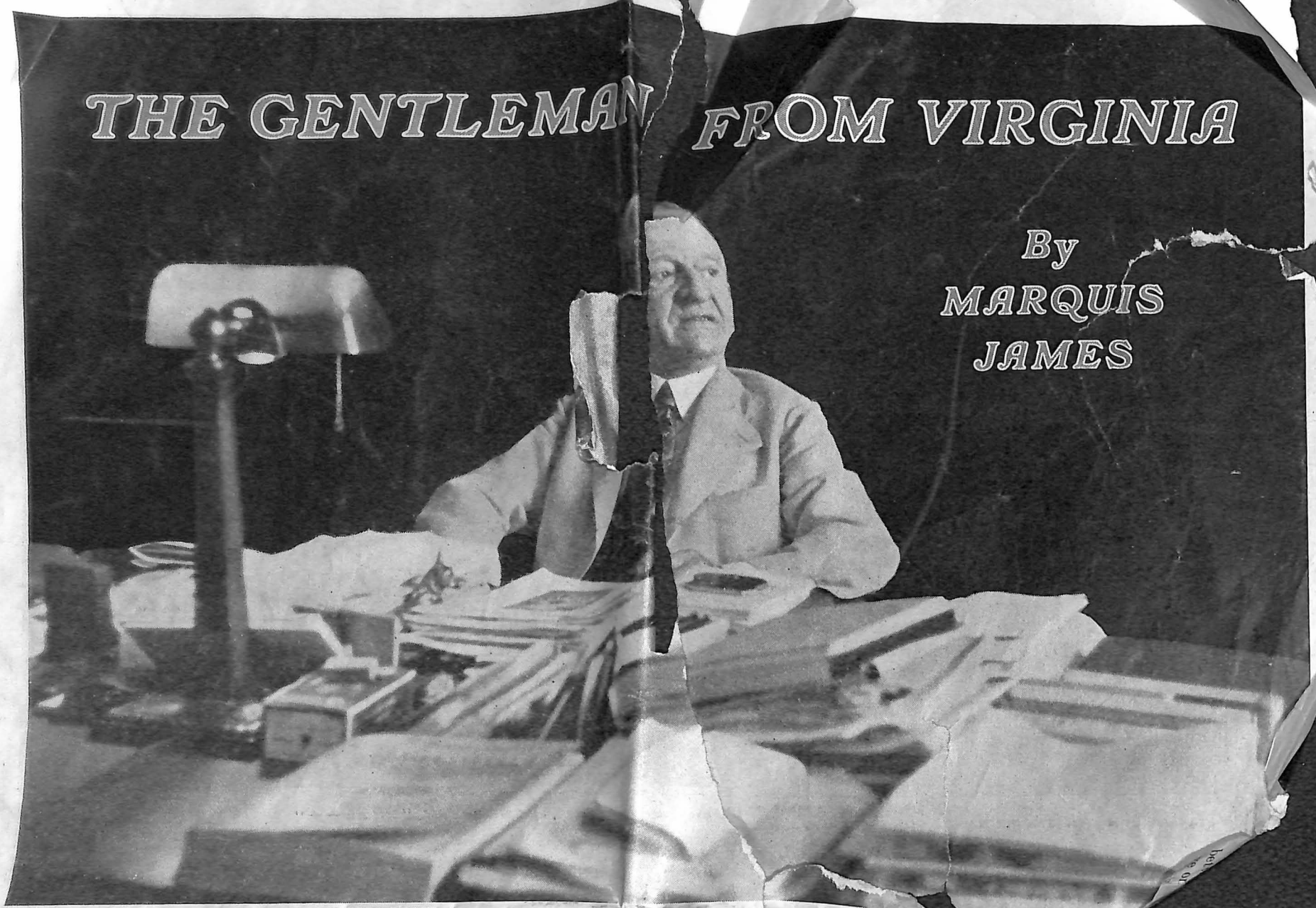
Appointed to the U. S. Military Academy from Pennsylvania in 1909, Gen. Patch served as a junior officer in World War I, participating in the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. For more than 10 years he served as Superintendent of the Staunton Military Academy and he and his family were popular residents of the bustling little Valley city. Upon his return from Europe last March the citizens of Staunton tendered him a public reception and he was lionized and feted in one of the most memorable days in the history of Staunton.

Times

Dispatches from Tokyo re

THE GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA

By MARQUIS JAMES



PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY THOMAS D. McAVOY

IT WAS a depressing day in the life of Carter Glass when the Raleigh Hotel, in Washington, went under a new management which proceeded to slick up the place. One morning the senator came down to breakfast to find that his favorite waiter had been let out.

The waiter, a colored man, had been associated with the Raleigh almost as long as Mr. Glass, which is to say twenty-five years. The senator made such a fuss that the man was taken back.

Nothing, however, could be done about the sweeping transformation of the lobby. Gleaming mirrors, seductive lights and a ceiling of robin's-egg blue, left nothing but a memory of the pleasant house of entertainment that was the old Raleigh. It mattered not if ninety and nine per cent of the Raleigh's patrons approved the reconstruction; Carter Glass did not approve, and, as in public life, seemed unconcerned with the dimensions of the minority amid which he found himself.

When the senior senator from Virginia cleared out of the Raleigh there were persons who would have been less surprised had he bolted the Roosevelt-Garner ticket. When he set up his residence at the elegant Mayflower Hotel, he was accused of inconsistency.

To which the Virginian replied that a possible excess of modernity was a condition natural to the Mayflower, which was built that way, whereas the Raleigh had yielded to the enticements of a policy of reconstruction.

The senator's aversion to reconstructions is a peculiarity to which President Roosevelt has directed notice: a conspicuous job of remodeling upon which Carter Glass declines to place his seal being Mr. Roosevelt's streamlining of the Democratic Party.

The making-over of the Raleigh occurred during last year's campaign, in which Senator Glass was running on the same ticket with the President, in Virginia. He was, however, waging no campaign in his own behalf, except to assure his constituents that, if re-elected, Carter Glass would continue to uphold his own opinions, regardless of the instructions of party managers or electorate, and that those who wished a rubber-stamp senator should vote for someone else.

Though only twice, during nearly forty uninterrupted years in public life, has Carter Glass taken the stump for himself, heretofore he had spoken for the Democratic presidential nominee. When October rolled around and the deep and heavily accented voice of the Virginian had not been raised to recommend Mr. Roosevelt to the voters, the hopes of the Landon people began to expand a little.

New-Deal Critic Number One

TRUE, Mr. Glass had privately said that he would cast his ballot for Roosevelt, because he preferred a first-rate New Dealer to a third-rate one. Mr. Glass had used that language to the President himself. Yet, when Al Smith and John W. Davis came out for the Republican nominee, Mr. Hamilton took a chance at persuading Carter Glass that it was a slander to consider Mr. Landon even a low-quality New Dealer.

A salient Democrat, ex-Senator Jim Reed, of Missouri, journeyed to Senator Glass' stock farm in the Piedmont hills to convey that assurance. Though unsuccessful, Mr. Reed's pilgrimage troubled the Farley field marshals.

To escape their attentions, the senator accepted an invitation to spend the closing days of the canvass on board a yacht, cruising the Chesapeake. A small storm arising, the yacht took refuge in an unfrequented cove where a naval vessel chanced to be lying.

The commander of the yacht megaphoned an explanation of his presence, adding, as testimony of innocent intentions, that Senator Carter Glass was on board. From the naval vessel came the informal observation that "everyone" in Washington was looking for the senator.

Mr. Glass let them look. On election day he ran 15,000 votes ahead of the national ticket in Virginia, returning to the capital a figure unique in the history of 140 years of party government in the United States.

Carter Glass is the ablest personage in the ranks of the opposition, and the leader of that opposition, in so far as it may be said to possess leadership. The fact that Mr. Glass is also a member of the President's party and a warm personal friend of the Executive gives his position the paradoxical and singular stamp which robs it of much partisan utility.

Yet canvass the heterogeneous opposition from left to right, and you will hear that no one can criticize the Roosevelt policies with the effectiveness with which Carter Glass can criticize them.

"Why," sputtered a Republican, "why, Carter Glass holds a pistol at the head of the Administration."

"Why doesn't he pull the trigger?" asked his listener.

The Republican's countenance fell. The inquirer had put his finger on the imponderable flaw in an otherwise ideal setup. "That's just the hell of it!" said the Republican.

To become a trigger man for the G. O. P. is not among the ambitions of the gentleman from Virginia. Yet, the Roosevelt general staff will privately advise you that no one scatters more and sharper tacks in the pathway toward the New Deal millennium than "that old mossback, Carter Glass." But such remarks are said behind the hand, or by persons who can speak without responsibility. Res

spokesmen for the Administration show the burry Virginian distinguished courtesies. From him they take recalcitrant acts and stinging words they take from no other source.

The President's own characterization of his friend as "the unreconstructed Rebel" is in itself a compliment, Rebel being a title with honorable associations in Virginia. Mr. Glass' father was an officer under Lee; Carter himself remembers the return from Appomattox, which lies only twenty miles from Lynchburg, where he was born and where he still resides.

Though agreeable, the President's term is wanting in verisimilitude. By strict definition, Roosevelt is the Rebel, despoiling party precedents as far back as Jefferson. Glass is a Loyalist, supporting those precedents.

A Bill He Just Didn't Like

ON THE main door of Mr. Glass' suite in the Senate Office Building is a card saying that visitors' hours are from 10 to 4. This does not mean, however, that you or anyone can see the senator between 10 and 4—or see him at all. Carter Glass is one of the most elusive persons in Washington. A silently geared staff takes care of the senator's visitors. A Negro in workingman's clothes receives the same attentive hearing as an important politico, and is likely to be under no more necessity of identifying himself. Senator Glass does not have in his office a list of either the county or the precinct committeemen in Virginia.

Mr. Glass' incoming mail is one of the heaviest on the Hill. Most of the letters are postmarked outside of Virginia. The senator reads them nearly all, but personally answers only a fraction of the whole.

When a man of established social background, though unknown to Mr. Glass except by reputation, solicited an invitation to the White House the senator replied that he did not make a practice of introducing strangers into the homes of his friends. A lengthy petition urged Mr. Glass to vote for the veterans' bonus. In response, the senator observed that the memorial was numerously signed. "But," he added, *"if it were signed by every man, woman and child in Virginia I would not vote for that bill."* Peanut raising is a good-sized industry in Virginia. When a body of growers asked Mr. Glass to sponsor a change in the tariff schedule he replied that he was "not a peanut politician."

What, at first glance, seems a commonplace touch to the senator's quarters is the gallery of autographed photographs in his private chamber. In reality these fall in two categories—the permanent collection, which is on the wall, and the transient collection, which is on the mantel. The former comprises likenesses of Mr. Glass' colleagues in the Wilson Cabinet, and of a solitary Republican—Borah; also John Marshall and Robert E. Lee, distinguished by the absence of their signatures. At this writing the transient collection stands three or four deep.

A sight-seer, peeling off a couple of layers, discovered an enlargement of an unposed snapshot of Mr. Glass shaking hands with the President. Beneath was a cordial dedication to the "Unreconstructed Rebel," signed Franklin D. Roosevelt. The picture's obscure location indicates nothing more significant than the order of its receipt.

The President and Mr. Glass deal candidly with each other, and speak plainly. The story is told that, lately, the senator left a lively conference with the Executive, saying, "What I have said here is purely official. Personally, I shall pray for you tonight." The senator meant it. When at home he pronounces a blessing at the table, and wherever he is he closes the day on his knees in prayer.

A Doctrinal Dispute

PERHAPS the most learned of senators, Mr. Glass enjoys prize fights, baseball, the movies and radio humor. Horse racing he regards as an encouragement to gambling and a loose life generally. This is the subject of a standing joust between the senator and his personal physician Admiral Cary T. Grayson, a notable breeder of horses and patron of the turf.

"Doc," says the senator, "how can a man call himself a good Christian and hang out with a gang of race-track touts?"

The admiral offers to plead his record for regularity of church attendance alongside the senator's.

"Yes," says Mr. Glass, "a spo'tin' Episcopalian—just a spo'tin' Episcopalian. We Methodists don't allow such things."

"And what does the Methodist Discipline," inquires the admiral, "have to say on the subject of running all over the State of Virginia with a string of fighting chickens?"

The senator looks down his large nose. A reminiscent glow deepens the lines of his weathered face. "That was a long while ago, Doc, a long while ago."

Mr. Glass' radio favorites are Amos and Andy, his favorite baseball club the Philadelphia Athletics. In his museum of souvenirs is a ball autographed by Connie Mack. When the Athletics play in the capital there are Washingtonians who will not attend a game with the senator because of his infidelity to the home team. At prize fights Mr. Glass is often in the company of Admiral Grayson, Bernard M. Baruch or ex-Senator William Cabell Bruce, of Maryland. A student of ring science, he observes much not apparent to spectators without a fighting past to draw on. Long before he had his full growth—height five feet four, weight 135—"Pluck" Glass held the street and vacant-lot titles in Lynchburg.

"Glass Concentrates on the Essentials." The Photograph at the Left is the One Which Stands on the Senator's Crowded Mantel, Inscribed in the President's Handwriting

Mr. Glass' patronage is not confined to famous and fashionable boxers. One afternoon Grayson heard that some of the senator's local favorites were going to mix that night at an obscure Washington fight club. Before the main bout a battered entrepreneur introduced a series of ring personalities with minute claims to renown. "And we also have with us tonight," he boomed, enunciating each syllable distinctly, "the Honorable Carter Glass, of Virginia."

Though the tribute was unexpected and, as the senator thought, unmerited, he bowed an

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...d from Page 33)

...was born in Chillicothe, ...astly concerned with what ...ening to Old Japan at this p...

...the party rose to leave he could contain his curiosity no longer. He said something to the geisha in Japanese. She turned in her tracks and ...d a reply right back at him. It was ...ort and snappy and hit him right between the eyes. Before he recovered she was gone. And then that curious look came over his face, that look of mingled astonishment and admiration.

"What did you say to her, Jimmy?"

"I asked her what she was doing here all alone with these men shooting dice in a barroom."

"And what did she say to you?"

"Her answer was perfect," replied Jimmy. "She said, 'I cannot accept your interrogation!'"

Rather nifty for a farmer's daughter! But when you go into the matter you learn that most of these bright geishas come from the farm. And like their sisters who go into the factories, they, too, play an important role in the nation's industry.

Old-timers in Tokyo will tell you that many a deal is put over by smart geishas. Night after night they attend parties and listen in to businessmen confessing their troubles. Night after night they tuck all these odd bits of information away and learn, from what A said, to prompt B when, after a few cups of sake, he would like to tell a sympathetic and frankly admiring female what a bright fellow he is. And what A and B divulged supplements what C will tell her tomorrow night and dovetails into what D will boast about next Tuesday.

Under the right auspices, a bright geisha can be a wonderful aid in extracting valuable information and putting in just the right word at the right time, when the client is mellowed and softened and his thoughts are far from the crass business of the mart. Here the traveling salesman meets the farmer's daughter on her own ground—and, as in the legend, the traveling salesman thinks he is smart, but the farmer's daughter invariably outwits him. For here in Japan she has more than her native shrewdness to aid her. Backing her up is a system and a machine, geared and primed to extract the last ounce of value out of the traveling salesman from afar, no matter whence he comes or what he is selling, a national machine primed and geared to use his goods and adapt his ideas in a fierce and relentless struggle for world markets and commercial supremacy. Question the methods if you will, question the motives if you must, question the ultimate success of this supreme effort if you like, but to each and every such question the proud Japanese will reply in the words of the farmer's daughter: "We cannot accept your interrogation!"

THE GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA

(Continued from Page 17)

acknowledgment of the applause. Mr. Glass is hesitant about accepting honors he feels he does not deserve. When a university, offering an honorary degree, cited the senator's "courage and integrity," Mr. Glass wrote back that no man is entitled to especial recognition for displaying qualities the want of which should lay him liable to censure.

On the building occupied by the telephone company in Lynchburg is a bronze plaque with the legend that on this site stood the house in which Carter Glass was born. A visitor, motoring with the senator, mentioned the plaque, the Carter Glass Oak and other evidences of the affection Lynchburg has for its first citizen.

"See that alley," said the senator, pointing. "No plaque there, though that used to be an important place in my life. Many's the dark night I've ducked into that alley with a rooster under each arm after the constable had broken up a chicken fight."

Red-headed Pluck Glass came by his fighting instinct naturally. His father, Major Robert H. Glass, was an editorial light of an era when Virginia journalists sometimes arbitrated their professional differences with firearms. The major's first call to a full editorship in Lynchburg came when his employer was killed by a rival editor in a duel. Carrying on the tradition, in one such controversy the major lost an eye, representing more damage than the Army of the Potomac had been able to inflict on him in four years.

Pluck himself was caught alone about that time by a hostile gang. The biggest boy stepped out and told Pluck to put up his dukes. After a long and hard fight Pluck got his adversary down, rubbed his nose in the dirt and made him holler "'Nough!"

Then the second biggest boy confronted the victor. This was shading the Virginia code, but the gang stood for it. Pluck's second adversary was somewhat overweight and short of wind. Pluck was lean and his wind seemed never to give out. So Pluck began to run. The gang lost interest, but Challenger No. 2 struck out after Pluck, who led him a chase up and down Lynchburg's hilly streets until he heard the pursuer's labored breathing. Then Pluck turned and planted on his adversary's jaw a haymaker which ended the fight and flight.

This was during the humiliating chaos of the Reconstruction. The proud name of Virginia had been erased from the roll of states and a numeral substituted—Military District No. 1. Until he was fourteen Pluck attended a little private school kept by a Confederate veteran with one leg. Then he made his start in the world, faring down the James River to Petersburg, where he articled himself as a printer's apprentice. In two years—four having been the stipulated period—Pluck's boss gave him his time and started him out as a full-fledged journeyman.

The money many other printers spent for whisky young Glass laid out in secondhand books, his other extravagances being gumdrops and belligerent fowl. The new journeyman's baggage consisted of an extra shirt, a rooster and a "library" of ancient and modern history, the classics in translation, Bacon, Shakespeare, Edmund Burke and the Bible.

Drifting back to Lynchburg the young printer promoted himself from the case to the desk, in the fullness of time becoming the editor of the News. The owner offered to sell him the paper for $13,000.

Putting News in a Newspaper

With cash assets of sixty dollars, Glass felt that had the proprietor asked $130,000 the prospects of making a purchase would have been just as good—until a relative came forward, without solicitation, and put up the money on Carter's unsecured note.

Glass introduced a new element into Virginia's fourth estate. Without neglecting that pride of Southern journalists, the editorial page, Carter bestowed some attention on the news columns. He got out a *news*paper bristling with timely topics, names, events. Acquiring and consolidating two rivals, in a few years he owned, debt free, as he owns now, Lynchburg's only papers, the morning News and the evening Advance.

An attempt to break Glass' preemption of the field was made by a sheet called The Earth. Its backers imported an editor who wore his hair long and preferred to be known as the Lion Tamer. He promised to tame Glass. The Lion Tamer opened with a spicy item concerning Dr. George W. Carter, the Methodist clergyman for whom Carter Glass was named. The editor of the News composed an editorial which began as follows, and gradually grew abusive:

"This creature may remain in Lynchburg, but if so it will be with the brand of malicious liar on his forehead."

The Lion Tamer challenged Glass to a duel. Mr. Glass took the position that duels were meetings between gentlemen. Then, according to a story told and believed in Lynchburg for many years, the Lion Tamer's wife appeared at the News. She produced a large pistol and informed Mr. Glass that she wished to avenge her husband. Mr. Glass replied that it was beyond his power to refuse such a request from a lady, but would she kindly make haste. The next issue of The Earth was its last.

In 1894, Carter Glass consented to make the race for mayor. He probably would have been elected had he not withdrawn his name, writing: "I never dreamed what a miserable business running for office has come to be."

Mr. Glass retains that opinion of electioneering. In forty years he has run for office only twice—once for a seat in the House in 1902 when unexpected opposition got the editor's dander up, and once for the Senate in 1912. The Senate race was a crusading gesture against the Swanson-Martin machine. Glass did not expect to win, and did not win, but his fight was the beginning of the end of Virginia's Tammany.

His public career started as a result of an experiment at the Virginia Democratic Convention in 1897. The party was in the hands of a coterie of Confederate colonels whose nominating speeches followed an established pattern of graceful allusions to Virginia's stately past. As a newspaperman who had listened to such orations for years, Glass thought the present deserving of some recognition.

Along these lines he made a speech placing the name of J. Hodge Taylor before the convention for governor. The speech won the nomination for Taylor and two years later Glass was put on the ticket as a nominee for the state senate.

Glass' only campaign utterance was an announcement that, if elected, he would serve, supporting measures which, in his judgment, would be best for Virginia, regardless of possible contrary opinions by the voters of his district. Though a candidate many times since, Carter Glass has never deviated from that stand. His defeat by the Swanson-Martin machine has been his only reversal at the polls.

Returning, in 1901, from Watkins Glen, New York, where he had been so ill that physicians would not let him see his mail, Mr. Glass learned that he had been elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention. Taking an active part in the revision of Virginia's basic law, Glass wrote into it provision for a literacy test which would permit educated Negroes to vote on the same terms as literate whites—a forward-looking step for a young Southern statesman of that day and time.

The following year Virginia sent Carter Glass to Congress. Uncle Joe Cannon, the Speaker, was making up the House committees. Ranging over the lists before him, Cannon's eye fell on a name unfamiliar to him, and he put Carter Glass, Democrat, Virginia, on the Foreign Relations Committee. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, sought out the newcomer from Lynchburg, and asked: "How would you like to switch to the Committee on Banking and Currency?" Williams had promised a friend a place on the Foreign Relations Committee.

"I have had no experience in that field," said Glass.

"What experience have you had with foreign relations?" asked Williams. "I'll ask the Speaker to switch you to Banking and Currency. It's a fascinating subject, which you can learn as quickly as you can learn foreign affairs."

Carter Glass set about informing himself concerning the fascinating subject. So diligently did he pursue his studies that, when ten years had slipped by, Representative Glass was virtually unknown to the body of the House membership and totally unknown to the country. In those ten years he had addressed the House only four times, speaking, in all, less than two hours. This, itself, is something of a record, the most remarkable feature of which is that, during that silent decade, the Virginia editor's constituency had re-elected him four times.

The Reserve Bank Bill

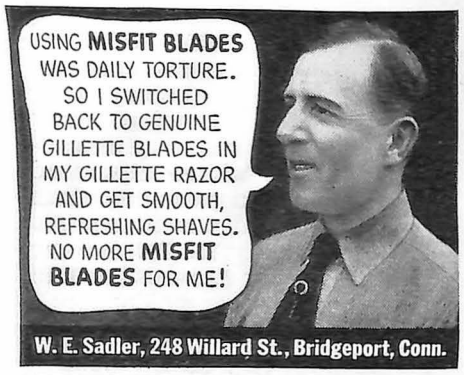
Representative Glass was almost ready for his fifth speech, however, which he delivered in 1913. That speech made Carter Glass known not only to the House but to the country; and lengthy excerpts were published in the European press. It introduced to the House the product of Mr. Glass' ten-year study of banking and currency—the Federal Reserve Bank Bill, which Glass had written, and which stands as the greatest achievement in financial legislation since the Civil War. After five months of debate, in which Glass took the leading part, the bill was passed and signed by Woodrow Wilson, reforming the monetary structure of the United States.

Time has changed his hair from challenging red to white. A tuft bristles on the crown of his head, for all the world like a rooster's comb; and when the

Painful Shaves Caused Me Daily Torture"

—says Connecticut man

Men solve shaving problems by switching back to Gillette Blades in their Gillette Razors



W. E. Sadler, 248 Willard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

C. L. Appling, N. 6228 Lacey St., Spokane, Wash.

C. E. Bond, 7 Orchard St., Everett, Mass.

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THE fault of MISFIT blades is that the shaving edges do not fit properly in your Gillette Razor. Too much shaving edge is likely to scrape and irritate your skin; too little shaving edge leaves your face only half-shaved—bristly and rough. Why experiment when it is so easy to play safe! Always use a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. They are designed to function as *a single unit*. Naturally you get more comfortable shaves. Prove this to your own satisfaction. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today!

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

senator's locks retained their original hue that crest, observed in conjunction with an enormous curved nose, made the gamecock look inescapable. He speaks slowly, in a low, deep, richly inflected voice; and the words come out of one side of his mouth.

"Carter Glass," said a colleague, "is the only man in the Senate who can whisper in his own ear." In casual conversation it is a pleasant voice, warm and friendly; and the senator's diction—his vocabulary being one of the most extensive in the capital—has charm, point and picturesqueness.

He is a great raconteur. Discriminating listeners can wish for no finer treat than a story-telling bout between the senator and Admiral Grayson.

When Bishop Cannon carried Virginia for Hoover over Al Smith, on the anti-popery issue, Mr. Glass, a loyal member of the bishop's church, said he was almost in the position of Jubal Early. During the Spanish-American War, General Early used to come to Mr. Glass' newspaper office to read the dispatches. Gen. Joseph Wheeler, a comrade of Early in the Confederate service, was with the United States forces fighting in Cuba.

"Carter," said Jubal Early, "I wish I could be absolved of my sins so I could go to heaven and see Robert E. Lee. But if I should go to hell, at least I'll have the satisfaction of seeing the Devil burn that blue uniform off Joe Wheeler."

The implication was that it would have been a source of satisfaction to the senator to see someone burn that robe off Bishop Cannon.

Glass stories are so numerous and so varied that it is possible to quote them on opposite sides of the same issue, thus creating the impression in distrustful minds that counterfeiters have been at work. The researcher's problem is complicated by the report that the senator himself will put a story in circulation and when it comes back to him deny the paternity, thus creating a situation as complex as the controversy *as to whether Bacon* wrote Shakespeare.

Incidentally, Mr. Glass made himself a master of that subject in his journeyman-printer days, and he still can contend learnedly that William Shakespeare is merely Bacon's nom de plume. Whether or not he is spoofing, some of the senator's personal intimates do not profess to know.

Biting Sarcasm

Here is a borderline case which, although unacknowledged by the senator, is said to have been repeated by Mr. Coolidge. On a hot summer afternoon when the then Executive was trying to rest, a congressional committee kept pestering him for an opinion on something.

Finally Mr. Coolidge said, "Gentlemen, on a day like this I don't know anything about anything."

On which Carter Glass passed the following observation: "I have long admired the President for the occasional keenness and penetration of his mind."

Government departments are as little troubled about patronage by Senator Glass as by any other member of Congress. But when the Virginian does make a request he finds it hard to take no. Charles Francis Adams was Secretary of the Navy, under Mr. Hoover, when a boy Mr. Glass had nominated for Annapolis was turned down because all his teeth had not come through.

Mr. Glass called on the secretary. "Do you expect him to have to bite the enemy?" That is the way the senator himself ends the story.

Mr. Adams' friends say the secretary replied, "Yes, unless you Democrats don't quit shaving our appropriations." Reputed purists in Glassiana reject this rejoinder as a historical afterthought.

When aroused the senator does not raise his voice. He imparts to it a sinewy quality, fairly dripping of vitriol, the result being neither a snarl nor a growl, but more terrifying than either. Mr. Glass' commonest expletive is "dad bum," and the withering effects he can achieve with it were a cause of perpetual mystification to the late Ollie James, of Kentucky, himself an authority on the use of more robust language. Old Dad Bum is one of the senator's nicknames, others being The Old Roman, suggested by the conformation of his nose, and Give-'Em-Hell Carter.

The Gold-Standard Speech

The latter label dates from 1913, when Mr. Glass was defending his Federal Reserve Bank Bill.

Big Bob Henry, of Texas, a vociferous evangel of the monetary philosophy of William J. Bryan, kept up a fire of heckling criticism.

One of the things that enhances the effect of Carter Glass' parliamentary onslaughts is his meticulous observance of the amenities of debate. He rarely interrupts. At length his patience with Henry began to wear thin.

Sensing the coming of an eruption, members began to crowd about the speaker. "Give 'em hell, Carter!" someone shouted.

Representative Glass paused. He glanced at his adviser and then at Henry. "Why waste dynamite," he said in his slow way, "when insect powder will do the work as well?"

When the fight was over, Woodrow Wilson remarked: "*Glass talked that* bill through, *using only one side of his* mouth. I wonder what he could have done had he used both sides."

After Huey Long had driven several senators to the brink of distraction, the Kingfish began on Mr. Glass. His formula had proved successful in other cases. While speaking he walked over and stood beside the Virginian's desk, talking on and on and on. Thus if the victim retired he would seem to do so under fire. Mr. Glass stood it for quite a while. Then he arose and, looking directly at the statesman from Louisiana, opened a corner of his mouth and spoke one sentence in a voice inaudible to the galleries but not to Mr. Long. The sentence is not reproduced in the Congressional Record. It contained a word which Carter Glass had been giving a rest for forty years. Long blinked, gulped—and fled to the cloakroom. He did not approach Mr. Glass' chair again, or mention his name on the floor except with respect.

The speech which so capable a judge as Franklin D. Roosevelt is understood to have rated the best of the campaign of 1932 was delivered by Carter Glass in answer to Secretary of War Pat Hurley's assertion that, at one time, the country had been within two weeks of going off the gold standard, only to be rescued by the administrative prowess of Mr. Hoover. Though ill, the senator fumed so over what Hurley had said that his physician, Admiral Grayson, gave as his professional opinion that it would be better to let the patient "get the poison out of his system."

Radio time was arranged and, propped up in bed, Mr. Glass wrote his speech. It was blistering. The gold standard and the sanctity of the Government's pledged word form the bedrock of the monetary code for which Carter Glass has fought all his life.

"To speak with suitable restraint," he wrote, "I may say that neither Hans Christian Andersen nor Karl Grimm ever taxed his imagination as President Hoover has frequently done. . . . Anybody who says the country was within two weeks of 'being driven off the gold standard' impeaches the official integrity of the President of the United States, and of the Secretary of the Treasury." Mr. Glass showed that, during the period covered by Mr. Hurley's remarks, the Treasury had sold $3,700,000,000 of Treasury notes, redeemable in gold. "If the President and the Secretary of the Treasury had knowledge that this country was faced with imminent danger of 'being driven off the gold standard' and failed to advise the banks and private investors who purchased these Federal securities they . . . could not even appropriate to themselves the solace of future oblivion, because their names would have been remembered in terms of anathema for a century to come."

After the election Mr. Roosevelt offered Carter Glass the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Students of Government finance and sound-money men of both parties acclaimed the designation. Mr. Glass was the architect of the Federal Reserve System, and he had brought to a brilliant conclusion the financing of the World War, taking over the Treasury from Mr. McAdoo after the Armistice and, without the stimulus of battle ardor, raising, at unpredictably low rates, the additional billions required to liquidate our share in that adventure.

A Cabinet Post Refused

Moreover, Mr. Glass had seen at the *time the illusory quality of the "prosperity" of the latter 20's.* Under Mr. Coolidge he had proposed to check the ascending spiral of stock prices by collecting a tax of five dollars on each one hundred dollars' worth of securities not held for sixty days. In derisive chorus, statesmen, financiers and economists howled down the proposal. Even the safeguards provided by the Federal Reserve System were neglected, over the unheeded protests of their creator. Three years after the 1929 debacle Herbert Hoover, hounded by inflationists, had turned to Carter Glass to devise a means of keeping at bay the "cheap-money" mob without impairing the monetary structure.

The scorching dialectics in response to Hurley's electioneering scare-talk seemed to convey assurance that, with Glass in the Treasury, a dollar of United States funds would continue to be equivalent to 25.8 grains of gold. But on February 20, 1933, he announced that he preferred to remain in the Senate. If Mr. Roosevelt had designed to chain Carter Glass to his chariot as Wilson chained Bryan, he had failed.

Mr. Roosevelt had been in office forty-seven days when he abandoned our gold standard, not from necessity but from expediency. The inflationist, Senator Thomas, of Oklahoma, tacked a rider on the Farm Bill empowering the President to reduce the gold content of the dollar as much as 50 per cent. When the Administration's legislative captains took this amendment

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er their wing, Carter Glass an-nced that he would oppose it on e floor of the Senate.

Any appearance by Carter Glass on his feet on the floor of the Senate is an event. No member of the American Congress with a comparable record, from 1774 to the present time, has stood less in the way of colleagues seeking to distinguish themselves in debate. Once Vice-President Curtis gently reminded the senator that his time had expired. Mr. Glass' reply is without precedent in the annals of our national legislature, so far as living memory goes. "Glad of it," he said, sliding into his seat.

On April 27, 1933, the Senate gal-eries were filled to the last inch. Every nator was in his place—a rare trib-e—and aisles and corridors were owded. Mr. Glass has none of the nnerisms of a professional orator. speaks in a tone which is little more formal than that of ordinary conversa-tion. On this occasion it was charged with a degree of emotion which moved everyone who heard it.

"The newspapers of yesterday and today," Mr. Glass began, "have stated that the senior senator from Virginia has created a sensation by disagreeing with the President. The implication is that any senator who now maintains the views which he has privately and publicly held for many years is creating a sensation. . . . England went off the gold standard because she had less than a million dollars in gold left. . . . With nearly 40 per cent of the entire gold supply of the world, why are we going off the gold standard? . . . To me, the suggestion means national repudiation. To me, it means dishonor. . . . It is painful to disagree with the occupant of the White House, whom I love and respect. But whether it be a commonplace, or whether it be sensational, I am going to vote against this inflation amendment even if every one of the ninety-four other senators vote for it. I may have regrets, but I shall never make apologies for acting upon my convictions and conscience."

An All-Rail Journey

Three of the senator's sisters early espoused the cause of the New Deal. One of them, Dr. Meta Glass, is the president of Sweet Briar College. Another sister, Mrs. Blair Banister, is Assistant Treasurer of the United States. Even John W. Rixey Smith, for sixteen years the senator's private secretary, has been suspected, and especially by the senator, of New Deal leanings. Last June the senator and Mr. Smith went to New York, where Columbia University added to Mr. Glass' collection of honorary degrees. The next stop was to be Hamilton College. The weather being warm, a friend offered to take the senator up the Hudson on his boat.

"Wouldn't we pass Hyde Park?" asked Mr. Glass.

"Yes," his friend replied.

"Then I'll have to use the train. Smith would jump overboard and swim ashore."

The Glass newspapers are not entrusted to New Dealers in the family, however. They are run by the senator's sons, Carter, Junior, and Powell, and by his nephew, Robert Glass. Robert's trenchant editorials in the Lynchburg News are often mistaken for the senator's own.

When Mr. Glass declined to display the Blue Eagle on his publications, Gen. Hugh Johnson spoke darkly of cracking down. The newspaper proprietor told him to crack away.

"But the Constitution protects you, senator," parried the chieftain of the NRA.

"Doesn't it protect everyone?" inquired Carter Glass.

The Anti-Court-Packing Philippic

The President's Supreme Court proposal widened the chasm between Senator Glass and the Administration. Seldom has a Chief Executive been the target of a philippic so bitter as that which the Virginian pronounced against the design to "crowd into the Court a lot of judicial marionettes to speak the ventriloquisms of the White House." Mr. Glass related the story of the origin of the British Star Chamber. "The King summoned the Chief Justice to the palace and told him peremptorily that he would be dismissed unless he changed his opinions. 'Sire,' said the courageous Chief Justice, 'my position is of little concern to me, since I have not many years to live; but my convictions are of vital importance, and I am humiliated to find that Your Majesty could think me capable of altering my mind to retain my place.'"

About once in four years a novel is written that circulates as many as 700,000 copies. Less frequently a United States senator delivers a speech for which the public demand is 700,000 copies, which is the circulation, to date, in pamphlet form, of Mr. Glass' address on the Court proposal.

An acquaintance asked the senator if his speech had affected the cordial personal relations hitherto existing between himself and Mr. Roosevelt.

"I sincerely hope not," Mr. Glass replied, "but the President will have to decide that. I would not blame him for getting mad. If someone were to say the things about me which I felt it my duty to say about him, I think I might be pretty angry."

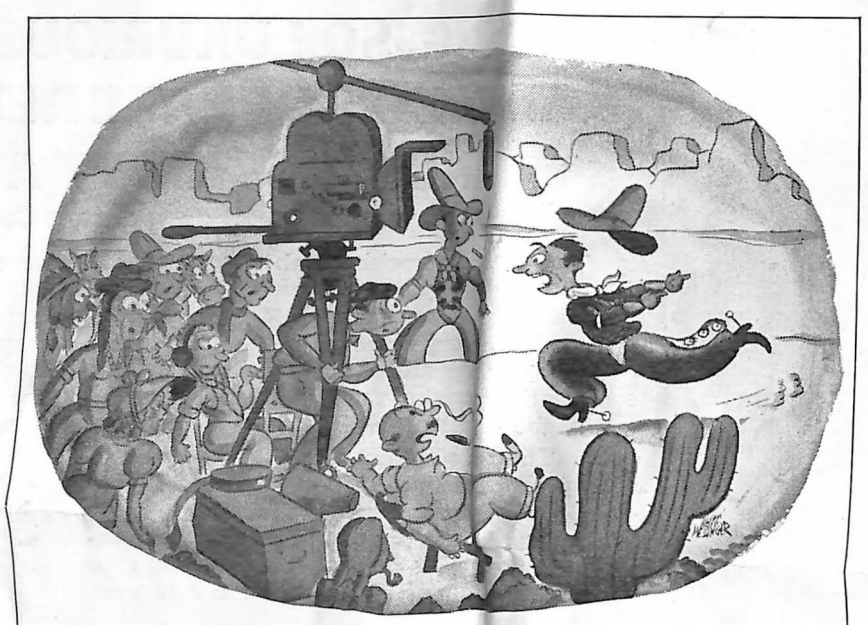
With relief the senator learned that the President's affection for him was unchanged. Mindful of the lonely road he travels politically, Carter Glass finds solace in the circumstance that his vehement differences of opinion on public questions with many persons with whom he was once politically intimate should have so little affected their personal regard for him.

Yet Mr. Glass feels that the President has gained the greater measure of triumph. The Old Roman feels that the Court has flinched and failed to stand its ground—a thing Carter Glass has never done—and he sees little to choose between an intimidated Court and a packed one.

The senator fears this will hasten some of the worst consequences of the New Deal experiment—the lengthening shadow of the power of irresponsible persons and forces such as John L. Lewis and his C. I. O.; the seizure at will of private property; the flouting of courts; rebellion against the authority and the orderly processes of government.

Senator Glass fears also for national solvency. With the Harry Hopkins philosophy of "permanently organized mendicancy" affording more openings for career men than the State Department—with this sort of thing preferred to economic truths as old as history, Mr. Glass sees the people deluded worse than they were in the fool's paradise before 1929.

The senator has been urged to stir the country to a realization of the situation as he perceives it. Were he to do this, saying in public the things he has lately said in private, the speech might surpass in sensation his gold-standard and Supreme Court utterances. But the Virginian says he prefers to wait, so long as he feels that any hope remains for a voluntary return to the principles of sound finance. On June twenty-first Mr. Glass did speak briefly on the relief-appropriations bill. By comparison with some of his off-the-record remarks it was a mild speech. Yet some of his points are worth repeating.



DRAWN BY MARC MESSENGER

"Scram—the Indians are really Coming!"

The People Pay, Either Way

The Senate was considering amendments requiring local communities to contribute from 25 to 40 per cent of the cost of relief projects. Mr. Glass favored these amendments, which were voted down. He answered the claim that the communities cannot afford these contributions. In that case, how can the Federal Government afford them? he wanted to know. The national debt is officially listed as $36,000,000,000, which Mr. Glass called an undercalculation by some $4,000,000,000.

"Who is to pay it?" The rich through income taxes? Another senator had suggested this. No, replied Carter Glass. "If we were to take every dollar that the wealthy classes derive from income, if we were to take their very principal, we could not begin to pay a measurable part of the indebtedness that this nation has already incurred."

The people themselves, continued the senator, will pay this debt—the people of the local communities who now feel they cannot make a contribution of 25 or 40 per cent to relief expenditures.

Balance the Budget or Else ——

They may begin to pay it sooner than they expect. "We boast of the credit of the Government. We see it announced in the newspapers that Treasury issues are tremendously oversubscribed. These are not subscriptions at all; they are allocations. The banks are compelled to take the bonds because they must protect the enormous amount of Federal securities they already hold; and a reduction of 10 per cent under the par value of Federal securities would practically bankrupt 90 per cent of the banks of the country. If we keep on constituting ourselves legislative spendthrifts, pretty soon such a depreciation of government securities is going to occur."

On this warning note the senator concluded his short speech.

In private he has been heard to say that unless the budget is balanced and Treasury issues put on a sound basis, one of three things is inevitable: (1) national repudiation, (2) inflation, or (3) crushing taxation. By repudiation or inflation the people would avoid payment of the debt, but at great material sacrifices to themselves. Of the choice of evils the senator believes the taxation way out would be the easiest in the end. "And," he says, "it has the additional virtue of being honest."

Twice within the year past he has discouraged attempts by authors of standing to write his biography. One was turned away quickly when he said that he had selected as his title, The Last Democrat. Mr. Glass felt this a historical inaccuracy, unjustly reflecting on a number of stanch contemporaries. However severe the pains of rebirth, the senator believes the teachings of Jefferson will emerge from the shadows to outlast those of Roosevelt.

The senator disposed of the biography problem by permitting Rixey Smith, his secretary, and himself a writer and bibliophile, to undertake it. Now he appears to regret this. He keeps asking Smith when he will be through, and is concerned lest the book shall smack of the "authorized" type. This impatience with past performances is characteristic. After forty years a public man, covering nearly one third of the lifetime of the Republic, Carter Glass is more concerned with what remains to do than with what has been done, by him or by anyone else.

As free from personal ambition as any American in public life, independent alike of his own party machinery and of the time-wasting claims of constituents which keep forty-nine out of fifty members of Congress with their noses to the grindstone and their eyes lifted little higher than the next election, Glass concentrates on the essentials as he sees them. Yet should someone propose to write a book entitled The Last Republican, it is not likely that the senator would offer destructive criticism.

War-Weary Pyle

Ernie On Way Home Says Goodbye to AEF

Doesn't Want to See Any More Dead or Hear Gunfire

By ERNIE PYLE

PARIS—This is the last of these columns from Europe. By the time you read this, the old man will be on his way back to America. After that will come a long, long rest. And after the rest—well, you never can tell.

Undoubtedly this seems to you to be a funny time for a fellow to be quitting the war. It is a funny time. But I'm not leaving because of a whim, or even especially because I'm homesick.

I'm leaving for one reason only—because I have just got to stop. "I've had it," as they say in the army. I have had all I can take for a while.

I've been 20 months overseas since this war started; have written around 700,000 words about it; have totalled nearly a year in the front-lines.

I do hate terribly to leave right now, but I have given out. I've been immersed in it too long. My spirit is wobbly and my mind is confused. The hurt has finally become too great.

All of a sudden it seemed to me that if I heard one more shot or saw one more dead man, I would go off my nut. And if I had to write one more column I'd collapse. So I'm on my way.

It may be that a few months of peace will restore some vim to my spirit, and I can go warhorsing off to the Pacific. We'll see what a little New Mexico sunshine does along that line.

Even after two and a half years of war writing there still is a lot I would like to tell. I wish right now that I could tell you about our gigantic and staggering supply system that keeps these great armies moving.

I'm sorry I haven't been able to get around to many branches of service that so often are neglected. I would like to have written about the transportation corps and the airport engineers and the wire-stringers and the chemical mortars and the port battalions. To all of those that I have missed, my apologies. But the army over here is just too big to cover it all.

I know the first question everyone will ask when I get home is: "When will the war be over?"

So I'll answer even before you ask me, and the answer is: "I don't know."

We all hope and most of us think it won't be too long now. And yet there's a possibility of it going on and on, even after we are deep in Germany. The Germans are desperate and their leaders have nothing to quit for.

Every day the war continues is another hideous black mark against the German nation. They are beaten and yet they haven't quit. Every life lost from here on is a life lost to no purpose.

If Germany does deliberately drag this war on and on she will so infuriate the world by her inhuman bullheadness that she is apt to be committing national suicide.

In our other campaigns we felt we were fighting, on the whole, a pretty good people. But we don't feel that way now. A change has occurred. On the western front the Germans have shown their real cruelty of mind. We didn't used to hate them, but we do now.

The outstanding figure on this western front is Lieut. Gen. Omar Nelson Bradley. He is so modest and sincere that he probably will not get his proper credit, except in military textbooks.

But he has proved himself a great general in every sense of the word. And as a human being, he is just as great. Having him in command has been a blessed good fortune for America.

I cannot help but feel bad about leaving. Even hating the whole business as much as I do, you come to be a part of it. And you leave some of yourself here when you depart. Being with the American soldier has been a rich experience.

To the thousands of them that I know personally and the other hundreds of thousands for whom I have had the humble privilege of being a sort of mouthpiece, this then is to say goodby—and good luck.

Ellen Glasgow

Posterity will judge the full stature of Ellen Glasgow as a novelist. Her work was of a kind and occurring in a period when much difference of opinion was certain to exist in critical estimates. That she was an important writer is certain. That she was a distinguished and a great writer her devoted admirers will insist. It is enough, now, that her death marks the passing of one who was in her time Virginia's most distinguished contribution to the world of art and letters.

Ellen Glasgow was called a realist, almost the first one among Southern writers. It is better to say that she possessed intellectual honesty and artistic integrity. It is necessary to recognize that the Virginia, especially Richmond, which she criticized, she loved to a degree probably second to none. That her criticism was valuable is certain. Virginia is better for her having been born in it, having lived in it, and especially for having written about it.—Lynchburg News.

Roa'ke Times Dec 2 '45

John Stewart Bryan Is Claimed By Death

Publisher of Richmond Papers Long Active in Education

RICHMOND, Oct. 16 (AP).—John Stewart Bryan, publisher of the Richmond News Leader and Richmond Times Dispatch and chancellor and former president of the College of William and Mary, died here tonight at 6:02 p. m. He was 73 years old.

Death was attributed to pneumonia.

Continued at Desk

Mr. Bryan had suffered a slow decline in health that seemed to his friends to be accelerated after a fall in the summer of 1943, but he continued at his desk until September 28 of this year. On September 29 he caught cold and remained in bed for several days. He appeared to be recovering when on October 12 his terminal illness began and he was taken to the Medical College of Virginia hospital.

He is survived by Mrs. Bryan, the former Anne Eliza Tennant; a daughter, Mrs. R. Keith Kane, of Washington, and two sons, Lieut. Comdr. D. Tennant Bryan, USNR, and Steward Bryan, Jr., a major in the army air corps. He is also survived by a brother, J. St. George Bryan, of Richmond. Family connections are wide.

John Stewart Bryan

Funeral services will be held in Emmanuel Episcopal church at Brook Hill at 11 a. m. Wednesday. Burial will be in the churchyard.

Mr. Bryan was born at Brook Hill, Henrico county, on October 23, 1871, and would have observed his 73rd birthday a week from today. He was the eldest of five sons of the late Joseph and Isobel Stewart Bryan.

Mr. Bryan lived a life of public

(Continued on Page 14, Column 7)

John Stewart Bryan Is Claimed By Death

(Continued from Page One)

service and left a record of personal achievement in keeping with his distinguished ancestry and his own philosophy of duty and kindness.

Newspaper publishing and education were his largest interests, but the ability, the willingness, the energy and the enthusiasm of the unusually tall, scholarly Virginian kept him constantly in positions of leadership in the civic life of Richmond and Virginia. He was also distinguished for his work in the advancement of newspaper publishing throughout the United States, for his activities in the prosecution of two wars, and in the affairs of the Protestant Episcopal church and patriotic societies.

Mr. Bryan studied to be a lawyer, but like his father he soon acquired other interests which weaned him from the practice of his profession. In 1900 he became associated with his father in the publishing business and became publisher of The Times-Dispatch in 1908 upon the death of his father. He remained in that position until the sale of the Richmond Times-Dispatch in 1914. Prior to that time Mr. Bryan had acquired the News Leader and he devoted his largest energies to its publication from that time onward. In 1940, on a new affiliation of the morning and afternoon papers in Richmond he became president, publisher and treasurer.

His wide interest in the publishing business did not end in Virginia and he became associated with the late S. Emory Thomason in the publication of The Chicago Daily Times and The Tampa Tribune. He was a member of the American Newspaper Publishers association and its president in 1926-28.

Mr. Bryan was a charter member of the Associated Press in the reorganization of 1900. On the fortieth anniversary of the reorganization he asserted "The AP signalizes the indestructible soundness of the ideal of it's founders."

"That ideal," said Mr. Bryan, "is the dissemination of news courageously sought and fearlessly given by men freely working together for a worthy purpose. Herein has democracy in gathering news, no less than in governing a nation, been justified."

Interested in Education

A man of tremendous energy, Mr. Bryan had a life-long interest in education. As a young man he served on the Henrico county school board and was a leader in the establishment of the Co-operative Education Association of Virginia. In 1920-22 he was rector of the board of visitors of the University of Virginia. Four years after he retired from that board he accepted appointment to the board of William and Mary.

In 1934, upon the death of Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, much pressure was brought to bear upon Mr. Bryan to accept the presidency of William and Mary. Many friends felt that he would find the strain of the administration and active management of the newspaper too heavy. He was influenced in accepting by his belief in the continuing service of the college and by the association with it ,in the Eighteenth century of his distinguished ancestor, Richard Bland.

He acepted and was president from 1934 until the slow impairment of his health forced him to resign in 1942. In his honor the college revived the title of chancellor, originally created for George Washington, and conferred the honor on Mr. Bryan. He appreciated scarcely less the action of the football team in making him honorary captain for life.

Friends of the college considered his greatest contribution the heightened morale among the enlarged faculty and the improvement in the quality of the student body. These imponderables were placed ahead of the improvement he obtained in the physical plant and the financial position of the college.

His father was one of "Mosby's men" during the War Between the States and after it's close became an attorney in Richmond. He later engaged in many large enterprises and was president of the Richmond Locomotive Works which later consolidated with the American Locomotive company. He also was publisher of the Richmond Times and Evening Leader and upon consolidation of Richmond newspaper properties in 1903 he became publisher of the Times-Dispatch. Isobel Stewart Bryan was one of the "Misses Stewart of Brook Hill" as they were known to two generations of Richmonders, and she found time for a multitude of public services de-

of the University of Richmond and of the Episcopal high school. He was interested in the Boy Scouts from the time the local council was created and he was made honorary president and given the Silver Beaver award. He sponsored the work of the YMCA in Richmond and at one time was president of the Confederate Memorial Institute. For many years he was a member of the executive committee of the Southern Historical society and as president of the Virginia Historical society in 1936-38 he aided in the building of the present annex.

Practically everything which concerned advancement of the city of Richmond had his active support, moral and financial.

Mr. Bryan's war work was extensive, both in 1917-1918 and in the present war. During the First World War he originated plans for the issuance by leading American journals of camp newspapers. To enlist the support of publishers he toured the country and established no less than 30 separate editions of the weekly paper, "Trench and Camp." Almost every large military and naval establishment had it's "Trench and Camp" which, in many instances, was published by newspapers primarily because Mr. Bryan had asked it. He was a member of the 1917-1918 war work council of the YMCA.

In the second World War Mr. Bryan's health and age did not permit the same degree of activity, but he worked to the limit of his strength. Two of his labors were in the establishment of the Virginia War Fund and in the organization of the committee for economic development. He also served as chairman for sale drives.

The Virginia State Chamber of Commerce named him Virginia's first citizen in 1943.

As president of the College of William and Mary in 1940 he asserted that "the college campus is as important in preserving civilization as a training camp."

"Colleges are the age-old repositories of the world's discoveries of enduring truth," he said in an address at the fall convocation at the college. "Colleges have conserved knowledge and culture and belief in the eternal worth of kindness, of human intercourse, of generous love, that is, of religion.

"In the past the nation has supported the college; now let the college show it's right to existence by supporting the nation. There is no other way for the life of the spirit, either national or collegiate. . ."

Highest Ambition

In his inaugural address at William and Mary Mr. Bryan had said the institution's highest ambition during his administration would be to inspire her students so that they would restore informed good citizenship to it's proper place as the chief avocation of gentlemen.

In his own profession as a publisher Mr. Bryan was not only proud of the standards he advocated and advanced, but of the remarkable number of newspapermen trained under him. Among them were R. W. Simpson, managing editor of the Tampa Tribune; Louis I. Jaffe, editor of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot; the late W. Douglas Gordon, editor of the Norfolk Ledger Dispatch; William B. Smith, vice president and editorial director of The Roanoke Times and World News; Robert Glass, editor of the Lynchburg News; Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch; and Douglas Southall Freeman, editor of the Richmond News Leader.

Mr. Bryan's range of scholarships brought him many honors. He held these honorary degrees: Washington and Lee university, Litt. D. (1911); College of Charleston, S. C., LL. D. (1935); Dartmouth college, LL. D. (1936); University of Pennsylvania, LL. D. (1940); University of Syracuse, LL. D. (1941); College of William and Mary, LL. D. (1942).

Perhaps the highest academic distinction that came to Mr. Bryan was membership on the board of overseers of Harvard university, 1937-43. His honorary fraternities were Delta Psi Omicorn Delta Kappa and Phi Beta Kappa. Chief among the patriotic organizations in which he held membership were the Society of the Cincinnati in Virginia, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. He belonged also to the American Antiquarian Society and the New England Historical Genealogical Society.

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John Stewart Bryan's boyhood was spent at Laburnum, the estate in Richmond where his father built a home in 1885. He was educated at Norwood's school in Richmond, Episcopal high school, Alexandria, Va., and the University of Virginia, where he received his M.A. in 1893; he received his LL.B from Harvard in 1897.

Keen Sense Of Humor

Mr. Bryan, who was noted for his keen sense of humor, used to relate that his fellow students at Harvard dubbed him "Necessity Bryan," because "necessity knows no law." In reality, he acquired a discerning knowledge of the law and a lasting sense of the fundamentals of jurisprudence.

Three years after becoming his father's associate in the publication of newspapers Mr. Bryan married Anne Eliza Tennant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David B. Tennant of Petersburg.

In national life Mr. Bryan was president of the community chests and councils in 1933. He was a director of the Southern Railway as his father and younger brother, Jonathan, had been. He served as a member of the international education board and as a member of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal church.

He was president of the Richmond community fund in 1926-27. He was chairman of the board of the Richmond public library and was vice preisdent and one of the founders of the Virginia museum of fine arts. For many years he was a trustee

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In his own profession as a publisher Mr. Bryan was not only proud of the standards he advocated and advanced, but of the remarkable number of newspapermen trained under him. Among them were R. W. Simpson, managing editor of the Tampa Tribune; Louis I. Jaffe, editor of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot; the late W. Douglas Gordon, editor of the Norfolk Ledger Dispatch; William B. Smith, vice president and editorial director of The Roanoke Times and World News; Robert Glass, editor of the Lynchburg News; Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch; and Douglas Southall Freeman, editor of the Richmond News Leader.

Mr. Bryan's range of scholarships brought him many honors. He held these honorary degrees: Washington and Lee university, Litt. D. (1911); College of Charleston, S. C., LL. D. (1935); Dartmouth college, LL. D. (1936); University of Pennsylvania, LL. D. (1940); University of Syracuse, LL. D. (1941); College of William and Mary, LL. D. (1942).

Perhaps the highest academic distinction that came to Mr. Bryan was membership on the board of overseers of Harvard university, 1937-43. His honorary fraternities were Delta Psi Omicorn Delta Kappa and Phi Beta Kappa. Chief among the patriotic organizations in which he held membership were the Society of the Cincinnati in Virginia, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. He belonged also to the American Antiquarian Society and the New England Historical Genealogical Society.

The activities to which he gave his energy denied him the opportunity of extensive writing in later years but he frequently prepared editorials for one of his newspapers. His largest published work was the privately printed "Joseph Bryan: His Times, His Family, His Friends." (1935) a later work was "The Diary of John Randolph Bryan" (1941). Many of his adresses were published and circulated widely.

As a speaker he had to decline far more invitations than he possibly could accept. When he did appear he prepared addresses with great care, then frequently put them aside for wise, discerning and humorous observations inspired by the audience. He was considered without a peer in Virginia as a toastmaster, and as a raconteur he kept his audience rapt. His quick wit and charm in private conversation made a Virginia tradition.

Mr. Bryan had four brothers. J. St. George Bryan lives in Richmond. His other brothers, Thomas P. Bryan, Jonathan Bryan and Dr. Robert C. Bryan.

Despite his many activities, John Stewart Bryan found time for play, recreation and family life. He liked horseback riding, tennis and golf, and he liked people.

In his younger days it was nothing unusual for him to drop into the news room or the AP office and ask a reporter if he could get away for a game of golf. When failing health prohibited out-door activities, he still came around for a friendly chat with the many friends among his employees.

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THIS MORNING

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

"'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner,
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave."

* * *

Consider these United States of America in this dawn of victory, dear friends and fellow citizens. Consider the almost unimaginably good job done impromptu by amateurs. Our flag flies at arms over all the seven seas and in triumph on all the warring continents. The force of us grips Europe and the Orient at once. Our men, guns, tanks, and planes are pouring through the Normandy Gap in the Occident, even as we land at Saipan in home waters of Japan and scorching the Japanese mainland with Superfortresses in the dimension of a Seversky dream. We own the air and sea, and there is no land surface that can hold against us. Our Columbia is gem of the ocean, jewel of the air, and master at last of earth beneath.

* * *

And all done impromptu by an amateur at making war. All done in the few months since Hitler and Hirohito forced us to try. Germany gave her energy and genius through long years to a military establishment. Russia did, and Italy and Japan. When the establishments were put into battle the sight and sound of them were terrible indeed. But within only a few months of that terror a land of democracy and peace has produced an establishment that beggars the others and gives battle-making new proportions.

* * *

We can be jingoes a little at such a spectacle. We can wave our flags and rattle our swords and shine up our military buttons. It is good to be proud of our country at war, especially at war against an enemy in such a defense, and for such a dream.

Tomorrow, though, we must go further. Tomorrow we must ask ourselves to what manner of people, with what program for the future, what sense of sins as well as virtues, has Fate delivered this place of incomparable majesty? Who are we that are standing in such primacy on a universe's most sentient planet? Part of the answer is that we were the people who were here before Pearl Harbor, the people who had a jazz age and then an age of jitters, the people of Teapot Dome and the Florida boom and the crash of 1929, the people who lost themselves variously in libertarian sentimentality, in socialistic tyranny, in psycopathic hate, fear and doubt, in economic blind alleys, in selfishness so unenlightened we didn't even know we were selfish, ugliness so pervasive we lost ability to sense it, in gracelessness, hopelessness, Godlessness. We are the people, too, who with never more than half a thought to the matter believed we could avoid war by not looking or liking or consenting to our vast responsibility and place.

* * *

Today as we know our impromptu might at arms, we observe the blood. Many of us are incapacitated for glorying by the fact of some loved individual whose blood is taken, of some dear one in an Occidental or Oriental hall of battle, of young life spent so wantonly and awfully on so many shores.

* * *

This land of ours which was amateur at war was amateur at peace, also. It isn't possible to do so well impromptu at peace. What we are winning at arms now with such glory but at such a price is a war for which we are in bitter part responsible. We were never quite so mighty as this in the world but we have been mighty enough before. We were mighty in 1919 and through the after years. Mighty enough, with more of individual and national character, to have made a world in which there would have been no chance, and no excuse either, for the Greatest War.

JUST FOLKS

EDGAR A. GUEST

NEIGHBORHOOD

Each neighborhood in nature's plan
Is wholly cosmopolitan.

For instance: this, our city block,
Houses a heterogenous flock.

Here in my little space of ground
A various tenantry is found.

Who came here first we'll never
know,
From sparrow to the raucous crow.

For differing from the ways of men
Here live the mourning dove and
wren,

Robin and cardinal, thrush and jay,
And none so proud he moves away!

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

CHARLES DE FOREST LUCAS, M. D.
611 MEDICAL ARTS BUILDING
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

SURGEON AND
GYNECOLOGIST

These were both read at the meeting

Please return this also —

July 9, 1931.

Mrs. Willis Tinsley,
Roanoke, Va.
Dear Madam:

There are in this community very few historical landmarks that have escaped the ravages of time and neglect. Those that do remain, unless protected, will have vanished forever within the next few years. Not knowing to whom I should appeal, unless to your organization, I make bold to report to you several objects of historical interest that are the few remaining ties in this locality to a race of pioneers long since departed.

Northwest of Roanoke on the road leading to Daleville up Tinkers Creek stands an old mill crumbling to ruins. It is well over a hundred years old for it is listed on an old map made in the first part of the nineteenth century which is framed on the wall of the old Fincastle Courthouse. Two sides of the mill are about gone. The walls are of old hand made brick, and into a corner is incorporated a chimney which is a part of the wall itself. The old mill stones are still there, as are also the old wooden gears carved of oak with such labor and metriculousness as to be irreplaceable. Even the original shingles are in place. The huge overshot wheel has crumbled to debris. This is probably the last example of this type of ancient mill within many miles and is certainly the oldest.

Another and a more worthy object of preservation is situated on the north fork of the Roanoke River on the road between Catawba and Blacksburg near McDonald's mill. It is the last remaining stone fort in this section of the state and was built by the early settlers on the north fork of the Roanoke River as a refuge from the Cherokee Indians. It occupied a strategic position, as a short distance down the river was where the great Indian path, later called the Wilderness Road by the settlers, left the waters of the Roanoke which flowed East, and wound across the continental divide to New River which flowed West and North into the Ohi o, Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

#2.

CHARLES DE FOREST LUCAS, M. D.
611 MEDICAL ARTS BUILDING
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

SURGEON AND
GYNECOLOGIST

Gulf of Mexico. Indians were constantly passing over this road on raids against the whites and against their Northern enemies headed by the Iriquois. The valley is comparatively narrow here and a wooden stockade was susceptible to flaming arrows shot from the nearby hills, so a stone fort was constructed out of heavy lime-stone rocks and supported by huge hand hewn timbers. The walls are in excellent condition containing many narrow ports with 90 degree firing angles. The lime and clay plaster still contains the finger prints of the pioneers who patted it into place. It is now being used as a cattle and hay barn and unless steps are taken for its preservation, it will follow the train of the other forts which had so important a part in the building of an Empire.

Fort Schwartz, a family fortified dwelling, stands West of Roanoke about eight miles. It is interesting but not unique. It stands on the property of a Mr. Showalter.

It is now probably too late to mark the graves of that handful of soldiers who fought the most important battle of America, the battle of Point Pleasant. Most of the Southern wing of Lord Dunmore's army were enlisted from this neighborhoood, and they lie in unmarked graves in isolated communities. With much time and effort many could be located.

Hoping that the above may be worthy of your interest, and consideration, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

Chas. D. Lucas.

Chas. D. Lucas, M.D.

CDL/s

P.S. I will be glad to help any way I can.

GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON, JR., leaves the Church of Our Saviour, San Gabriel, Calif., with his wife *(left)* and his sister, Miss Anne W. Patton, a member of the National Council. When the General made his victorious return to the United States, he told Bostonians, "There is a little church out there where I was baptized and confirmed. God has been very good to me and I'd like to go there to give thanks to Him." Press Assn. Photo.

Montpelier near Orange, Virginia, home of James Madison. Built in 1756.

"Carry Me Back *to Old Virginia*"

NOW that final victory has been achieved, and gas rationing no longer holds the motorist within limited boundaries, your Club is prepared to assist car owners in planning those long delayed holidays-by-motor.

One of the most beautiful times of the year to take a trip through the Shenandoah Valley is in the fall when the hillsides are a tapestry of pastel tints and flaming hues, and when the blue of the mountains seems bluer than at any other time.

But, for all its placid serenity and lush beauty, the Shenandoah Valley has, in the past, been the scene of desperate warfare and bloody battles. Long before the white man stepped ashore on this continent, there was a constant conflict between the Delaware Indians, then living north of the Potomac, and the Catawbas who lived on the river by that name in South Carolina. Both tribes used the Shenandoah Valley for their hunting expeditions and consequently frequent battles occurred.

History of the Valley Pike

And, as though destined to be a treasure land for all who saw its fertile fields, this beautiful and historic country came to know many changes—among them the passing of the red man, and the growing struggle for power which followed in the steps of the white settlers. It is difficult to realize that almost every foot of ground along the Valley Pike was at some time or other a battleground. During the Civil War, when Stonewall Jackson moved his infantry with the speed of cavalry along this road, the Valley bled with the devastation of war. The famous road running from Strasburg to Staunton is—to the average motorist—just another highway, but to the Southerner who knows his Virginia history, there is an acute awareness that here lies a road which has known great suffering and sorrow. A road which was once channels of blood and mud. A road which knew the sound of marching feet as tattered, war-weary soldiers staggered bravely forward or fell back in retreat. A road along whose sides many of the wounded or dying fell by the wayside as great craters of war opened up and vomited forth sand and rock in bewildering fury.

So complete was the ruination along this path of battle that General Sheridan made the statement that "he would make the Valley of Virginia so desolate that a crow flying over it would have to carry a knapsack."

Scarcely an old home now standing, which stood in the line of fighting, but can show some scars of battle. Maybe a slash of a sabre in the panelling, or imbedded bullets in the sidewalls.

First Settlers of the Shenandoah

But let's go back to the days before the Civil War. While it is generally thought that the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe were the first white men to cross the Blue Ridge, there was at least one adventuresome party who went beyond the mountains and into the Valley, about 50 years before Spotswood's official expedition.

John Kederer, a German traveler, according to records, penetrated into the Shenandoah Valley in the company of Colonel Catlett of Virginia, nine English horses and four friendly Indians. His record reads as follows:

> "We traveled through Sawanea amongst vast herds of red and fallow deer, which stood gazing at us; and a little after we came to the promontories or spurs of the Appelatiean Mountain."

Immigrants from the mountainous regions of Central Europe who, like the Pilgrims sought new freedom of worship, began to infiltrate into America early in the seventeenth century. Sometime later in the eighteenth century they had migrated from Pennsylvania down into the Valley of Virginia. As evidence of this early date, there is an ancient tombstone in the old Ronemous graveyard, five miles south of Shepherds-

town, with an inscription dating back to 1707.

Newcomers into the Shenandoah constructed houses of limestone, found in abundance in this area. They erected mills, schools and tanneries. They built shops and forges, and meeting houses, for this was easily recognized as the land of plenty. Streams were filled with fish. Wild turkey was here in abundance. Herds of buffalo, deer and elk roamed the hillsides. There were plenty of animal skins for making warm winter clothing, and food of every kind was plentiful.

Tobacco became the staple crop, and at one time served as currency. Slaves were used only by a few plantation owners in the Valley, which had a marked economic and political influence on the subsequent history of this part of Virginia—and proved to be the underlying cause of the division of the state during the secession.

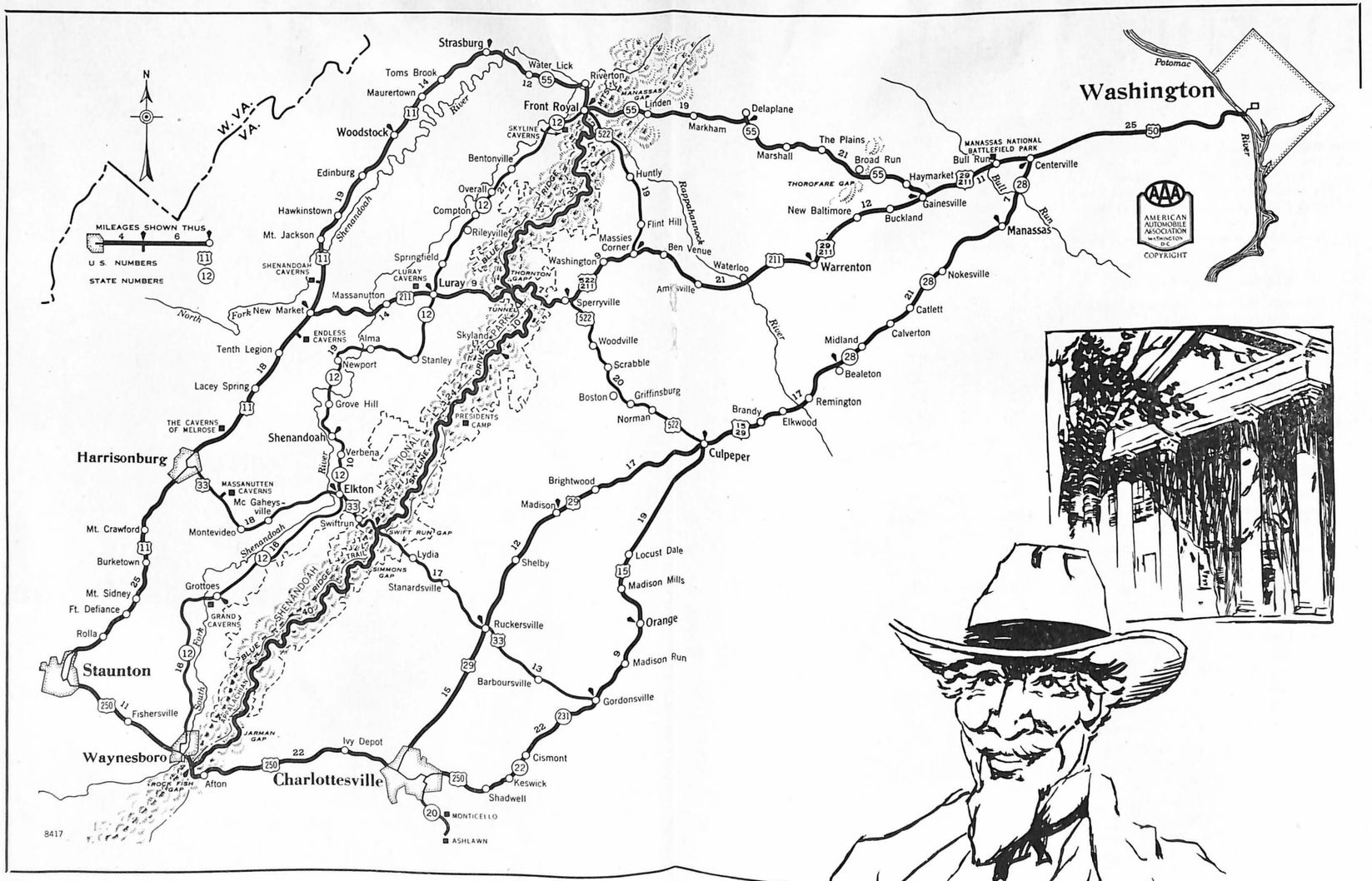
Civil War Comes to the Valley

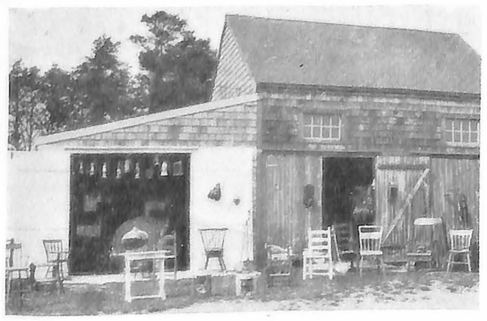
As one motors along on smooth broad highways, there is nothing to remind the traveler of the hardships brought about by the Civil War which followed the secession. True, roadside markers bring to mind calendar dates and places, but they do not reconstruct the picture of the untrained mountain boys who answered the call to arms, nor the handsome young officers from first families who, with soft plumed hats and smart uniforms, confidently set out to run the Yankees out of Virginia to the tune of Dixie—run them out in three months, so they thought. Little is there to remind one that, as those weeks wore into months, and months into years, the ruthlessness of fighting finally left the once gallant Southern Army a disorganized force of ragged, half-starved troops, who returned along the Valley Pike, many of them wounded or too weak to walk.

A descriptive word picture has been described by Mary Johnson's *Long Roll*, wherein she says:

"The army of the Valley endowed the Valley Pike with personality. They spoke of it as 'her.' They blamed her for mud and dust, for shadeless, waterless stretches, for a habit she was acquiring for furrows and worn places, for the aid which she occasionally gave to hostile armies, for the hills which she presented, for the difficulties of her bordering stone walls when troops must be employed, for the weeds and nettles, thistles, briars, with which she had a trick of decking her sides, for her length, for the heat of the sun, the chill of the frost, the strength of the blast."

The thrifty settlements which flank the highway today, the miles of green acres and meandering streams which appear and disappear in shaded woodlands have carefully disguised the evidence of battle.





Antique treasures are to be found along Virginia's highways.

Nature Disguises Her Scars

Driving over broad boulevards curving around the Blue Ridge, there is nothing that even suggests to the motorist that the— in an ancient forest, ambushed soldi in blue and gray may have sought refu or the spot beneath yonder hill may have served as a fort; that the river whose water reflects the golden sunlight, once was a fearful hazard for fleeing men and horses, frightened by the deafening cannonading.

It is well that nature covers so thoroughly the scars of hideous bloodshed which accompanies battles. And it is also well that man does not forget the awfulness of war entirely. The markers which have been erected enable the traveler to trace the advance and retreat of armies where our forefathers fought and died.

With reverence for the past, one can appreciate the feeling and respect which succeeding generations have kept alive in this beautiful valley. In addition to designating the places of historical importance along the roadside, the motorist may visit Virginia's battlefields and shrines. Rustic tables, benches and fireplaces offer every convenience in each of the four Virginia battlefield parks.

Visit Virginia, where once sounded the jovial gospels of aristocrats and rubicund tobacco growers. Many of their historic mansions still glorify the countryside.

The Shenandoah Park is noted for its beautiful water falls. This is the uppermost of a series of cascades in White Oak Canyon easily accessible by trail from the Skyline Drive.

The Blue Ridge Parkway

The tides of war which raged up and down the Valley less than a century ago, affected nearly every section of the tour outlined in the accompanying map. The only area not open to the fury of the battle was the Skyline Drive, recently completed a few years ago.

This magnificent picture highway is only a segment of the 600-mile mountain boulevard which, when completed, will one day connect with the Great Smoky Mountain Parkway extending through Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee.

Modern Virginia Forges Ahead

As you motor through Virginia, there is more to appreciate than its historic background and its far flung natural beauty.

Consider what Virginia has done for her people in agriculture. Note, as you travel through her countryside, the towering trees and beautiful forests which have been scientifically cut and allowed to grow. Those broad acres of cleared land have been under cultivation by farmers who know about soil erosion and how to protect it from washing away. Note the herds of healthy Hereford cattle grazing in the lush pastureland amongst thoroughbred horses, colts and sheep. Stop occasionally to visit historic shrines, or admire magnificent old mansions, many of them once homes of America's great.

(Continued on Page 19)

Mountaineer's cabin

Carry Me Back To Old Virginia

(Continued from Page 11)

Occasionally there lumbers by us on the highway, a huge gravel truck swinging down to its pit along a meandering stream. Fleets of these massive vehicles keep Virginia's highways smooth and well conditioned for the car owner.

Nature has lavished her abundance on *all* of Virginia, but she has poured with special vigor into the Valley. Having so much to be thankful for, her people have given the world unique music which has carved a cherished place in the archives of American song. The spirituals will live through the ages, and lucky is the traveler who hears them from the throats of rich voices southern negroes, happily working in the fields, sitting

(Continued on Page 20)

for Accommodations

Limited space does not permit us to give complete listings of accommodations here. These may be obtained from your AAA Tour Book.

Allowances should be made for government restrictions on meats, and also for insufficient and skilled help in hotels and inns.

FRONT ROYAL, VA.—Hotel Royal
Mayflower Restaurant
Bower's Riverside Cottages
Park Entrance Cottages
Stonymaker's Cabins

Motorists taking the Skyline Drive are advised to pack picnic lunches, because there is no place open along the drive, now serving the public. It is possible to get food and accommodations by cutting off the drive at any of the main intersections, as for instance at Luray and New Market where good accommodations are available. By continuing to the end of the Skyline Drive, at Waynesboro, many motorists will choose to return by the historic Valley Pike. By so doing, Staunton, Va., and Harrisonburg are the main cities en route.

STAUNTON, VA.—(Willow Sprout Handicrafts) 8 miles north on U. S. 11
Ingleside Hotel and Country Club
Stonewall Jackson Hotel

HARRISONBURG, VA.—Kavanaugh Hotel
Warren Hotel
Pure Village Cottages

LURAY, VA.—Mimslyn Hotel
Parkhurst Inn and Cottages

NEW MARKET, VA.—Shenvalee Hotel
Don-Dee Cabins
Maxwell Brothers

Motorists electing to take the highway from Washington to Charlottesville and thence up the Skyline Drive or on to the Valley Pike, will find accommodations en route.

CULPEPER, VA.—Lord Culpeper Hotel

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Monticello Hotel
Skibo Lodge

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STANFORD PAPER COMPANY
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WASHINGTON 1, D. C.
NAtional 3887

BUY ONLY AT THE SIGN OF THE RECOMMENDED MERCHANT

Send your receipted bills in promptly to the D. C. Motor Club.

This list is for SEPTEMBER ONLY. Consult your magazine for up-to-date listings.

The following stations are 100% stations except gasoline and special items indicated next to merchant's listing. Dividend receipts should be secured for all purchases except gasoline and the special items as indicated. The purchase of any type of automobile is excluded from possible dividends.

NORTHWEST WASHINGTON

AMERICAN SERVICE CENTER, Wis. Ave. & Ellicott St.

ARCADE PONTIAC, 1437 Irving St.

COX & GREENE SERVICE STATIONS, 4515 MacArthur Blvd. (Except gas and oil.)

D. C. IGNITION HEADQUARTERS, 1230 20th St.

EUBANK'S SERVICE STATION, 3150 Mt. Pleasant St. (Except gas and oil.)

FRED MOTOR CO., 5001-13 Ga. Ave., N.W. (Except labor and gasoline.)

LIBERTY AUTO BODY CO., 2115 M St.

W. S. PRATT SCIEN. BRAKE SERVICE, 22nd & M Sts. (Except tires and tubes, tire recapping, parts and gasoline.)

RETALLACK'S CITIES SERVICE, 4326 Wisconsin Ave. (Except gas and oil.)

L. P. STEUART, INC., 1440 P St.

STEUART MOTOR CO., 6th and N. Y. Ave. (Except exchange parts and labor.)

WASHINGTON RUBBER CO., 14th & Belmont St. (one block above Fla. Ave.)

(Except Tires and Tubes, Tire Recapping, Parts and Gasoline)

SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON

CITIES SERVICE STATION NO. 13, 14th and Water Sts.

SOUTHWEST SERVICE STATION, 4th & F Sts.

NORTHEAST WASHINGTON

PARSON'S AUTO GLASS CO., 1354 H St.

TRIANGLE MOTORS, 14th & R. I. Ave.

VIRGINIA

AMERICAN SERVICE CENTER, 585 North Glebe Road, Arlington, Virginia.

MARYLAND

HILLER MOTORS, 926 Silver Spring Ave., Silver Spring, Maryland.

LUSTINE-NICHOLSON MOTOR CO., Hyattsville, Maryland.

AAA MERCHANTS

(100% non automotive merchants are those from whom you should receive receipts for all purchases and services rendered.)

BLACKISTONE, INC., 1407 H St.

PEERLESS FURNITURE, 819 7th St.

Peerless Furniture purchases subject to dividends only if paid for within 90 days. Effective with the January 1943 issues of the American Motorist a dividend of 5% instead of 10% will be allowed on purchases made from Peerless Furniture Co.

AAA MEMBERS NOTICE!

Observe the following rules in making your purchases

1—Be sure that the merchant from whom you make your purchase is listed as a recommended AAA merchant.

2—Obtain itemized receipted bill from merchant. (It is NOT necessary to state that you are an AAA member when purchasing items.)

3—Send your receipted bill in promptly to the District of Columbia Motor Club of the AAA.

4—Write name and address and membership number clearly on receipted bills, then mail direct to your D. C. Motor Club, Penna. Ave. at 17th St., Washington, D. C.

For phone numbers consult the ads in this publication, or city phone directory

Carry Me Back To Old Virginia

(Continued from Page 19)

with a banjo at their cabin doors or joyously singing in country churches.

Festivals have long been a part of the social life of Virginia. It is an experience worth remembering to see the native folks with their fiddles under their arms, their guitars and banjos or even an occasional dulcimer, slung over their shoulders, ride in their jalopies or trucks to join a lively gathering far off under the trees.

Contests, singing, playing to one another in wholesome holiday spirit—this is a treat which few travelers have the privilege of enjoying. It is "Virginia behind the scenes" —where modern music has not yet blighted the true expression of her people in song.

Modern Composers Find Inspiration

Many a composer and scholar has enthusiastically taken notes and ideas from these musical festivals, and from this origin has come some of the sweetest themes in American music—including the ballad, the folk song, the lullaby, and even the "work song" and the "swing song."

Dances of the Day

By the same token, the negroes' peculiar instinct for rhythm has made a place for itself in the dances of today, as evidenced in the clappings and stampings, whirls and pauses.

For more material contributions Virginia's roadside shops sell native crafts where many a cherished antique has been discovered. Pottery, basketry and needlework are varied in character and style, often revealing something unusually interesting in classic proportions or fine detail.

Virginia is especially interesting to the motorist because of the state's policy of decentralization. No one place or territory within her borders claims all the industry, or all of the art and beauty. It has a distinct turn for individualism which never grows old, and is never tiresome—particularly to the traveler—that's Virginia.

TRADERS MART

(Continued from Page 4)

WASHER WANTED — Small washer for baby clothes. DU 0658.

GILLETTE—For sale: Gillette Dry Shave, operated 110-120 volt A.C. or D.C., $15. WO 7795.

HOUSE—For sale: Modern 5-rm. and bath shingled bungalow on 1 and 1/10 acres of ground, with large stream and many shade trees, located close—in Arlington. Call owner CH 1191.

FOR SALE—Cigarette lighter in new cond. with compartment for cigarettes, cost $25, sell very reasonable. RA 7619 eves. or Sundays.

HISTORICAL QUIZ

This Quiz is designed to promote discussion in the Chapters.

1. What was the Orphan Brigade?

2. What State had three separate governments within its boundaries in the period of the war Between the States? Name them.

3. How many ex-presidents were living when the War Between the States started?

4. What Southern officer had the sobriquet of "Gallant?"

5. What county in Virginia is called "The Old Free State?"

6. What Southern State served under six flags?

7. What general's name was among the last words upon the lips of two great commanders?

8. What Territory was organized by an act of the Confederate States of America?

9. Who first introduced the use of torpedoes into naval warfare?

10. What Confederate soldiers sang the Marseillaise when going into battle?

11. Where was the last full meeting of the Confederate cabinet held? (Only one member absent). the house.

12. In what battle did Mayre's Heights oc strategic position?

13. Where was the Confederate Naval Acad Name the school ship.

14. Who was the inventor of the first submarine to be used successfully?

15. Where was the Battle of the Handkerchiefs?

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL QUIZ

1. First Kentucky Regiment--Separated from their friend without their State back of them--they called themselves the Orphan Brigade.

2. Virginia----Richmond, Wheeling, Alexandris--See Con. Veteran for April 1930--Pages 142-143.

3. Five---Van Buren, Fillmore, Tyler, Buchanan, Peirce.

4. Pelham--Gen. J.E. B. Stuart is quoted as having said "Get away from destruction, you infernal, gallant fool, John Pelham2, but do not guarantee hwo true it is. He is known though as "The Gallant Pelham".

5. Luenburg--Confederate Veteran August 1929--Page 291.

6. Texas---French, Spanish, Mexican, Texan, Confederate, U. S.

7. Gen. A. P. Hill----Confederate Veteran July 1929-Page 253- a little poem.

8. Arizona---See Southern Historical Society Papers from State Libary at Richmond-Vol. 27.

9. Maury--In James River--also see S.H.S. Papers.

10. Napoleon's Battery, French Creoles--a part of Pelham's Artillery.

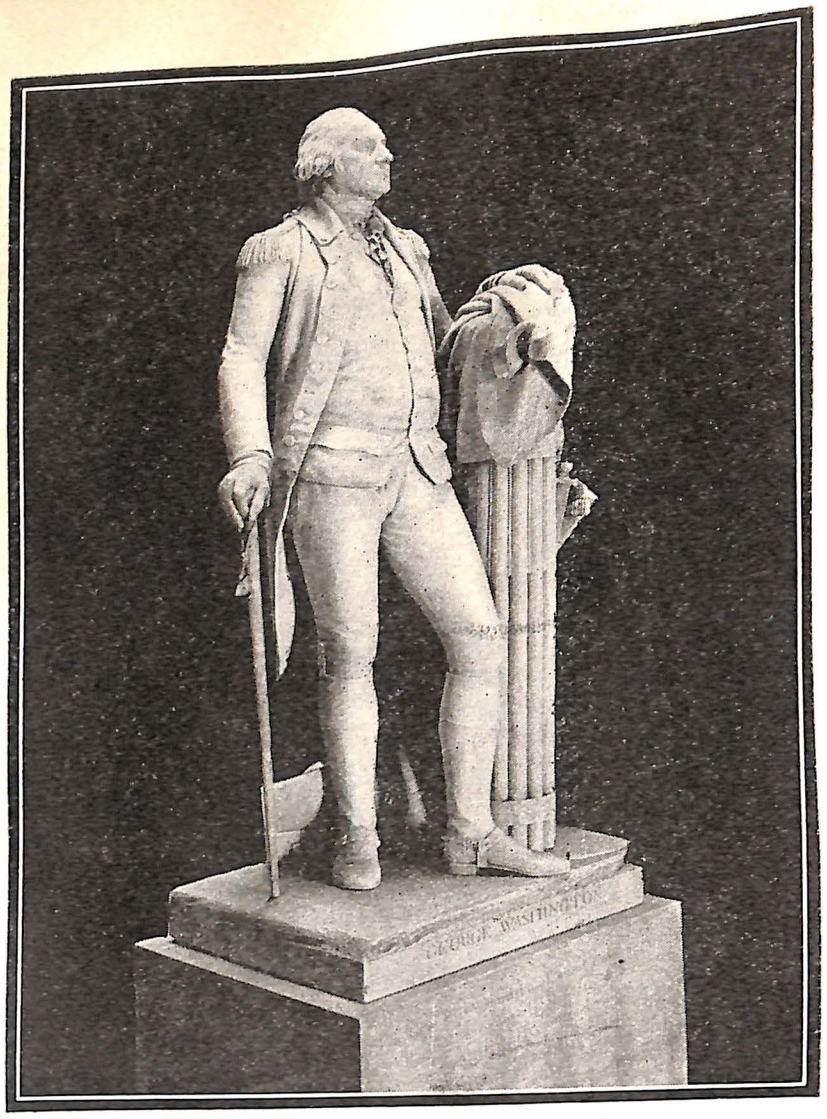
11. Danville----Sutherlen Mansion.

12. Fredericksburg.

13. Richmond--The Paterick Henry--Vet. Sept. 1930--page 351.

14. Hundley--Bet. April 1924---Page 140.

15. New Orleans--See S.H.S. Papers Vol. 31. occured when Bank's men tried to disparse several thousand women and children who were seeing a body of Confederates off who were leaving for another part of the Confederacy.



HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, WHICH STANDS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE STATE CAPITOL, RICHMOND, VA.

General Nathan B. Forrest: A Character Sketch

BY H. H. SMITH

IN every great crisis some notable genius comes to the front. Whether the occasion makes the man of genius, or only reveals him, is another matter. We do not know what kind of soldiers Lee, Jackson, and Johnston would have been had they been without military training, but we do know that Nathan Bedford Forrest, the son of a blacksmith, with almost no education and without military training, had a genius for making war hardly surpassed by that of any leader of his day. Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, said: "Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserves better of her; and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them, the name of this gallant general will be remembered with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry."

Wyeth, in his "Life of General Forrest," says: "No higher compliment could have been paid to any general of the Confederacy than that accorded to him [Forrest] by the famous commander of the Army of the Tennessee, General William T. Sherman, who early in 1864 deemed the death of Forrest so essential to the success of the Union cause that, as he wrote then, ten thousand lives and a limitless expenditure of means were as naught to its accomplishment. To him, the unlettered soldier stood the chief source of his anxiety, the most dreaded obstacle to his success." "Keep Forrest away from me," said Sherman, "and I will attend to Johnston and cut the Confederacy in two."

Several years after the war, in a conversation with General Armstrong, a lieutenant of Forrest, Sherman said: "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our Civil War produced on either side. To my mind he was the most remarkable in many ways. In the first place, he was uneducated, while Jackson and Sheridan and other brilliant leaders were soldiers by profession. He had never read a military book in his life, knew nothing about tactics, could not even drill a company, but he had a genius for strategy which was original, and to me incomprehensible. There was no theory or art of war by which I could calculate with any degree of certainty what Forrest was up to. He seemed always to know what I was doing or intended to do, while I am free to confess I could never tell or form any satisfactory idea of what he was trying to accomplish."

Of his personal appearance, Colonel Adair, of Georgia, an intimate friend of Forrest, says: "He was more than six feet high, well proportioned, with hands tapering like those of a woman, small feet and very high instep, exceedingly graceful in his movements, a swarthy complexion, and a look of the eye that indicated absolute fear of nothing. He was naturally left-handed, but by practice became ambidextrous." Major Anderson says: "His habits were strictly temperate. . . He did not know whisky from brandy,

but called everything liquor. He was often invited to take a drink, but always declined, and would at times, in refusing the invitation, remark with humorous suggestion and a mild reproof to his aides, 'My staff does all my drinking.' He never used tobacco, and while he would occasionally swear at my pipe, he never failed to get me a good pouch of tobacco if it came his way."

His biographer says: "His strict morality was evident in every particular, with this one exception of swearing, and to this weakness he never gave way unless in the presence of great excitement. During these paroxysms of excitement or rage he had one very noticeable physical peculiarity. His complexion, which was naturally sallow, changed completely in color. The capillaries became so greatly engorged with blood that the skin of the face and neck took on almost a scarlet hue. The blood-vessels of the eye took on the same congestion, giving him an expression of savageness which could not be misunderstood. Everything that was suggestive of kindly feeling or tenderness seemed to vanish from his nature as thoroughly as if his heart had never throbbed with human sympathy. His voice, naturally soft, became harsh, husky, and metallic in tone, and loud enough to be heard above the roar of cannon, the crackling of small arms, or the wild yells of his men. Without the least affectation of piety, Forrest was by nature deeply reverent and religious, despite his terrible temper and violent language. In later years he heartily repented of these grievous faults, and won at last his greatest triumph in becoming victorious over himself. Obscene or vulgar words were entirely foreign to his conversation, and such was his detestation of these expressions that he would not under any circumstances permit a smutty story to be told or a vulgar expression used in his presence. In the family relation Forrest lived with the manly consistency which his strong character would indicate."

War is such an inhuman business that it brings out all the ferociousness of the combatants. It is a relief to discover the finer qualities often exhibited by soldiers in the other relations of life. Colonel Kelley gives another interesting glimpse of the character of Forrest: "His devotion to his wife was deep and sincere. She was a quiet, refined, Christian woman, and could control him with a word even when his temper was at the highest. He had absolute confidence in the piety of his mother and his wife, was himself a thorough believer in Christianity, and was as fully persuaded of the efficacy of prayer in times of danger or in battles as Napoleon was a believer in fate. Throughout the war he always gave me the fullest opportunities for preaching in camp, courteously entertaining at his mess-table all preachers whom I might choose to invite. He was always present at such services when it was practicable."

On one occasion a Federal chaplain was captured, and when he learned that he was to be taken to Forrest's headquarters he showed the deepest anxiety and depression. Forrest had the reputation of being such a fierce fighter that the prisoner feared it would be the end of him. When supper was ready Forrest invited the chaplain to the table, greatly to the surprise of the latter. But the chaplain was given a greater surprise when Forrest, turning to him, said: "Parson, will you please ask the blessing?" The chaplain expressed gratitude that he had been treated so considerately. The next morning Forrest gave him an escort through the lines, and humorously remarked as he told him good-bye: "Parson, I would keep you here to preach for me if you were not needed so much by the sinners on the other side."

This mighty fighter, General Dabney H. Maury said, was noted for his chivalrous conduct toward women and his love for little children. "When resting in camp, and when some slight relaxation in his attention to duties as a commander was possible, he would absent himself to visit at the houses in the neighborhood where there were children, with whom he would play and frolic with as much activity and joy as if he were again a child. In the midst of the desperate fight near Okolona, while he was in one of his terrible tornado-like moods, when he seemed to be lost to every thought but to avenge his brother's death, in one of the charges as the troops passed through, he saw a woman who, seemingly stupefied with fright, with five or six children, was in direct range of the severe firing. Touched by her distress, Forrest turned aside from the savage business of war to order one of his staff to dismount and lead the terrified woman and her little ones to a place of safety."

With failing health came a marked change in the great warrior. To his legal adviser, General Morgan, he said: "General, I am broken in health and in spirit, and have not long to live. My life has been a battle from the start. It was a fight to achieve a livelihood for those dependent upon me in my younger days, and an independence for myself when I grew up to manhood, as well as in the terrible turmoil of the Civil War. I have seen too much of violence, and I want to close my last days at peace with all the world, as I am now at peace with my Maker." He became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. A few months before he died, he said to Major Anderson: "Major, I am not the same man you were with so long and knew so well. I hope I am a better man now than then. I have been and am trying to lead another kind of life. Mary has been praying for me night and day for all these years, and I feel now through her prayers my life has been spared and I have passed safely through so many dangers."

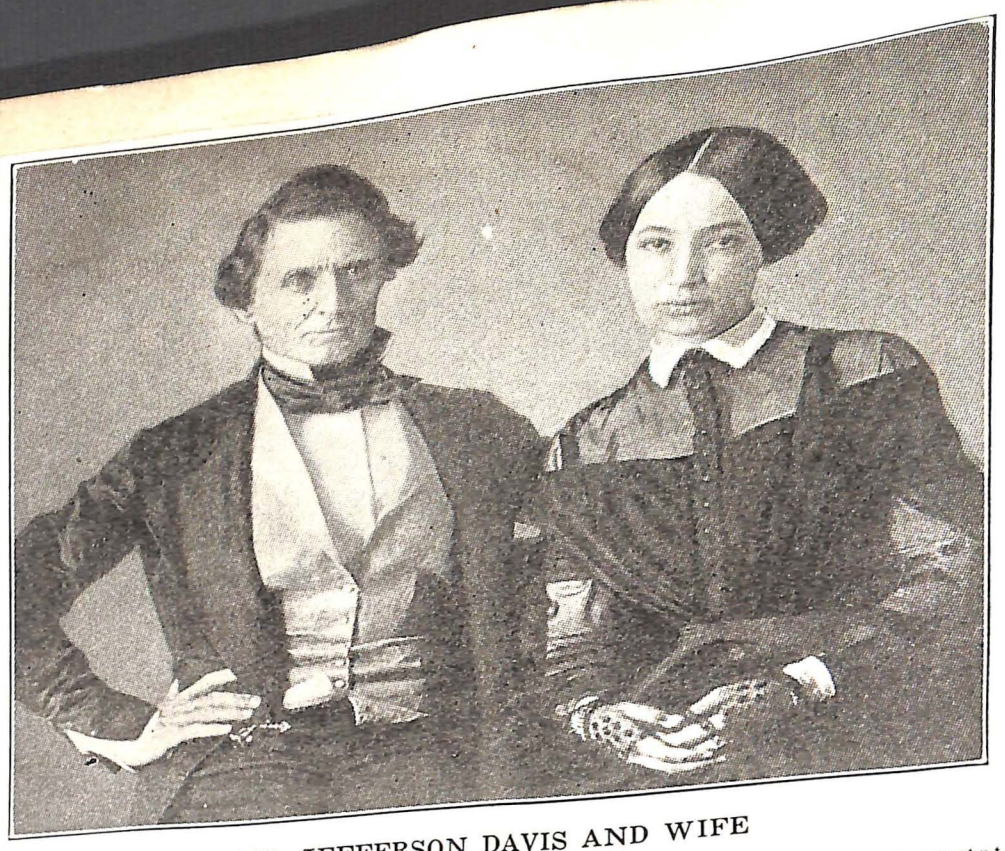
ASHLAND, VA.

The South

THE SOUTH is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with her tears; a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories.

To that land every drop of my blood, every fiber of my being, every pulsation of my heart is consecrated forever. I was born of her womb, I was nourished at her breast, and, when my last hour shall come, I pray God that I may be pillowed upon her bosom and rocked to sleep within her tender and encircling arms.

—Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee.



HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE

JEFFERSON DAVIS: GENTLEMAN, PATRIOT, CHRISTIAN.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The 3d of June, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, has been designated by ten Southern States as a Memorial Day to honor the memory of the only President of the Confederate States of America. It would seem a fitting occasion to recall some of the characteristics of the man who was the chosen leader of his people in the crisis of their destiny, who represented thoroughly their spirit and their traditions, who was a true type of the old-time Southerner, and who as man and Christian is worthy of the admiration and the imitation of the young men of the South.

And this is the more needful because throughout the North his name was held up to scorn and hatred as a traitor to his country and a fiend in his personal character; while at the South there has been too often a disposition to criticize or to apologize for him because of his failure to win success against the combined hosts of the world arrayed against his country.

It is true that the patience with which he endured the indignities heaped upon him in prison and the quiet dignity with which he bore himself in defeat at length seemed to shame the pitiful littleness and the malignant meanness of those in authority and caused a revulsion of feeling among his enemies, while it bound the hearts of his own people to him as he suffered for them.

Yet there is in the histories of the war a tendency to depreciate his character and ability and to attribute to him the baser motives for his cause.

The youth of our country should be taught that Mr. Davis stood in the front rank of the great men of his day; a man of splendid ability, a Senator who as orator and statesman was devoted to the highest interests of the republic, who was one of the greatest War Secretaries of the country; a man of unstained integrity and of the purest personal character. Add to all of these things that he was a devout and humble Christian. His record as citizen, soldier, Senator is without a stain. As a gentleman he was noted for his courtesy and kindliness, with that courage and high sense of honor "that felt a stain as a wound." When by the order of the Secretary of War iron shackles were placed on the wasted limbs of the sick and helpless old man, he resisted the indignity, hoping to be killed rather than submit to a humiliation intended not only for him, but for his people. As a patriot his devotion to his country and her rights and interests was without the stain of selfishness. He had as a soldier exposed his life in her defense; as a Secretary of War he had thought and planned wisely for her protection; as a Senator he had pleaded most earnestly for the faithful observance of her Constitution; as President of the Confederacy he sought to perpetuate that form of government handed down from the fathers of the republic. It was my privilege during the last three months of the war to be thrown with the Hon. Joseph E. Davis, the older brother of the President, and the President wrote to this brother nearly every week. The old gentleman allowed me to read these letters, which breathed the most ardent, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the South.

As a Christian Mr. Davis was a constant and diligent reader and student of the Holy Scriptures and an open confessor of Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. The testimony of ministers of the gospel who saw much of him was clear and strong as to the reality of his faith.

Let me close this with a quotation from Dr. Craven, who was Mr. Davis's physician in the first months of his captivity at Fortress Monroe. In his book, "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," after telling of Mr. Davis's familiarity with the Bible, he adds: "There were moments while speaking on religious subjects in which Mr. Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I ever heard. There was a vital earnestness in his discourse, a clear, almost passionate grasp in his faith, and the thought would frequently recur that a belief capable of consoling such sorrows as his possessed a reality, a substance which no sophistry of the infidel could discredit."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It is worthy of remark that Dr. Craven began his ministrations to Mr. Davis with all the bitter prejudice of the North against him; but as he saw more and more of his distinguished patient, he bore constant testimony to his remarkable mental powers, to the purity of his character, and to the reality of his religion. The result of the friendly interest of Dr. Craven was his being relieved from duty as Mr. Davis's physician.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—We must be content with saying that, while he has been denounced by Union writers and made a "scapegoat" by certain Confederates, there can be little doubt that he discharged the duties of the office with ripe experience, rare ability, patriotic devotion, and even with wonderful success when one considers the "overwhelming numbers and resources" which opposed him.—*Rev. J. William Jones.*

STATESMANSHIP OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Essay by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas, awarded the prize in the competition for the Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup, Biloxi Convention, U. D. C., November, 1929.]

For a proper study and evaluation of the Statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, it would be necessary for one to read the speeches, messages, and letters themselves rather than to judge merely by comment of another, or from the brief extracts which would be permissable in an essay of the required limit. For this reason we have given a bibliography which will enable one interested to avail himself of ample material. If one wishes to be very thorough, one may also study the bibliography of the Source Material from which Dr. Dunbar Rowland drew for his stupendous work: "Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist."

In his introduction, Dr. Rowland says: "Most of this material was not available until some years after the death of Mrs. Davis." We can but feel that this was a grievous mistake, for had the speeches in Congress and many public addresses made by Jefferson Davis been printed and placed in circulation in the eighties, his fame as an orator would have had a recognition that is well nigh impossible at this period. Just as young people now refuse to read Dickens and Scott, because they are "too long drawn out," so the chaste and flowery language so dear to our grandfathers is taboo with the younger and prosaic generation. Neither have they sufficient education in the "Classics" to appreciate the allusions, either their beauty or their subtlety. Of this type of oratory Jefferson Davis was past master, and but for Northern prejudice, his addresses would have been quoted as were those of other statesmen and literary men of the period. Reading for the effect of oratory, students would have become more familiar with his views on public questions and life in general and learned that he ranked high in the essentials of a statesman. In re-reading some of his messages for this occasion, one could but note in how many instances they were similar in viewpoint, and in the chaste elegance of diction, to the honorable Woodrow Wilson. The essential elements of the statesman were predominant in both and the resemblance is not so amazing when one considers the splendid democracy of each. The world slogan of Woodrow Wilson, "the right of self-determination of the small nation," involved precisely the same principle and ideals of democracy that were advocated by Jefferson Davis as a States-Rights Democrat in 1860.

Jefferson Davis, the namesake and follower of the great Thomas Jefferson, was imbued with his ideals by heredity, training and environment. After his retirement from the United States army in 1835, he spent several years in earnest study of the history of government of all ages, and when he emerged from his seclusion to enter Congress, he was perhaps as thoroughly equipped for such a position as any man ever was. By the same token, his value as a statesman was increased by his thorough knowledge of military affairs and those of agriculture, since he was trained also to plantation life. His study of law and government being when his mind was mature and his experience of life varied, gave him additional advantage, since usually such training comes in college days—to college age!

From Mr. Davis' first speech for the Democrats in the Calhoun Presidential campaign of 1840 to his final address to the young men of Mississippi shortly before his death, to which we will refer later, he shows his knowledge of government, his

BEAUVOIR MANSION, HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

The last days of Jefferson Davis were passed in the peaceful surroundings of this old Southern home, located on Mississippi Sound, between Biloxi and Gulfport. This is now the Confederate Home of Mississippi. In the little study apart from this building, Mr. Davis wrote his great work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

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Members of the C. S. M. A. on the Gulf Coast, who are especially interested in Beauvoir, feel that the restoration of the home as it was in Mr. Davis's lifetime would be the most beautiful way in which to perpetuate the sentiment which surrounds the home, and many other prominent men and women in the South also are hopeful that this will be done.

In the time of Mr. Davis, the house was beautifully furnished with fine old furniture of the kind that gave elegance to the aristocratic homes of the South of that day. On the walls were handsome paintings, the house overflowed with books, and over all was the atmosphere of learning and culture. And in the home to-day there are some of the things that were in use during the lifetime of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Among other things, there are two circular seats, padded and upholstered, in the wide main hall at Beauvoir, and it is interesting to know that Mrs. Davis herself assisted in the making of these seats—a fact perhaps not widely known.

Of particular interest also is Mrs. Davis' own history of Beauvoir, briefly told in a letter to Mrs. A. Mc. Kimbrough, through whose efforts, in reality, Beauvoir has been preserved to the South, for Mrs. Kimbrough was mainly instrumental in arranging for the purchase of the property by the Mississippi Sons of Veterans after the State of Mississippi failed to buy Beauvoir.

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Mr. Davis in his zeal for the election of John C. Calhoun as President of the United States sacrificed himself at the North, which took advantage of his utterances later to accuse him of having advocated secession or disruption of the Union, whereas he was always an ardent Unionist and hoped until the gun was fired at Fort Sumter to bring about a peaceable adjustment with honor to the South. Even before he retired from the United States army, when the nullification controversy was at its height, he was unwavering in his duty to the State, no matter how much he loved the Union. And when there was a threat of invasion of South Carolina, stated that he would resign his commission before being compelled to such an act. Had the hatred and prejudice of the North been less, Jefferson Davis' Farewell Address to the United States Senate would rank with the orations of Clay, Webster, Lincoln, and others whose speeches have been held up as models for American youth.

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"The annexation of the Republic of Texas to our Union is another point of vital importance to the South, and demanding, by every consideration, prompt action. Daily are we becoming relatively weaker, and with equal step is the advance of that fanatical spirit which has for years been battering in breach the defences with which the Federal Constitution surrounds our institutions."

He continues to point out the various reasons why a *Southern* man is needed; touching on the tariff, the needs of a naval base in the South, a closer contact with the growing *West*—an advanced policy, in other words, showing his clear vision of future development.

Another of Mr. Davis' speeches that brought him into special notice was on what was known as the Oregon Bill (Davis—Constitutionalist—Vol. 1, Page 211). This was several years later after he had distinguished himself in the war with Mexico and was in the United States Senate.

Whatever the topic brought up for discussion, Mr. Davis always seems to have had information concerning it at his finger tips, and he spoke much oftener than is usually customary now. He was recognized North and South as a ready and logical debater, and was frequently in demand as a speaker in the Northern States. During the summer of 1851, he spoke at Wilmington (Delaware), Trenton (New Jersey), Philadelphia, New York, Newark (New Jersey), and Hartford (Connecticut).

Of his remarks concerning the Pacific Railroad, which, as Secretary of War, 1853, he advocated, an extract from a paper published in Washington entitled The Union is significant of the respect in which his opinions were held at that period. (Extract—Jefferson Davis Constitutionalist, Vol. 2, Page 256): "The most marked and interesting feature in the late exodus of the President and his Cabinet was the declaration of Col. Jefferson Davis and one or two of his colleagues, made with silent assent of the President, in favor of the construction,

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by the resources of the Federal government, great railway to the Pacific, binding together hooks of steel and the power of steam the Atla and Pacific States of our Union. It has cause moving of the political waters, where before stillness and unbroken solitude of the Dead reigned supreme. Aside from the great importa and magnitude of the subject itself, and the gra and magnificent results which are to flow from gigantic a work, the fact that its projection shou have been adopted as a part of the policy of Gener Pierce, and been first avowed by the most straigh laced constructionist member of his cabinet, ha given to it an interest and excited a degree of remar which but few questions of the present day hav done."

Did space permit, a volume could be quoted giving only salient points in addresses and letters which would prove our point. Perhaps the most noted address of Mr. Davis is his farewell to the United States Senate, in which his patriotic devotion to the Union and the Constitution is manifest, and in which his knowledge of constitutional law proves his point that his first allegiance is to his State, not the creature, but a joint-creator of the Union. To the thinker and student it is full of pathos and sublime self-sacrifice, for there is little doubt that had Jefferson Davis not cast his lot with Mississippi and the Confederacy, he would have been the next President of the United States.

The final glimpse of Mr. Davis as a far-seeing statesman is seen in his last public utterance to the young men of Mississippi shortly before his death, no bitterness, no regrets, only an earnest plea for loyalty:

"Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her, I break my silence to speak to you a few words of respectful admonition. The past is dead; let it bury its dead, its hopes and its aspirations; before you lies the future, a future full of golden promise; a future of expanding national glory before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to make your places in the anks of those who will bring about a consummation evoutly to be wished, a reunited country."

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BEAUVOIR—THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY CARTER WINTER

As time draws near when the State of Mississippi will not need to use Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis, as a Home for Confederate veterans and their widows, there is much discussion as to just what shall be done, eventually, with Beauvoir House, in order that it may most fittingly memorialize the name and greatness of the one and only President of the Confederate States of America.

During the reunion in Biloxi, many suggestions were made as to the form such a memorial should take, and there was a long discussion of the matter. In the meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Beauvoir itself being owned by the Mississippi Division of the Sons. A standing committee was appointed by the Sons to be known as the Beauvoir Committee, for the purpose of making a thorough investigation as to plans to be inaugurated when the property shall finally revert to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who now lend Beauvoir to the State of Mississippi for use as its Confederate Home.

It was the unanimous concensus of opinion among the Sons of Confederate Veterans that Beauvoir should be restored to the status which it held in the lifetime of Mr. Davis, and that it should be maintained, as Mount Vernon is maintained, for the nation, as a perpetual shrine to the memory of Jefferson Davis. The Sons also expressed the view that, in addition to this, a fireproof library and museum should be erected elsewhere on the grounds convenient to Beauvoir House, and that in this library and museum should be collected all books of Southern interest and articles of sentiment and value in connection with the history and traditions of the South.

Such a plan appeals to almost every one in the South and it is the hope that Beauvoir, when the time comes, will receive from all sources possible everything that will assist in such a restoration, as in no other way can Beauvoir be so fittingly maintained as a constant reminder of the life and sacrifices of the man who made the name "Beauvoir" one of the heart-words of the South.

"Beauvoir!" Translating the French, the name means "beautiful to see"; but to the South the name means "Jefferson Davis."

The idea embodied in the name is strangely connected with the life of President Davis, for it was at "Buena Vista" (Beautiful View) that Jefferson Davis, the young soldier, first won military distinction; and it was at "Fairview" that he made his entrance on the stage of life; while it was to "Beauvoir" that he went to seek peace in his last years.

What a contrast between the gay charm of those three names—Buena Vista, Fairview, and Beauvoir—and the turbulent, sorrowful events that shadowed his career. From the generally accepted viewpoint of what happiness means, there was little of gayety in the life of the man who wore manacles for the South, but from the standpoint of the historian, surely the comment may be made as to his life and character: "O, beautiful to see!" for no man ever deserved more the lustrous light of fame than does Jefferson Davis.

And "beautiful to see" also is the world's growing appreciation of the high courage of him who passed from the presidency of the Confederate States of America into the shadows of the prison at Fortress Monroe, but whose noble figure, carven in marble, will soon stand among the nation's immortals in the Hall of Fame in Washington. He could not foresee that honor when he went forth from prison at last. He sought only a measure of peace and strength with which to complete his last great service for the South, the writing of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." He was weighted down by the sorrows of defeat and the realization of the destitution of his people, but from the wide galleries at Beauvoir he could look forth upon the cool green waters of the sea and in the shade of the great live-oaks he could rest at times. And from the sea and from the love that flowed in to him always from the whole South he found peace and inspiration for the tiring labors of writing the book which justifies the South in the annals of history.

BEAUVOIR MANSION, HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

The last days of Jefferson Davis were passed in the peaceful surroundings of this old Southern home, located on Mississippi Sound, between Biloxi and Gulfport. This is now the Confederate Home of Mississippi. In the little study apart from this building, Mr. Davis wrote his great work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

Members of the C. S. M. A. on the Gulf Coast, who are especially interested in Beauvoir, feel that the restoration of the home as it was in Mr. Davis's lifetime would be the most beautiful way in which to perpetuate the sentiment which surrounds the home, and many other prominent men and women in the South also are hopeful that this will be done.

In the time of Mr. Davis, the house was beautifully furnished with fine old furniture of the kind that gave elegance to the aristocratic homes of the South of that day. On the walls were handsome paintings, the house overflowed with books, and over all was the atmosphere of learning and culture. And in the home to-day there are some of the things that were in use during the lifetime of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Among other things, there are two circular seats, padded and upholstered, in the wide main hall at Beauvoir, and it is interesting to know that Mrs. Davis herself assisted in the making of these seats—a fact perhaps not widely known.

Of particular interest also is Mrs. Davis' own history of Beauvoir, briefly told in a letter to Mrs. A. Mc. Kimbrough, through whose efforts, in reality, Beauvoir has been preserved to the South, for Mrs. Kimbrough was mainly instrumental in arranging for the purchase of the property by the Mississippi Sons of Veterans after the State of Mississippi failed to buy Beauvoir.

Stonewall Jackson's Strategy A Model for Tito's Armies

'We Know His Tactics Like a Book', Says Wounded Yugoslav Officer

By JOSEPH MORTON

NAPLES (Delayed) (AP)—The military tactics and strategy employed by Stonewall Jackson in America's Civil War days are providing a model for the Yugoslav Partisan forces of Marshal Tito.

Two colonels, one in the khaki battle dress of the United States army and the other in the green gray of the Partisans, lay side by side in a Naples hospital.

The American, wounded in both legs on the Anzio beachhead, was Col. Wayne L. Johnson, of Oklahoma City. The Partisan was Lt. Col. Vlaeomir J. Dedier, once of Belgrade but now homeless for the duration. He had suffered head and leg wounds in Yugoslavia.

"We feel we have one of your best civil war generals fighting with us," Dedier told the Oklahoman. "Many of us have studied his tactics until we know them like a book. Tito understands them best of all.

"Stonewall Jackson was trying to accomplish the same thing we are —to cut up an army much bigger than his own and still keep out of reach."

The Yugoslav people feel so grateful for the help provided, said Dedier, that they "are ready to put an oak leaf cluster at Stonewall's tombstone."

Without motor transport, without airplanes, and without tanks or modern guns, the Partisans resemble Jackson's army in many ways, Dedier added. Packhorses and wagons carry the wounded and all supplies and a cavalry detachment serves as Tito's eyes and ears.

"Jackson worked out a plan for forced matches that fits our strategy like a glove," Dedier said. "I understand your army uses it too. We march 50 minutes and rest 10, keeping it up as long as necessary.

"Once the seventh Croat division walked from 3 a. m. to 4 a. m. next day, took an hour off to eat, and then marched until 7 a. m. It covered about 45 miles and crossed five deep gorges and one river.

"Another time the second Serbian brigade covered 47 miles in 16 hours to move into western Bosnia for an attack. Stonewall's plan was a good one.

"Most of our marches have been at night. We usually stop at 10 o'clock to eat and then continue on until 4 a. m.

"When we go into hiding we are organized so that our headquarters, including the wireless section, is functioning 30 minutes after the march is ended and we can pack up and be on the move in 15."

Jesus could say at the end, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." No piece of work is perfectly done without careful planning.

There are times when it is necessary to scrap an organization. Workers in the sphere of religion should be as quick as are the great leaders of industry and commerce to recognize the fact that machinery and methods become worn-out and obsolete. The men to be feared are not those who devise fresh plans and methods for promoting the work of the kingdom but those who keep the machinery running after it is too worn to do worthwhile work or who flood the Church market with the wares of a bygone age.

The overpowering need of the world is a challenge to the Church to devote all its resources to the enterprise of world-evangelization. Such a task calls for a degree of organization surpassing all that at present exists. It calls for courage to dispense with the outworn and for initiative to develop the untried. There is a sphere in which the Church has hardly yet applied the principles of organization, that of personal influence. The Church has given much attention to the organization of material aids to the development of religious life, and with eminent success. The time has come, however, when at least equal attention should be given to the exploration and employment of the pent-up forces which are generated within true Christian personalities. In the carrying out of his plans Jesus won his followers in and through personal contact. It is perhaps futile to imagine what use Jesus would make of modern facilities for organization if he were alive to-day, but we may be sure that, as of old, he would be found moving among the people, with life-giving influences radiating from his personality.

It may perhaps be urged that the forces of personality are not subject to organization as are material resources, but because the task is new it does not follow that it is impossible. And if men capable of leading such an enterprise seem to be scarce it is not out of place to remember that Jesus is still alive.

"Marse Robert"

The South's Peerless Warrior and Gentle Knight

BY A. M. BARNES

PART I

THERE is perhaps no American, living or dead, who can justly lay claim to a more illustrious traceable lineage than that of Robert Edward Lee. Yet to him it was no matter for boasting. He was never heard to mention it with any exalted degree of pride. His estimate of nobility was in being good. "Wealth, position," he was once heard to say, "do not make an ancestry honorable except that they have been honorably gained."

In 1867, when writers and publishers were clamoring to obtain from General Lee a statement of his family history, he persistently refused. Finally, urged by a friend to give him the desired information, there being some doubt as to which line of Lees it was through which he had descent, he wrote, "As you insist, and express so strong a desire for it, I at length yield, and will endeavor to give you a general account for your own private use. I am the youngest son of Henry Lee, of the Revolutionary War, who commanded Lee's Legion under General Greene in the Southern Department of the United States.

"I was born at Stratford, on the Potomac, Westmoreland County, Virginia, the nineteenth of January, 1807. My mother was Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Mr. Charles Carter, of Shirley, on James River. My father was twice married, first to Miss Lee and then to Miss Carter. Major Henry Lee, of the War of 1812, about whom you inquire, was my half-brother."

Then followed the names and dates of birth of his brothers and sisters. This was all. Not one word about the Lee ancestors of France and England, who had been Norman barons, bishops of the Church, lords of the realm, chief justices, signers of the Magna Charta; nor of those in America, statesmen, governors, presidents of colonial assemblies, signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Turn this leaf back for Cont. story

There is an authenticated story with reference to one of the earliest of the English ancestors that it pleased Robert Lee to relate to his children. This gentleman, the Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, is described by the historian as "a vigorous gentleman, full of courage and resolution. He maintained what he spake, and spake what he thought, and thought what he considered to be just and true."

On one occasion he appeared at court faultlessly dressed, but, to the surprise of many, displaying a long white plume in his hat. Some of his friends began to jeer him on his sportive appearance; others to question the meaning of the unusual display of the snow-white feather. One said to him: "Tis a very fine feather indeed that you are wearing, my lord." "True," replied the Earl, "and mark ye this, friend, it is without a stain, as it behooves each one of us to be."

"Without a stain." Those two words held for Robert E. Lee the true meaning of nobility. And nobility was inbred in every fiber of his being, for the world has never produced among all its scions of the families of the Sidneys and Bayards a more peerless soldier, a finer gentleman, a truer Christian than Robert Edward Lee.

One of the most beautiful traits of Lee's character was his devotion to his mother. When Robert was just four years old the family moved to Alexandria, where there were better educational advantages. Shortly thereafter the War of 1812 broke out, and Henry Lee—Light Horse Harry as he was known—a major-general in the army of the United States, hastened to the service of his country. Two years later he was injured in a riot in Baltimore so severely it

seriously impaired his health. He went South, hoping for restoration in the milder climate, and in April of 1818 died while a guest in the home of his old commander, General Greene, on Cumberland Island, in Georgia.

Robert was now just three month past his eleventh birthday. His brothers were away from home; one in the navy, the other at school; and his older sister, Anne, in Baltimore under the care of a physician. Only Robert and the younger sister, Mildred, four years his junior, were with their mother. It was at this time, too, that Mrs. Lee's health, having steadily failed, she had become an invalid, spending much of her time in bed. There were matters she could not trust to servants, so Robert became her main dependence in household affairs. Before he was twelve he was carrying the keys, supervising the servants under his mother's direction, purchasing the needed supplies. One of young Robert's duties was to go marketing. Many were the mornings that citizens of Alexandria had sight of Robert, on his way to market, basket on his arm, swinging along, often whistling, always with a cheerful business-like air. He was never known to show that these tasks were distasteful, tasks that few boys of his age would have been willing to assume or to have carried out with cheerfulness. To Robert, however, they were not burdens, but duties performed for the mother to whom he was devoted. He wanted to be a comforter, too, as well as a helper, to keep her cheered up, for she was a great sufferer. No wonder his mother, with the love-light aglow in her eyes, was heard often to say, "Robert is both a son and a daughter to me." A young Carter cousin, visiting the Lees at the time, writes of it in later years: "I remember well Robert's devotion to his mother, who was in delicate health. He would let nothing annoy her, if he could help it. I remember how queer I thought it was that he would be willing to do girl's work, and to do it so cheerfully." Then no wonder is it that, when he was leaving home to enter the West Point Military Academy, she cried out at thought of the desolation that confronted her, "How can I ever live without Robert?" No matter that there were now those who could care for her, there was no one like Robert.

Of those years at West Point, when the young cadet so conducted himself that there was not a single demerit marked against him; of his bravery in the War with Mexico, rising rapidly from the rank of lieutenant to that of colonel, there is not space in this sketch to tell.

Colonel Lee, as his rank was then, was one of the first to catch the full significance of those mutterings of the gathering tempest so soon to hurl its thunder bolts of war over a smiling land. When, in October, of 1859, he was sent to Harper's Ferry to quell the John Brown raid, he plainly saw the war clouds looming black against the horizon. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina withdrew from the Union. Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas followed in quick succession; Texas seceding on February 1, 1861. It was now mid-April of 1861 and Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee were still in the Union. Virginia had held one convention, and had voted to remain in the Union. But now Virginia had called a second convention, one for a reconsideration of the matter. How would Virginia go this time?

The seventeenth of April, 1861, dawned as had many an April day before it, with alternate clouds and sunshine. Not alone in Virginia, but all over the land were thousands awaiting in tense suspense the news from the convention in Richmond. It was the time of a great mental distress for Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States Army. When seven of the Southern States seceded in such quick succession, he saw that war was inevitable. When it came he knew that he would have to face a momentous decision; one that would wring his heart and pierce to his soul. He was an officer in the Union Army, and would be called to the front. He would have to draw his sword against the South. He would rather die. And now that fateful day, April 17, 1861, had dawned and passed, and Virginia had overwhelmingly decided to stand with the South. Virginia had been reluctant to leave the Union, but when President Lincoln had called on Virginia to send troops to invade her sister states of the South, it kindled the flame.

The decision of Virginia to withdraw from the Union made still harder the struggle through which Lee was passing. Along which path did honor lead? He could not desert the Union, yet never, *never* could he draw sword against Virginia! Then, as though the trial by fire had not seered deep enough, there came to Arlington the day following the secession of Virginia the Hon. Francis P. Blair, a messenger from President Lincoln, and he had come for the purpose of offering to Colonel Robert E. Lee the command of the Union Army. For no sooner had the storm clouds that presaged war broken over the land than the people of the North looked to Robert E. Lee, the peerless soldier, as the one man to lead their army. "Lee is the one to be placed in command," said his old commander, General Scott.

So, now here came the Hon. Francis P. Blair, a messenger from the President. Said Mr. Blair, "The President is offering you the supreme command of the armies of the North. Do you understand, Colonel Lee, what this means?"

"I understand fully," quietly replied Lee.

SO I think we may conclude that the cardinal fact of Lee's life was God. It has been said that Spinoza was God-intoxicated. It would be indecorous to speak of Lee as intoxicated with anything. But everywhere and always he had God in his heart, not so much the God of power, or the God of justice, or even the God of beauty, but the God of love, tempering the austerity of virtue, sweetening the bitterness of failure, above all, breathing loving kindness into the intolerable hell of war. There have been fierce saints who were fighters. There have been gentle saints who were martyrs. It is rare to find a soldier making war—stern war—with the pity, the tenderness, the sympathy of a true follower of Christ.

—From "Lee the American" by Gamaliel Bradford, Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE THREE GENERALS

THIS HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING OF "THE THREE GENERALS" has been advanced in price to $10.00, and after this year that price will be in effect. Send in your order now and get it for $7.50 through the VETERAN. It is a splendid example of grouping, and the likenesses are excellent. This picture is most appropriate for presentation to schools, libraries, as well as for the home. It is 18x22 inches in size. Order from the VETERAN.

"Marse Robert"

The South's Peerless Warrior and Gentle Knight

BY A. M. BARNES

PART II

MR. BLAIR continued, "The greatest honor that could at this time be conferred upon any man."

Lee remained silent.

"Colonel Lee," somewhat sharply, "it cannot be possible that you are contemplating espousing the cause of the seceded states?"

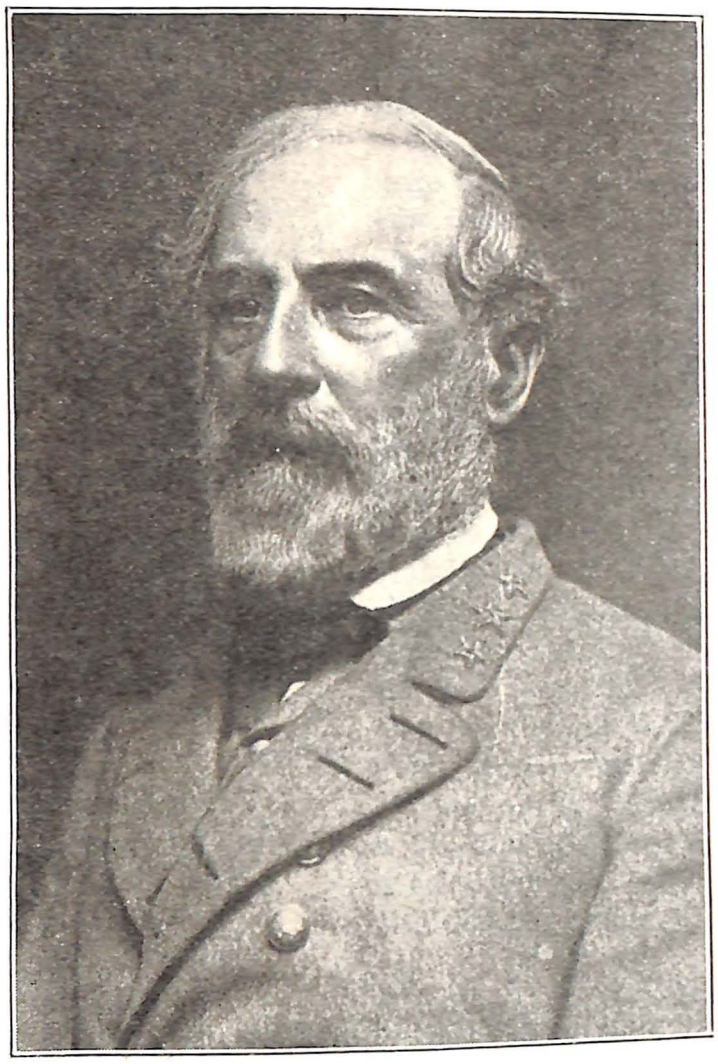
"I have come to no decision as yet."

Mr. Blair's voice rang out with conviction. "But you could never take a step that would prove so calamitous to you and those dear to you. The South is headed for disaster. She can never succeed."

"It is not a matter of success, Mr. Blair, but one of right and duty. Virginia has withdrawn from the Union. She is in peril. I am a Virginian. Can I stand by and see my state invaded and not lift an arm to defend her? There is a sacred cause dearer than life itself, that of defending the honor and integrity of the state."

"Virginia is a traitor to the Union, and as such—"

"Stop, Mr. Blair. Virginia is no traitor. President Lincoln has called on Virginia to furnish troops to invade her sister states of the South. The Constitution gives him no such authority, and Virginia in refusing is but upholding the law, Mr. Blair;" then suddenly, "what would be *your* course had your own state, Maryland, seceded?"



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

Mr. Blair looked confused for a minute, then replied, "Fortunately for me I have not been put to the test nor will I be. Maryland will never leave the Union." Then, as he leaned nearer to Lee, he spoke with marked earnestness. "Colonel Lee, you surely realize what would befall you in the event that you ally yourself with the cause of the South? Your property will be confiscated, your wife and children made homeless, and you yourself regarded as a traitor. The South is doomed to failure. The border states will never follow her into secession. Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland will remain in the Union. Without their alliance the South is headed for quick disaster."

"No, not quick disaster," corrected Lee, "You underestimate the spirit of the South when you so prophesy. It will be a long-drawn-out struggle."

"The South has been rash, precipitate," continued Mr. Blair. "She has rushed prematurely into war, and without cause."

"That is a too hasty conclusion, Mr. Blair. In my opinion, the South has been aggrieved by the acts of the North. I feel deeply the aggression, and regard it as my duty to take every proper step for redress." He paused, then continued with emotion, "But I can anticipate no greater calamity than a dissolution of the Union. I ardently desire to see the Union preserved, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation."

Lee spent the hours of the night, following the visit of Mr. Blair, alternately upon his knees in prayer and in pacing his room. When the dawn came he had decided. He would give his allegiance to the cause of the South.

At the close of the war a Northern friend inquired of Lee, "Why did you sacrifice all for what you must have seen would prove to be a hopeless cause?" The reply came promptly, "We have sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor." And to a similar question on another occasion, "I did only what my duty demanded, I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And, concluded Lee, his head held proudly, "If it were all to be done over again, I should act precisely in the same manner."

It was the second year of the war when Lee began to give evidence of that "brilliant military genius" General Scott and others had predicted. It is a question whether any other commander, North or South, could have accomplished what General Lee did against such overwhelming odds; and there have been Northern writers on military affairs to answer it frankly in the negative. At the breaking out of the War Between the States the white population of the South was estimated at five millions, with that of the North at twenty-four millions, more than four to one. And the same ratio prevailed upon the battlefields. Near the close of the war the difference was much greater. Some of General Lee's victories were almost like miracles, won as they were against greatly superior forces, and with troops, as the London *Standard* expressed it, "deficient in every necessity of war except courage and discipline. "Never perhaps," added the

editor, "was so much achieved against odds so terrible." Said President Roosevelt in later years: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank, without any exception, as the very greatest of all the great captains the English-speaking peoples have produced."

Not only was Lee winning tributes at home, but his fame as a military commander was spreading abroad. His superb handling of troops in the field was the marvel of the times. Best of all along with these tributes went testimony as to the fineness of his bearing, the nobility of his character. "I have met many of the great men of my time," wrote Lord Garnet Joseph Woolsey, commander-in-chief of the British army, "but General Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold, and made of finer and different metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others. Truer greatness, a loftier nature, a spirit more merciful, a character purer, more chivalrous, the world has rarely, if ever seen."

Of General Lee's personal appearance at this period we have the description of one closely associated with him: "No representation of General Lee that I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eyes, the tenderness and intellectuality of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face."

General Lee had the absolute devotion of his soldiers. Nothing just like it was ever witnessed in the army of any other country. There is no account of any commander in the history of the world ever having won and merited such devotion from his soldiers as the men in gray gave to "Marse Robert." Their faith in him never faltered. They believed in him to the end. Even in the dark hour of disaster and defeat, while the sobs broke in their throats, they proclaimed their faith in him, "Marse Robert isn't whipped. They have just fallen on him six to one."

"Listen!" said General Gordon, of Georgia, to a group of officers at Appomattox, "Lee is coming back from having surrendered and his men are actually cheering him."

The men struggled to reach him, to touch him, to look up into his face, to let him see how they believed in him. Their cause had gone down in bitter defeat, but it was not through any fault of his. Some of them sobbed out that they would rather die than surrender, but not one blamed him; not one word of reproach was uttered. Those who could not reach him stood gazing at him wistfully, the tears rolling down their cheeks, calling to him brokenly, "Marse Robert! Oh, Marse Robert! how are we going on without you?" He was so shaken by emotion that for some moments he could find no words. Then he spoke to them, comforting words, words to re-enkindle the old spirit of courage and fortitude.

There is nothing in Lee's character as fine as it stands out after every test—that shows purer gold than the dignity and fortitude with which he accepted defeat, the manner in which he conducted himself in that time of trial that followed the close of the war. Both by words and example he sought to lead the people of the South in paths of usefulness; to help them bear with patience the wrongs, the injustices heaped upon them, and although deprived of the rights of citizenship, he conducted himself in every way as a loyal citizen.

Several homes were offered General Lee; one in England, an estate of many acres carrying with it an income running up into thousands of pounds annually. "I am profoundly grateful," Lee wrote to the generous donor, "but I must abide here to share the fortunes and the fate of my people." No inducement could lead him to turn his back upon the people of the South in their hour of distress. He would stand with them; drink with them to its dregs the cup of sorrow.

Stratford House, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, and Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870, are two records that will never fade from the pages of Southern history, marking as they do the birth and the death of Robert E. Lee. And as each nineteenth of January comes the South will honor with all the fervor of her heart her peerless warrior whose "fame and glory" rests as truly and as securely upon the victories of the soul as upon those won on the field of battle.

"Ah, Sir Lancelot, thou wert head of all Christian knights; thou wert never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goddliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentliest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in vest."

When Virginia purposed putting the statue of Robert E. Lee in the Congressional Hall of Fame opposition at once developed in the North. More than one speech was made in Congress against it. In reply Mr. W. A. Clark of Augusta, Ga., wrote the following lines:

"He needs no shining hall of fame
To canonize his worth,
For, chiseled by the Eternal Hand,
His cherished face and form shall stand
In loving hearts in every land,
Peerless in all the earth."

MONTREAT, N. C.

The Home in Bethany

BY MARY MOORE M'COY

I'm glad they did not build a church above it,
As they have done where by the well He sat;
I'm glad the home they loved, and he too loved it—
Though now a ruin, nest for owl and bat—
Is not a gloomy shrine by priests attended,
Where incense fills the air, and candles burn;
While on the Cross His bleeding figure hanging
Arrests and holds your eyes no matter where you turn.

I'd rather think of how she ran to meet Him;
Of Martha busy with her household cares;
And of that one who left the grave to greet Him—
The one whose death had moved our Lord to tears.
I'm glad that on the ruined threshold where he trod
The flowers are blooming in the tender sod.

"MARSE ROBERT IS ASLEEP."

[General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, sat down to rest by the roadside, where he fell into a deep sleep. His soldiers observed him as he slept and passed by with noiseless step, the warning whisper passing down the line: "Marse Bob's asleep; don't wake him." In this poem a veteran of the gray tells the incident to a friend in blue.]

Had you heard the distant tramping
  On that glowing summer day!
Had you seen our comrades running
  To meet us on the way!
O the wondrous, sudden silence,
  The unmilitary creep,
As down the line that caution ran:
  "Marse Robert is asleep!"

Give me your hand, old bluecoat;
  Let's talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
  Was this rank and file,
Was the passing of that army
  When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out: "Hurrah!
  Marse Robert is asleep."

There lay that knightly figure,
  One hand upon his sword,
The other pressed above his heart,
  A vow without a word.
Two laurel leaves had fluttered down,
  For flowers their vigils keep,
And crowned him, though I think they knew
  "Marse Robert was asleep."

In glorious old Westminster
  No monument of war,
No marble story half so grand
  As this our army saw.
Our leafy old Westminster—
  Virginia's woods—now keep
Immortal that low whisper:
  "Marse Robert is asleep."

As we clasp hands, old bluecoat,
  List, brother of the North:
Had foreign foe assailed your homes,
  You then had known his worth.
Unbroken vigil o'er those homes
  It had been his to keep.
Step lightly o'er the border then;
  "Marse Robert is asleep."

He's mine and yours, is Robert Lee;
  He's yours and mine, hurrah!
These tears you shed have healed the past
  And closed the wounds of war.
Thus clasping hands, old bluecoat,
  We'll swear by the tears you weep
The sounds of war shall muffled be—
  "Marse Robert is asleep."

LITTLE GIFFEN[1]

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

A true story of a boy whom Dr. Ticknor nursed back to life at Torch Hill, Georgia.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen —
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said;
"Not the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed;
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch, —
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that would n't die,

And did n't! Nay! more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write —
"Dear mother!" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain!" inquiring about the men.

Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

"Johnston[1] pressed at the front," they say; —
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of fight,
But none of Giffen — he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly Knights of Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee —
The whitest soul of my chivalry —
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

MAJOR JOHN PELHAM

[Illustration from "The Gallant Pelham," by Phillip Mercer. —Courtesy of author and J. W. Burke Company, publishers, Macon, Ga.]

THE GREAT CANNONEER.

(Address on the life and military genius of Maj. John Pelham, C. S. A., by Judge Walter B. Jones, upon the occasion of the presentation to the State of Alabama of the sword of Major Pelham, in the hall of the House of Representatives, State capitol, Montogmery, Ala., December 3, 1929.)

We are met this afternoon in this stately hall to pay a tribute of love and gratitude to one of the great host of Southerners who in the sixites, "not for fame or reward, not for place or rank, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty . . . suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and died" in defense of those ideals for which their fathers fought, and, dying, delegated to their sons' hands.

In the peaceful quiet of this hour we stand in this historic hall, in the very place where, on January 11, 1861, Alabama passed the ordinance which withdrew her from the Union known as the United States of America; in this hallowed room where was written the Constitution of 1901, the organic law which forever assures Anglo-Saxon civilization in Alabama; in this same place where for years the Democratic and Conservative Party, the staunch champion of white supremacy, held its conventions; within these sacred walls where Alabama's greatest governors have taken the oath of office; in this sacred place where for generations our laws have been made, and in this room where for many years Alabama's ablest sons received the commissions which sent them to the Senate of the United States.

These great events are now part of Alabama's history, and this hall is a sacred place, because here have been enacted the stirring events on which Alabamians look back with pride; and to-day we stand here to witness another historic event in the life of our State, for we are assembled here, this company of Alabama's sons and daughters, to witness the gift of a sword which Alabama will ever cherish, the sword of the Confederacy's great cannoneer, Alabama's greatest soldier, "the meteor blade" which fell from the dying hand of the gallant Pelham at Kelly's Ford, Va., only a moment after he had risen in his stirrups, waved his hat, and shouted as the last of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry passed: "Forward, boys! Forward to victory and glory!"

All Alabama rejoices that the sword of the gallant Pelham has come home to his native State to be sacredly treasured in Alabama's archives, and every citizen feels in his heart deep gratitude for the generous and kindly deed which has given the historic sword to the State.

As we witness the presentation of this priceless relic and its acceptance by the State, let us pause and consider the life and military genius of John Pelham, whose brave hands bore the blade aloft in battle.

John Pelham's ancestors came to this country about fifty years before the American Revolution. They came from a family that had been in England generations before the Norman Conquest, and a family that had contributed to English history some of her brightest names.

Peter Pelham, progenitor of the Pelham family in America, had a son who bore his name, and who, while yet a young man, settled in Williamsburg, Va. His son Charles, who was born in 1748, served under George Washington in the Continental Army, and it was Atkinson Pelham, the son of Charles, who became the father of the great cannoneer. He was a doctor and, for a few years after completing his studies, he lived in North Carolina. In 1837, the

young doctor brought his family to what is now Calhoun County, and it was here that on September 14, 1838, John Pelham, whose fame as an artillerist is now world-wide, was born. There in Calhoun County, then Benton County, the boy grew to young manhood. He was quite an athlete and was generally regarded as the best horseman in the entire community.

At the age of eighteen, John Pelham was given an appointment to the United States Military Academy. He entered his famous military school in the summer of 1856, and soon became popular with his instructors and classmates. He excelled in boxing, fencing, and horsemanship, and his charming manners and manly deportment made him a general favorite.

Phillip Mercer, in his valuable book, "The Gallant Pelham," tells us that Pelham "was strikingly handsome in person, of light build, with blue eyes, golden hair, and clean-cut, boyish features, upon which beauty and determination were exquisitely blended. Combined with physical attractiveness was a voice, a smile, a gentleness of manner, and a charming, almost feminine, modesty that won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact."

One of his classmates, who later became a colonel in the Federal army, wrote of Pelham: "He was a young man of high tone and decided character, and his proficiency in military exercises, and in all that pertained to the details of a soldier's life, made him a cadet noncommissioned officer and a cadet officer."

Pelham remained at West Point for four and a half years, and the letters which he wrote his mother, many of them preserved to-day, give us glimpses of his life there, and reveal a young man of noble ideals, exalted conceptions of duty, and worthy ambitions.

In April, 1861, Pelham left the happy scenes of cadet life and bade good-by to his schoolboy friends. The constitutional rights of the South, of his native State, had been denied, and the Constitution itself branded at the North as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. Duty, honor, the home fireside all called him, and Pelham hastened to his beloved Alabama to fight with his family, friends, and neighbors for the rights of the great commonwealth which had given him birth and brought him to manhood.

During the early part of 1861, he drilled volunteer troops in his native county. Then he set out for Montgomery, and, visiting this historic building in which we now stand, perhaps looking down from yonder balcony as the civil leaders prepared the State for war, was commissioned a lieutenant and sent to Virginia where he first did useful duty under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

A little while passes, and we find him hurrying forward at Manasses with the battery of which he was an officer, and though regiment after regiment of the enemy's forces advanced against it, Pelham's battery stood its ground and did its full part to bring glory and victory to the Confederate arms on that memorable day.

In the latter part of 1861, there began between Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the great Confederate cavalry chieftain and Lieutenant Pelham that faithful friendship which was only ended (and let us believe for just a while) when death claimed the gallant Alabamian on the snow-white fields of Virginia, a friendship which in its loyalty, its generous love, and kindly consideration is worthy of likening to that classic friendship of old wherein the "soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

General Stuart, whose equal as a cavalry leader is not to be found in the armies of any nation, was quick to appreciate the soldierly qualities of young Pelham. He had observed his great energy, his deep knowledge of military principles, and his unsurpassed courage. Then, too, Pelham's strength of character and the charm of his personality drew the great Confederate general to the young Confederate officer from Alabama.

Stuart commissioned Pelham to organize a battery of horse artillery to coöperate with the great general's cavalry, and soon the young Alabamian appeared at the head of the Stuart Horse Artillery, which at once came to be regarded as the *corps d'elite* of the entire Confederate army.

The men of this famous command, and they were of many nationalities—Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, did not know the meaning of fear and went through the great battles in which they took part laughing and singing. They were devoted to their young commander. And well they might be, for the gallant Pelham never sent a gun into a dangerous position unless he went with that gun and personally supervised its operation. While his rank as an officer entitled him to a certain amount of protection, Pelham never thought of it, but was always to be found facing the enemy where the fight was hottest. He wished to share the danger of his men, and he wished to be near them so that he might personally command them in the hour of peril.

Pelham was a highly trained soldier, and a thorough master of military science. It has been said of him, by one who has studied his career closer than any other historian, that Pelham in his whole career never made a serious mistake and never lost a single gun in any action.

It would be a labor of love, did time permit, to describe Pelham, his courage, his audacity, and his

Californians Photo.

Gen. Custer, who gained his greatest fame in the Pony Express days, but who also was a participant in the events at Appomattox.

ability as an artillerist, on all the battle fields where he fought. But we must content ourselves with the mention of but a few of them.

At Gaines' Mill, in 1862, Pelham advanced his command with a single gun to a perilous front position, a place where only the boldest spirit would dare stand. Here for over an hour he engaged and fought at close range two federal batteries, and defied all efforts to dislodge him. Pelham's actions contributed materially to the defeat of McClellan there.

In what was probably one of the bloodiest battles of all the war, Sharpsburg (or Antietam), Stuart placed Pelham in command of a battalion of artillery and assigned him the dangerous task of protecting the end of Stonewall Jackson's left flank, the most important part of the entire battle line, and because Pelham's guns held that hill on the extreme left, Stonewall Jackson was enabled to maintain hli position. John Esten Cooke, in "Surry of Eagle's Nest," reports Jackson as saying: "With a Pelham on each flank, I believe I could whip the world."

Nor should Alabamians ever forget Pelham's glorious courage and valor at Fredricksburg. Firing his guns at five hundred yards range, he began the battle. Twenty pieces of Meade's artillery answered the fire of Pelham's lone gun, but could not dislodge the great cannoneer. It was Pelham's bold position and the superb manner in which he handled his guns that blocked Meade for nearly an hour, and caused results which finally forced Meade's retreat. Twice during the battle General Stuart sent orders for Pelham to withdraw his battery. Pelham twice sent word to the great Confederate general that he could hold his position, and it was only when a third and peremptory order came that Pelham moved his guns back. The last order from Stuart, so characteristically worded, was, "Get back from destruction, you infernal, gallant fool, John Pelham."

During the winter of 1862-63 Pelham accompanied Stuart on several of his famous raids, and took an active part in harassing the Federal forces. March, 1863, came and the winter began to break, and both armies to renew the bloody conflict.

Early in March three thousand Federal troopers and six guns under the command of General Averell forced a passage of the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford. General Fitz Lee went forward to meet them, and General Stuart and Major Pelham, who were at Culpeper, not far distant, decided to go to the battle field.

A little before noon on Tuesday, March 17, 1863, the Federal and Confederate troopers met, and the cavalry struggle which took place then is known to-day as the battle of Kelly's Ford, and ere the sun sank in the west on that fateful March day, when the snow lay deep on Virginia's soil, the Southern Confederacy had suffered an irreparable loss, for Gallant Pelham lay mortally wounded.

Mercer, in his useful and interesting history of "Gallant Pelham," tells us that Pelham, when struck by the fragment of shell, "was sitting on his horse on the right of the 2nd Virginia cavalry when that body of troops, after having been engaged in some sharp fighting, was wheeling into a new position to meet the fire of a light battery which the enemy had brought into action a short way off.

"As the last of the column swung into line Pelham rose in his stirrups and, waving his hat, cheered his men on whith the words, 'Forward boys! follow me to victory and glory!'"

These were the last words of the gallant Pelham, words so truly representative of the great cannoneer, words of encouragement to the soldiers under him; a moment later he fell, wounded to death, and the historic sword, which is now Alabama's treasured possession, "the meteor blade," as James Ryder Randall poetically described it, fell from his nerveless hand.

They bore him to the rear and gave him tender care; but the sands of life ran swiftly, and ere another day dawned The Gallant Pelham lay cold and lifeless in the Shackelford home at Culpeper. They dressed him in his best uniform, and "hushed in the alabaster arms of Death, our young Marcellus" slept.

Stuart, the Prince Rupert of the Confederacy, came and looked upon the dead young warrior, and great tears coursed down his cheeks as he bent low and kissed the brow of his dead comrade. Robert E. Lee, his commander in chief, and to-day acknowledged as one of the great captains of all time, paid the dead cannoneer his tribute of love and affection. The entire army mourned the noble and heroic young soldier. They rook him to the capital of his nation, and, sleeping under the Star Crossed Banner of the Confederacy, they let him rest in silent and solemn glory in old Virginia's State House. The minute guns boomed sadly, the bells tolled, and the Confederacy paid Alabama's dead son her highest tribute.

And then with the "same sad smile lingering upon his beautiful lips," they bore him back to the hills of his native State, and there among the scenes of his boyhood, there among the hills and valleys he loved so well, there among his kindred and neighbors, they laid the great cannoneer down to sleep, and there to-day, his warfare o'er, he rests in peace and glory.

And, as grateful Alabama receives his sword to-day may she ever keep it, as he kept it, without spot or stain, and may she ever remember the life and services of John Pelham, her greatest warrior.

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George Washington
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IMPORTANT EVENTS AND BATTLES OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

[From compilation by the *News and Observer*, Raleigh, N. C., giving an "outline of history" during the four years.]

JANUARY, 1861.

9th—The Star of the West, sent to reënforce General Anderson and his command at Fort Sumter, S. C., was fired upon from Morris Island and obliged to return to New York.

MARCH, 1861.

4th—The Confederate congress adopted for the flag of the Confederacy the Stars and Bars.

12th—President Lincoln declined to receive the commissioners from the Confederate States.

APRIL, 1861.

12th—Firing on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor.

15th—President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops "to quell the Rebellion."

19th—The President declared the Southern ports blockaded.

19th—The Sixth Regiment, of Massachusetts, was mobbed in Baltimore on its passage through to Washington.

JUNE, 1861.

10th—The battle of Big Bethel, Va.

17th—The battle of Booneville, Mo.

JULY, 1861.

6th—The battle of Carthage, Mo.

11th—The battle of Rich Mountain, W. Va.

18th—The battle of Centreville, Va.

21st—The first battle of Manassas, Va.

AUGUST, 1861.

6th—The battle of Athens, Mo.

10th—The battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., was fought.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

10th—The battle of Carnifex Ferry, W. Va.

OCTOBER, 1861.

8th—Fort Pickens, Fla., was attacked by Confederates.

21st—The battle of Ball's Bluff, Va.

DECEMBER, 1862.

7th—The Confederates were defeated at Prairie Grove, Ark.

11th—Fredericksburg, Va., was bombarded by the Federals.

27th—General Sherman was repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss.

29th—Battle of Stone River, Tenn.

30th—The siege of Vicksburg, Miss., was abandoned by General Sherman.

31st—Second battle of Stone River, Tenn., was fought.

JANUARY, 1863.

1st—The emancipation proclamation was issued.

8th—The battle of Springfield, Mo.

MARCH, 1863.

21st—Battle of College Grove, Tenn.

30th—Battle near Somerville, Ky.

MAY, 1863.

2nd—The battle of Port Gibson, Miss.

2nd—The battle of Chancellorsville, Va.

12th—Battle of Raymond, Miss.

16th—The battle of Champion Hill, Miss.

17th—Battle of Big Black River, Miss.

18th—Vicksburg, Miss., was invested.

19th—The first assault on Vicksburg was repulsed.

27th—An unsuccessful attack was made on Port Hudson, La.

JUNE, 1863.

15th—The Federals were defeated at Winchester, Va.

24th—Morgan started upon another raid through Kentucky and Ohio.

24th and 25th—Chambersburg, Pa., was occupied by the Confederates.

30th—Battle of Hanover Junction, Va.

JULY, 1863.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd—The battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

4th—Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered to General Grant.

9th—Port Hudson surrendered.

10th—An assault on Fort Wagner was repulsed.

13th—The draft riots in New York.

AUGUST, 1863.

20th—Lawrence, Kans., was burned.

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Gen. Custer, who gained his greatest fame in the Pony Express days, but who also was a participant in the events at Appomattox.

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NOVEMBER, 1861.

1st—Gen. George B. McClellan was made Commander in Chief, U. S. A.

7th—The battle of Belmont, Miss.

7th—An expedition captured Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, S. C., and Fort Beauregard on the Broad River.

19th—The English mail packet Trent was boarded by Captain Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, and the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, taken off.

JANUARY, 1862.

1st—Messrs. Mason and Slidell were surrendered on demand of the British government.

10th—The battle of Middle Creek, Ky.

19th—The battle of Mills Spring, Ky.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

5th—Fort Henry, Tenn., surrendered to the Union forces.

8th—The battle of Roanoke Island.

MARCH, 1862.

7th and 8th—Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.

8th—The Confederate ram Virginia (converted from the Merrimac) appeared at Hampton Roads. She sank the war ship Cumberland, captured the Congress, and forced the Minnesota aground, and then returned to Norfolk.

9th—The Virginia reappeared. The new iron-clad Monitor, Lieutenant Worden, commander, had arrived the night before, and her commander engaged the Virginia on her appearance.

10th—Manassas Junction, Va., was evacuated by the Confederates.

14th—The battle of New Bern, N. C.

23rd—The battle of Winchester, Va.

APRIL, 1862.

6th and 7th—The battle at Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh), Tenn.

7th—Island No. 10, in the Mississippi, surrendered.

11th—Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Ga., surrendered.

12th—Gold was first quoted at a premium.

MAY, 1862.

1st—The Federal army captured New Orleans.

3rd—The battle of Chancellorsville, Va.

5th—The battle of Williamsburg, Va.

25th—The battle of Winchester, Va.

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27th—The battle of Hanover Court House, Va.
31st—The battle of Seven Pines, Va.

JUNE, 1862.

6th—Memphis surrendered to the Union forces.
8th—The battle of Cross Keys, Va.
25th—The seven days' battle around Richmond began.
26th—The battle of Mechanicsville, Va.
27th—The battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
28th—Commodore Farragut, who had run the blockade at Vicksburg, began to bombard the city.
John Morgan, with a Confederate force, raided through Ohio.
29th—The battle of Savage's Station, Va., was fought.
30th—The battle of Frazier's Farm, Va.

JULY, 1862.

1st—The battle of Malvern Hill, Va.

AUGUST, 1862.

5th—The battle of Baton Rouge, La.
5th—Battle of Cedar Mountain, Va.
23rd—A general battle with General Pope's forces took place.
29th—The battle of Groveton, Va.
30th—A battle at Manassas, Va.
30th—The battle of Richmond, Ky.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

1st—The battle of Ox Hill, Va.
1st—The battle of Chantilly, Va.
14th—The battle of South Mountain, Md.
15th—Harper's Ferry was captured by the Confederates.
17th—The battle of Antietam, Md.
17th—The garrison at Mumfordsville, Ky., surrendered to the Confederates.
19th—The Confederate forces were defeated at Luka, Miss.
22nd—President Lincoln issued the proclamation abolishing slavery in the Southern States, unless they returned to the Union before January 1, 1863.

OCTOBER, 1862.

3rd—Battle of Corinth, Miss.
8th—The battle of Perryville, Ky.
10th—A raid on Chambersburg, Pa., was made by Confederate force under General Stuart.
18th—General Morgan made a raid in Kentucky.

DECEMBER, 1862.

7th—The Confederates were defeated at Prairie Grove, Ark.
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SEPTEMBER, 1863.

20th—The battle of Chickamauga.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

16th—Battle of Campbell's Station, Tenn.
24th—Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were fought at Chattanooga, Tenn.

MAY, 1864.

4th—The army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan and encamped in the "Wilderness."
5th and 6th—Battles of the Wilderness, Va.
6th—General Sherman began his Atlanta campaign.
9th—Battle of Spotsylvania, Va.
14th—Battle of Resaca, Ga.
25th—Battle of New Hope Church, Ga.
26th—The Confederates were repulsed in an attack on City Point, Va.

JUNE, 1864.

1st—Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
3rd—A battle was fought near Cold Harbor, Va.
16th—Federals were defeated in attack on Petersburg, Va.
19th—The investment of Petersburg, Va., was begun.
19th—The Alabama was sunk off Cherbourg, France, by the Kearsarge.
21st and 22nd—The Federals were repulsed in attacks upon the Weldon railroad, Virginia.
27th—Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
28th—The Confederates moved on Washington by way of the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.

JULY, 1864.

9th—Battle of Monocacy River, Maryland.
20th—Battle of Peach Tree Creek, Georgia.
22nd—Battle of Decatur, Ga.
30th—Another unsuccessful assault upon Petersburg, Va.

AUGUST, 1864.

8th—Fort Gaines, in Mobile Bay, surrendered to Admiral Farragut.
21st—The weldon railroad captured.
31st—The battle of Jonesboro, Ga.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

2nd—The Federals entered Atlanta.
19th—The battle of Winchester, Va.
22nd—The battle of Fisher's Creek, Va.
30th—Battle at Preble's Farm, Virginia.

OCTOBER, 1864.

2nd—Battle of Holston River, Virginia.
6th—Battle of Allatoona Pass, Georgia.
19th—Battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia.
27th—The Federals were repulsed at Hatcher's Run, Va.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

16th—General Sherman began his march to the sea.
30th—The battle of Franklin, Tenn.

DECEMBER, 1864.

13th—Fort McAllister was captured by the Federals.
15th—The battle of Nashville, Tenn.
25th—The Federals were repulsed in an attack upon Fort Fisher, N. C.

JANUARY, 1865.

15th—Fort Fisher, N. C., was captured by the Federals.
31st—Gen. R. E. Lee appointed Commander in Chief of the Confederate forces.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

18th—Charleston, S. C., evacuated.
22nd—Wilmington, N. C., captured.

MARCH, 1865.

16th—Battle of Averasborough, N. C.
18th—Battle of Bentonville, N. C.
25th—Fort Stedman, near Petersburg, was captured by the Confederates and recaptured by the Federals.

MAY, 1865.

5th—Galveston, Tex., surrendered to the Federals.
10th—Jefferson Davis was captured in Georgia.
13th—A skirmish took place near Brazos, in eastern Texas.
26th—The Confederates in Texas under General Kirby-Smith surrendered.
The Federal armies of the East and the West were disbanded and returned home after a review at Washington.

JUNE, 1865.

6th—An order was issued for the release of all prisoners of war in the prisons of the North.

JULY, 1865.

5th—The corner stone of a monument was laid at Gettysburg, Pa., in memory of the soldiers who fell there.

THE GR

(Address on the
John Pelham, C. S.
upon the occasion
of Alabama of the
hall of the House o
Montogmery, Ala.,

We are met this a
a tribute of love and
of Southerners who
reward, not for plac
or goaded by neces
duty . . . suffered
died" in defense of t
fought, and, dying,

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historic hall, in the
1861, Alabama pass
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America; in this hal
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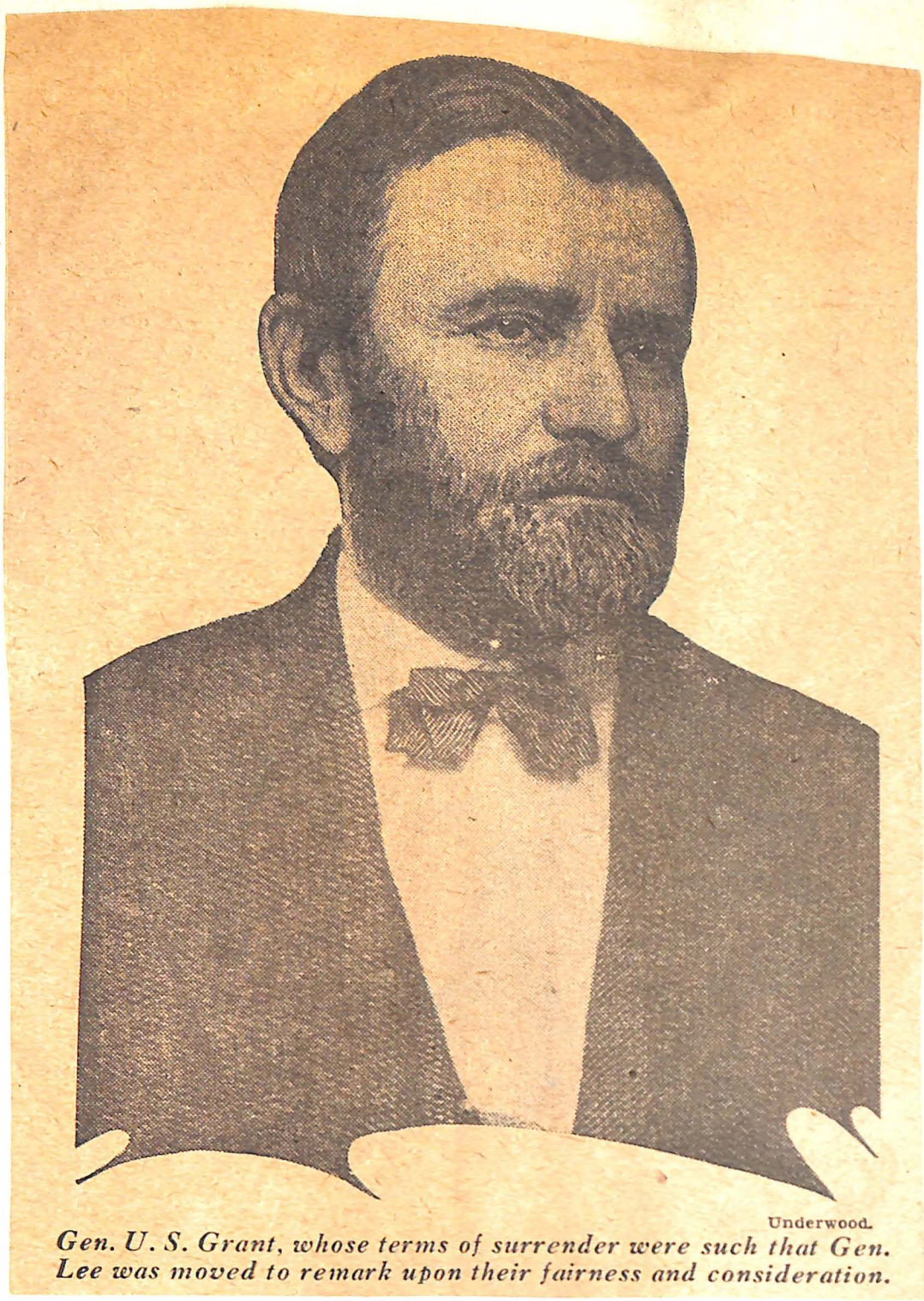
assures Anglo-Saxo
same place where
Conservative Party
supremacy, held its
walls where Alaban
the oath of office,
generations our laws have been made, and in this room where for many years Alabama's ablest sons received the commissions which sent them to the Senate of the United States.

These great events are now part of Alabama's history, and this hall is a sacred place, because here have been enacted the stirring events on which Alabamians look back with pride; and to-day we stand here to witness another historic event in the life of our State, for we are assembled here, this company of Alabama's sons and daughters, to witness the gift of a sword which Alabama will ever cherish, the sword of George Washington [illegible] was Atkinson Pelham, the son of Charles, who became the father of the great cannoneer. He was a doctor and, for a few years after completing his studies, he lived in North Carolina. In 1837, the



Underwood.

Gen. U. S. Grant, whose terms of surrender were such that Gen. Lee was moved to remark upon their fairness and consideration.

Californians Photo.

Gen. Custer, who gained his greatest fame in the Pony Express days, but who also was a participant in the events at Appomattox.

The Tragedy o

A Detailed and Sympathetic Story of the Colo End of the Secession War—The First Brief Re Surrender to Grant and the Circumstances Su

By DAVID

The scene in the McLean house at Appomattox, when the terms of the surrender of the army of northern Virginia were being discussed and arranged.

INSTALLMENT NO. 1.

A VIRGINIAN, who is president of the association arranging the Yorktown celebration, in order to sustain his position against reenacting the scenes of the surrender, said: "No Virginian would want to see the scenes enacted at Appomattox revived in play or pageant."

Aside from the fact that this is a remarkeble position for any one to take, one who is even faintly acquainted with what went on at Appomattox can not help wondering what transpired on that historic day of April 9, 1865, that anyone should be ashamed of, least of all a Virginian.

Gen. Lee reached the very zenith of his fame at Appomattox, and he was infinitely greater in defeat and in his humiliation than he ever was in victory. His military secretary, Col. Charles Marshall, who has written one of the best books we have on the great Virginian, begins his account of Appomattox with these thoughtful words: "There have been great events in our history. Yorktown was a great event; Saratoga was a great event, and there have been great events in our history since the war of the Revolution; but the greatest was that which occurred on April 9, 1865, at the little village of Appomattox when Gen. Lee met Gen. Grant and the question of the indissoluble union of these States passed into history, never to be revived."

This raises the question from a hate to a philosophy. There were three definite times in the history of the Secession War when the independence of the South was within a hair of being won, and yet the god of battles turned the tide against the South and allowed victory to escape her by her own stupidity.

I belong to that remarkable race of Southrons who fought on both sides of that war, my father being first a Confederate chaplain and then a Confederate soldier. He never surrendered; he never took the oath of allegiance; and he was the best and most loyal Democrat I have ever known. His own father, an Albanian, was a Union man, and so was my mother's father—the former an Andrew Jackson Democrat, the latter a Henry Clay Whig; one a Virginian by birth, the other always a Tennesseean; one of French Huguenot extraction, the other as Scotch as the heather of Scotia.

My father never could read Gen. Lee's farewell order written at Appomattox without weeping his eyes out, and I feel something like that emotion myself as I sit down to write this piece. Yet he knew, and yet I know, that it was best that there should have been an Appomattox; for if there had not been this continent would never have quit the bloodletting until slavery was exterminated and the jealousies the eternal wars between North and South would have engendered would have made us over into another Europe, with a good deal of Latin-America mixed in.

I purpose in this writing to reproduce, as best I can, the scenes that are written into the historic Appomattox, using for my authorities Grant's memoirs, Sheridan's memoirs, Gen. John B. Gordon's memoirs, and several of the lives of Gen. Lee. Col. Marshall, Gen. Lee's secretary, be it known, was a nephew of Chief Justice John Marshall, every one of whose grandsons and grandnephews was in Gen. Lee's army. He was the only member of Gen. Lee's staff who accompanied him to meet Gen. Grant, and his account is perhaps, with a few exceptions, the best that we have of the Southern side of that immortal event.

Gen. Lee had detached a part of his army at Petersburg and sent it into North Carolina to support Gen. Johnston, who was about to come to blows with Gen. Sherman. Although the Confederacy was pretty near exhausted at that moment, it was far from being whipped. Gen. Sherman, just a few weeks before Appomattax, gave an interview to the war correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial who was with his army, in which he expressed the fear that Johnston might turn on him and tear through his victorious legions and change his laurels into willows. He did not think the fight was out of the South, and neither did Gen. Lee.

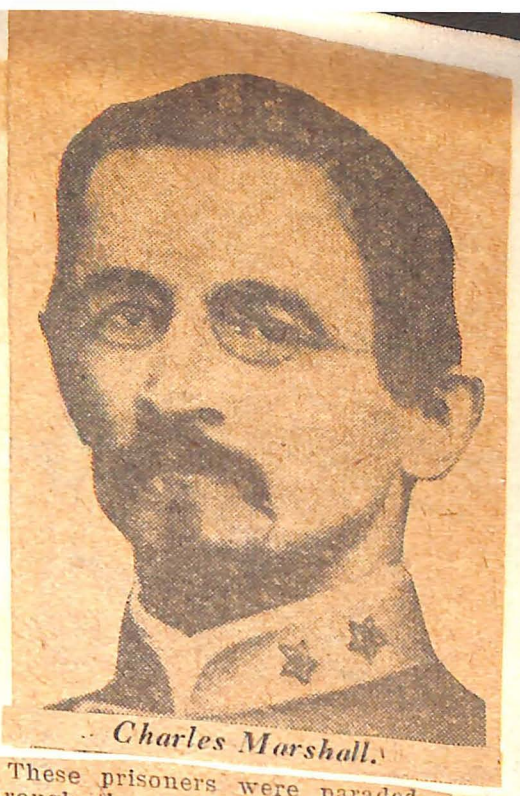
In sending Johnston aid Lee weakened his lines about Petersburg so much that Sheridan had no trouble in cutting them, and at Sailor's Creek, on April 6, he surrounded Gen. Ewell's corps and captured it, together with the following generals: Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, Dubose and Custis Lee, the son of Robert E. Lee. With the tragic news of this irreparable loss Gen. Lee also heard that his son had been killed, and this did not make his burden any lighter. A Union general, Lawrence Williams, however, sent word through the lines that Custis Lee was unhurt and alive. Most of the Union generals were made of that metal. It is only since the war ended that the camp followers and sutler's clerks on both sides have been making faces at each other.

The loss of Ewell's corps left Gen. Lee with an army of 25,000 men, two-thirds of which could not bear arms because of weakness from starvation and disease. Lee had lost his best corps commander, A. P. Hill, who was killed at the battle of Five Forks by stragglers; he had lost his great cavalry leader, Jeb Stuart, who was killed at Yellow Tavern; but he still had an indomitable army which even while living on parched corn on the retreat from Petersburg could turn and show

Appomattox

ut Intensely Human, Events That Led to the That Presents the Complete Picture of Lee's ding It—The Greatest Event in Our History.

BARBEE.



Charles Marshall.

its fangs to Grant, and, if need be strike him a terrible blow.

There never was in all history an army the equal in all respects of the Army of Northern Virginia, and it and its great commander were more feared than all the other Southern armies combined. Even when defeated, as at Antietam and at Gettysburg, it was feared and allowed to escape. This army was composed of men from every State in the Confederacy and even of men whose States had not seceded.

Richard S. Ewell.

It is a terrible mistake to say that it was made up of Virginia gentlemen alone, as most of the historians do. Col. Marshall rather singles out the Texans as being the best soldiers in Lee's army.

Although he felt sharply the loss of Ewell's corps, and his own personal loss, Lee never quailed. Forced to halt his ragged little army in its retreat southward, he turned first on one wing of Grant's army and then on another and struck them blows from which they recoiled. Fitzhugh Lee, in command of the cavalry, ranged far ahead of the infantry and artillery, and in a swift attack destroyed Gen. Gregg's large cavalry force and captured it and its commander. Gen. Gordon overtook the prisoners marching to the rear and seeing Gregg on foot and toiling along stopped and offered him a mount, which the gallant Union officer refused, saying that he preferred to take pot luck with his men.

"Gen. Lee was riding everywhere and watching everything, encouraging his brave men by his calm and cheerful bearing," says Gordon. "He was often exposed to great danger from shells and bullets; but, in answer to protests, his reply was that he was obliged to see for himself what was going on. As he sat on his horse near Farmville during a sharp engagement, watching the effect of the fire from one of our batteries which was playing upon the enemy, a staff officer rode up to him with a message. The latter noticed that this officer had exposed himself unnecessarily in approaching him, and he reprimanded the young soldier for not riding on the side of the hill where he would be protected from the enemy's fire. The young officer replied that he would be ashamed to seek protection while the commanding general was so exposing himself. Gen. Lee sharply replied: 'It is my duty to be here. Go back the way I told you, sir.'"

The day after the disaster at Sailor's Creek a number of Lee's officers met and held a council of war. Three propositions were discussed. I use Gordon's account of this incident, and part of Gen. Long's.

"1. To disband and allow the troops to get away as best they could, and reform at some designated point.

"This was abandoned because a dispersion over the country would be a dreadful infliction upon the impoverished people, and because it was most improbable that all the men would reach the rallying point.

"2. To abandon all trains, and concentrate the entire Confederate army in a compact body, and cut through Grant's lines.

"This proposition, in turn, was discarded, because without ammunition trains the Confederates could not hope to continue the struggle many days.

"3. To surrender at once.

"It was decided that this last course would be wisest, and these devoted officers felt that they should do all in their power to relieve Gen. Lee by giving him their moral support in taking the step. Gen. Grant had not then written his first note to Lee, asking surrender of his army."

Gen. Longstreet and several other officers, disapproving the surrender, refused to sign the paper which was to be presented to Gen. Lee. Gen. Longstreet was a South Carolinian by birth, and all through the war he seldom, if ever, approved of any plan, not even Gen. Lee's, that did not originate with himself.

Gen. W. N. Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, was selected to carry the message to the commander. He was one of that group of thirteen young cadets at West Point who came under the influence of the chaplain, Dr. Charles P. McIlvaine, afterward the celebrated Bishop of Ohio, and were led by that great man into the ministry. Bishop Leonidas Polk, who was killed in the fighting around Atlanta, was another, and Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, the celebrated mathematician and philosopher, was a third. They were all classmates and dear friends of Lee's. When the war broke out, Pendleton was rector of the small Episcopal Church at Lexington, Va. He won immortal renown as a great artillery captain.

Describing the scene, when he approached Gen. Lee with the written views of his officers, Gen. Pendleton says:

"Gen. Lee was lying on the ground. No others heard the conversation between him and myself. He received my communication with the reply: 'Oh, no! I trust it has not come to that!' and added: 'General, we have yet too *many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit, while our boys still do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the federal commander,* he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the condition of demanding an unconditional surrender—a proposal to which I will never listen."

Gordon takes up the narrative and relates more of the conversation. Says he: "Gen. Pendleton related that the general referred to the beginning of the Southern struggle for independence, and said, in substance, that he had never believed that, with the vast power against us, we could win our independence, unless we were aided by foreign powers. 'But,' he added, 'such consideration really made no difference with me. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.'"

It was after this solemn conference that Lee received Grant's first note, written that same day, which read: "The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

In the consideration of the events of Appomattox it should not be forgotten that President Lincoln had met Grant and Sherman and Admiral Porter at City Point and had discussed with them the very thing that is now taking place. My study of all the incidents connected with that event lead me to the conclusion that it was Lincoln's magnanimity instilled into Grant that was shining like an aureole over the closing hours of the Lost Cause.

Lee submitted Grant's dispatch to his council, and, says Marshall:

"There was some difference of opinion among the general officers as to the nature of the reply to be made to Gen. Grant's letter, some thinking it was yet possible to save the remnant of the army. It was greatly reduced; it was starving; but it was as brave an army as ever carried a gun, and Gen. Lee had such confidence in it as, I believe, would have made him risk anything if there had been a chance of success."

Lee replied to Grant. "Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance," said he . . . "I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its (the Army of Northern Virginia) surrender."

When Grant received this note on the 8th, he was not with his army, but was somewhere in the rear. "I was suffering very severely with a sick headache," he says, "and stopped at a farmhouse on the road some distance in the rear of the main body of the army. I spent the night in bathing my feet in hot water and mustard and putting mustard plasters on my wrists and the back part of my neck, hoping to be cured by morning."

That night, in Washington, dour old Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, sat down to write up his diary. "We have word that Sheridan has had a battle with a part of Lee's army, has captured six rebel generals and several thousand prisoners. His dispatch intimates the almost certain capture of Lee."

These prisoners were paraded through the streets of Washington, and it was the sight of them, in their ragged and tattered uniforms, that pushed John Wilkes Booth one step nearer to his great crime.

"It is desirable that Lee should be captured," Welles wrote on. "He, more than anyone else, has the confidence of the rebels, and can, if he escapes, and is weak enough to try and continue hostilities, rally for a time a brigand force in the interior. I can hardly suppose he would do this, but he has shown weakness, and his infidelity to the country which educated and employed and paid him shows his gross ingratitude. His true course would be to desert the country he has betrayed and never return."

So little does intense partisanism understand real greatness!

Grant replied to Lee, on April 8, saying that "peace being my great desire, there is but one condition that I shall insist on, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States, until properly exchanged."

In the next sentence Grant showed a delicacy and exquisite courtesy to his great adversary he was never afterwards to show to any. "I will meet you," he said, and if that is too painful, "will designate officers to meet any officers you name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender * * * will be received."

Hostilities were not suspended while these anxious and historic notes were passing. "Keep your command together, and in good spirits, General,—don't let them think of surrender—I will get you out of this," Gen. Lee said to his eldest son, Gen. W. H. F. Lee.

His supply trains, which he had ordered sent from Lynchburg to Amelia Court House, had been sent through to Richmond instead. One of the Union scouts captured his order and directed the trainmen by telegraph to shove the trains through. Four solid freight trains loaded with food fell into the hands of Sheridan's cavalry. "An anxious and haggard expression came to Gen. Lee's face when he was informed of this great misfortune," says one of his biographers; but it did not daunt him. When Grant did not grasp the opportunity of crushing the Army of Northern Virginia at Amelia Court House, hope revived in Lee's heart. He did not falter and continued to believe that he would be able to force his way through to Lynchburg.

We have a picture drawn by one of his soldiers as he looked at one of the most critical moments just before the surrender. "Gen. Lee had rushed his infantry over, just at sunset, leading it in person, his face animated, and his eye brilliant with the soldier's spirit of fight, but his bearing un-

flurried as before. * * * The old cavalier at this moment swept on upon his large iron gray, whose mane and tail floated in the wind; he carried his field glasses half-raised in his right hand; with his head erect, gestures animated, and in the whole face and form the expression of the hunter close upon his game. * * * He rode in the twilight among the disordered groups, and the sight of him aroused a tumult. Fierce crys resounded on all sides, and, with hand clinched violently and raised aloft, the men called on him to lead them against the enemy. 'It's Gen. Lee! Uncle Robert! Where's the man who won't follow Uncle Robert?' was heard on all sides, the swarthy faces full of dirt and courage, lit up every instant by the glare of burning wagons."

Surrender such an army! Never, though the heavens fall! That army had had nothing to eat for five days but parched corn, but it could still fight!

Even amid such vivid scenes as this the lighter side of Gen. Lee's nature never forsook him. Gen. Henry A. Wise, who was with the army, had washed his face in a pool of water which was highly discolored with red clay. As he had no towel he allowed the ruddy liquid to dry, leaving red stains on his countenance. When Gen. Lee saw him he was convulsed, and saluted him as he approached: "Good morning, Gen. Wise. I perceive you, at any rate, have not given up the contest, as you are in your war paint this morning."

That night Lee held his last bivouac. "It met in the woods at his headquarters and by a low burning fire," says Gordon. "There was no tent there, no table, no chairs, and no camp stools. On blankets spread upon the ground, or on saddles at the roots of trees, we sat around the great commander. * * * No tongue or pen will ever be able to describe the unutterable anguish of Lee's officers as they looked into the clouded face of their beloved commander.

"The letters of Gen. Grant asking surrender and the replies thereto evoked a discussion as to the fate of the Southern people and the condition in which the failure of our cause would leave them. There was also some discussion as to the possibility of forcing a passage through Grant's lines and saving a small portion of the army, and continuing a desultory warfare until the Government at Washington should grow weary and grant to our people peace and the safeguards of local self-government.

"In no hour of the great war did Gen. Lee's masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous. * * * We knew by our own aching hearts that his was breaking. Yet he commanded himself, and stood calmly facing and discussing the long-dreaded inevitable."

It was finally decided that the army should make a desperate push, at daylight, to cut its way through Grant's lines, in an effort to reach the Tennessee mountains. In the very death agony of the Confederacy it thought of those mountains. Gen. Lee had told Mr. Davis that he could take his army into the Virginia mountains and carry on the war for 20 years. Salmon P. Chase, in a speech at Cincinnati in October, 1862, said that the strategy of the war was to win east Tennessee; that if the Confederates ever got firmly lodged in there the South would gain its independence. To save Richmond, the South waited too long to enter that stronghold and granary.

The pedestal table in the McLean home at Appomattox upon which the terms of surrender were drafted and signed by Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Gen. Robert E. Lee.

As Gordon rode away from the bivouac he sent a staff officer back to Gen. Lee to ask him for specific directions as to where he should halt and camp for the night, and Lee sent back word: "Tell Gen. Gordon I should be glad for him to halt just beyond the Tennessee line." That bit of pleasantry was Gen. Lee's way of telling Gordon that he had no hope for the morrow. What could his little starved and exhausted army of less than 8,000 infantry do against Grant's splendid army of 150,000 veteran troops?

All night Gen. Lee rode about his sleeping army. Who would not like to know his thoughts on that vigil? Not for one moment did he get out of the saddle. Stonewall Jackson often did that. After he had marched his men farther and faster than cavalry ever marched in one day, he would not put out sentinels, but would himself guard his wornout soldiers as a hen mothered her chickens.

"We lay upon the ground near the road," says Marshall, "with our saddles for pillows, our horses, picketed near by, eating the bark of trees for want of better provender, our faces covered with the capes of our greatcoats to keep out the night air. Soon after 1 o'clock I was roused by the sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of Gen. Grant that at first when I woke I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers.

"I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recalled the order to resume the march at that early hour and knew that the troops I heard were moving forward to endeavor to force our way through the lines of the enemy * * * I soon knew that the command that was passing consisted, in part at least, of Hood's old Texas brigade."

As the Texans swung along with intrepid footsteps they chanted:

"The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun!"

"Soon after they passed," Marshall's narrative goes on, "we were all astir and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilet, consisting mainly of putting on our caps and saddling our horses. We then proceeded to look for something to satisfy our ravenous appetites.

"Somebody had a little cornmeal, and somebody else had a tin can, such as is used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, and according to rank and seniority, made a can of cornmeal gruel and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. Gen. Lee * * * did not * * * have even such refreshment. This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States."

As soon as this "sumptuous" meal was over the army moved into battle, with Gordon's corps leading the attack. "The Union breastworks were carried," says Gordon. "Two pieces of artillery were captured. The Federals were driven from all that portion of the field, and the brave boys in gray cheered as their battle-flags waved in triumph on that last morning."

Soon they were completely surrounded. Grant's men pressed Longstreet so hard he could not support Gordon's charge. Sheridan's cavalry broke through between the two corps of Lee's valiant army. Capture seemed inevitable, when Gordon detached a brigade of cavalry and sent them to Longstreet's support.

At 3 o'colck in the morning, the battle having raged for two hours, Gen. Lee rode forward to see if Gordon and Fitz Lee had cut their way through. It was not yet light enough to see the field, so he dispatched one of his aides, Col. Charles S. Venable, to Gordon to see how the day was going.

"Tell Gen. Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps," said the intrepid Gordon.

When Col. Venable made his report, Gen. Lee said: "There is nothing left me but to go and see Gen. Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths."

This last battle might have been averted if Lee's letter of the eighth in reply to Grant's had not miscarried. In it he told Grant that he did "not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army * * * but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 a. m. tomorrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies."

Instantly after receiving Gordon's message, Lee called for an orderly, and a Maryland soldier named Tucker came forward and tieing a handkerchief to a stick he rode forward to Grant's lines, followed by Gen. Lee and Col. Taylor.

As they rode through the remnants of Longstreet's corps, "the men * * * cheered Gen. Lee to the echo, as they had cheered him many a time before," says Marshall. "He waved his hand to suppress the cheering, because he was afraid the sound might attract the fire of the enemy, and we rode on through the line."

When they reached the Federal skirmish line Gen. Lee directed Col. Marshall to go forward and meet the Federal commander. He proved to be Gen. Humphreys, and he was the bearer of an answer to Gen. Lee's letter of the night before.

"As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace," Grant wrote, "the meeting proposed for 10 a. m. today could lead to no good. I will state, however, general, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole of the North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed."

Marshall carried this letter back to Lee and read it to him. He says that after a few moments' reflection Lee said: "Well, write a letter to Gen. Grant and ask him to meet me to deal with the question of the surrender of my army, in reply to a letter he wrote me at Farmville."

In response to this Col. Marshall then wrote the historic letter that virtually ended the war.

"I received your note this morning in the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army," it said. "I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose."

When Lee's aid took the letter forward under a flag of truce, he said to Col. Whittier, who met him at the skirmish line: "Colonel, here is a letter Gen. Lee

wants forwarded to Gen. Grant, but it requires suspension of hostilities."

"Well," replied Col. Whittier, "I do not think my commanding officer has any power to suspend hostilities."

"Let him read this letter," insisted Marshall, "and when he sees it he will probably find the contents of a nature to justify him in taking authority to suspend."

Col. Whittier went away with the letter and in five minutes was back again. He reported that an attack had been ordered and his commanding officer had no discretion in the matter. Marshall expressed his regret, and, turning his eyes back to his own lines, and remembering the cheers that had but a few moments before greeted Gen. Lee as he moved forward under the flag of truce, he realized, he says, that if the attack were insisted upon the Army of Northern Virginia would meet it as it had met all attacks in the past.

At Marshall's insistence, Col. Whittier again returned within his own lines with Lee's letter to Grant. It was eagerly read, to be sure, and by no one more eagerly than by Gen. Horace Porter, a member of Grant's staff, who was then with Meade's great army of infantry.

Meade was lying in an ambulance, indisposed. Gen. Porter went unceremoniously to that ambulance, and, seizing Meade, dragged him out of bed and told him that Lee had made a proposal to surrender his army. Whereupon Meade mounted and rode forward to meet his troops then moving into line of battle for an attack. In the absence of Grant, Meade took the initiative and suspended hostilities from 10 until 12 o'clock. He was very suspicious of Lee's note, and thought it a trick to gain time for Lee's army to escape. However, he sent a courier to find Grant and deliver Lee's letter to him.

"Just after Meade had given his order suspending operations," says Marshall, "we heard guns in front, and Gen. Lee mounted his horse, rode forward rapidly, and got up in front of Appomattox Courthouse in time to see Gen. Fitz Lee bring in about 200 prisoners, and that was the last fighting done in the war."

This disposed of the fighting on Longstreet's front; Gen. Gordon was still engaged with the enemy at the time that Meade suspended operations. "My troops were still fighting, furiously fighting in nearly every direction, when the final note from Gen. Lee reached me," he says. "It notified me that there was a flag of truce between Gen. Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I could communicate that fact to the commander of the Union forces in my front."

COL. GREEN PEYTON, of his staff, was sent forward to say to Gen Ord: "Gen. Gordon has received notice from Gen. Lee of a flag of truce, stopping the battle." So completely impoverished was Gordon's corps that Col Peyton could not find a flag of truce, nor a white handkerchief, nor a white shirt, and had to make a dirty rag suffice for his part in this epochal scene. He did not find Gen. Ord, but he did find Gen. Sheridan, who, like Meade, was suspicious and hesitant.

Soon Col. Peyton "returned to me accompanied by an officer of strikingly picturesque appearance," says Gordon. "This Union officer was slender and graceful, and a superb rider. He wore his hair long, falling almost to his shoulders. Guided by my staff officer, he galloped to where I was sitting on my horse, and, with faultless grace and courtesy, saluted me with his saber, and said:

"'I am Gen. Custer, and bear a message to you from Gen. Sheridan. The general desires me to present to you his compliments and to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of all the troops under your command.'

"You will please, general, return my compliments to Gen. Sheridan, and say to him I shall not surrender my command," replied Gordon.

"He directs me to say to you, general, if there is any hesitation about your surrender, that he has you surrounded and can annihilate your command in an hour,' said Custer.

"Please say to Gen. Sheridan that I am probably as well aware of my situation as he is; that I have nothing to add to the note I have already sent him; and that if he decides to continue the fighting in the face of the flag of truce, the responsibility for further bloodshed will be his and not mine," said Gordon, in concluding the interview.

Soon after Custer had returned to his own lines Gen. Sheridan approached under a white flag, "accompanied by a mounted escort almost as large as one of Fitz Lee's regiments." He was mounted on an enormous horse, a very handsome animal.

Surrounding Gordon was a company of his sharpshooters, ready for any emergency. As Sheridan came within range, one of them, a half-wit, raised his gun and took aim at Grant's famous calvary leader. "Lower that gun," said Gordon sharply. "You must not fire on a flag of truce." The sharpshooter did not obey cheerfully, but held his rifle in position to be quickly thrown to his shoulder. Gordon sensed danger and instinctively turned to see this unbalanced man in the act of raising his gun to fire at Sheridan. He seized the gun in both hands and wrested it from the man.

"Didn't I just tell you you must not shoot men under flag of truce," he exclaimed.

"Well, general, let him stay on his own side," said the sharpshooter.

Gen. Sheridan did not know how near he was to being knocked from his saddle, for that rifleman was one of the surest marksmen in Lee's army. What a catastrophe would have resulted if Gordon had not acted so quickly!

While Sheridan and Gordon were sitting on the ground and talking, firing was heard off in the direction of Longstreet's corps.

"At the sound I turned to Gen. Gordon, who seemed much embarrassed by the occurrence," says Sheridan, "and remarked: 'General, your men fired on me as I was coming over here, and undoubtedly they are treating Merritt and Custer the same way. We might as well let them fight it out.' "

This was not the exact truth, for the battle was raging when Gordon sent Col. Peyton to Sheridan, and Sheridan had declined to order "cease firing."

Gordon says: "I had forgotten the brigade which I had sent far off to my left to check the movement of Union cavalry, and as Gen. Sheridan and I sat and conversed, a sudden roll of musketry was heard from that quarter. Gen. Sheridan sprang to his feet and fiercely asked: 'What does that mean, sir?' I replied: 'It is my fault, general. I had forgotten that brigade. But let me stop the firing first, and then I will explain.' "

Looking about for a member of his staff, Gordon could find none; and in his extremity he appealed to Sheridan for a member of his staff, and Lieut. Vanderbilt Van Allen, accompanied by a ragged Maryland Confederate soldier as orderly, carried the last order that was given to Lee's army to cease firing. Gen. Geary, of South Carolina, was in command of that brigade of cavalry, and when Lieut. Allen delivered Gordon's orders, he flared up and said: "I do not care for white flags. South Carolinians never surrender." But they did.

As far as I have studied the record, the only unpleasant incident between the two forces in this whole tragic scene occurred between Sheridan and Gordon. Sheridan reminded Gordon of his recent campaign in the Shenandoah Valley and his success there; he censured Gen. Lee for fighting on after he knew his army was exhausted; and he demanded the unconditional surrender of Gordon's small corps, threatening to renew hostilities if it was not done. To all of this Gordon replied:

"Gen. Lee's army is exhausted. There is no doubt of his surrender to Gen. Grant."

Gen. Longstreet came up at this moment and confirmed all that Gordon had said, and Sheridan then agreed to suspend hostilities.

While the courier was speeding on to find Grant, Gen. Lee and his small staff rode down the hill to the courthouse. "There was a bridge across a stream that ran at the foot of the hill," says Marshall, "and we stopped on our side of the bridge; and down near the foot of the hill we made a little couch for Gen. Lee under an apple tree. We put some rails down there, spread some blankets over them, and Gen. Lee, who had been in the saddle all night long and who was very much fatigued, lay down and went to sleep."

He slept for an hour, when an officer approached with a white flag and a letter from Grant, saying that he was on his way to the front to meet Lee. This officer was Col. Babcock, of Grant's staff. With him Lee talked for a while, and then summoning Col. Marshall told him to get ready to go with him.

Gen. Lee was faultlessly attired in a new uniform, and by his side the beautiful sword that had been given him by the ladies of England. Marshall was so dilapidated in his attire that he had to borrow sword, gauntlets, a clean collar and other things.

As they rode into Appomattox, Gen. Lee told Marshall to find a house in which he could properly meet Gen. Grant. The first person he met was a man named McLean, on whose farm at Manassas the first battle of Bull Run was fought. Opposed to the war, he had sold his farm and moved further south in Virginia, "where there wouldn't be any more fighting." Marshall asked McLean to show him a house "where Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant can meet together," and McLean showed him an empty house, all broken down, that had no furniture in it. Marshall shook his head. "Maybe my house will do," said McLean, and that is how that obscure farmer got his name fixed indelibly in history.

After a pleasant conversation in the parlor, while waiting for the historic meeting, in about half an hour Grant rode up and walked into the room. With him were Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Ord, Col. Badeau, Gen. Porter, Col. Parker and a large number of other officers.

"When I entered McLean's house," says Sheridan, "Gen. Lee was standing, as was his military secretary, Col. Marshall, his only staff officer present. Gen. Lee was dressed in a new uniform and wore a handsome sword. His tall commanding form thus set off, contrasted strongly with the short figure of Gen. Grant, clothed as he was in a soiled suit, without a sword or other insignia of his position except a pair of dingy shoulder straps."

Grant must have felt this contrast keenly, though he says in his memoirs, written long after the incident, "this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward. When I left camp that morning," he says, "I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback in the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was."

But Col. Marshall says, "Grant excused himself to Gen. Lee toward the close of the conversation between them, for not having his sidearms with him; he told him that when he got his letter he was about four miles from his wagon in which his arms and uniform were, and he said that he had thought Gen. Lee would rather receive him as he was, than be detained, while he sent back to get his sword and uniform. Gen. Lee told him he was very much obliged to him and was very glad indeed that he hadn't done it."

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice makes this interesting note on this incident: "This little conversation is of peculiar interest because Lee first met Grant when he was a captain on Gen. Scott's staff in the Mexican War, and Grant was a lieutenant of infantry. Gen. Scott had issued an order that officers coming to headquarters were to do so in full dress. Grant had been making a reconnaissance and came to headquarters to report the result in his field dress, plentifully covered with dust of Mexico, evidently thinking in 1847, as he did in 1865, that time was of more importance than appearance. Lee had to tell Grant to go back to his tent and return in full dress. One wonders whether, when apologizing to Lee a second time for his informal costume, Grant remembered what had happened eighteen years before."

When he entered the McLean parlor, Lee recognized Grant at once. "Gen. Grant greeted him in the most cordial manner, and talked about the weather and other things in a friendly way. Then Gen. Grant brought up his officers and introduced them to Gen. Lee."

There was one Union officer not in the party, and Gen. Lee asked for him. It was Gen. Lawrence Williams, who that very morning had sent him word that Gen. Custis Lee was alive and well. Before there could be any talk of terms of surrender Gen. Lee had to see Gen. Williams. "Gen. Grant sent somebody out for Gen. Williams, and when he came Gen. Lee thanked him for having sent him word about the safety of his son."

Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant went aside and sat down at a small round table to confer together. Gen. Lee opened the conversation by saying: "General, I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say at the very beginning of this interview that I am not willing to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last."

Gen. Grant replied: "I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, general, but I would be glad if you would state what you consider honorable terms."

Gen. Lee then briefly stated the terms upon which he would be willing to surrender. Grant expressed himself as satisfied with them, and Lee requested that he would formally reduce the propositions to writing.

This account is taken from Dr. J. William Jones' "Life of Lee," and as his whole story quotes freely from Gen. Lee I am sure it is the statement that Gen. Lee made to his intimate friends at Lexington and elsewhere.

During the interview, says Grant, "we soon fell into a conversation about old Army times. He (Lee) remarked that he remembered me well in the old Army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years difference in our ages) I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval.

"Our conversation grew so pleasant that I had almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time,

Gen. Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

"Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when Gen. Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army should be written out."

This is the best Union version of this incident; now for another Confederate account. We will follow Marshall. "After a very free talk Gen. Lee said to Gen. Grant: 'General, I have come to meet you in accordance with my letter to you this morning, to treat about the surrender of my army, and I think the best way would be for you to put your terms in writing.' Gen. Grant said: 'Yes, I believe it will.' So a Col. Parker, Gen. Grant's aide-de-camp (Grant calls him Gen. Parker, secretary of my staff) brought a little table over from a corner of the room, and Gen. Grant wrote the terms and conditions of the surrender on what we call field note paper, that is, a paper that makes copy at the same time as the note is written. After he had written it, he took it over to Gen. Lee.

"Gen. Lee was sitting at the side of the room; he rose and went to meet Gen. Grant to take that paper and read it over. When he came to the part in which only public property was to be surrendered, and the officers were to retain their side arms and personal baggage, Gen. Lee said: 'That will have a happy effect.'

"Gen. Lee then said to Gen. Grant: 'General, our cavalrymen furnish their own horses; they are not Government horses, some of them may be, but of course you will find them out—any property that is public property, you will ascertain that, but it is nearly all private property, and these men will want to plough ground and plant corn.'

"Gen. Grant answered that as the terms were written only the officers were permitted to take their private property, but almost immediately he added that he supposed most of the men in the ranks were small farmers and that the United States did not want their horses. He would give orders to allow every man who claimed to own a horse or mule to take the animal home.

"Gen. Lee, having again said that this would have an excellent effect, once more looked over the letter, and being satisfied with it told me to write a reply. Gen. Grant told Col. Parker to copy his letter, which was written in pencil, and put it in ink. Col. Parker took the table and carried it to a corner of the room, leaving Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee facing each other and talking together. There was no ink in McLean's inkstand, except some thick stuff that was very much like pitch, but I had a screw boxwood inkstand that I always carried with me in a little satchel that I had at my side, and I gave that to Col. Parker, and he copied Gen. Grant's letter with the aid of my inkstand and my pen."

As every small incident of this immortal scene is worthy of perpetuating, at the risk of being considered prolix, I must give Grant's version of this matter, as it shows his mental movements and what a fine gentleman he was at this moment.

"When I put pen to the paper," he says, "I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them but of no value to us; also that it would be unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their sidearms.

"No conversation—not one word—passed between Gen. Lee and myself, about either private property, sidearms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or, if he had a point to make against them, he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about sidearms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army."

Grant's letter to Lee was in these words:

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the eighth instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

"Rolls of all officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the sidearms of officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

Sheridan, in his memoirs, says that the surrender was negotiated in the presence only of the commanding generals and their secretaries. "After being presented (to Lee and Marshall)," he says, "Ord and I, and nearly all of Grant's staff withdrew to await the agreement as to terms, and in a little while Col. Babcock came to the door and said: 'The surrender has been made; you can come in.'"

We know for certain about how long Lee and Grant were together, for they met about 1 o'clock and Sheridan says it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before the terms were written out and accepted.

While Grant's secretary was copying his letter to Lee there was some small talk in the room and some very serious talk. "I was sitting on the arm of the sofa near the table," says Marshall, "and Gen. Sheridan was on the sofa next to me. 'This is very pretty country,' said Gen. Sheridan.

"'General,' I haven't seen it by daylight," said I. "All my observations have been made at night and I haven't seen the country at all myself.

"He laughed at my remark, and while we were talking I heard Gen. Grant say this: 'Sheridan, how many rations have you?' Gen. Sheridan said: 'How many do you want?' and Gen. Grant said: 'Gen Lee has about 1,000 or 1,500 of our people prisoners, and they are faring the same as his men, but he tells me his haven't anything. Can you send them some rations?'

"'Yes,' he answered. They had gotten some of our rations, having captured a train. (Marshall is in error. Sheridan captured four trains.)

"Gen. Grant said: 'How many can you send?' and he replied: 'Twenty-five thousand rations.'

"Gen. Grant asked if that was enough, and Gen. Lee replied: 'Plenty; plenty; an abundance;' and Gen. Grant said to Sheridan: 'Order your commissary to send to the Confederate commissary 25,000 rations for our men and his men.'"

This conversation was no sooner over than Col. Parker had finished copying Gen. Grant's letter. Thereupon Col. Marshall sat down at the same table to draft Gen. Lee's reply.

"I began in the usual way: 'I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of such a date,'" he says, "and then went on to say the terms were satisfactory. I took the letter over to Gen. Lee, and he read it and said: 'Do not say "I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of such a date;" he is here; just say: "I accept the terms."'"

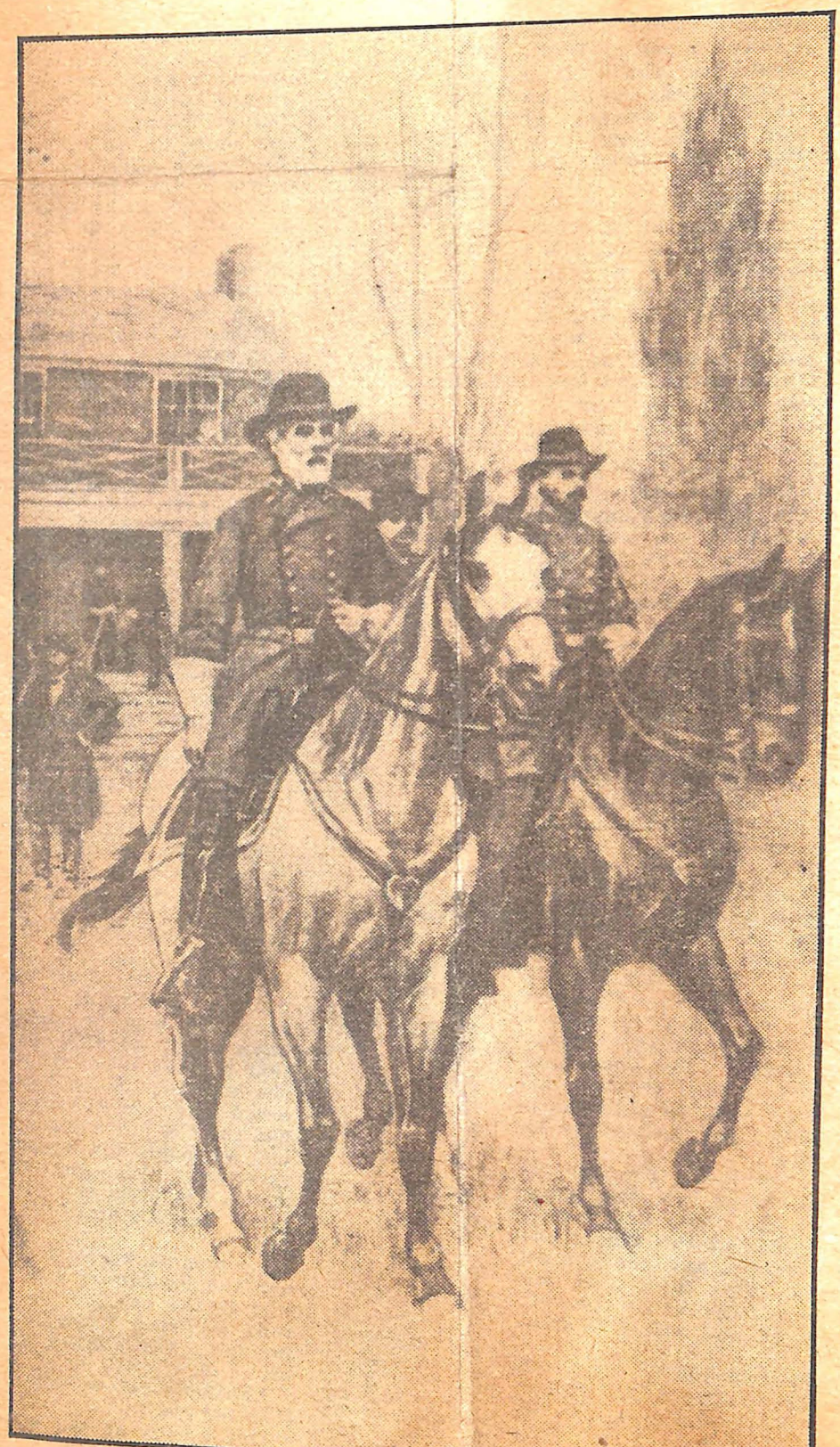
Col. Marshall thereupon wrote this letter which Gen. Lee signed:

"I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect."

There never was a simpler scene than that which followed: "Gen. Grant signed his letter," says Marshall, "and I turned over my letter to Gen. Lee and he signed it. Parker handed me Gen. Grant's letter, and I handed him Gen. Lee's reply, and the surrender was accomplished. There was no theatrical display about it. It was in itself perhaps the greatest tragedy that ever occurred in the history of the world, but it was the simplest, plainest, and most thoroughly devoid of any attempt at effect, that you can imagine."

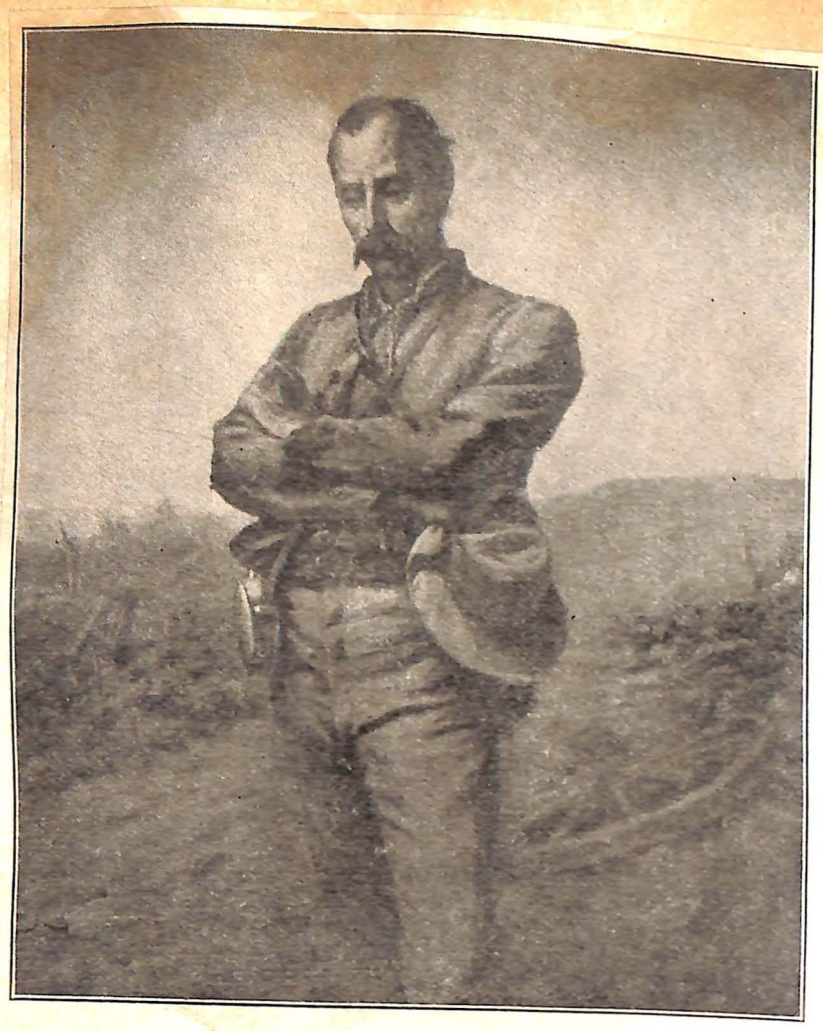
It was after this simple scene that Gen. Grant apologized to Gen. Lee for his personal appearance. Gen. Lee told him he was much obliged to him for not waiting to get his dress uniform, and was very glad indeed that he hadn't done it.

"After that," says Marshall, "a general conversation took place of a most agreeable character. I can not describe it. I can not give you any idea of the kindness, and generosity, and magnanimity of those men. When I



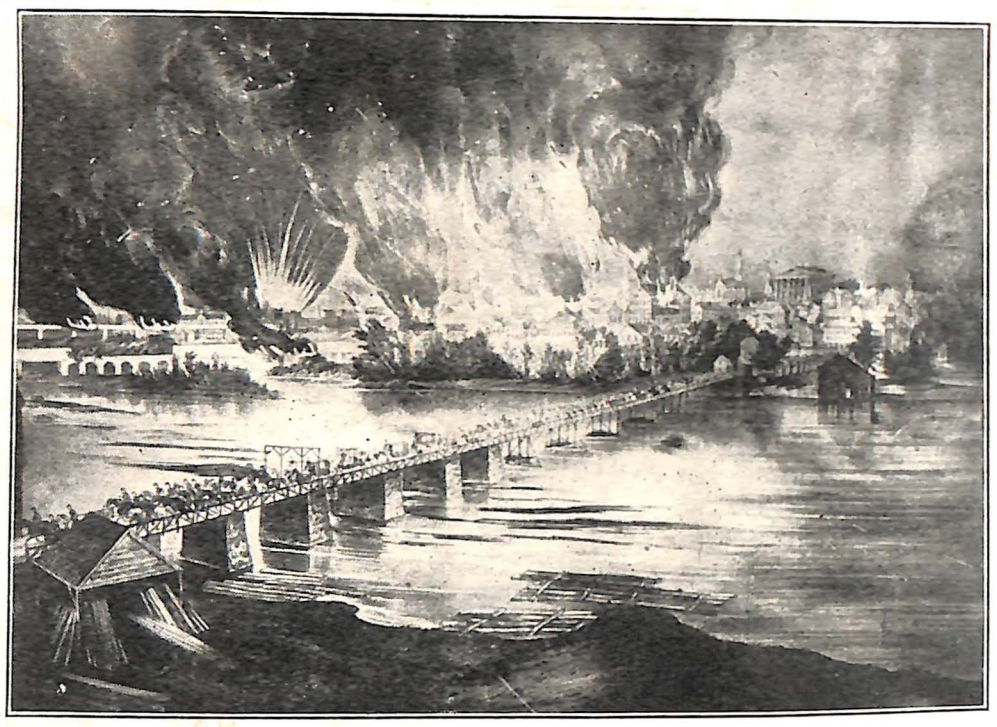
Courtesy Harper & Bros.

Lee and Marshall riding away from the McLean house after the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.



APPOMATTOX

From the painting by John A. Elder in Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va.



RICHMOND IN FLAMES

The Richmond which will greet the United Confederate Veterans in their 42nd Annual Reunion, June 21-24, will have no reminder of the harrowing scenes following its evacuation, April 2, 1865. After successfully resisting the four years' efforts of the Federal armies to capture the capital of the Confederacy, the fall of Petersburg necessitated the evacuation of Richmond. The above lurid scene gives an idea of what followed the evacuation, the warehouses and armories being set on fire and the bridges burned after the troops passed over. Photographed from an old painting by H. P. Cook, of Richmond.

Christian Soldier

By H. H. SMITH, SR.

GENERAL LEE abhorred war and to him "it was only possible as a dire necessity in defense of home and fireside." When the Federal hosts were driven back from the heights of Fredericksburg, an officer said to him, "Isn't it splendid?" Lee replied, "Yes, but it is well that war is so terrible or we might become too fond of it."

On Christmas Day, 1862, just a few days after his great victory over Burnside at Fredericksburg, Lee wrote to his wife. In that letter he did not boast of his great victory or glorify war, but expressed deep sorrow that war should become a necessity and mar the purest joys and happiness of life. "I pray that on this day," he said, "when only peace and good will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace."

Toward his soldiers Lee acted the part of a parent. He was ever solicitous for their welfare, sharing with them the hardships of camp life, and, as one writer says: "He regularly robbed his own poorly supplied mess-table of luxuries which friends would send him, in order that they might go to his ragged, suffering boys in the hospital."

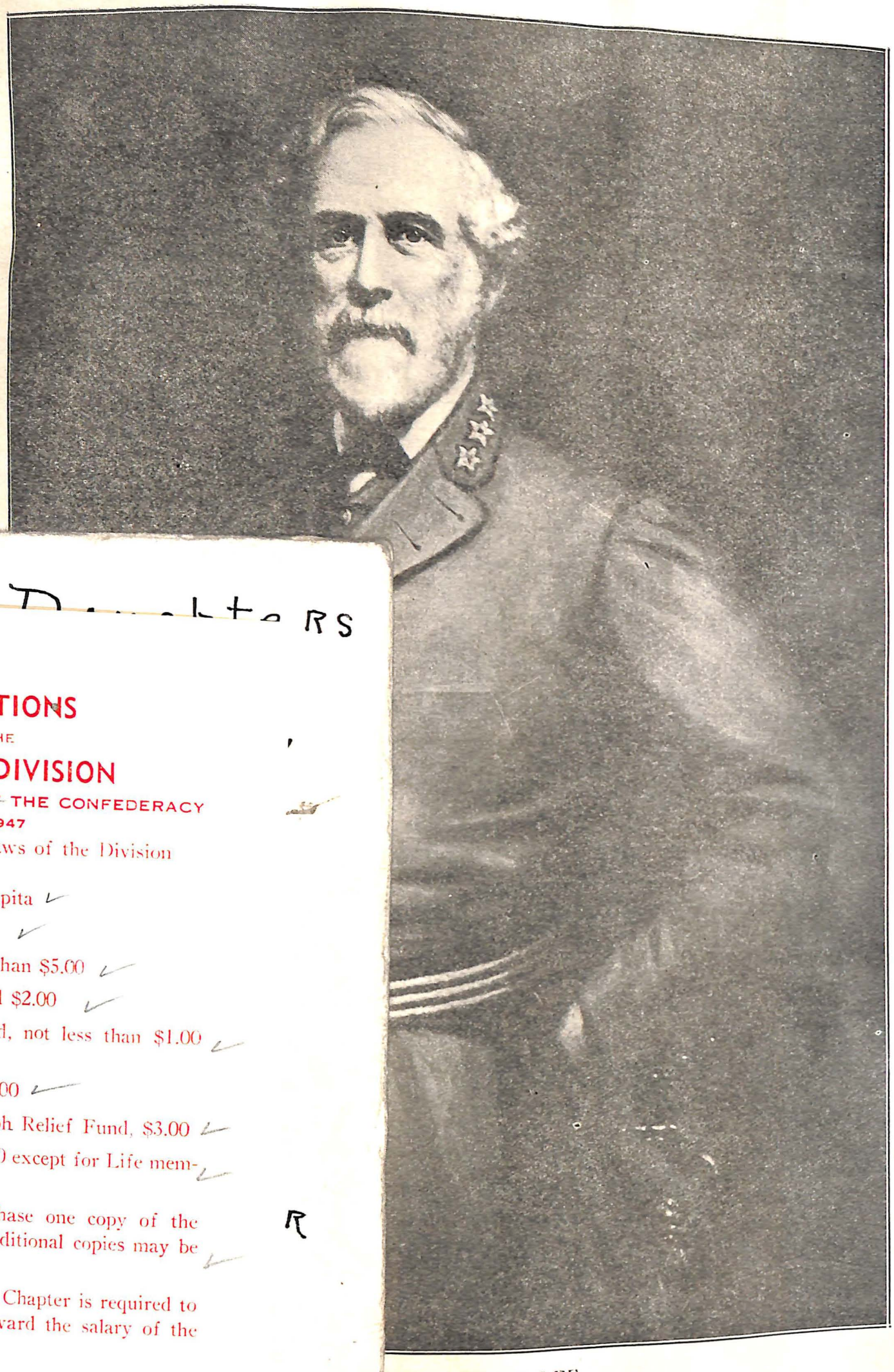
There is perhaps no better description of Lee's religious life than that given by his son, R. E. Lee Jr.: "His was a practical, everyday religion, which supported him all through his life, enabled him to bear with equanimity every reverse of fortune, and to accept her gifts without undue elation."

Lee often referred to the enemy as "those people." One of his frequent orders was, "Drive back 'those people.' " In his great book, "Lee, the American," Dr. Gamaliel Bradford says it is rare to find one making stern war as Lee did "with the pity, the sympathy, the tenderness of a true follower of Christ." As to Lee's attitude toward the North, we have his own words: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

No wonder the New York Herald, announcing the death of Lee, said: "He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and a Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havelock, and equally as devout a Christian."

After much prayer and effort by millions of Christians that war might be averted, at last it has come upon us. That we may support our government to the fullest, and keep our hearts right toward God and man, Lord God of Hosts, be with us!

Ashland.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

OBLIGATIONS

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

1946-1947

as stated in the By-Laws of the Division

- U. D. C. Tax, 20c per capita
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- Education Fund not less than $5.00
- Convention Expense Fund $2.00
- President's Expense Fund, not less than $1.00 nor more than $5.00
- State Historical Fund, $2.00
- Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund, $3.00
- Confederate Museum $1.00 except for Life members
- Each Chapter shall purchase one copy of the Minutes at $2.50. Additional copies may be secured at 25c each
- For the current year each Chapter is required to pay 10c per capita toward the salary of the Lee Chapel Custodian

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OF THE

VIRGINIA DIVISION

U. D. C.

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United Daughters of the Confederacy

Roanoke Chapter

1942 - 1943

Roanoke Chapter
U. D. C.

"The test of greatness
is the page of history"

YEARBOOK 1942-1943

Motto:
"Loyalty to the truth
of Confederate History"

Keyword: Preparedness

Flower: The Rose

The United Daughters of the Confederacy

The first object of the society is HISTORICAL, to honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect, preserve, and mark places made historical by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material for a TRUTHFUL HISTORY of the War Between the States; to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle and untiring efforts after the war during the reconstruction of the South.

"Ancestry and History are worthwhile when posterity profits by them."

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

SALUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

I salute the Confederate flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance.

(The general convention in Richmond, 1937, decided that the manner of saluting the Confederate Flag would be to place right hand over the hear and hold it until the last word of the salute is spoken.

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Second Monday of each month (except July and August) 4:00 to 5:00 P. M.

DUES

The annual dues shall be $1.50.

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September 14
Mrs. F. J. Burt, Hostess
1205 Wasena Terrace, S. W.
Program: A Challenge to Southern Women,
Miss M. Howard

October 12
Mrs. W. C. Lukens, Hostess
505 Allison Avenue
Program: University of Virginia
Miss M. Delong

November 9
Miss Sue Figgat)
Miss J. Figgat) Hostesses
109 Walnut Ave., S. W.
Program: Hollins College

December 15
Mrs. Corbin Glass, Miss M.Franklin, Hostesses
660 Northumberland Avenue.

January - 2nd Monday
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum, Hostess
407 Stanley Avenue, S. Rke.

February - 2nd Monday
Mrs. C. K. Lemon, Hostess
109 McClanahan, S. Rke.

March - 2nd Monday
Mrs. E. J. Harris, Hostess
1138 Allendale, Prospect Hills

April - 2nd Monday
Mrs. F. H. Gregory, Hostess
702 Wycliffe Ave., S. Rke.

May - 2nd Monday
Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Hostess
"Etterest" Catawba Road
Annual Picnic

Mrs McConnell
Annie Carter

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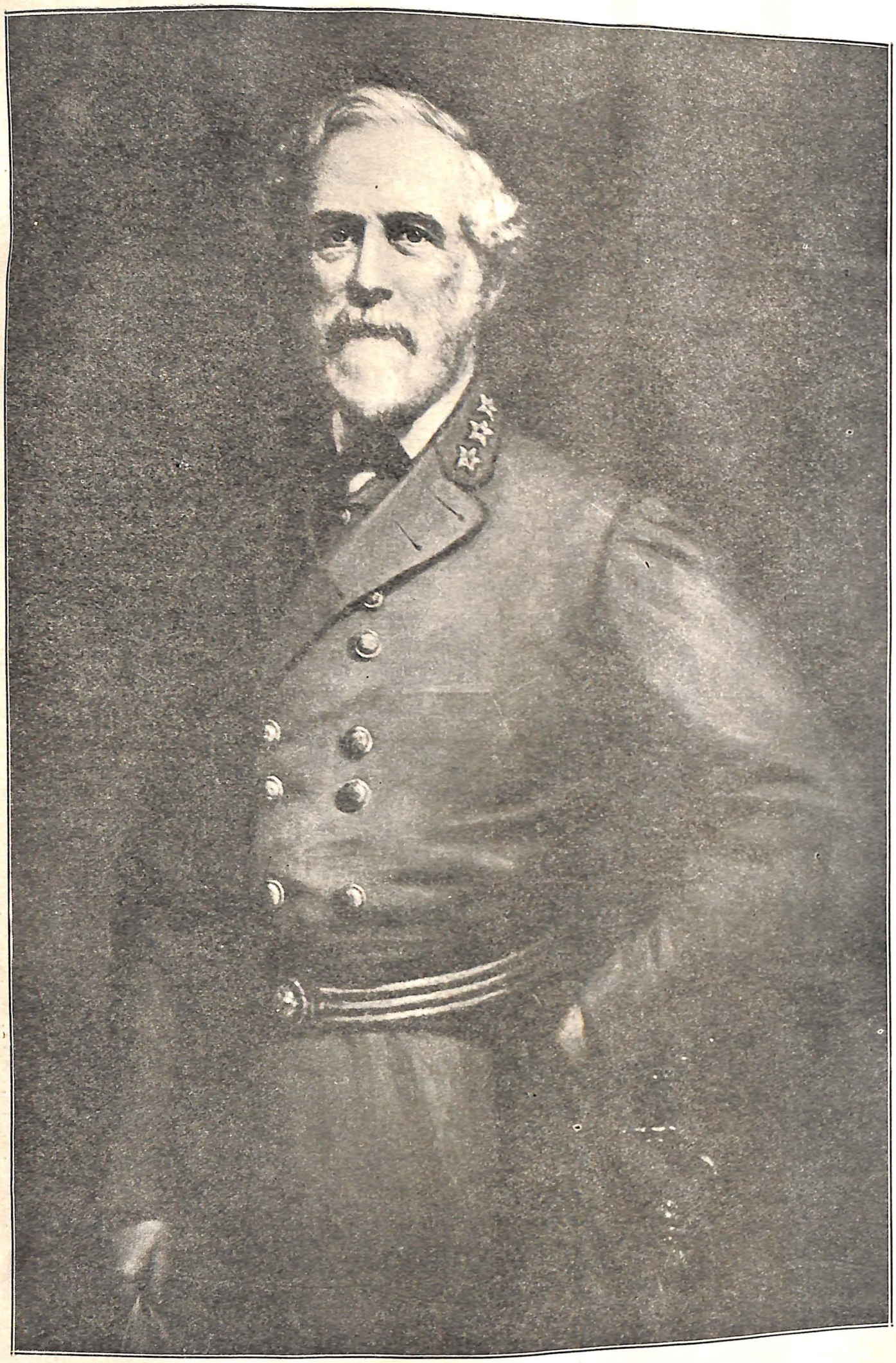
Mrs. Lacy G. Edgerton - - - 6468
Miss Janie Figgat - - - - - 2-5761
Miss Sue Figgat - - - - - - 2-5761
Miss Maude Franklin- - - - - 5397
Mrs. W. F. Genheimer - - - - 2-4004
Mrs. Corbin Glass - - - - - 2-0816
Mrs. E. V. Gookin - - - - - 2-2687
Mrs. F. H. Gregory - - - - - 2-1907
Mrs. E. J. Harris - - - - - 5928
Miss Mae Hoover - - - - - - 9002
~~Mrs. A. T. Horine~~
~~Mrs. R. K. Lowne~~ - - - - - - 2-4649 X
Miss Mary Altizer - - - - - 2-6041

Miss Conway Howard - - - - - - - 3-0441
Miss Myra Howard - - - - - - - 3-0441
Mrs. M. A. Johnson - - - - - - 9198 X
Miss Carrie Layne - - - - - - 5082
Mrs. C. K. Lemon - - - - - - - 2-5356
Mrs. W. C. Lukens - - - - - - 2-6885
~~Mrs. J. R. Marsh~~ - - - - - - - 2-4433
Mrs. W. C. Michael - - - - - - 2-5490
Mrs. R. E. Petterson - - - - - 2-4301
Miss Mary Pleasants - - - - - 2-2687
Mrs. J. M. Raleigh - - - - - - 2-0893
~~Miss Lossie Ross~~
Mrs. Helen Taylor Shank - - - 2-4805
Miss Margaret Sublett - - - - 4558
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley - - - - - - 2-4962
Miss Nell Thompson - - - - - - 2-2687
Mrs. P. B. Traylor - - - - - - 2-2973
Mrs. S. F. Woody - - - - - - - 2-1846
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum - - - - - - 2-4343
~~Mrs. J. J. Zirkle~~

Mair - C.R. - Walnut
Moore E.F. —

Dyer-2-0961

Mrs Jno Norman
her daughter



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

Photograph of the Mural Military Paintings of Gen. Robert E. Lee and other Confederate Generals in the Confederate Memorial Institute - "Battle Abbey," Richmond, Va.

The Mural Paintings begun in 1913, interrupted by the World War, finished in 1920, is the work of the French Artist, Chas. Hoffbauer.

Copyright by Confederate Memorial Institute

Lee is Not Dead

(Written on Viewing the Recumbent Statue of Lee at Lexington, Virginia)

RECUMBENT now, as if asleep,
Lies the great Chieftain of the South;
And as before his shrine we weep
Let his great life inspire our youth
To greater deeds and greater yet;
Lest we his sacrifice forget.

ASLEEP is he, but not in death,
This Chief, this Idol of us all;
Nor draws a son of Dixie breath
Who does not hear his clarion call,
To build a Southland greater still,
Nor would one fail to do his will.

LEE is not dead, but only lies
Asleep, and in our memories
He lives, and dwells within our soul,
Still urging us unto the goal
He set, of GREATNESS, not of GAIN,
Nor shall we let him urge in vain.

—*G. M. M.*

A TALK GIVEN ON THE

Ford Sunday Evening Hour

Robert E. Lee

By W. J. CAMERON

January 19, 1941

Number 17 of the 1940-41 Series broadcast over the Nation-Wide Network of the Columbia Broadcasting System from Detroit

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Dearborn, Michigan

NUARY is the birth month of many great figures in merican history. John Winthrop, Benjamin Frank- Israel Putnam, Robert Morris, Paul Revere, John cock, Ethan Allen, Alexander Hamilton, Stephen ıtur, Daniel Webster were born in the first month of alendar year and though each of them is distin- ed for service or character, none of them is honored ıe observance of his anniversary. There is one ry anniversary, however, that is observed with and reverence—an anniversary that falls today. nuary 19, 1807—134 years ago—was born a man ; beloved of the South and honored everywhere, anniversary, 70 years after his death, was kept with public exercises in eleven Southern States. nan is General Robert E. Lee.

not the fact itself that calls for special remark, e reason for it. Why was Robert E. Lee chosen for gular an honor? True, he led the armies of the leracy, and that assures him his place in history, itself it scarcely explains the place he holds in his 's heart; the leader of the Union armies also is a c figure but his birthday is not kept. Other great rn names are on the scroll of fame, but to none of s such has the same depth and extent of public been accorded. Military experts agree that l Lee was one of the great captains of the ages; dict of History is that he did exploits against dds—but neither are these sufficient to account devotion he has commanded for at least 80 years. ral Robert E. Lee was of patrician birth, son of Horse Harry" Lee whose panegyric on George gton—"first in peace, first in war, first in the f his countrymen"—is known to every American y. But it is not for his noble descent that Lee is

e-eminent, and as for wealth, that never was his rtion. Must we then ascribe this great affection to the mpathy of generous minds for the devoted leader of a st cause? No; the emotion that General Lee has evoked not mere sympathy; it is a positive and masculine miration rising into a hero-worship and deepening to a veneration that is quite independent of adventi- us circumstance.

When all the common sources of public esteem are hausted and fail to yield the secret of the long- during love for Lee, we are confronted with a enomenon of American life—we are confronted with ame supported *by the power of character alone*. Men are membered for political service, for great inventions, successful military prowess, for literary achieve nts, for scientific discoveries,—here is one American many distinctions whose greatest, ennobling all the st, is *his character as a man*.

It is chiefly to his *character* we owe our interest in the ser stages of his career. Lee's uneventful youth is table now chiefly as a background for the charm of an folding character. We follow his routine army life fore the war because it reflects the devotion to duty at was an essential part of his character. The solemn t of refusing the command of the armies of the United ates for the sake of his native State, illumines the ep place that sacrifice had in his character. And what it that shines through all the years of war, and at ppomattox, and ever brighter after Appomattox as the an of life grew briefer? what is it that still breathes und that chapel tomb at Lexington, Virginia? It is e fairness of judgment, the unfailing self-control, the nforced courtesy toward impatient friend and head- rong foe, the self-forgetfulness in college service, of

Robert E. Lee. Not in events and their dates is his real history, but in his qualities as a man.

General Lee was not a dashing soldier, a reckless leader; he was not a personality of earth and fire. The terms his biographers use to designate his qualities are most revealing. Just to look at the names of those characteristics on which all the biographies agree—abstemiousness, amiability and accuracy; boldness, calmness, courage and charm; diligence, devotion and dignity; energy, fairness, faith and frankness; generosity, grace and gentleness; heroism, humor and humility; integrity, justice, kindness, loyalty, magnanimity, poise, reasonableness, serenity, tact and wisdom—just to read the list of his attributes as historians have assembled and named them, is to read the whole alphabet of character and to have a portrait of the man.

In a noise-distraught, ambition-strained and fame-hunting generation this is something to think of, that in our national Hall of Fame, and three generations after his death, the nation honors one public man principally for his achievements in Christian character—for it is *that* that first comes to mind on hearing the name of Robert E. Lee.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

LEE

The Background of a Great Decision

By DR. FRANCIS PENDLETON GAINES

NOTE—The following article is an address given before the officers and directors of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation in Lee Chapel, Lexington, Virginia, October 12th. 1934 by Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, President of Washington and Lee University, and by request published in The Southern Magazine.

TO this Chapel which Lee built, which he frequented, which holds his dust, I welcome you, ladies of the Lee Foundation. We are aware not only of the personal distinction each member of your group represents and of the personal affection which you cherish for our greatest president; we remember at this moment the congruity between your institutional ideals and ours.

It would be an error to say that your Foundation, centering its attention upon Stratford Hall is interested exclusively in that lovely stage whereupon Lee made his earthly entrance, upon its hereditary endowments, upon the brief years of happy childhood that Robert the boy spent on those fields. It would be a mistake to say that this University is exclusively interested in the scene which he entered as he neared three-score, or in the activity of his last five years.

Both your group and the community of souls in this academic kinship are deeply concerned with Lee, the total unit of personality, with everything that went before him to affect his character, with all that he did and all that he was, with the projections and perpetuities of his influence.

In this sense we do not supplement each other or meet each other in making complete a circle of loyalty; we coincide exactly in our allegiance and in our enterprise. It is an appropriate thing that on this day, the anniversary of another day which marked the close of his labor, we gather in the building which he dedicated forever to the devotions and the aspirations of youth, a building which thus symbolizes the spirit of that labor.

Since, however, your primary concern is with the background of Lee's life in its broader aspect, I have ventured to attempt an emphasis upon certain background factors of a memorable decision in August, 1865, which brought the concluding period of his life to these campus stretches.

I should not like to be misunderstood. Lee elected to assume the presidency of Washington College for one dominant reason, in the main for one single reason; he was yielding to the noblest motive that can control human conduct, a desire to sacrificial service. The drama of his choice is accentuated by the fact that the task assumed was the least glamorous of the opportunities that presented themselves. The pathway over the Blue Ridge into Lexington was not lustrous with the sheen of gold and silver, was not brilliant under the glow of any public notoriety. It was probably a drab and colorless little by-path into complexities and uncertainties. But it was the path of duty, as he saw it, and his footstep did not falter.

Yet the assumption that Lee's coming to this college presidency was a venture for him as novel or radical as if he had suddenly gone searching for the North Pole is quite unfounded. There were factors in his case, though of secondary importance which made his decision easy, the consequences felicitous.

It will be remembered, for example that college administration was no new thing for Robert E. Lee's experience as superintendent of West Point in the 50's had been successful and more than that, it had been happy. We may assume that no period in Lee's life had brought more pleasure of personal contact or, on the whole, afforded a greater retrospective satisfaction.

There were intimate local factors, however, connected directly with this institution which must have been in the fringes of Lee's thinking as he set up the material for the process of reasoning which culminated in his decision to come to this campus.

First among these I should place the influence of Washington. Lee certainly knew the story: Virginia's legislature had sought to make some kind of compensation to her son who had guided the destinies of America's War of Revolution; Washington, true to his purpose "to close his hand against

A small riveting machine is worked by Mrs. Longstreet at a Bell plant. She says, "I was at the head of my class in riveting school. In fact I was the only one in it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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Chas. Hoffbau

Lee is

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RECUMBEN
Lies the great C
And as before h
Let his great lif
To greater deed
Lest we his sacr

ASLEEP is
This Chief, this
Nor draws a sor
Who does not h
To build a Soutl
Nor would one

LEE is not de
Asleep, and in o
He lives, and dv
Still urging us
He set, of GRE
Nor shall we let

pecuniary recompense," had declined, finally coming to a sort of compromise to the effect that he would accept the gift only to bestow it upon some worthy institution of his native state; he gave long consideration to the disposition of this gift and then finally awarded it to the Lexington school. It was not likely that the gift, valued in Washington's time—and in ours, for that matter—at $50,000 would be available for the dark days after the war between the sections. But Lee knew that Washington had made this investment of faith.

The greatest personal influence upon the career of Lee, in certain respects, was the character of Washington, Dr. Freeman admirably indicates. In that Stratford home which you are restoring grandly, this influence was bred into the very instincts of the son of Washington's friend, Harry Lee. Throughout his career, Robert Lee was aware of Washington, was probably shaping his life upon the pattern of him whom his own father had called "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Marrying the daughter of Washington's adopted son, the younger Lee became in a peculiar sense the representative of the family; but the kinship was always preeminently spiritual. Lee's modesty would have demurred from this thought that I am seeking to express; he remarked to Senator Hill that no man could be a soldier and a politician at the same time, and when Hill reminded Lee of Washington, replied "But Washington was above all rules. There never was another like him."

Robert E. Lee did not feel called upon to vindicate himself. But in a rare moment of personal correspondence he explained to Beauregard that it sometimes became a moral right not to say necessity, for a man to fight first for a flag and then against it; and he used the single example of Washington, who had done precisely that thing. To the mind of Lee this precedent was adequate.

Coming to Lexington, Lee knew, meant sustaining and in some degree fulfilling the great educational trust which the hero of his heart had established.

A well authenticated University tradition brings Robert Lee into even closer relation with this gift from Washington.

One of General Harry Lee's classmates and special friends in the group which finished at Princeton in 1773 was a young Presbyterian clergyman William Graham. Graduating, they pledged permanence of friendship and went widely differing courses in life. Lee won military and political distinction, suffered economic vicissitudes. Graham became first a teacher and then the chieftain of a struggling school in the Valley of Virginia.

When Washington announced his purpose bestowing upon some educational institution the which Virginia had made to him, Graham immediately active, like the true college pr He sought every means of turning Washi favor to the school in Virginia's Valley. and local citizens of prominence aided h Graham according to this tradition, turned ly to his Princeton friend, Harry Lee, clos councils of Washington; and Lee added h in behalf of the school which, nearly seventy later, was to invite his son to become its le

Of documentary evidence to support th dition, I find only one piece. This is a sta made in an address delivered about 1830 by V ia's attorney-general, S. S. Baxter, himself a umnus of Washington College and a son president who, after a short interval, su Graham. Baxter declares that General Har was always a devoted friend of this insti and the speaker must have been drawing father's remembrance of this era. It does not probability, moreover, to accept the story. G and Lee were certainly friends; Graham stone unturned to secure the Washingto Harry Lee was not only a warm-hearted s would help a friend but he had the furth tionship that he owned large properties j side of Lexington.

Today you will observe, I hope, a dramatic p'ateness. These two men, friends of the days were linked in later life by only a c interest in this institution. They went wide arate ways, died years and miles apart. Bu sleep here on the campus which held the affe of both, so close together that our fancy mi lieve their restless spirits are confronted enduring comradeship.

It is interesting to observe that Lee had family connections with this school, whatever have been the closeness of the tie that dr father.

In the academic session of 1806-07, Harry nually called Major Lee, the third son of G Henry Lee, was a student of Washington then known as Washington Academy. Thi entered about November 1; Christmas h were, of course, virtually non-existent; it most certainly true that on the very day Robert Lee was born in the Stratford of Y fections his elder brother was a member student body.

You will recall, furthermore, that in 18 eral Lee's sister, Anne, married William shall. Four years later the father of M

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LEE

Continued from page 8

Louis Marshall, younger brother of the great chief-justice, became resident of Washington College. I am not permitted here to comment upon the extraordinary educational career of this father-in-law of Lee's sister. Louis Marshall was in some respects a pioneer of higher learning for the American 19th century. His innovations anticipated some of the most conspicuaus developments which other institutions have attempted within our own period.

The point of emphasis in the present connection is the fact that Lee must have drawn from the members of his personal circle a kind of intimate feeling for Washington College which gave him a preparatory sense of being at home with it.

It must always be remembered that Lexington, then but a village and not much more now, represented for Lee an uncommon number of friends.

John Letcher, Virginia's war governor, who called Robert E. Lee into the service of his state as chief of her armed forces, was a Lexingtonian. He seconded the invitation that went out from the Trustees of Washington College and proved a staunch friend to the new president. One of the General Francis H. Smith, superintendent of the three members of the Governor's advisory council on military affairs was another Lexingtonian, Virginia Military Institute, to become Lee's dear friend as well as fellow administrator. Curiously enough, another member of this council, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, later moved to Lexington, also an educator, joining General Smith at the Institute.

As rector of the Episcopal church, with which Lee was to become identified, there lived in Lexington the former chief of artillery of his army, General W. N. Pendleton. As pastor of the Baptist church, there was one of Lee's most greatly beloved chaplains, Dr. John William Jones.

Most conspicuous of all personal ties that drew Lee to Lexington was the fact that here was the town that previously had been the home, and was then the last resting place, of his greatest lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson. This linking of their careers was emphasized by the fact that shortly after coming to Lexington, Lee moved into the very house in which Jackson had resided for four years —for the Institute professor lived at one time with his father-in-law, Lee's predecessor, President Junkin of Washington College. The town was full of memories of "Lee's right arm." When Lee. in the mystic moods no man can interpret, walked to the little cemetery in the heart of town, he could look upon the two great mountain ranges, east and west, images of Virginia's security, and then could contemplate the grave of his friend, Virginia's son, who had died in her behalf.

And these two immense personages, who touched influentially huge currents of history, had brooded over problems as vast as men's mind had then attempted, had entered into the exaltations of destiny, came finally to ultimate peace in the serenity of this village.

"They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.—Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they are not divided."

It is not pertinent to this topic, nor is it permitted within the compass of this brief space, to attempt to evaluate the fruitage of that decision which Robert E. Lee made in the barren August of 1865. I shall not attempt to suggest the qualities of heart and mind and energy of personality which he brought to his task. I shall not attempt even a summary of the processes by which he fortified instruction, expanded curriculum in terms of the immediate needs of the South which he loved, enlarged the reach of the college into the ambition of youth, enlisted in behalf of the college a circle of friends that constitutes a roll of fame for any institution: McCormick and Peabody and Corcoran and Scott and Newcomb and Mercer and all the others.

It must be sufficient to say that not alone as a tribute to a dearly loved chieftain, but also as a summation of the history of this institution, the Trustees changed the formal title to Washington and Lee University.

My point of emphasis here is that fact that when Lee made his resolution to dedicate his life to this institution he did not gamble upon his capacity as educator, for he already proved that quality to his own satisfaction; nor did he gamble upon his loyalty to this particular institution or his happiness in this particular enviroment, for in these respects, too, he had assurance.

This decision, like all of his decisions, came as a result of clear thinking directed by the compulsion of high obligations; but this decision was protected and justified by factors of the human equation to which his warm heart always responded.

WHILE EATING LUNCH OF ONE SANDWICH, CRACKERS AND MILK, MRS. LONGSTREET EXPLAINS HER WAR PHILOSOPHY TO PRETTY LOREAN BRADFORD, FELLOW WORKER AT BELL

CONFEDERATE GENERAL'S WIDOW

The aged widow of Confederate Army General James Longstreet turned up this month as a war worker at a Bell Aircraft plant in Atlanta, Ga. Nobody seems to know exactly how old Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet is, but most newspaper reports put her age at over 80. Even so, she commutes daily in her Nash coupe from the trailer near Atlanta in which she is living alone, to the plant where she is on the regular 8 to 4:45 shift. Usually she wears a black visor cap, black sweater, black slacks, white socks and brown oxfords. Says she, "I am going to assist in building a plane to bomb Hitler and the Son of Heaven to the Judgment Seat of God."

Mrs. Longstreet met General James Longstreet, Lee's right-hand man at Gettysburg, when she was a classmate of the General's daughter at Brenau College. They were married at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta in 1897 when Longstreet was 76. After their married life was terminated by the aged general's death in 1904, she embarked on a varied career as reporter, free-lance writer, editor, post-office mistress, farmer, librarian, disbursing agent and politician. In addition to working for Bell, she is vice president of a Catholic group called the Army of Prayer.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Safer miles . . . *silent* miles . . . *more* miles!

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Look through that glass! See how the vacuum cups are formed—instantly—to assure protection against skids. See how they vanish—silently—as the vacuum is scientifically broken to prevent snap, hum or drag.

You demanded this superlative tire . . . and it is ready NOW for production! BUT—because *premium* tires may not now be manufactured—we must ask you to be patient a while longer.

Meantime, Pennsylvania is manufacturing first quality tires of synthetic rubber. However, there are not nearly enough of these to make them freely available.

Conserve your present tires. Keep them properly inflated. Drive slowly. Buy used, recapped, or repaired tires when replacements are needed. SAVE RUBBER.

Your Pennsylvania tire dealer can be of real service! He will help you get more miles out of your present tires. He is prepared to render recapping and repair service and can supply, as you become eligible to purchase them, the famous Pennsylvania "Turnpike" truck tires, or Pennsylvania "RX" and "Advanced" passenger car tires. Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Pennsylvania is one of several associated companies operating the Copolymer Corporation at Baton Rouge, La., the first plant to produce synthetic rubber for the United States Government.

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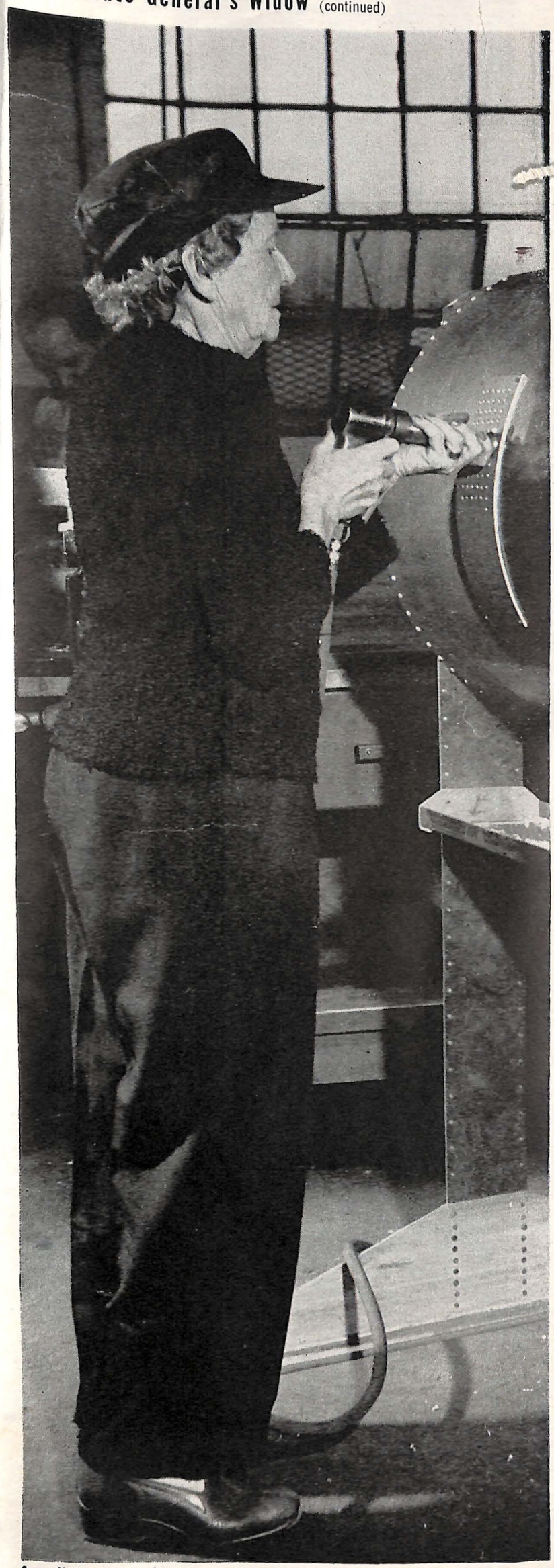
Life Dec. 27 '43

Confederate General's Widow (continued)



A small riveting machine is worked by Mrs. Longstreet at a Bell plant. She says, "I was at the head of my class in riveting school. In fact I was the only one in it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Confederate General's Widow (continued)

A Nash coupe, which she drives herself, takes Mrs. Longstreet to work. Says she, "I am the most skilful driver in the country. Once I toured California for Roosevelt."

Fan Letters, which started coming in by hundreds when she appeared on the *We the People* radio program, are answered on her portable typewriter in her trailer-home.

General and his bride were photographed like this in 1901. Mrs. Longstreet's father was a Georgia lawyer, who died when he broke his neck falling out of his buggy.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(From the North American Review.)

Robert Edward Lee, gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great general, and true Christian, was born in Westmoreland County, Va., on January 19, 1807. He was the youngest son of General Henry Lee, who was familiarly known as "Light-Horse Harry" in the traditions of the war of the Revolution, and who possessed the marked confidence and personal regard of General Washington.

Robert E. Lee entered the United States Military Academy in the summer of 1825, after which my acquaintance with him commenced. He was, as I remember him, larger and looked more mature than the average "pleb," but less so than Mason, who was destined to be the head of his class. His soldierly bearing and excellent conduct caused him in due succession to rise through the several grades and to be the adjutant of the corps of cadets when he graduated. It is stated that he had not then a "demerit" mark standing against him, which is quite creditable if all "reports" against him had been cancelled because they were not for wanton or intentional delinquency. Though numerically rated second in his class, his proficiency was such that he was assigned to the engineer corps, which for many years he adorned both as a military and civil engineer.

He was of the highest type of manly beauty, yet seemingly unconscious of it, and so respectful and unassuming as to make him a general favorite before his great powers had an opportunity for manifestation. His mind led him to analytic, rather than perceptive, methods of obtaining results.

From the date of his graduation in 1829 until 1846, he was engaged in various professional duties, and had by regular promotion attained to the grade of captain of engineers. As such he was assigned to duty with the command of Brigadier-General Wool in the campaign to Chihuahua. Thence the command proceeded to make a junction with General Zachary Taylor in front of Buena Vista. Here Captain Lee was employed in the construction of the defensive work, when General Scott came, armed with discretionary orders, and took Lee for service in the column which Scott was to command, with much else that General Taylor could ill afford to spare. Subsequent events proved that the lost to General Taylor's army was more than compensated by the gain to the general cause.

Avoiding any encroachment upon the domain of history in entering upon a description of campaigns and battles, I cannot forbear from referring to a particular instance of Lee's gallantry and devotion to duty. Before the battle of Contreras, General Scott's troops had become separated by the field of Pedregal, and it was necessary to communicate instructions to those on the other side of this barrier of rocks and lava. General Scott says in his report that he had sent seven officers since about sundown to communicate instructions; they had all returned without getting through, "but the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee, of the engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwallader," etc. Subsequently, General Scott, while giving testimony before a court of inquiry, said: "Captain Lee, engineers, came to me from Contreras with a message from Brigadier-General Smith, I think, about the same time (midnight). He, having passed over the difficult ground by daylight, found it just possible to return to St. Augustine in the dark—the greatest feat of physical and moral courage perfomed by any individual, in my knowledge, in the pending campaign."

This field of Pedregal as described was impassable on horseback, and crossed with much difficulty by infantry in daylight. After consultation with the generals near to Contreras, it being decided that an attack must be made at daylight, Captain Lee, through storm and darkness, undertook—on foot and alone—to recross the Pedregal, so as to give General Scott the notice which would insure the coöperation of his divided forces in the morning attack. This feat was well entitled to the commendation that General Scott bestowed upon it; but the highest praise belongs to Lee's inciting and sustaining motive—duty. To bear to the commanding general the needful information he dared and suffered for that which is the crowning glory of man—he offered himself for the welfare of others.

He went to Mexico with the rank of captain of engineers, and by gallantry and meritorious conduct rose to the rank of colonel in the army, commission by brevet. After his return he resumed his duties as an officer of the engineer corps. While employed in the construction of Fort Carroll, near Baltimore, an event occurred which illustrates his nice sentiment of honor. Some members of the Cuban Junta called upon him and offered him the command of an expedition to overthrow the Spanish control of the island. A very

large sum of money was to be paid immediately upon his acceptance of their proposition, and a large sum thenceforward was to be paid monthly. Lee came to Washington to converse with me upon the subject. After a brief discussion of the military problem, he said it was not that he had come to consult me about the question he was considering was whether while an officer in the United States army, and because of any reputation he might have acquired as such, he could accept a proposition for foreign service against a government with which the United States were at peace. The conclusion was his decision to decline any further correspondence with the Junta.

In 1852, Colonel Lee was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy—a position for which he seemed to be peculiarly fitted as well by his attainments as by his fondness for young people, his fine personal appearance, and impressive manners. When a year or two thereafter I visited the academy, and was surprised to see so many gray hairs on his head, he confessed that the cadets did exceedingly worry him, and then it was perceptible that his sympathy with young people was rather an impediment than a qualification for the superintendency.

In 1855, four new regiments were added to the army—two of cavalry and two of infantry. Captain Lee, of the engineers, brevet-colonel of the army, was offered the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry, which he accepted. He was a bold, graceful horseman, and the son of "Light-Horse Harry" now seemed to be in his proper element; but the chief of engineers endeavored to persuade him that it was a descent to go from the engineer corps into the cavalry. Soon after the regiment was organized and assigned to duty in Texas, the colonel, Albert Sidney Johnston, was selected to command an expedition to Utah, and the command of the regiment and the protection of the frontier of Texas against Indian marauders devolved upon Colonel Lee. There, as in every position he had occupied diligence, sound judgment, and soldierly endowment made his service successful. In 1859, being on leave of absence in Virginia, he was made available for the suppression of the John Brown raid. As soon as relieved from that special assignment, he returned to his command in Texas, and, on April 25, 1861, resigned from the United States army.

Then was his devotion to principle subjected to a crucial test, the severity of which can only be fully realized by a "West-Pointer" whose life has been spent in the army. That it was to sever the friendships of youth, to break up the habits of intercourse, of manners, and of thought, others may comprehend and estimate; but the sentiment most profound in the heart of the war-worn cadet, and which made the change most painful to Lee, he has partially expressed in the letters he wrote at the time to his beloved sister and to his venerated friend and commander, General Winfield Scott.

Partisan malignants have not failed to misrepresent the conduct of Lee, even to the extent of charging him with treason and desertion; and, unable to appreciate his sacrifice to the allegiance due to Virginia, they have blindly ascribed his action to selfish ambition. It has been erroneously asserted that he was educated at the expense of the general government, and an attempt has been made then to deduce a special obligation to adhere to it.

The cadets of the United States Military Academy are apportioned among the States in proportion to the number of representatives they severally have in the Congress; that is, one for each congressional district, with ten additional for the country at large. The annual appropriations for the support of the army and navy includes the commissioned, warrant, and non-commissioned officers, private, seamen, etc. The cadets and midshipmen are warrant officers, and while at the academies are receiving elementary instruction in and for the public service. At whose expense are they taught and supported? Surely, at that of the people, they who pay the taxes and imposts to supply the Treasury with means to meet appropriations as well as to pay generals and admirals as cadets and midshipmen. The cadet's obligation for his place and support was to the State, by virtue of whose distributive share he was appointed, and whose contributions supplied the United States Treasury; through the State, as a member of the Union, allegiance was due to it, and most usefully and nobly did Lee pay the debt both at home and abroad.

No proposition could be more absurd than that he was prompted by selfish ambition to join the Confederacy. With a small part of his knowledge of the relative amount of material of war possessed by the North and South, anyone must have seen that the chances of war were against us; but if thrice-armed Justice should enable the South to maintain her independence, as our fathers had done, notwithstanding the unequal contest, what selfish advantage could it bring Lee? If, as some

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among us yet expected, many hoped, and all wished, there should be a peaceful separation, he would have left behind him all he had gained by long and brilliant service, and could not leave in our small army greater rank than was proffered to him in the larger one he had left. If active hostilities were prosecuted, his large property would be so exposed as to incur serious injury, if not destruction. His mother, Virginia, had revoked the grants she had voluntarily made to the Federal Government, and asserted the State sovereignty and independence she had won from the mother-country by the war of the Revolution; and thus, it was regarded, the allegiance of her sons became wholly her own. Above the voice of his friends at Washington, advising and entreating him to stay with them, rose the cry of Virginia calling her sons to defend her against threatened invasion. Lee heeded this cry only—alone he rode forth, as he had crossed the Pedregal, his guiding star being duty, and offered his sword to Virginia. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed to chief command of the forces of the State. Though his reception was most flattering, and the confidence manifested in him unlimited, his conduct was conspicuous for the modesty and moderation which had always been characteristic of him. The South had been involved in war without having made due preparation for it. She was without a navy, without even a merchant marine commensurate with her wants during peace; without arsenals, armories, foundries, manufactories, or stores on hand to supply those wants. Lee exerted himself to the utmost to raise and organize troops in Virginia, and when the State joined the Confederacy he was invited to come to Montgomery and explain the condition of his command; but his engagements were so pressing that he sent his second officer, General J. E. Johnston, to furnish the desired information.

When the capital of the Confederacy was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, Lee, under the orders of the President, was charged with the general direction of army affairs. In this position the same pleasant relations which had always existed between them continued, and Lee's indefatigable attention to the details of the various commands was of much benefit to the public service. In the meantime disasters, confusion, and disagreement among the commands in Western Virginia made it necessary to send there an officer of higher rank than any then on duty in that section. The service was disagreeable, toilsome, and in no wise promising to give distintcion to a commander. Passing by all reference to others, suffice it to say that at last Lee was asked to go, and, not counting the cost, he unhesitatingly prepared to start. By concentrating the troops, and by a judicious selection of the position, he compelled the enemy finally to retreat.

There is an incident in this campaign which has never been reported, save as it was given orally to me by General Lee, with a request that I should take no official notice of it. A strong division of the enemy was reported to be encamped in a valley, which one of the colonels said he had found by reconnoissance could readily be approached on one side, and he proposed with his regiment to surprise and attack. General Lee accepted his proposition, but told him that he himself would, in the meantime, with several regiments, ascend the mountain that overlooked the valley on the other side, and at dawn of day, on a morning fixed, the colonel was to make his assault. His firing was to be the signal for a joint attack from three directions. During the night Lee made a toilsome ascent of the mountain and was in position at the time agreed upon. The valley was covered by a dense fog. Not hearing the signal, he went by a winding path down the side of the mountain and saw the enemy preparing breakfast and otherwise so engaged as to indicate that they were entirely ignorant of any danger. Lee returned to his own command, told them what he had seen, and though the expected signal had not been given by which the attacking regiment and another detachment were to engage in the assault, he proposed that the regiments then with him should surprise the camp, which he believed, under the circumstances, might successfully be done. The colonels went to consult their men, and returned to inform that they were so cold, wet, and hungry as to be unfit for the enterprise. The fog was then lifting, and it was necessary to attack immediately or to withdraw before being discovered by the much larger force in the valley. Lee, therefore, withdrew his small command and safely conducted them to his encampment.

The colonel who was to give the signal for the joint attack, misapprehending the purpose, reported that when he arrived upon the ground he found the encampment protected by a heavy abatis, which prevented him from making a sudden charge, as he had expected, not understanding that if he had fired his guns at any distance, he would have secured the joint attack of the other detachments, and probably brought about an entire victory. Lee generously forbore to exoner

ate himself when the newspapers in Richmond criticized him severely, one denying him any other consideration except that which he enjoyed at "the President's pet."

It was an embarrassment to the executive to be deprived of the advice of General Lee, but it was deemed necessary again to detach him to look after affairs on the coast of Carolina and Georgia, and so violent had been the unmerited attack upon him by the Richmond press that it was thought proper to give him a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, stating what manner of man had been sent to him. There his skill as an engineer was manifested in the defesnses he constructed and devised. On his return to Richmond he resumed his functions of general supervisor of military affairs.

In the spring of 1862, Bishop Meade lay dangerously ill. This venerable ecclesiastic had taught General Lee his catechism when a boy, and when he was announced to the bishop, the latter asked to have him shown in immediately. He answered Lee's inquiry as to how he felt, by saying, "Nearly gone, but I wished to see you once more," and then, in a feeble voice, added: "God bless you, Robert, and fit you for your high and responsible duties! "The great soldier stood reverently by the bed of his early preceptor in Christianity, but the saintly patriot saw beyond the hero the pious boy to whom he had taught the catechism; first, he gave his dying blessing to Robert, and then, struggling against exhaustion, invoked Heaven's guidance for the general.

After the battle of Seven Pines, Lee was assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia. Thus far his duties had been of a kind to confer a great benefit, but to be unseen and unappreciated by the public. Now he had an opportunity for the employment of his remarkable power of generalization while attending to the minutest details. The public saw manifestations of the first, but could not estimate the extent to which the great results achieved were due to the exact order, systematic economy, and regularity begotten of his personal attention to the proper adjustment of even the smallest part of that mighty machine, a well-organized, disciplined army. His early instructor, in a published letter, seemed to regard the boy's labor of finishing a drawing on a slate as an excess of care. Was it so? No doubt, so far as the particular task was concerned; but this seedling is to be judged by the fruit the tree bore. That little drawing on the slate was the prototype of the exact investigations which crowned with success his labors as a civil and military engineer as well as a commander of armies. May it not have been, not only by endowment but also from the early efforts, that his mind became so rounded, systematic, and complete that his notes written on the battlefield and in the saddle had the precision of form and lucidity of expression found in those written in the quiet of his tent? These incidents are related, not because of their intrinsic importance, but as presenting an example for the emulation of youths whose admiration of Lee may induce them to follow the toilsome methods by which he attained to true greatness and enduring fame.

In the early days of June, 1862, General McClellan threatened the capital, Richmond, with an army numerically much superior to that of the command which Lee had been assigned. A day or two after he had joined the army, I was riding to the front, and saw a number of horses hitched in front of a house, and among them recognized General Lee's. Upon dismounting and going in, I found some general officers engaged in consultation with him as to how McClellan's advance could be checked, and one of them commenced to explain the disparity of force and, with pencil and paper, to show how the enemy could throw out his boyaus and by successive parallels make his approach irresistible. "Stop, stop," said Lee, "if you go to ciphering, we are whipped beforehand." He ordered the construction of earthworks, put guns in position for a defensive line on the south side of the Chickahominy, and then commenced the strategic movement which was the inception of the seven days' battles, ending in uncovering the capital and driving the enemy to the cover of his gunboats in the James River. There was never a greater mistake than that which was attributed to General Lee what General Charles Lee, in his reply to General Washington, called the "rascally virtue." I have had occasion to remonstrate with General Lee for exposing himself, as I thought, unnecessarily in reconnoisance, but he justified himself by saying he "could not understand things so well unless he saw them." In the excitement of battle, his natural combativeness would sometimes overcome his habitual self-control; thus it twice occurred in the campaign against Grant that the men seized his bridle to restrain him from his purpose to lead them in a charge.

He was always careful not to wound the sensibilities of anyone, and sometimes, with an exterior jest or complaint, would give what, if properly

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appreciated, was instruction for the better performance of some duty: for example, if he thought a general officer was not visiting his command as early and as often as was desirable, he might admire his horse and suggest that the animal would be improved by more exercise.

He was not of the grave, formal nature that he seemed to some who only knew him when sad realities cast dark shadows upon him; but even then the humor natural to him would occasionally break out. For instance, General Lee called at my office for a ride to the defenses of Richmond, then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion which some kind friend had recently sent him. As I mounted my horse, his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment, we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. "There," said he, "is a man worse off than I am." When asked to explain, he said: "Don't you see, he has two stallions? I have but one."

His habits had always been rigidly temperate, and his fare in camp was of the simplest. I remember on one battlefield riding past where he and his staff were taking their luncheon. He invited me to share it, and when I dismounted for the purpose, it proved to have consisted only of bacon and cornbread. The bacon had all been eaten, and there were only some crusts of cornbread left, which, however, having been saturated with the bacon gravy, were in those hard times altogether acceptable, as General Lee was assured, in order to silence his regrets.

While he was on duty in South Carolina and Georgia, Lee's youngest son, Robert, then a mere boy, left school and came down to Richmond, announcing his purpose to go into the army. His older brother, Custis, was a member of my staff, and after a conference we agreed that it was useless to send the boy back to school, and that he probably would not wait in Richmond for the return of his father, so we selected a battery which had been organized in Richmond, and sent Robert to join it. General Lee told me that at the battle of Sharpsburg this battery suffered so much that it had to be withdrawn for repairs and some fresh horses, but as he had no troops even to form a reserve, as soon as the battery could be made useful, it was ordered forward. He said that as it passed him, a boy, mounted as a driver of one of the guns much stained with powder, said: "Are you going to put us in again, General?" After replying to him in the affirmative, he was struck by the voice of the boy, and asked him, "Whose son are you?" To which he answered, "I am Robbie," whereupon his father said, "God bless you, my son; you must go in."

When General Lee was in camp near Richmond his friends frequently sent him something to improve his mess-table. A lady, noted for the very good bread she made, had frequently favored him with some. One day, as we were riding through the street, she was standing in her front door and bowed to us. The salutation was, of course, returned. After we had passed, he asked me who she was. I told him she was the lady who sent him such good bread. He was very sorry he had not known it, but to go back would prove that he had not recognized her as he should have done. His habitual avoidance of any seeming harshness, which caused him sometimes, instead of giving a command, to make a suggestion, was probably a defect. I believe that he had in this manner indicated that supplies were to be deposited for him at Amelia Courthouse, but the testimony of General Breckinridge, Secretary of War, of General St. John, Commissary General, and Lewis Harvie, President of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, conclusively proves that no such requisition was made upon either of the persons who should have received it; and, further, that there were supplies both at Danville and Richmond which could have been sent to Amelia Courthouse if information had been received that they were wanted there.

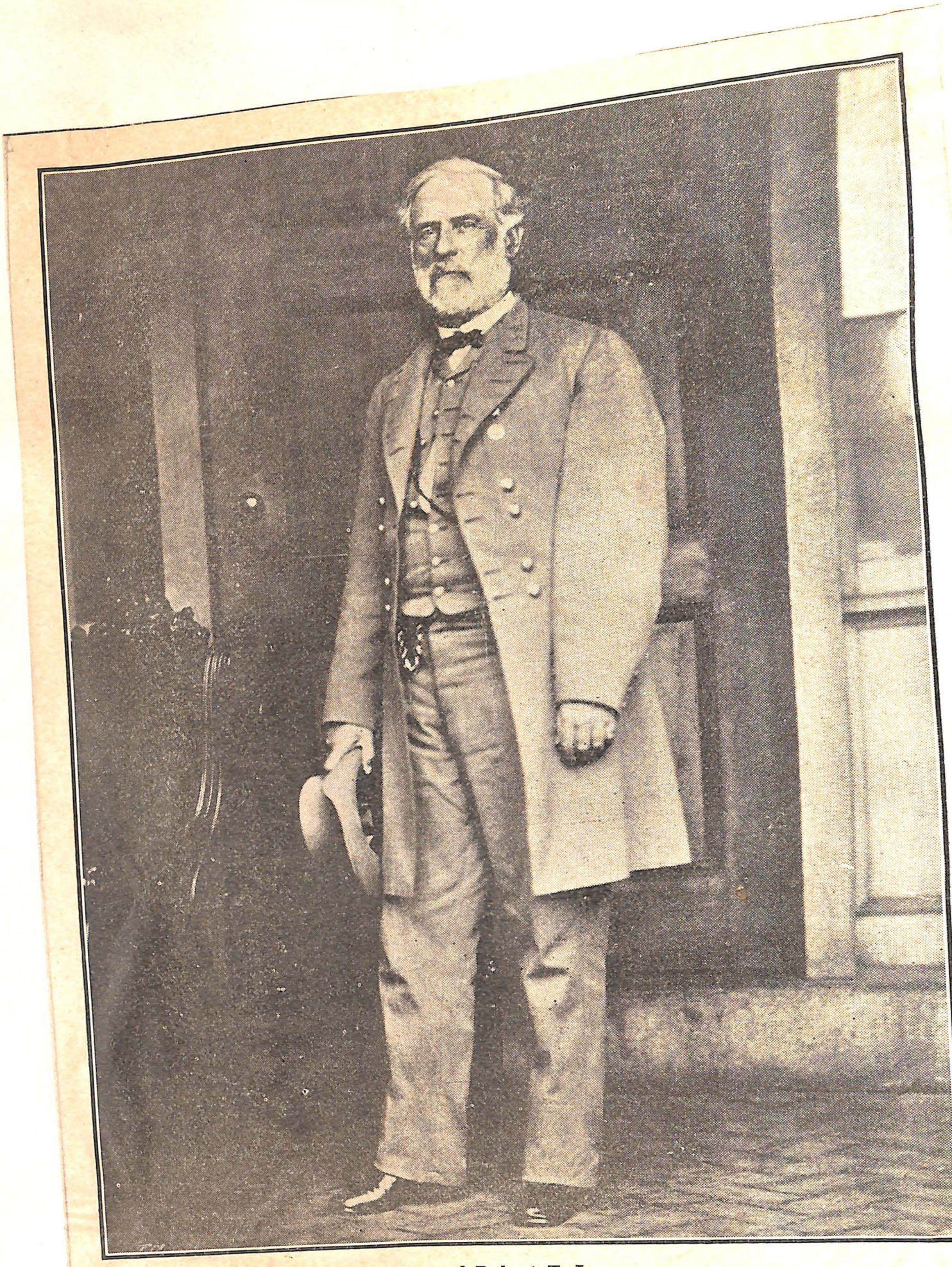
Much has been written in regard to the failure to occupy the Round Top at Gettysburg early in the morning of the second day's battle, to which failure the best judgment attributes our want of entire success in that battle. Whether this was due to the order not being sufficiently positive or not, I will leave to the historians who are discussing that important event. I have said that Lee's natural temper was combative, and to this may be ascribed his attack on the third day at Gettysburg, when the opportunity had not been seized which his genius saw was the gate to victory. It was this last attack to which I have thought he referred when he said it was all his fault, thereby sparing others from whatever blame was due for what had previously occurred.

After the close of the war, while I was in prison and Lee was on parole, we were both indicted on a charge of treason; but, in hot haste to get in their work, the indictment was drawn with the fatal omission of an overt act. General Grant interposed in the case of General Lee, on the ground that he had taken his parole and that he was, there-

fore, not subject to arrest. Another grand jury was summoned and a bill was presented against me alone and amended by inserting specifications of overt acts. General Lee was summoned as a witness before that grand jury, the object being to prove by him that I was responsible for certain things done by him during the war. I was in Richmond, having been released by virtue of the writ of habeas corpus. General Lee met me very soon after having given his testimony before the grand jury, and told me that to the inquiry whether he had not, in the specified cases, acted under my orders, he said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed, and therefore he had done with my consent and approval only what he might have done if he had not consulted me, and that he accepted the full responsibility for his acts. He said he had endeavored to present the matter as distinctly as he could, and looked up to see what effect he was producing upon the grand jury. Immediately before him sat a big black negro, head fallen back on the rail of the bench, his mouth wide open, fast asleep. General Lee added that if he had had any vanity as an orator, it would have received a rude check.

The evident purpose was to offer to Lee a chance to escape by transferring to me the responsibility for overt acts. Not only to repel the suggestion, but unequivocally to avow his individual responsibility, with all that, under existing circumstances, was implied in this, was the highest reach of moral courage and gentlemanly pride. Those circumstances were exceptionally perilous to him. He had been indicted for treason; the United States President had vindictively threatened to make treason odious; the dregs of society had been thrown to the surface; judicial seats were held by political adventurers; the United States Judge of the Virginia District had answered to a committee of Congress that he could pack a jury so as to convict Davis or Lee—and it was under such surroundings that he met the grand jury and testified as stated above. Arbitrary power might pervert justice and trample on right, but could not turn the knightly Lee from the path of honor and truth.

Descending from a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen, Robert Edward Lee added new glory to the name he bore, and, whether measured by a martial or an intellectual standard, will compare favorably with those whose reputation it devolved upon him to sustain and emulate.



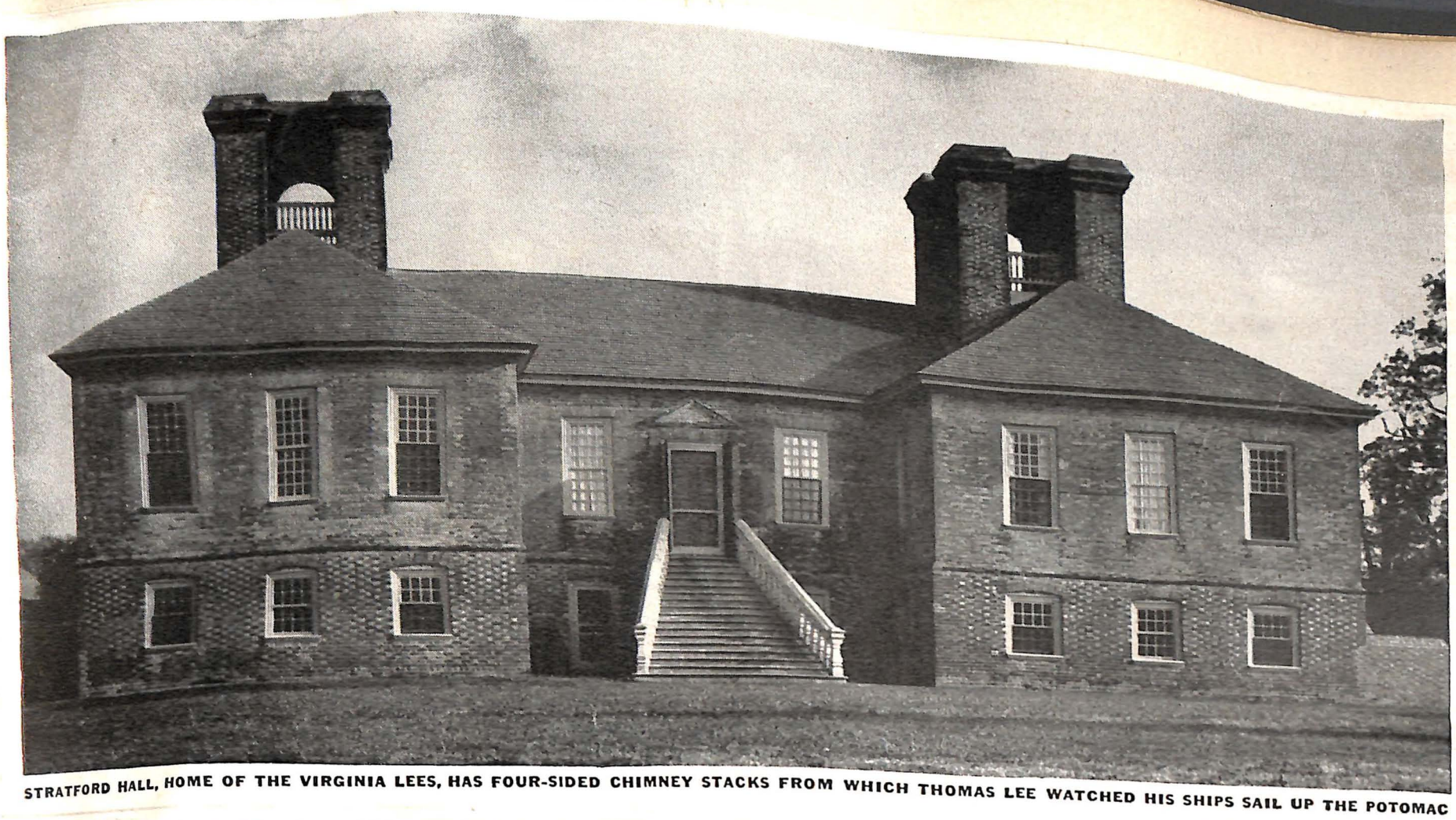
General Robert E. Lee

ROBERT E. LEE.

Defeat but made him tower more grandly high—
Sackcloth about *him* was transformed to gold
And royal purple in each flawless fold;
His soul pierced darkness like the sun god's eye:
His the deep knowledge how to live, and die.
Calmly benignant, and superbly bold,
All incorruptible—unbought, unsold—
A steadfast splendor in a stormy sky.

The winds may rage, the frightened clouds be driven
Like multitudinous banners, torn and tossed,
Retreating from some mighty conflict lost—
But, far beyond all shapes and sounds of ill,
That star—his soul—is shining calmly still,
A steadfast splendor in a stormy heaven!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*



STRATFORD HALL, HOME OF THE VIRGINIA LEES, HAS FOUR-SIDED CHIMNEY STACKS FROM WHICH THOMAS LEE WATCHED HIS SHIPS SAIL UP THE POTOMAC

The frontier love of freedom which caused the Regulators to rebel is still very much alive in the South. So is the personal dignity, the family pride and sense of honor which found a high expression in the great plantation houses of the seaboard. The photograph below shows one of the greatest of these houses—Stratford Hall on the Potomac River, ancestral home of the Lees of Virginia. The grim walls of Stratford Hall reflect the rocklike character of its builder, Thomas Lee, commander in chief of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia. In it were born Richard Henry Lee (1732) and Francis Lightfoot Lee (1734), both signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was long the home of Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee, brilliant general of the Revolution. Robert E. Lee, the South's greatest military genius, was born at Stratford in 1807. It was Lee who remarked during a battle: "It is well that war is so terrible—we should grow too fond of it."

But it took a conquering Northern army and a victorious Northern general, William T. Sherman, to teach the South its deepest lessons about war. Since their time the South has known, as no other U. S. section knows, that war does settle things. It knows too that men may die by fighting, but that nations die only by surrendering. That is why the South today can say, as a great Southerner, Virginia's Carter Glass, said of his own two sons in 1916: "I would rather be pursued through time and eternity by the pitiful apparition of their shattered forms than to see my country dishonored and its flag hauled down in disgrace."

LEE.

From Arlington to Lexington,
  By human rule a span—
Measured by a higher law,
  The record of a man.

Lee the solider! Lee the scholar!
  Heir of all the ages gone,
Holding nothing more than honor,
  Counting nothing base but wrong.

From those loved ancestral acres,
  His by virtue of all right,
To the quiet college campus,
  Living, serving, passed from sight.

In his face we read his story,
  In his life behold the light,
Virginia's pride and Southern glory,
  Loved, revered for truth and right.

Backward turn the page of History,
  Read once more the record there;
Not in all time's treasured annals
  May be found a fame more fair.

After years of splendid service
  For his father's land and his,
Called to lead the Union army
  Against his own, as enemies.

Lee! Virginian! Lee! the father!
  Tried by every human test,
To State and loved ones gave allegiance,
  Holding these as highest, best.

Fearing nothing but dishonor,
  Hating war and all its woe,
Loving home and peace and duty,
  With sorrow turned to face the foe.

With prophetic heart and vision,
  Saw the conflict that would be,
Saw the price in fearful suffering
  That the coming years would see.

Came the war with all its horror,
  Plunged a nation into woe,
Brother arming against brother,
  Father knowing son as foe.

Passed the years of grief and warfare,
  And a fruitful land laid low
Felt the heel of the oppressor,
  Knew the weight of servile blow.

Looked to one they loved, their leader,
  Never had he failed their trust;
As he led so would they follow
  Up to heights or down to dust.

Not in vain the cause defeated,
  Not in vain the sword laid down,
To a higher call the courage,
  For the glorious life the crown.

Greater one who rules his spirit
  Than the conqueror of the race;
Lee triumphant, undefeated,
  Kingly in his gentle grace!

Lee, the leader, Lee, the teacher,
  Noble in his word and deed,
Living day by day serenely,
  Free from envy, hatred, greed.

Free from pride of selfish glory,
  Free from anger facing force,
Constant to the humblest duty,
  Faithful to the highest course.

True to purest purpose ever,
  Counting nothing right as hard,
Pledging life and sacred honor,
  Leaving all the rest to God.

Now at rest that splendid body,
  Stilled the heart that knew no wrong,
But the spirit lives forever
  Leading up and on and on.

From Arlington to Lexington,
  Thus the human records run
In the annals of the ages,
  Life of Lee, Virginia's son.

—*Mary Martin Harrison, Boston Chapter, U. D. C.*

ANNE CARTER LEE.

She sleeps, the daughter of our peerless Lee,
Where the dark cedars spread their somber shade,
And wilding blossoms lend their witchery, too,
To the fair scene. The creeping box has made
A verdant coverlet to deck her bed,
Deep in the shadow of the boughs o'erhead.

Loyal North Carolina's well-loved soil
Honors her relics. Here the Chieftain came,
Weary and heartsick, after war's turmoil,
To gaze upon the shaft that bears her name,
"Anne Carter Lee," engraven with the date,
Erected by the women of the State.

—*Lilita Lever Younge.*

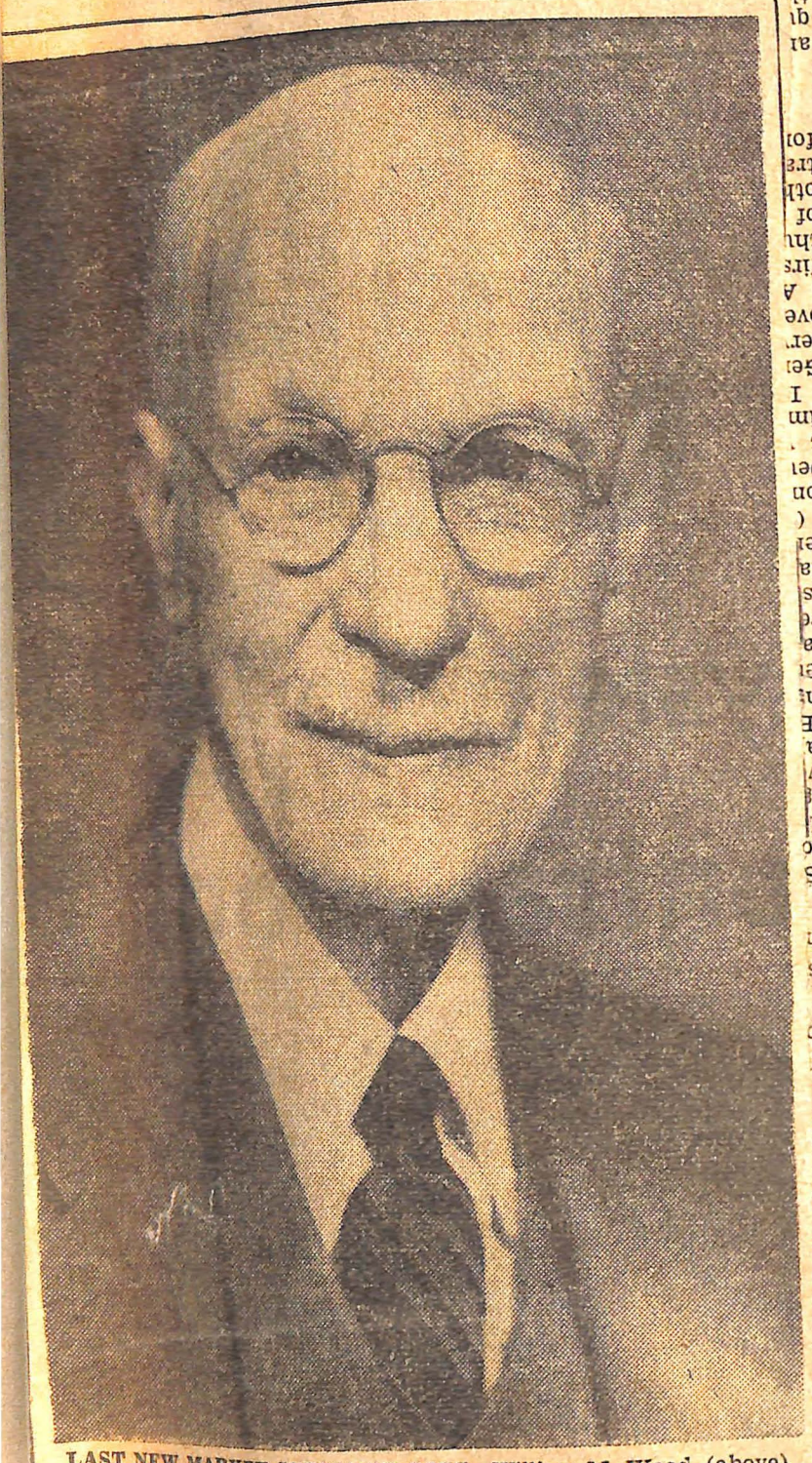
Last Home of Famed Confederate Steed

Pvt. Mrs Burks
Scrap book

eneral Robert E. Lee, in Lexing-
by the Virginia Division, U. D. C.

, MARCH 4, 1943.

rn Virginia Slaughte



LAST NEW MARKET SURVIVOR DIES—William M. Wood (above) 96, last survivor of the Virginia Military Institute cadet corps which charged the Union lines at New Market during the War Between the States, died Monday night at his home at Old Hickory, Tenn. (AP

raveller Is At Lexington

Still Holds Evi- r Posterity

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and Lee university in Lexing- ast home of "Traveller," the the War Between the States. the president's home, which the institution, occupied. The e stable.

Was "Shell-Shy"

eller did not like the noise of g shells and the thunderous in battle. They made him s. On one occasion a shell d nearby with great noise, nged heavily, throwing Gen- ee against a stump, hurting nd so that he could not ride netime. Due to that injury, s unable thereafter to hold ns according to military reg- s.

hever the soldiers cheered l Lee, Traveller would prance s his head, taking part of the se for himself.

ppomattox, Traveller made t bow, when General Lee ered on April 9, 1865. The rse carried General Lee to nd after the surrender.

General Lee accepted the ncy of Washington college in on in 1865, Traveller went m. During the five-year pe- his presidency—1865 to 1870 his death and for some years ds, Traveller was a favorite

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Pampered, Too

said that during Traveller's ays before his death, which aused by a nail running into his feet, ladies in Lexington featherbed placed under him humane act.

skeleton is seen today in the Museum at the Lee Memorial l in Lexington.

e to the custom of playing on college freshmen, this one d of an upper-classman while ing a "rat" over the college he grounds. Near-by the skele- f Traveller was one of a small animal. While viewing the wonders in the museum, the "rat" was shown the sacred bones of Traveller. The upper-classman, then pointing to this small skeleton, said, "and here

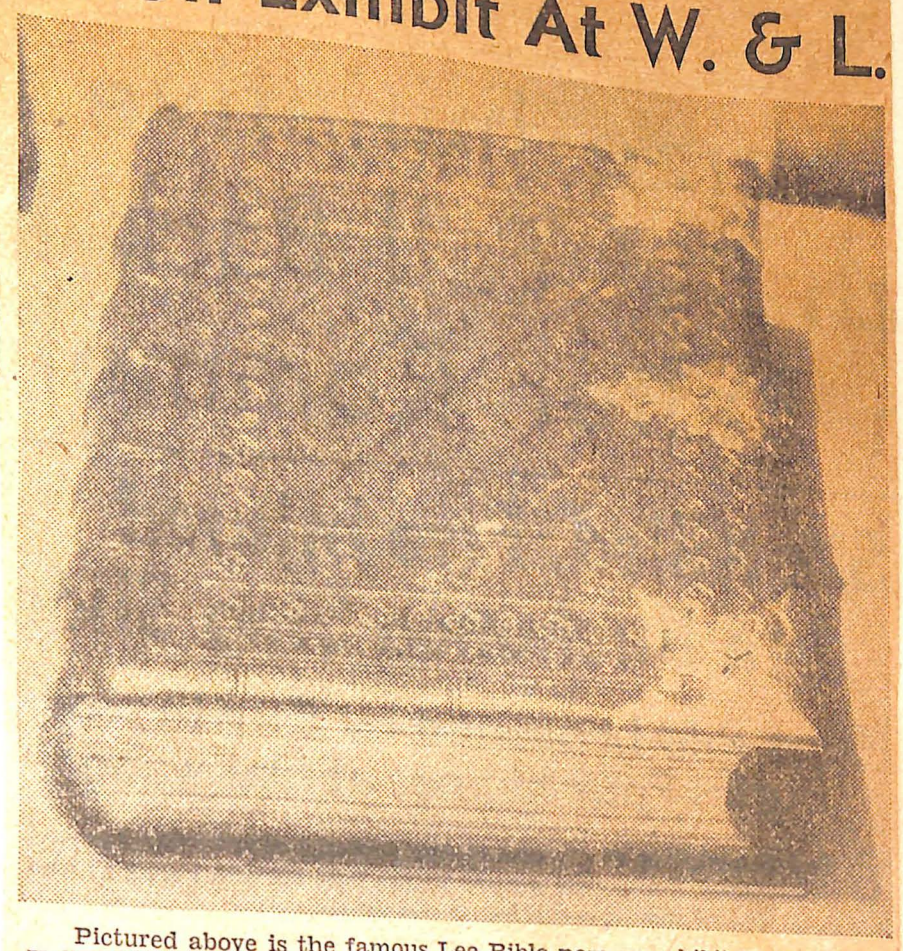
The city of Richmond also presented General Lee with a horse which he named "Richmond." Due to the exposure and fatigue to which he was subjected during the Seven Days' battle, this horse died. General Lee then purchased Traveller for $200 in 1862.

Traveller soon learned his master's voice. He seemed to sense the dignity and importance of his rider, for whenever the Negro stable boy tried to mount him, he would throw him off.

There is the usual acceptable food, drinks and dance music of such events, but the show is out- club venture bears the name of The Latin Quarter and is the property of Lou Walters, who has been operating successfully clubs bearing the same name in Boston and Miami.

Rcke Times Dispatch 1942

Famous Lee Bible Now On Exhibit At W. & L.



Pictured above is the famous Lee Bible now on exhibit in the Cyrus Hall McCormick Library on the Washington and Lee campus at Lexington. (Photo by Ewig's Studio).

By ELIZABETH BASKERVILL WALL

Placed before the public, for the first time, in the Cyrus Hall McCormick Library at Washington and Lee university the famous Lee Bible is the highlight today of an exhibit of books now banned in Nazi-occupied countries.

Weighs 20 Pounds

This massive book, weighing 20 pounds, has skillfully-wrought metal corners and metal clasp. Its original maroon Morocco binding, embossed and gold emblazoned, has changed through the years into a rich brown. The lining of heavy paper, patterned from the black and white of Pyrennes marble, overlaid with crimson and golf, is faced with two loose leaves, illuminated in color, on which is inscribed:

General Robert E. Lee
Commanding the Confederate Army
from the undersigned
ENGLISHMEN AND
ENGLISHWOMEN
recognizing the genius of the General;
admiring the humanity of the Man;
respecting the virtues of the Christian.
Oct. 18, 1864.

A small marker of red leather, pasted in the back of the volume, is the key to its history:

Presented to the Bazaar in the Aid of the Southern Prisoners' Relief Fund
By Thomas A. McDonald
Bookseller, 75 Gt. George St.
Liverpool, Oct., 1864.

English Friendly

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16 Apr. '66—Letter recd. without Bible, ans.

For Mrs Burts
Scrap book

NG, MARCH 4, 1943.

ern Virginia Slaughte

LAST NEW MARKET SURVIVOR DIES—William M. Wood (above) *96, last survivor of the Virginia Military Institute cadet corps which charged the Union lines at New Market during the War Between the States, died Monday night at his home at Old Hickory, Tenn.* (AP Photo).

Last Survivor Of New Market Charge, W. M. Wood, Dies

LEXINGTON, March 3 (AP).—Funeral services for William Morison Wood, last survivor of the Virginia Military Institute cadets who fought in the battle of New Market, Va., in the War Between the States, will be held at Bristol, Va., Thursday at 2 p. m. He was 97.

Died in Tennessee

The Confederate veteran died Tuesday night at the home of a daughter at Old Hickory, Tenn.

In honor of Mr. Wood, general orders No. 22 were published today to the cadet corps at V. M. I. by Lieut. Gen. Charles E. Kilbourne, superintendent. The order read:

"The superintendent has received with deep sorrow, which will be shared by all V. M. I. men, the announcement of the death during the night of March 2-3 of William Morison Wood, the last survivor of the battalion of cadets participating in the battle of New Market.

"He was born December 21, 1845, and matricula[illegible] at V. M. I. in Janua[illegible]ther's home, four nephews Com[illegible] three great-nephews having il[illegible]en members of the corps. One of his brothers was a member of the board of visitors from 1882 to 1884. This devotion was shared by William M. Wood throughout his life.

Attended Centennial

"He was one of 11 veterans of the Confederacy who attended the New Market ceremonies in our centennial year. At a special review of the cadet corps in his honor, he attached to the colors the battle streamer. His great-nephew, Joseph L. Parrish, Jr., class of 1941, was detailed as his aide during his visit to Lexington.

"Though a member of the corps for only one year, he was awarded a diploma honoris causa by the board of visitors.

"A man of great ability and personal charm, his loss will be keenly felt by the hosts of those who have known, admired and loved him.

"In token of respect to his memory and of sympathy for members of his family, the flags of the Institute will be flown at half-mast until retreat, Thursday, March 4."

After the war Wood was engaged in the mercantile business in Bristol for a number of years. Mrs. Wood, the former Melinda Haden, died in 1927 and after that he lived with his three children. They are Mrs. J. L. Parrish, of Old Hickory, Tenn., Haden Wood, of Knoxville, and Harold E. Wood, of Richmond.

Wood was a member of the Bristol Presbyterian church.

Last Home of Famed Confederate Steed

The last home of Traveller, the famous "Confederate gray" horse of General Robert E. Lee, in Lexing- is pictured here. The marble marker shown in wall at left was placed by the Virginia Division, U. D. C. 30. (Photo by Clara Hill Carner).

Last Home Of Traveller Is Yet Standing At Lexington

W. and L. Campus Still Holds Evidence of Steed for Posterity

By CLARA HILL CARNER

Standing on the campus of Washington and Lee university in Lexington is the two-story red brick barn, the last home of "Traveller," the horse General Robert E. Lee rode during the War Between the States.

The stable is located to the left rear of the president's home, which General Lee, as well as other presidents of the institution, occupied. The rear of the home is seen to the right of the stable.

Tablet Erected

On October 3, 1930, a marble tablet was placed on the street side of the barn by the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It contains the following inscription:

"The last home of Traveller
Through war and peace, the faithful
Devoted and beloved horse of
General Robert E. Lee"

The president of the Mary Custis Lee chapter, Mrs. J. S. Moffatt, presided. Mrs. Charles E. Bolling,of Richmond, then president of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., and now past president-general, made a short presentation address.

The tablet was unveiled by William Robert Gaines, son of Dr. F. P. Gaines, president of the university and Joe Nance Moffatt, son of Dr. J. S. Moffatt. Dr. Gaines accepted the tablet for the university.

Mrs. Margaret Letcher Showell gave her recollections of Traveller, his death and burial.

Once Won Prize

Traveller, the fiery, high-spirited iron-gray colt, was just four years old when the War Between the States began. He was born in western Virginia, belonging to a man named Boone. As a two-year old he won a prize at the Greenbrier county fair.

In 1861, he was bought by Major Thomas L. Broun, a Confederate officer. Upon seeing this fine piece of horse-flesh, General Robert E. Lee took a fancy to him. He would speak of him as "his colt." The major was aware that the general admired the horse and offered him as a present. The offer was declined.

The city of Richmond had presented General Lee with a horse which he named "Richmond." Due to the exposure and fatigue to which he was subjected during the Seven Days' battle, this horse died. General Lee then purchased Traveller for $200 in 1862.

Traveller soon learned his master's voice. He seemed to sense the dignity and importance of his rider, for whenever the Negro stable boy tried to mount him, he would throw him off.

Was "Shell-Shy"

Traveller did not like the noise of bursting shells and the thunderous sounds in battle. They made him nervous. On one occasion a shell exploded nearby with great noise, he plunged heavily, throwing General Lee against a stump, hurting his hand so that he could not ride for sometime. Due to that injury, he was unable thereafter to hold his reins according to military regulations.

Whenever the soldiers cheered General Lee, Traveller would prance and toss his head, taking part of the applause for himself.

At Appomattox, Traveller made his last bow, when General Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865. The gray horse carried General Lee to Richmond after the surrender.

When General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington college in Lexington in 1865, Traveller went with him. During the five-year period of his presidency—1865 to 1870—until his death and for some years afterwards, Traveller was a favorite with students, towns-people and visitors.

Pampered, Too

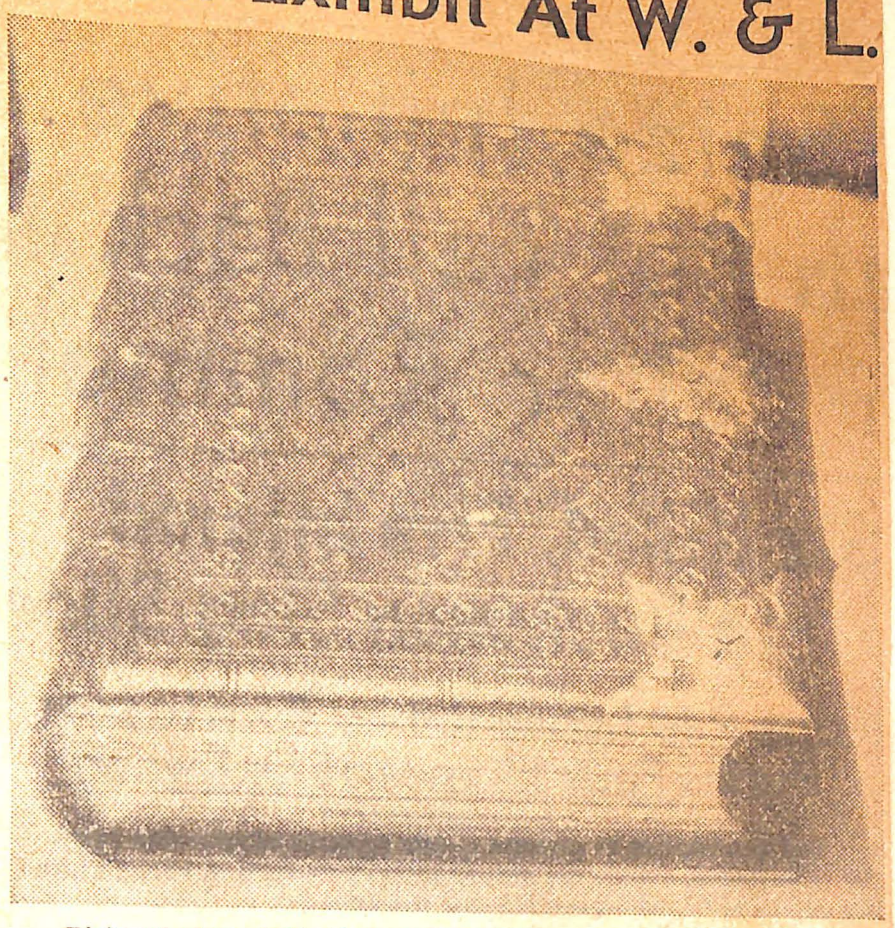
It is said that during Traveller's last days before his death, which was caused by a nail running into one of his feet, ladies in Lexington had a featherbed placed under him as a humane act.

The skeleton is seen today in the Lee Museum at the Lee Memorial Chapel in Lexington.

True to the custom of playing jokes on college freshmen, this one is told of an upper-classman while showing a "rat" over the college and the grounds. Near-by the skeleton of Traveller was one of a small animal. While viewing the wonders in the museum, the "rat" was shown the sacred bones of Traveller. The upper-classman, then pointing to this small skeleton, said, "and here

club venture bears the name of The Latin Quarter and is the property of Lou Walters, who has been operating successfully clubs bearing the same name in Boston and Miami. There is the usual acceptable food, drinks and dance music of

Famous Lee Bible Now On Exhibit At W. & L.



Pictured above is the famous Lee Bible now on exhibit in the Cyrus Hall McCormick Library on the Washington and Lee campus at Lexington. (Photo by Ewig's Studio).

By ELIZABETH BASKERVILL WALL

Placed before the public, for the first time, in the Cyrus Hall McCormick Library at Washington and Lee university the famous Lee Bible is the highlight today of an exhibit of books now banned in Nazi-occupied countries.

Weighs 20 Pounds

This massive book, weighing 20 pounds, has skillfully-wrought metal corners and metal clasp. Its original maroon Morocco binding, embossed and gold emblazoned, has changed through the years into a rich brown. The lining of heavy paper, patterned from the black and white of Pyrennes marble, overlaid with crimson and golf, is faced with two loose leaves, illuminated in color, on which is inscribed:

General Robert E. Lee
Commanding the Confederate Army
from the undersigned
ENGLISHMEN AND
ENGLISHWOMEN
recognizing the genius of the General;
admiring the humanity of the Man;
respecting the virtues of the Christian.
Oct. 18, 1864.

A small marker of red leather, pasted in the back of the volume, is the key to its history:

Presented to the Bazaar in the Aid of the Southern Prisoners' Relief Fund
By Thomas A. McDonald
Bookseller, 75 Gt. George St.
Liverpool, Oct., 1864.

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LEE'S RETURN TO GETTYSBURG.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

Ours is a land at peace. Thank God! May it ever continue!
Yet Virginia forgets not her dead, whom love bids us remember.
They gave their lives for our State, fell in the thick of the fray
When Armistead went over the wall and Pickett led bravely the way.

What were the names of these men? Only Fame and Honor can tell
Who charged up Seminary Ridge and near Little Round Top fell.
They need no pæan of praise save "Virginia's Gettysburg Dead";
That tells the world who they were. No epitaph ever more said.

For if the shadowy host who sleep in uniforms gray and old
Could arise at the bugle note and this monument now behold,
A Rebel yell would start that mountain would echo to sea,
For Virginia as sentinel sends the majestic presence of Lee.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL LEE FOR THE VIRGINIA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

TO GEN. ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Knight at arms, we con your deeds and crown your name with glory,
You who never sought to win men's plaudits or men's praise;
Every word that echoes in your proud and gallant story,
Thrills us like the music which immortal singers raise.

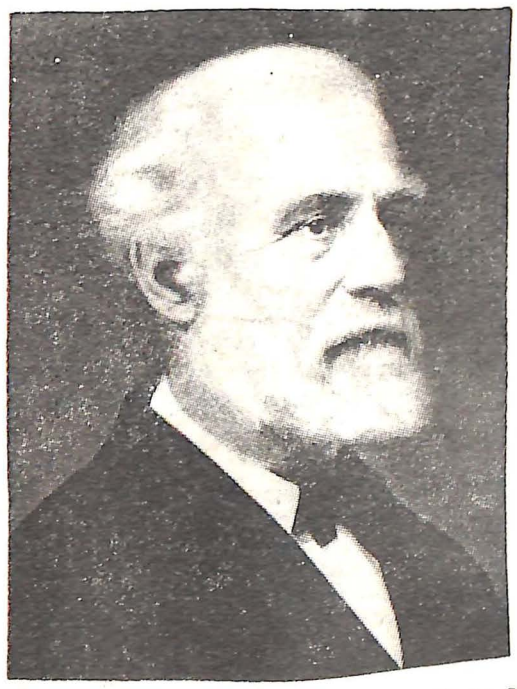
Ardors of the fighting days and age-long nights of waiting,
Triumph of defeat that far outshines the victor's hue;
Hazard, hope, and heart-break, with grief and glory mating,
We would live them o'er again and share their zest with you.

Knight at arms, the sabers ring, the smoke of battle rises,
Ranks are thinned and roads are blocked by custom's cumbrous gear;
Still the foes of fresh crusades with arts that war devises,
Strive for ancient strongholds ere succor can appear.

Tell us that the sword of truth will never rust in wearing,
Touch us with your courage in every noble cause;
Bid us to the battle line and send us forward faring,
Strong with faith and hope serene in God's abiding laws.

When we reach the last camp ground beyond the silent river
Where the trees of spreading peace give forth a gracious shade,
May we hear your comrade call from out the Fair Forever,
Bidding us to soldier's rest and joy that will not fade.

—*Barbara Ross McIntosh, Glasgow, Scotland.*



After the Civil War, Robert E. Lee chose a quiet, simple life of teaching rather than a spectacular public career which would have brought him wealth and publicity

Virginia

By Carter Glass, Junior Senator from Virginia

WHEN I think of Virginia, of her history so full of great men and great events, I am inevitably reminded of the proud Roman matron who, laying her hands not upon silver nor gold but upon the heads of her sons, gave utterance to the lofty declaration since made known to all the school children of the world, "These are my jewels." For the word "Virginia" may not be mentioned in the uttermost parts of the earth except it mean Washington and Jefferson and Lee and Jackson and their compatriots in the noble enterprise of liberty and freedom. It may not be mentioned but that it brings to mind Patrick Henry standing in the old church at Richmond appealing for liberty or death, Thomas Jefferson, pen in hand, writing that liberty into the Declaration of Independence, and George Washington at Yorktown receiving the formal assurance of that liberty in the surrender of the enemy. And where could the word be spoken without evoking, as if by magic, the figures of Lee and Jackson riding with stainless swords at the head of Virginia's armies to maintain unimpaired the sovereignty and soil of Virginia.

U. & U.

Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia

And, therefore, I confess that standing, as I believe we are standing, on the verge of the greatest economic and industrial development Virginia has ever known, I begin to think not in terms of crops, of beef and cattle, of factories and spindles, of power plants and good roads, but in terms of men and women, of princples and traditions, of good citizenship and good government. I am earnestly jealous for Virginia that whatever she may be able to say to the world with reference to her crops or her spindles or her miles of macadam and concrete, she may be abundantly able to declare and, by their fruits prove, that she produces good citizens and maintains good government, that the Bill of Rights was not written in vain to languish in the wealth and luxury of future generations, and that the Virginia traditions of liberty, justice and equality, still flower from the red fields of her martyrs.

It is a truism, of course, that there can not be good government without good citizenship. I am glad to say that, in my opinion, we have to-day in Virginia a high order of citizenship and a correspondingly high order of government. I do not mean there are not Virginians who do things they ought not to do and leave undone things they ought to do, nor do I for a moment intimate that Virginia laws and their administration are anywhere near perfect; but I do wish to say, particularly for those who may be contemplating Virginia as a place for homes and happiness, that there is a very long and lofty tradition of just laws and public service in the state which neither legislators nor administrators dare for very long to flout. In other words, I believe that if you come to Virginia to establish your home and to raise and educate your families, you will find an enlightened and progressive public opinion and press, as good schools as in any state in the country, churches and communities where Christianity is taught and practiced in a spirit of liberality and tolerance, and a social life where good manners and good sense and courtesy and kindness predominate.

I rejoice in Virginia's present prosperity. I am glad she is to have a great National Park. It does me good to see newly paved roads unwinding like ribbons from a bolt and connecting her lovely towns and villages. I feel proud when I hear of the increasing importance of Norfolk as a really great American port. I like to see the bustling chambers of commerce and learn of the great industrial activity that is stirring this area and that. All these things are Caesar's and they are highly important. But I pause to remember at least two thrills of emotion I have had in the past year—one when, passing through the White House, I saw a newly hung portrait of Woodrow Wilson under which was inscribed on a brass plate "Of Virginia," and the other when I read the headlines announcing the fact that Richard Evelyn Byrd, a Virginia boy, had made the first flight across the North Pole. These, Virginia may proudly say, are my jewels.

Lee Highway as a Factor In Virginia Progress

By S. M. Johnson

General Director, Lee Highway Association

VIRGINIA is acting upon the truth pithily expressed in a song-title, "It isn't what you were, it's what you are today." Time was when Virginia led. Followed a period from 1861 to 1919 when others led. Today the New Dominion, with her noble historic background, gives promise of resurgence. Reiuvenation is due to coincides

The Virginia Section of the Highway

The Virginia section of Lee Highway constitutes the longest single road in the State, 416.6 miles in length, from the Potomac at Washington to Bristol, whose main street is the dividing line between Virginia and Tennessee. Beginning at Bristol this road is pavement to the top of Massanutten Mountain, 100 miles southwest of Washington, with the exception of 14 miles now under construction southwest of Roanoke. All of the 100 miles from the Massanutten into Washington is either paved or under construction or on the program to be finished in 1927. Even now this is the best road from Washington and Winchester to Florida and all points south of the Potomac and south of the boundary of Tennessee.

rt E. Lee

The zone immediately served by Lee Highway, the main line and the feeder roads that come into it on either side from tributary regions comprises the entire mountain section of Virginia, 46 out of the 100 counties, all the roads of which tie into Lee Highway as the fingers tie into the palm of the hand. As for historic interest, it is crowded with reminders of great Americans and great events that made history, much of it little known. For example in Wythe County, near Wytheville were the only lead deposits known to exist in the colonies during the Revolutionary War and from which came the bullets that forced Cornwallis to surrender. The old shot-tower may still be seen.

For scenic interest there is nothing that surpasses the unfolding panorama across the highlands of Virginia, especially if the trip be taken in the freshness of spring foliage when the bright green hardwoods, interspersed with dog-wood and red-bud blossoms, mingles with the darker foliage of the conifers. If the journey occurs in October when the frosts have wrought their wondrous alchemy, the forests, from the base to the very summits of the

FOR YOU . . . . . .

who have never heard of the Council for Social Action of the Congregational Christian Churches; and for you who have heard a little and want to know more . . . . . .

This booklet is prepared

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the entire family.

Family Escaped

Their dark designs were only partially successful. The family escaped, according to the newspaper, with only their "shirts and shifts." One maid servant was burned to death.

Because Lee suffered the loss in the line of service to the crown the queen sent him the 300 pounds to help him rebuild his home. For his new dwelling, Lee purchased "The Clifts," a 1,104 acre estate over-

a paper on "Recollections of Traveller." Mrs. Boilling presented the tablet, which was unveiled by Master William Robert Gaines, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Gaines, and Joe Nance Moffatt, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Moffatt. The tablet was accepted by Dr. F. P. Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University.

The program was interspersed with music by the Virginia Military Institute band.

The inscription on the tablet reads: "The Last Home of Traveller Through War and Peace the Faithful, Devoted and Beloved Horse of General Robert E. Lee. Placed by the Virginia Division United Daughters of Confederacy."

:-: PROGRAM :-:

First District Annual Conference

VIRGINIA DIVISION

United Daughters of the Confederacy

WYTHEVILLE, VA., MAY 12, 1942

Wythe Grey Chapter—Hostess

SAINT PAUL'S METHODIST CHURCH

9:15 A. M.—Registration ——— Mrs. E. A. Carlisle, Chairman of Registration
10:00 A. M.—*Call to Order* ——— Mrs. H. G. Robinson, President Wythe Grey Chapter
Invocation ——— *Rev. W. M. Seymour*, Pastor, St. Paul's Methodist Church
Salute to Flags and U. D. C. Ritual ——— Assembly
Welcome from Hostess Chapter ——— Mrs. Lucy P. Bell
Address of Welcome ——— Honorable T. Barclay Allison, Mayor of Wytheville
Response to Welcome ——— Mrs. Francis J. Brooke, Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter
Introduction of District Chairman, Mrs. E. L. Garrett ——— By Mrs. H. G. Robinson
Presentation of Virginia Division President, Mrs. J. L. Bugg ——— by Mrs. E. L. Garrett
Presentation of Virginia Division Officers and Committee Chairmen.
Presentation of Distinguished Guests.
Song—"Dixie."
Chapter Reports:
Roll Call of Chapters ——— By Conference Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Spence, Jr.
Music—Vocal Selection ——— Directed by Mrs. Everett Hankla
Address ——— Mrs. J. Luckin Bugg, Virginia Division President
Appointments:
Courtesy Committee
Recommendations Committee.
Place of 1942 Meeting.
Music—Vocal Selection ——— Directed by Mrs. Everett Hankla
1:00 P. M.—Luncheon ——— Served by Helen Trinkle Music Club
Wytheville Presbyterian Church.

2:00 P. M.—Call to Order .
Music ——— Furnished by Mrs. Everett Hankla
Presentation of Work of Virginia Division.
Lee Chapel and Mausoleum ——— Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy
Crosses of Military Service ——— Mrs. Cecil Morris
Minnie C. Eller District Barner ——— Mrs. W. G. Gwinn
Historical Work ——— Mrs. B. Ferguson Cary
Educational Work ——— Mrs. Robert Gray
Junior Work ——— Mrs. Elias Etheridge
Custodian ——— Mrs. John C. Gilmer
Radio ——— Mrs. E. C. Whitehurst
Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries ——— Mrs. James M. Graham
Civilian Defense ——— Miss Annie V. Mann
Sidney Lanier ——— Mrs. Lucy P. Bell
Lee Chapel Endowment Fund ——— Mrs. Cecil Morris
Work of Division Registrar ——— Mrs. C. C. Guthrie
Other Virginia Division Reports in Brief.
Report of Recommendations Committee.
Business.
Report of Courtesy Committee.
Song: "America."

PAGES:

Miss Peggy Shores
Miss Preston Kabrich
Miss Betty Moore
Miss Mary Frances Stephens
Miss Billie Martin
Miss Doris Lindamood
Miss Sarah Helen Crowgey
Miss Carolyn Crowgey

U. D. C.

WHAT DID THE PRIVATES DO?

Our dates teem with daring deeds
And books are filled with fame.
Brass bands will play,
And cannons roar in honor of the name
Of men who held commissions
And were honest, brave, and true.
But still the question seems to me
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp
When foes were hovering around?
Who dug the graves of Comrades dear
Who laid them in the ground?
Who sent the dying message home
To those he never knew?
If Officers did all of this
What did the Privates do?

Who were the men to fill the ranks
Of Comrades slain in strife?
Who were the men to risk their own
To save a Comrade's life?
Who was it that lived on salted pork
And bread too hard to chew?
If Officers did this alone,
What did the Privates do?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights
All eager for the fray?
Who marched beneath the scorching sun
Through many a toilsome day?
Who paid the Sulter double price
And scanty rations drew?
If Officers get all the praise
What did the Privates do?

All honor to the brave old boys,
Who rallied at the call,
Without regard for rank or fame
We honor ONE and ALL.
They are passing over one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone,
To where the Books will surely show,
Just what—the Privates have done.

HERE is a movement of the spirit
of man
Which rises at the source of all
good will,
Flows outward through the channels of
compassion,
And spreads across the valleys of the world
To water them, to give them life, to make
them green again.

When the spirit of man is moved,
When good will rises in the soul,
When the channels of compassion run full,
When the valleys of the world are watered,
When they have life and are green again—
There God has come
Christ has returned to earth.

SOCIAL ACTION

1942-1943

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL FOR SOCIAL ACTION

NOBLE STRONG ELDERKIN, *Chairman*
Minister, Akron, Ohio
MRS. FREDERIC W. CHAMBERLAIN, *Vice-Chairman*
Three Oaks, Michigan
STANLEY B. CROSLAND, JR., *Secretary*
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Professor, Middlebury, Vermont
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Lawyer, Webster Groves, Missouri
RAYMOND B. WALKER
Minister, Portland, Oregon

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Our Task covers the entire ground of social relations. The war and its aftermath. The pattern of a new world order. The labor movement and its relationship to democracy. The place of minorities and the new attitudes towards them which the evolution of democracy is making necessary. The problems of agriculture, of farm ownership and tenancy, of production and distribution of food products and raw materials, of soil conservation, of migratory labor and "factories in the fields." The relations between persons in families—parents and children, husband and wife—between families in their neighborhoods and communities. Personal and social hygiene. Psychological and social adjustments.

Assuming the final victory of the United Nations, we must press on to discover the best ways in which the ideals of democracy

may be realized. One of the primary ways is to foster in America and the world a climate of good will and appreciation. We believe that, in such a climate, the contrasts of race and religion, of custom and social organization, would naturally become matters of friendly understanding and interest. Minorities, no longer persecuted or suppressed, would be regarded as rich variations in an underlying democratic pattern. With bitterness gone, rivalry between these groups would become a friendly contest toward the creation of the finest forms of personal and community living.

We believe the cultivation of this spirit within our own country must go along with a hearty support of a world-wide political order. Every effort must be made to reorganize the world's economic life to serve the needs of all peoples, in all countries, without discrimination.

WITH YOU . . . . . .

these tasks may be realized. As in all good Congregational procedure, every church may become a local Council; every member may feel himself a part of our program of consultation, study and action. Thus the church becomes democracy's laboratory.

Today, action is imperative. A world in agony clearly proves our tragic failure to create a Christian civilization. Our sons must fight and perhaps die because our concern for humanity's welfare has been dimmed by selfishness, ignorance and moral fog.

The Council for Social Action sponsors and maintains a whole series of especially created Committees. Upon each of these

rests the responsibility for one aspect of our work. Some of them are permanent. Others are set up to do an emergency job. Some of them function solely under the Council for Social Action. Some function under the joint auspices of the Council for Social Action and other denominational agencies. None of them can carry on effectively without the help of Committees in local churches.

In 1942-43 our common task is central and almost unbelievably great. The Council for Social Action must play its part with all the insight, wisdom and intrepidity that faith, hope and a love of humanity can provide.

In attempting to do this, we feel justified in calling upon the whole fellowship for its prayers, effective cooperation and generous practical support.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Ernest E. Schwarztrauber, University of Wisconsin School for Workers.

PURPOSE: Deals directly with the problems of adjustment between labor and management-ownership in American industry. The task of this Committee has become more and more pressing with the growth of organized labor in America. If the churches are to influence the direction taken by modern industrial society, we can only do so through close contact with the labor movement thus gaining the confidence of its leaders and rank and file.

Frank W. McCulloch, our Industrial Relations Secretary, directs the James Mullenbach Industrial Institute as a special center where these contacts may be practiced in an atmosphere of understanding and mutual confidence.

INTERCULTURAL RELATIONS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Liston Pope, Yale Divinity School

PURPOSE: To develop, for men of good will, a democratic approach to the problems raised by racial and cultural differences and to foster those conditions under which our common life may be enriched and strengthened through the appreciation of each others' interests and potential contribution.

This is a new Committee and its membership will be drawn, not only from members of our Congregational Christian Churches, but also from many different cultural groups. It will function in close relationship with the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Merrill Clarke, Pastor, New Canaan, Connecticut.

PURPOSE: To help make good the long-range ideals and plans being formulated by men and women of practical vision to end war and establish means for the peaceful settlement of international disputes that lead to war.

SUB-COMMITTEE: THE CONGREGATIONAL STUDY OF WORLD ORDER

Chairman: Hugh Vernon White, American Board, Boston

Director of Study Center: Walter M. Horton, Oberlin College

PURPOSE: Preparing materials for the study of World Order. The Study Center is at Oberlin College; from it will go out findings, materials and suggestions for use not only in our churches but also in schools and colleges and especially organized study groups all over the country.

The work of this Committee was started last year under the leadership of Robert L. Calhoun of Yale Divinity School.

THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman: Fred Buschmeyer, Pastor, Mount Pleasant Church, Washington, D. C.

PURPOSE: To serve the Council for Social Action and local Social Action Committees in the survey and analysis of the major issues that come before the voters from year to year. While the work of this Committee consists largely in trying to know and understand important trends in government, it sometimes recommends support of or opposition to specific legislation. A leaflet, "November, 1942," calls attention to the historic importance of this year's elections, urges our people to face the great issues and to vote for those individuals who will stand on the side of world order and human progress in the years ahead.

RACE RELATIONS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Buell Gallagher, President of Talladega College.

PURPOSE: Deals particularly with the relationships between Negroes and whites in America. Due to inadequate staff this Committee has been limited to the educational work which can be accomplished through special issues of SOCIAL ACTION, i.e., "American Caste System," and "Discrimination Incorporated." This task is a long-term one and has always been of central importance to our fellowship, as the notable record of the American Missionary Association so clearly proves.

RURAL LIFE COMMITTEE

Chairman: Francis L. Drake, Pastor, North Hadley, Massachusetts.

PURPOSE: Deals with the whole area of social relationships in the country and small towns of America. In this broad field the Council for Social Action collaborates with the Board of Home Missions largely through Thomas A. Tripp, a member of the Home Board staff.

Under the leadership of Arthur E. Holt, eight years ago, this Committee, together with the Chicago Theological Seminary and the Board of Home Missions, started a project at Merom, Indiana. This has grown far beyond the first hopes of its founders. It is recognized as a center of progressive democratic social action. Shirley Greene and his wife direct the work of Merom Institute.

SOCIAL EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Chairman: Alfred W. Swan, Pastor, Madison, Wisconsin

PURPOSE: To lead the churches during the next two years in a thorough-going study of social ideals, as requested by the Durham General Council. Much preliminary work has been done by the Committee of Thirty-Five and it is hoped that a well considered statement of social ideals may be ready for acceptance at the next General Council. Meanwhile, the statement adopted in 1925 at Washington, D. C. still stands.

THE COMMITTEE FOR WORK WITH JAPANESE EVACUEES

Chairmen: Truman B. Douglass, Pastor, St. Louis, Missouri (National Committee) Robert Inglis, Pastor, Plymouth Church, Oakland, California (Executive Committee)

PURPOSE: To reduce intolerance, resettle as many students and families as possible, give relief and build morale among the evacuees, and send out constructive publicity and accurate information.

Established by the General Council at Durham and assigned to the Council for Social Action, this is an emergency job of great importance not only to our churches and to the Japanese-Americans involved in the tragic situation, but to American democracy as well. A special pamphlet entitled "A Touchstone of Democracy" deals with this problem in a straightforward way. ¶ Clarence Gillett, a former missionary in Japan, has been loaned by the American Board to serve as executive secretary of the Committee. Several other American Board missionaries are also serving this Committee.

One Committee of the General Council is affiliated especially with the Council for Social Action, and the staff of the latter accepts a large part of the responsibility for its successful administration:

THE COMMITTEE FOR WAR VICTIMS AND SERVICES

Chairmen: Boynton Merrill, Pastor, West Newton, Massachusetts (National Committee)

Kirk Smith, Providence, Rhode Island (Executive Committee)

Created by the General Council in Berkeley, California, in August 1940, this Committee now raises all war emergency funds for the denomination. These funds are distributed through carefully chosen channels to the victims of war on every continent, are spent for our churches' ministry to men in the service of their country and are assigned to local churches to increase their usefulness in camp communities and war industry areas.

COMMITTEE FOR ADVICE AND SERVICE TO CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Chairman: Albert W. Palmer, President, Chicago Theological Seminary.

PURPOSE: To serve the needs and interests of young men in our fellowship who cannot conscientiously support or participate in war. Although this is a Committee of the General Council, the Council for Social Action has cooperated in its work. Financial aid for those who need it is provided through *designated* contributions to the Committee for War Victims and Services.

Our Magazine, SOCIAL ACTION, has gained steadily in prestige and general circulation. Its aim is to present from month to month a carefully prepared statement of fact on all the more important social issues, both national and international. Twice each year an issue is published in cooperation with the Foreign Policy Association. Because this magazine is used not only by our own churches but also by other denominations, by colleges, schools and other groups, we are making an important contribution to a widespread understanding of great issues in contemporary American life.

✧

[The Litany on the front cover of this booklet was written by Dwight J. Bradley.]

COUNCIL FOR SOCIAL ACTION
of the Congregational Christian Churches
289 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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THE COUNCIL FOR SOCIAL ACTION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES,
289 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DWIGHT J. BRADLEY
Director

ELIZABETH G. WHITING
Associate Director and Editor; Executive Secretary of the Committee for War Victims and Services

FRANK W. McCULLOCH
Industrial Relations—Director of James Mullenbach Industrial Institute

SHIRLEY GREENE
Rural Life—Director of Merom Institute

HAWLEY WILLSON
Associate Secretary, Committee for War Victims and Services

JAMES M. DAVIS
Field Executive, Committee for War Victims and Services

FRANZ SCHOENBERNER
Research Associate, International Relations

TOM KEEHN
Secretary for State Committees and Pilgrim Fellowship

JENNIE EVANS
Editorial Assistant

Lee Highway as a Factor In Virginia Progress

By S. M. Johnson

General Director, Lee Highway Association

VIRGINIA is acting upon the truth pithily expressed in a song-title, "It isn't what you were, it's what you are today." Time was when Virginia led. Followed a period from 1861 to 1919 when others led. Today the New Dominion, with her noble historic background, gives promise of resurgence. Rejuvenation is due to no one thing. The beginning, however, coincides with a meeting held by fourteen gentlemen, at Roanoke, Virginia, on February 22, 1919, at which time it was decided to form an organization whose object was the creation of a fitting and worthy memorial to one of the greatest men America has produced, General Robert E. Lee. These men had prescience of the fact that their meeting had national significance for they held it on the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Yet they could not anticipate the train of events, vitally affecting not only Virginia, but the entire South and the Nation as well, consequent upon that meeting. Among those events were the organization of Lee Highway Association which has assumed an important place in national affairs; the construction and opening of an all-year cross-continent line of travel already popular and destined to become the most traveled road in the country: the establishment of the Zero Milestone as the official highway center of the United States, the Arlington Memorial Bridge, to be finished three years from next March, and the successful beginning of the world's finest boulevard from the Memorial Bridge to the Shenandoah National Park and the Valley of Virginia, with a 200 foot right of way a distance of full 110 miles. In addition, the agitation over Lee Highway has done more to arouse interest in the Good Roads Movement throughout the States of Virginia and Tennessee at least, than any other movement in the history of these States.

General Robert E. Lee

The Virginia Section of the Highway

The Virginia section of Lee Highway constitutes the longest single road in the State, 416.6 miles in length, from the Potomac at Washington to Bristol, whose main street is the dividing line between Virginia and Tennessee. Beginning at Bristol this road is pavement to the top of Massanutten Mountain, 100 miles southwest of Washington, with the exception of 14 miles now under construction southwest of Roanoke. All of the 100 miles from the Massanutten into Washington is either paved or under construction or on the program to be finished in 1927. Even now this is the best road from Washington and Winchester to Florida and all points south of the Potomac and south of the boundary of Tennessee.

The zone immediately served by Lee Highway, the main line and the feeder roads that come into it on either side from tributary regions comprises the entire mountain section of Virginia, 46 out of the 100 counties, all the roads of which tie into Lee Highway as the fingers tie into the palm of the hand. As for historic interest, it is crowded with reminders of great Americans and great events that made history, much of it little known. For example in Wythe County, near Wytheville were the only lead deposits known to exist in the colonies during the Revolutionary War and from which came the bullets that forced Cornwallis to surrender. The old shot-tower may still be seen.

For scenic interest there is nothing that surpasses the unfolding panorama across the highlands of Virginia, especially if the trip be taken in the freshness of spring foliage when the bright green hardwoods, interspersed with dog-wood and red-bud blossoms, mingles with the darker foliage of the conifers. If the journey occurs in October when the frosts have wrought their wondrous alchemy, the forests, from the base to the very summits of the

stroy the entire family.

Family Escaped

Their dark designs were only partially successful. The family escaped, according to the newspaper, with only their "shirts and shifts." One maid servant was burned to death.

Because Lee suffered the loss in the line of service to the crown the queen sent him the 300 pounds to help him rebuild his home. For his new dwelling, Lee purchased "The Clifts," a 1,104 acre estate over-

a paper on "Recollections of Traveller." Mrs. Boilling presented the tablet, which was unveiled by Master William Robert Gaines, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Gaines, and Joe Nance Moffatt, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Moffatt. The tablet was accepted by Dr. F. P. Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University.

The program was interspersed with music by the Virginia Military Institute band.

The inscription on the tablet reads: "The Last Home of Traveller Through War and Peace the Faithful, Devoted and Beloved Horse of General Robert E. Lee. Placed by the Virginia Division United Daughters of Confederacy."

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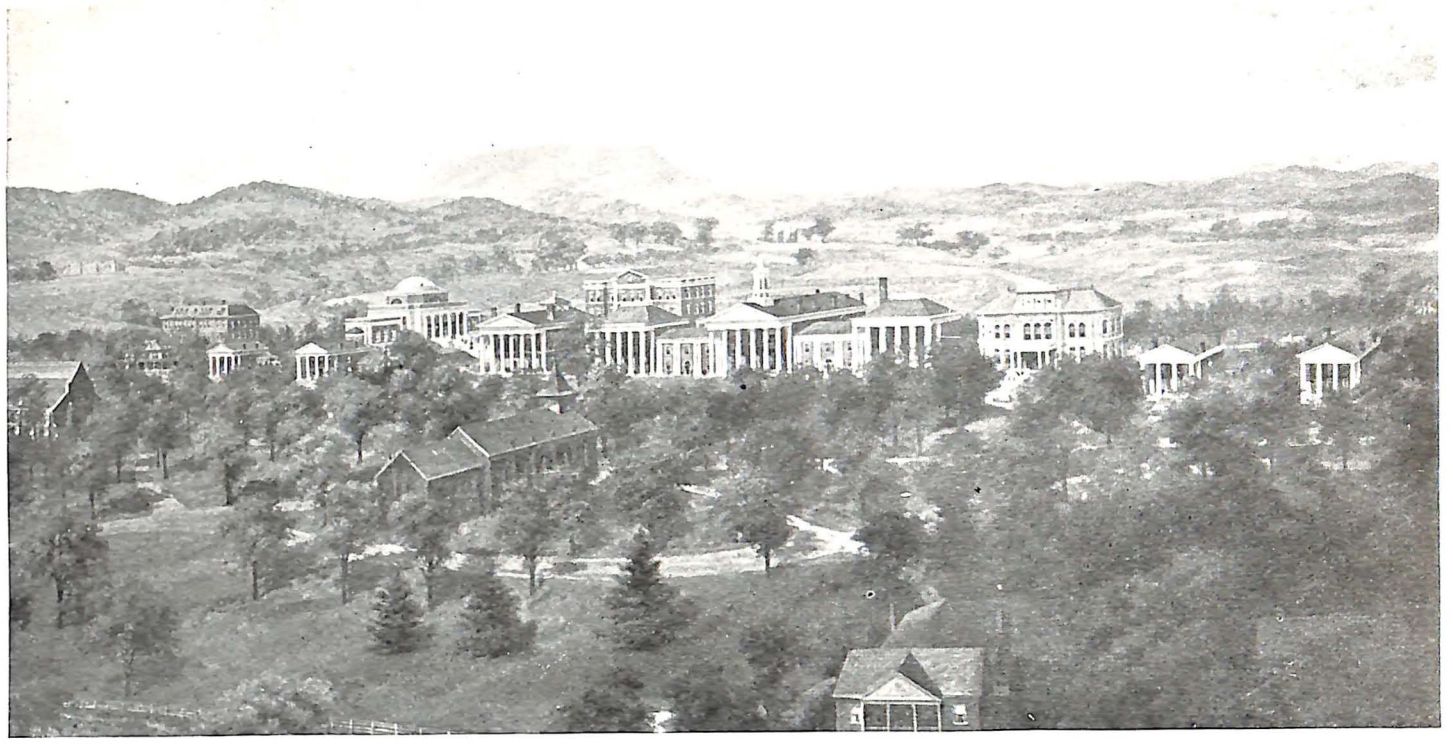
mountain peaks and ranges of the blue Ridge on the one side and the Allegheny-Cumberland on the other, become a riot of brilliant color, red, crimson, yellow, purple, gold,—glorious beyond description, transfiguring the landscape into a glorified world.

Leaving Washington one passes into Georgetown the headquarters of General Washington and the site of the home of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner, then crosses the Potomac over Key Memorial Bridge, then through to Lee Highway—on to Falls Church where stands an old Episcopal Church built in colonial times.

At Fairfax one sees another colonial structure, the Court House, which contains the wills of

However, under an Act of the last Congress, the War Department is now taking steps to develop the two Bull Run Battlefields as a National Military Park.

Less than an hour out from Washington rises Bull Run Mountain, a northern spur of the Blue Ridge. Nearing Warrenton, the tourist enters a region of exquisitely finished landscapes, the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and thence across Virginia to Chattanooga and fifty miles beyond, the ever-changing folding panorama of lovely valley, rolling hills and lofty mountains clad with forests to their very summits placing this part of Lee Highway among the most beautiful drives in America.



Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, showing the Lee Memorial Chapel in the foreground

George and Martha Washington, also a monument to the first Confederate to fall in the War between the States. At Centerville one crosses the old Braddock Road and recalls the tragedy of Fort Pitt. At the road-side are fortifications from which guns roared in the dramatic opening of the Civil War at Bull Run. A few miles farther, now reached by continuous pavement from Washington, Bull Run is crossed on the "Old Stone Bridge," and a little farther, on the right, is the "Old Stone House," with a cannon ball embedded in the masonry, while on the left is the Henry House and Farm, where General Jackson gained his soubriquet of "Stonewall." Monuments here and there mark heroic stands, but for the most part the field of the first great clash of arms is covered with a dense growth of underbrush.

Eighty miles from Washington, just beyond Sperryville, begins the ascent of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the ascent and descent are across the area to be developed as the Shenandoah National Park.

Lee Highway drops down from Luray to the South Shenandoah, then crosses the Massanutten Mountain to the Valley of Virginia, the view of which from the road-way down the west-slope of the Mountain, once seen, will never pass from memory. At Newmarket, Lee Highway reaches the Valley Pike which it follows through Harrisonburg to Staunton.

All the streams and rivers crossed en route from Washington to Christiansburg flow southeast in

(*Continued on page 52*)

STRATFORD HOUSE—HISTORIC HOME OF THE LEES

This picture of the birthplace and early home of Gen. R. E. Lee is taken from an old engraving which shows the place as it must have been in its prime. Though it passed into other hands, Stratford has been well cared for and can be easily restored to its early splendor. Its purchase and restoration is an important piece of work to be brought before the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Houston, Tex., November 20-25.

Lee Highway as a Factor in Virginia Progress

(Continued from page 44)

the Atlantic. Dropping down from the Divide, however, New River is crossed, which, flowing northeast, becomes the Kanahwa, emptying into the Ohio River. East Radford, where New River is crossed is beautifully located, and is the seat of the State Teachers College. Dublin and Pulaski are reached as Lee Highway follows up New River. Well up on the water-shed, between the New and the Holston Rivers, Wytheville, birthplace of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, is located, set in a landscape of surpassing beauty, a carpeting of blue grass everywhere, with never a weed to mar it and the sky-line cut by mountains forest-clad to the tops. Marion is the next town and some miles beyond is "Seven Mile Ford," one of the stations on the Wilderness Road in stage coach days. Then come Abingdon and Bristol, and Norton, situated in the region where the scene of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," is laid.

Thus Lee Highway across Virginia, now approaching completion, opens the entire mountain region of the State to motor-travel. It leads from the Capital to the Manassas Battle-fields, the Shenandoah Park, the Luray Caverns, the Valley of Virginia, Lexington, the Shrine of the South, Natural Bridge and the splendid cities and recreational areas of South-west Virginia. The completion of this road and the road to Richmond and on to North Carolina, with the road from Nor-folk to Lynchburg and Roanoke will be the main factors in placing Virginia back in her proud position in the sisterhood of States. As for material progress, it is the tourist business that counts. Auto-tourists left $4,000,000 in Colorado last summer. When the attractions and good roads of Virginia are made known, the owners of 21,000,000 autos will become prospective visitors.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1942.

Old Gift From British Crown Is Repaid By Lees

WASHINGTON, April 30 (AP)—The Lees of Virginia today repaid to the British crown a gift of 300 pounds made to their forebear, Thomas Lee, 213 years ago to help toward construction of Stratford Hall, the family home which still stands as one of the nation's historic shrines.

Presented to Halifax

Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham, widow of the former American ambassador to Great Britain and a director of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, presented to British Ambassador Lord Halifax a check for $1,600—the original sum of 300 pounds (valued today at about $1,200) plus $400 for "interest."

Halifax will forward the check to Lady Astor, the foundation's director for England, who in turn will present it to Queen Elizabeth for use in Her Majesties' war work.

It was in 1729 that Queen Carolina, reigning in the absence of her husband, King George II, made the gift to Thomas Lee, whose family includes such notables as "Kight-horse" Harry Lee, dashing young hero of the Revolutionary War, and General Robert E. Lee, who led the Confederate forces during the War between the States.

The presentation of the funds by the queen resulted from an incident which occurred while Thomas Lee was serving as a magistrate of the crown in what was then a British colony.

Lee had sentenced to the local jail several criminals whom the contemporary newspaper described as "cutthroats." The brigands broke out, and, in revenge, set fire to the Lee home in an attempt to destroy the entire family.

Family Escaped

Their dark designs were only partially successful. The family escaped, according to the newspaper, with only their "shirts and shifts." One maid servant was burned to death.

Because Lee suffered the loss in the line of service to the crown the queen sent him the 300 pounds to help him rebuild his home. For his new dwelling, Lee purchased "The Clifts," a 1,104 acre estate overlooking the Potomac river in Westmoreland County, Va.

The Robert E. Lee foundation, which restored the estate in honor of the great general, now maintains it as a national shrine.

U. D. C. LEADERS CONDU "TRAVELLER" EXERCIS

Lexington, Oct. 4 (Special).—W a tablet on the wall of the stable, last home of Traveller, General Ro E. Lee's famous war horse, which wa presented to Washington and Lee Uni-versity by the Virginia division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was unveiled Friday afternoon, the ex-ercises, which took place at the stable of Traveller which is in the rear of the president's residence, were opened by Mrs. J. S. Moffatt, president of Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Lex-ington, who introduced the president of the Virginia division, Mrs. Charles E. Boling, of Richmond, who presided.

Mrs. Margaret Letcher Showell read a paper on "Recollections of Traveller." Mrs. Boilling presented the tablet, which was unveiled by Master William Robert Gaines, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Gaines, and Joe Nance Moffatt, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Moffatt. The tablet was accepted by Dr. F. P. Gaines, presi-dent of Washington and Lee Univer-sity.

The program was interspersed with music by the Virginia Military Institute band.

The inscription on the tablet reads: "The Last Home of Traveller Through War and Peace the Faithful, Devoted and Beloved Horse of General Robert E. Lee. Placed by the Virginia Division United Daughters of Confederacy."

The Grave of Annie Custis Lee

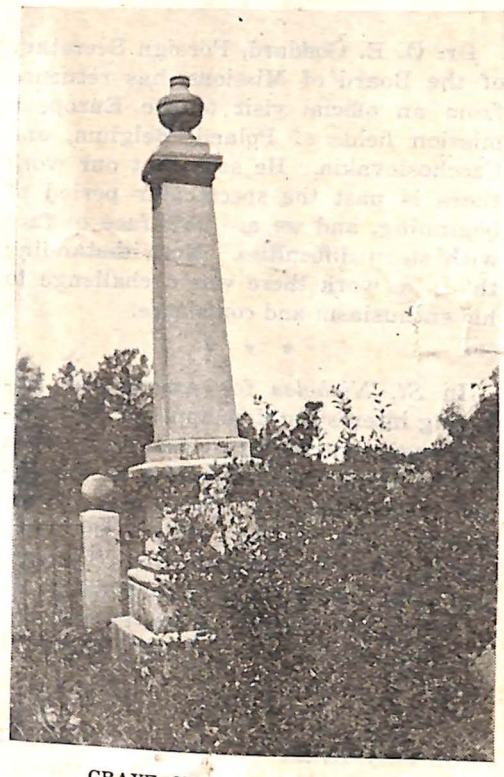
BY C. R. ROSS

SOMETIME ago, while in Eastern North Carolina, it was my privilege to visit the grave of Annie Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Her grave is in an abandoned country cemetery (in Warren County) some ten miles from Warrenton, the county seat of Warren County.

The story of how she came to be buried in North Carolina instead of in Virginia, her native State, is a pathetic one, like many another story of the Civil War days. In order that his family might be out of the way of contending armies in Virginia, General Lee sent them to White Sulphur Springs, N. C., a hotel resort during ante-bellum days. In 1862 typhoid fever broke out at the resort and Annie Lee was one of the victims. She died October 20. Because of the difficulty of getting transportation from one State to another, her body was buried in the near-by cemetery.

General Lee could not leave his army to visit his daughter during her illness, nor could he be at her funeral. He was in camp near Fredericksburg, Va., and the battle of Fredricksburg was brewing. But in a letter to some member of the family he tells of the bitterness of his grief at her going. He was specially devoted to her.

After the war the citizens of Warren County decided to erect a monument over her grave, and General Lee was invited to be present at its unveiling. He found it impossible to do so, but wrote the good citizens of Warren county a letter in which he said: "I have always cherished the intention of visiting the tomb of her who never gave me aught but pleasure. Though absent in person, my heart will be with you, and my sorrow and devotions will be mingled with yours. I inclose, according to your request, the date of my daughter's birth and the inscription proposed for the monument over her tomb. The latter are the last lines of the hymn which she asked for just before her death."



GRAVE OF ANNIE CUSTIS LEE

The monument is a plain marble shaft of native granite seven or eight feet high. On one side is cut in the stone, "Annie C. Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee and Mary C. Lee." On the opposite side are the words, "Born at Arlington, June 18, 1839, and died at White Sulphur Springs, Warren County, North Carolina, October 20, 1862." On another side are the lines selected by her father:

"Perfect and true are all his ways
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

Later General Lee came to Warrenton and visited his daughter's grave. He was shown every courtesy possible by the citizens, who offered to escort him to the grave in a body, but he declined, saying he wished to go alone. A horse was provided, and he rode to his daughter's grave alone.

In Warrenton I met one man who remembered the visit of General Lee. It was in his mother's home that the General was entertained. He was only a small boy at the time, but remembered well how General Lee took him upon his knee and talked to him about Traveler.

Until a few years ago the grave of Annie Lee was difficult to reach, but now a good road has been built from the nearest highway to the cemetery, and many people visit this quiet little cemetery to see the grave of the beloved daughter of Robert E. Lee.

ANNIE CARTER LEE.

(From the *Southern Churchman.*)

Died, October 20, 1862, at Jones Springs, Warren County, N. C., Annie Carter Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"Earth to earth, dust to dust—"
Saviour, in thy word we trust;
Sow we now our precious grain,
Thou shall raise it up again;
Plant we the terrestial root
That shall bear celestial fruit;
Lay a bud within the tomb
That a flower in heaven may bloom.
Severed are no tender ties,
Though in earth's embrace she lies,
For the lengthening chain of love
Stretches to her home above.
Mother, in thy bitter grief,
Let this thought bring sweet relief—
Mother of an angel now,
God himself hath crowned thy brow
With the thorns thy Saviour wore,
Blessed art thou evermore;
Unto him thou didst resign
A part of the life that was thine.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust—"
Sad the heart, sweet the trust;
Father, thou who see'st Death
Gathering grain at every breath,
As his sickle sharp he wields
O'er our bloody battle fields,
Murmur not that now he weaves
This sweet flower into his sheaves.
Taken in her early prime—
Gathered in the summer time—
Autumn's blast she shall not know,
Never shrink from winter's snow.
Sharp the pang that thou must feel,
Sharper than the foreman's steel,
For thy fairest flower is hid
Underneath the coffin lid;
On her grave thou dropp'st no tear;
Warrior stern must thou appear;
Crushing back the bitter grief
Which in rain, demands relief.
Louder still thy country cries,
At thy feet she bleeding lies;
And before the Patriot now,
Husband, father both must bow.

But unnumbered are thy friends,
And from many a home ascends
Earnest heartfelt prayers for thee
"As thy days thy strength may be."

—*Tenella.*

THE McLEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX, VA.

Where Generals Lee and Grant met to arrange the terms of surrender; in the room to left of the entrance that historic meeting took place.

By an extraordinary co-incidence, two homes of Wilmer McLean figured prominently in the opening and closing scenes of war in the sixties. His home near Manassas Station was used as General Beauregard's headquarters in the first battle there; thinking to get out of the pathway of war, he built this house at Appomattox—and there the last tragic act took place. The house there now is **not** the original building.

LEE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

TO GENERAL LEE.

The most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest,
This volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration.

The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue.
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tears! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Come round thee; but in truth be strong!
Eternal Right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South—
Virginia, first, and Lee.

This poem was written on the fly leaf of a copy of the "Translation of Homer's Iliad by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England," which was sent to General Lee by the author, who inscribed the volume as above in prose and verse.

LT. COL. ROBERT E. LEE, U.S.A.
When Superintendent of West Point Military Academy, 1852-1855
(See page 293)

—Virginia Conservation Commission Photo.

Stratford, home of the Lees, whose garden has been restored through the Garden Club of Virginia tours in 1930-31.

61ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

Memorial Services Are Being Held At Ancestral Home of the Lees.

Stratford-On-the-Potoma , Va., Oct. 12 (AP).—Prominent Virginians were invited to attend memorial services today at Stratford Hall, the ancestral home of the Lees, in observance of the 61st anniversary of the death of Robert E. Lee.

Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University, was selected to make the principal address. Others on the program included Maj. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of General Lee's staff, and Judge Robert Worth Bingham. The program was arranged under the direction of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

Fifty members of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Association and guests were conducted over the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania battlefield parks yesterday by Maj. Arthur E. Wilbourne, secretary of the commission. They were shown the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Salem Church, Chancellorville, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, where more than 100,000 men fell.

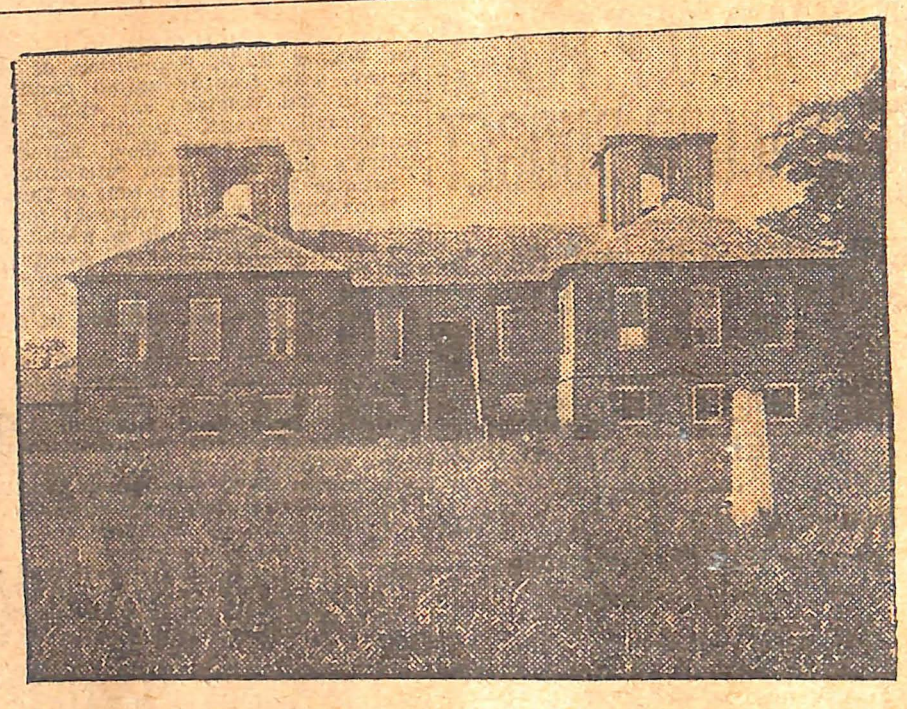
R. Walton Moore, former representative from Virginia, Gen. C. H. Clem, the drummer boy, of Shiloh; H. Latane Lewis, of Washington, who had a large share in establishing the park, accompanied the party.

For the first time since 1864 meals were served from an army kitchen, on the Bloody Angle, owned by E. T. Stuart, of Philadelphia. The kitchen was from Battery F, Virginia Militia

The trip began at Mrs. Marion G. Willis' house in Fredericksburg with some 20 cars in line. At the various battlefields, Major Wilbourne and Capt. A. J. Montague explained the details of battles. At the Bloody Angle, former Representative Moore and General Clem made short addresses.

Among others in the party were Capt. Morris Rome, commander of the Fredericksburg battery; Leeland Rowe, United States Navy; Lieut. Landon Bowling, Battery F; Capt. J. F. Godfrey, Army attache at Washington; E. T. Stuart, treasurer of the Girard Trust Company, Philadelphia, and owner of the Bloody Angle; Edward A. Beard, Washington; John Chilton, Spotsylvania; Mrs. Gari Melchers, wife of the famous artist and members of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

Famous Mansion Opened



Stratford, probably the most historic home in the United States, has been thrown open to public inspection for the first time in many years. In this historic structure two signers of the Declaration of Independence, including the man who introduced it in the Continental Congress, Richard Henry Lee, were born. Here also was born "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and Robert E. Lee, the greatest soldier of the Confederacy and probably of American history. Many interesting furnishings, including ancient beds, musical instruments and china, are to be seen in the old home, and the wood paneling in the great hallway is exceptionally unusual.

Find oundatio s At Stratfor l Hall

Stratford, Sept. 15 (Special) Workmen, employed by the Strat committee of the Garden Clubs of V ginia, have unearthed at Stratford H the foundations of what is believed have been a large greenhouse, a pa walk from the kitchen to the hous and the remains of a brick wall, part of which is still standing and believed to have been a mile long. Final decision as to what exactly the numerous foundation walls represent will remain with W. S. Shurtleff, archeologist in charge of John D. Rockefeller's work at Williamsburg, and a committee of R. E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

The Stratford committee of the Garden Clubs of Virginia, is seeking to trace the old garden buildings and walks and will restore them to their Colonial condition at a cost of approximately $50,000. Of this sum the committee reports $36,150 was raised in the spring during Historic Garden Week in Virginia, together with $5,000 from Maryland.

Under Mr. Shurtleff's direction systematic search is being made at Stratford for old foundations, and a force of laborers is digging cross sections through the grounds. In front of the lawn a brick driveway sixteen feet wide has been discovered, and in the garden well preserved foundations are believed to be those of an "Orangery," a name given in Colonial days to greenhouses in which wealthy planters raised lemons, oranges, and other fruit for their own tables.

STRATFORD, HOME OF THE LEES.

One of the interesting things to be brought before the U. D. C. convention at Houston is the movement, sponsored by the New England Chapter, U. D. C., to purchase Stratford, the old Lee home in Westmoreland County, Va., and make this a shrine, or a meeting place for the general organization. A price has been put upon the place by its present owner and an estimate made by an architect as to the cost of restoration, all of which will be presented to the convention at Houston by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter of Greenwich, Conn., by whom the movement was inaugurated.

Something about this old home of the Lees will be of special interest at this time. Though General Lee left this old family home at a very early age, his father removing the family to Alexandria in 1811, a lasting impression of its many charms was made upon his infant mind. When deprived of the noble old home of Arlington, his thoughts reverted to the place of his birth as a refuge for his family, and of it he wrote in November, 1861, to his daughters, who had just made a visit to Stratford: "I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has been always a great desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections."

Writing to his wife on Christmas Day of the same year, he says: "In the absence of a home, I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only other place I could go to, now accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough cornbread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. I wonder if it is for sale and at how much. Ask Fitzhugh to try to find out when he gets to Fredericksburg."

In his interesting "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," John Esten Cooke gives this description of Stratford: "The original Stratford house is supposed to have been built by Richard Lee, the first of the family in the New World. Whoever may have been its founder, it was destroyed in the time of Thomas Lee, an eminent representative of the name, early in the eighteenth century. Thomas Lee was a member of the King's Council, a gentleman of great popularity, and when it was known that his house had been burned, contributions were everywhere made to rebuild it. The governor, the merchants of the colony, even Queen Anne herself in person, united in this subscription; the house speedily rose again at a cost of about eighty thousand dollars; and this is the edifice still standing in Westmoreland. The sum expended in its construction must not be estimated in the light of to-day. At that time the greater part of the heavy work in house-building was performed by servants of the manor; it is fair, indeed, to say that the larger part of the work thus cost nothing in money; and thus the eighty thousand dollars represented only the English brick, the carvings, furniture, and decorations.

"The construction of such an edifice had at that day a distinct object. These great old manor houses, lost in the depths of the country, were intended to become the headquarters of the family in all time. In their large apartments the eldest son was to uphold the name. Generation after generation was to pass and some one of the old name still live there; and though all this has passed away now and may appear a worn-out superstition, and though some persons may stigmatize it as contributing to the sentiment of 'aristocracy,' the strongest opponents of that old system may pardon in us the expression of some regret that this love of the hearthstone and old family memories should have disappeared. The great man whose character is sought to be delineated in this volume never lost to the last this home and family sentiment. He knew the kinships of every one, and loved the old country houses of the old Virginia families, plain and honest people, attached, like himself, to the Virginia soil. . . .

"Stratford, the old home of the Lees, but to-day the property of others, stands on a picturesque bluff on the southern bank of the Potomac, and is a house of very considerable size. It is built in the form of the letter H. The walls are several feet in thickness; in the center is a saloon thirty feet in size; and surmounting each wing is a pavilion with balustrades, above which rise clusters of chimneys. The front door is reached by a broad flight of steps, and the grounds are handsome and variegated by the bright foliage of oaks, cedars, and maple trees. Here and there in the extensive lawn rises a slender and ghostly old Lombardy poplar, a tree once a great favorite in Virginia, but now seen only here and there, the relics of a past generation.

"Within, the Stratford house is as antique as without, and with its halls, corridors, wainscoting, and ancient moldings, takes the visitor back to the era of powder and silk stockings. Such was the mansion to which General Harry Lee came to live after the Revolution, and the sight of the old home must have been dear to the soldier's heart. Here had flourished three generations of Lees, dispensing a profuse and open-handed hospitality. In each of the generations some one of the family had distinguished himself and attracted the 'best company' to Stratford; the old walls had rung with merriment; the great door was wide open; everybody was welcome; and one could see there a good illustration of a long-passed manner of living, which had at the least the merit of being hearty, open-handed, and picturesque. General Harry Lee, the careless soldier, partook of the family tendency to hospitality; he kept open house, entertained all comers, and hence, doubtless, sprung the pecuniary embarrassments embittering an old age which his eminent public services should have rendered serene and happy."

For some mention of the Lees who were identified with this old manor house of Stratford, we turn to that biography of Gen. R. E. Lee, which was edited by R. A. Brock, so long connected with the Southern Historical Society of Richmond, Va., who says that "the first generation of Lees in Virginia begins with Colonel Richard Lee, who came over in 1641-42, possibly in the same ship that brought Sir William Berkeley." There was a strong friendship between the two, and during Sir William's reign of power there were many grants of land issued to Richard Lee, and this became the foundation of the Lee estates in Virginia. Richard Lee became a large planter, locating homes in many counties of the "Northern Neck," was a prominent man of affairs, and held many high offices. But upon the "restoration," he returned to England, though he directed by will that his children should be settled on his estates in Virginia. So it was done, and his son Richard II, took his place as the head of the family in the Old Dominion. There were but six generations from the immigrant Richard to the time of Gen. Robert E. Lee, represented by Richard, Richard, Jr., Henry, Henry, Jr., Light Horse Harry, and Robert E. Lee. But it was Thomas, the fifth son of Richard Lee, Jr., who inherited the Stratford estate, and it is said that he built the mansion. However that may be, he rebuilt it and possibly in a more elaborate manner. By the marriage of his granddaughter Matilda with Light Horse Harry Lee, the old mansion was brought into the line which produced Gen. Robert E. Lee. Thomas Lee, having only a common Virginia education, with strong natural talents became a man of learning by his own efforts, acquired a considerable fortune, and held high place in the affairs of the colony. He became its president and commander in chief, and later the king made him governor, the only man who was ever made governor by royal appointment; but he died in 1750 before his commission reached him.

Stratford is not far from Mt. Vernon or Wakefield, places so closely associated with the life of George Washington, and Thomas Lee is buried in the cemetery of Pope's Creek Church, where George Washington was baptized and where the Lees worshiped in the early days. Two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born at Stratford—Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee— and in that old mansion the eyes of Robert Edward Lee first saw the light. Richard Henry Lee was a grandson of Thomas Lee, and it was he who, on June 10, 1776, moved that "these colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States," and it is told that but for the illness of his wife, which called him home, he might have written the Declaration instead of Thomas Jefferson. "His services to the cause of the colony were great, and their struggle for independence was sustained by his tongue and pen. He was a great orator, an accomplished scholar, a learned debater and a renowned statesman." He was a great uncle of General Lee.

Indeed, each generation of the Lees in America produced a man or men of affairs, noted for learning and leadership, and "no Virginian could boast of so many distingushed sons as Thomas Lee. Of them General Washington wrote in 1777: 'I know of no country that can produce a family all distinguished as clever men as our Lees.'"

With such close association with the building of this great republic, and so large a part of the Old Dominion, it seems most fitting that the old mansion of Stratford should be preserved as a shrine equally as important as any other connected with the great of this country.

LEE.

This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him face to face. —*Francis O. Ticknor.*

Origin of Plan to Restore Stratford

Jan. 1935

By ETHEL ARMES

Formerly Historian and Research Authority of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc.

THE forthcoming 128th anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, January 19, 1935, will usher in the Dedication year of the house where he was born—Stratford Hall in Westmoreland County, Virginia. This old colonial home of the Lee's, which is one of the most historic places in America, is being restored and preserved by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc. Cooperating with this organization are the Universities of Yale and Harvard, The Garden Club of Virginia, the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other organizations.

The group of women connected with the enterprise from the year 1926 to the present time have done the difficult pioneer work. They have made and are making today, the great personal sacrifices called for by this stupendous undertaking. Thought, time, labor, money—all are being given without counting the cost. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor night stay these courtiers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." Their individual work is augmented by the work in 32 states of the Union organized under their direction. The results of their effort, together with those gained from the cooperation of the universities and the organizations above mentioned, have made it possible for the Council of 1934 of the Lee Foundation to unite in the determination to repay the advance of a friend to lift the mortgage on Stratford and go forward with the Dedication plans.

The Dedication Program for the year 1935, outlined by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the Lee Foundation and approved by the Council of 1934 will begin with the observance of General Lee's birthday, in each of the 32 states, and continue at various intervals throughout the summer in those states. The Dedication ceremonies will take place at Stratford, October 12, 1935, the 65th anniversary of the death of General Lee. Details of the Dedication Program are in the hands of Mrs. Orton Bishop Brown, Director for New Hampshire and Chairman of the Program Committee. Mrs. Brown is the daughter of General John B. Gordon, who was an intimate friend of General Lee and who commanded Stonewall Jackson's wing of Lee's army for the last year of the war.

The significant part taken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the preservation of Stratford is first: the restoration and furnishing of the room in which Robert E. Lee was born, (with the adjacent nursery) and, secondly, its pledge of $50,000 by means of which practically every member of this organization will be privileged to have a direct and personal part in the remaking of Stratford. Thankfulness that this decision was made must surely quicken the hearts of the daughters and granddaughters of the men who fought with Lee, and that, in the hour, when the entire nation and many foreign countries unite to honor the memory of the great Confederate leader, the United Daughters of the Confederacy will have their part recorded.

This Memorial is taking a most practical form, in that the restoration plans include the revival of the colonial arts, industries and activities of the historic plantation. This circumstance will gradually tend to make of Stratford a self-sustaining enterprise and will eventually provide employment for many people. To all of us so deeply concerned in Stratford, its success is the one happy event of the depression, and fulfills the desire of Lee's own heart expressed in his letter to his daughters, from Savannah, Georgia, November 22, 1861:—"I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has been always a great desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse-chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections." Again two weeks later he wrote to his wife: "In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only other place that I could go to, now accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and

local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place but we could make enough cornbread and bacon for our support and the girls could weave us clothes. I wonder if it is for sale and at how much. Ask Fitzhugh to try to find out when he gets to Fredericksburg."

The movement for Stratford's restoration is national in scope. Men, women and children from the north, the east, and the west are as interested as those from the south. More and more Robert E. Lee belongs to the Nation precisely as his illustrious kinsmen do, his honored father, Light Horse Harry Lee, his patriot cousins of Stratford, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, the Signers, and William and Arthur of the generation preceding his. Stratford Hall touches every period of American history. Consequently the Directors of the Lee Foundation find wherever they turn new springs of interest, fresh flowing ideas and inspiration from a thousand varied sources. The interest of the whole world can be commanded when the full story of Stratford comes to be told.

When the extraordinary accomplishments of Mrs. Lanier and her associate directors in this work are reviewed, the question frequently arises: How did the work originate? Who started it? How and when was the first seed planted?

As the former historian and research worker of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation I have been asked to reply to these queries. The incident itself is slight by comparison with what has been done since by others. The record is simply this: in the progress of certain historical researches I was making in the Spring of 1928 connected with the Washington family, I revisited Mount Vernon and planned to motor to Wakefield and to Stratford. My home was in Greenwich, Connecticut, at that time and Mrs. Lanier gave me a letter of introduction to her girlhood friend, the Tennessee Vice-Regent for Mount Vernon, Mrs. Horace Van Deventer.

My Maryland cousins from old Eastern Shore Mrs. Margaret Tilghman Marye and her son Tench Tilghman Marye, offered to motor me to Virginia We left Washington on a pleasant Sunday in May. After a picnic lunch and a quiet hour in that little grove of cedars on the banks of historic Pope's Creek we continued on our way. To me it was all untraveled ground. Beyond Stratford's being the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, a circumstance I had but recently learned, I knew nothing whatever about the history of the place. I was not prepared for the excitement and emotion which overwhelmed me at the first view of the house. It seemed almost human, old and sad and desolate and proud. It was part of the ages gone and was fast going back into those lost ages. There it stood, like a person who has long outlived his time and all his friends. Yet with robust courage, grave dignity, and eternal patience was waiting—alone—for the end. Just to see it there—like that—almost broke one's heart. A memory of England passed strangely over me as I stood silent before the great house, sense of some far off deserted villege of Mediaeval times, the quiet houses with their brooding roofs, broken chimneys and ancient brick walls with colors like fallen leaves. That such a place should be saved for America and for the world was the feeling that I had. That it was the birthplace of General Lee was, in my mind, secondary to the fact that here stood a strange, mysterious and glorious place that in itself was a heritage to the American people worth their having and holding till the end of time.

Upon returning to Washington I thought of just one thing: what could be done about it. Because General Lee was born there I felt the United Daughters of the Confederacy would be the logical organization to approach. I knew that Mrs. Lanier was President of one of its smallest and youngest chapters, William Alexander, Jr. Chapter. Accordingly I wrote to her making the suggestion the idea of purchasing Stratford as the birthplace of General Lee, and restoring it, like Mount Vernon as a national shrine. A reply came instantly; Mrs. Lanier said she was deeply interested, would like me to secure details relative to the purchase of Stratford: that something very strange had happened to her the day before my letter arrived, an incident related to my idea—she would tell me all about it on my return. Within another week I was at her home and she told me of the incident. In the room occupied by the widow of the poet Sidney Lanier, her husband's invalid father, a desk had to be repaired. Mrs. Lanier was removing the letters and papers and ran across the original draft of an address by Sidney Lanier which he had delivered to the citizens of Macon, Georgia, at a memorial meeting in 1870 following the death of General Lee. The address presented the following resolution: "Resolved: That we invite our countrymen to unite in some enduring testimonial to the stainless life and glorious services of our departed General and that in the judgment of this meeting such monument would assume its best propriety in the form of a great Hall of Fame to be built by such voluntary contributions as shall be within the compass of the humblest citizen who loved him and who desires the greatful privilege of laying some tribute on his tomb." There was no mention of Stratford in this address, but Mrs. Lanier considered that the suggestion coming in my letter almost sim-

ultaneously with the finding of the MSS, was a mystic circumstance and that "Stratford Hall" was the actual interpretation of the poets phrase, "the Hall of Fame."

She placed the poet's address and my brief letter before the Chapter. I was invited to attend the meeting when action was taken authorizing me to secure further information about Stratford and to outline the proposition in detail.

The fact that Stratford should be saved because it was General Lee's birthplace was to Mrs. Lanier the first, the primal—I might say perhaps—her only consideration at that time. Her mother, Mary Alexander Field, for whose sake and for whose happiness she had formed that little Greenwich Chapter, had grown up in the worship of Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Lanier herself, as a girl in Louisville, Kentucky, had received as a certain birthright the same personal feeling and love for General Lee. It has been the spring of all her works and prayers for Stratford then and now. Such worship of his memory is a part of her being. My father, as an officer in the United States Army, fought against General Lee, but always revered him. By means of the Stratford researches I have knowledge of General Lee and love for him that otherwise I would never have had.

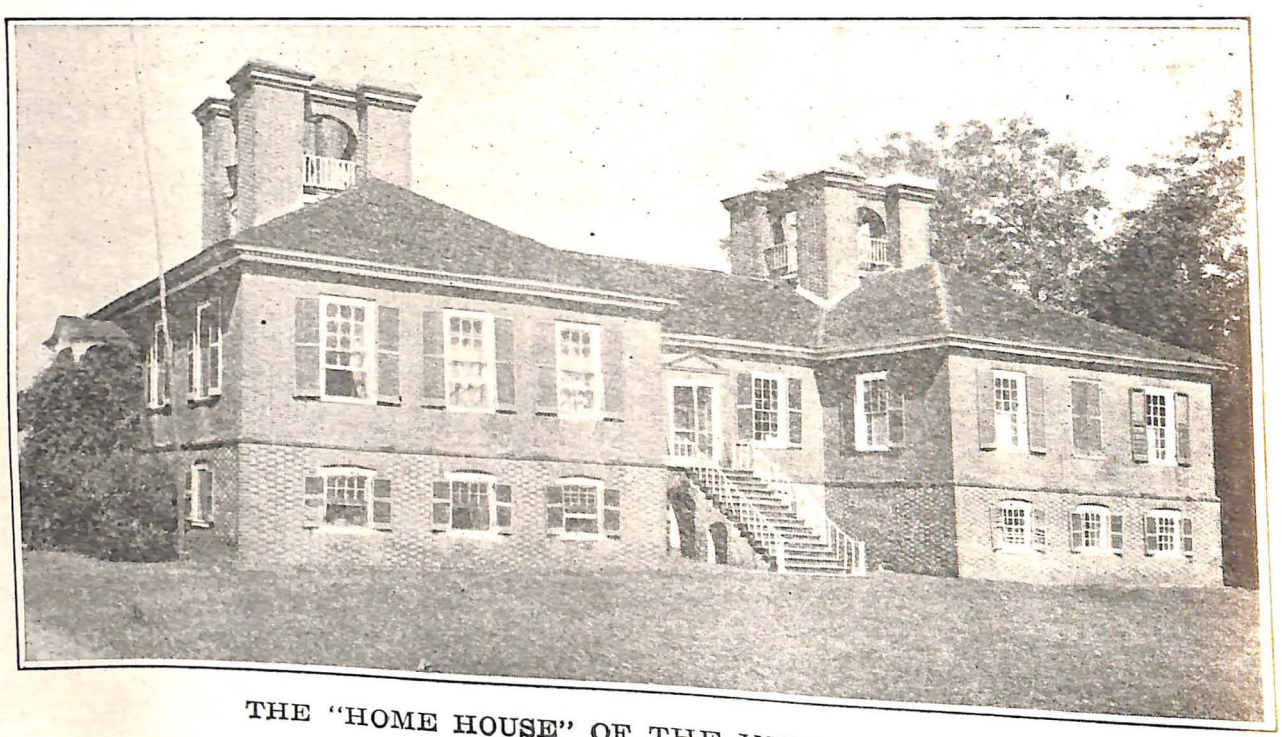
An option to purchase Stratford was secured by Mrs. Lanier during that summer, as a chapter project to be offered to the general organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their November Convention scheduled that year for Houston, Texas. The option was to expire at the close of the Convention.

Meanwhile I gave up all other work and started the researches into Stratford's history and the history of the Lees who had lived there, and asked that the first preliminary engineering and architectural survey be made so that we could have exact information. At each meeting of the Chapter during 1928 and 1929, I read the correspondence received and reported results in the progress of the investigation, the researches and the surveys. At a meeting held at the Greenwich home of the Chapter's Historian, Mrs. John D. Boyle I was invited to become an associate member of the Chapter. I explained that I could join their group only as "a Union Man" and as such was accepted.

The revelations brought forth through the re searches entranced me further. I shared them at with Mrs. Lanier. Her heart was as deeply touch ed as mine over the romance and glory of the an cient place. The stories of the patriot sons of Thomas and Hannah Lee stirred our minds. When I compiled the references to Stratford made by General Lee in his letters and certain aspects of the Colonial and Revolutionary history of the place in brief study for submission to a publisher these "revelations" so deeply interested Mrs. La nier, that her first desire, born out of the mystic happening, became I believe further strengthened and planted in resolve.

It was then late in the fall and in order to get the information out in time for the November Convention of the United Daughters of the Con federacy at Houston, Texas, the William Alexan der, Jr. Chapter decided to have it printed imme diately. Mrs. Lanier thought that the general or ganization would receive with enthusiasm this first printed record of the story of Stratford and that it would help to crystallize the proposition which she planned to offer. So the booklet, "Strat ford on the Potomac" was published in which ap peared the Memorial Address of Sidney Lanier, the historical sketch of Stratford Hall, and the pre liminary outline of the details of the purchase plan In drawing up these facts I tried to look far ahead into the years: to see the vanished gardens and the orchards bloom again: The Stratford landing, the Old Mill, the Warehouses restored: the ancient Library of the classics recovered: the arts and in

Continued on page 44



THE "HOME HOUSE" OF THE VIRGINIA LEES

Origin of Plan to Restore Stratford

Continued from page 22

dustries of the colonial plantation revived so that Stratford would become in every sense a living Shrine and not a dead museum. To these fancies and dreams, such response was given by Mrs. Lanier and such interest manifested by members of the Chapter, I felt certain that the little fleet of ships would wing their way beyond all storms to a safe haven.

How near they came to shipwreck!

It would take a volume to narrate the series of dramatic episodes that followed. Some day we will tell the story in its full detail. Mrs. Lanier stood practically alone at the Houston Convention, bearing the idea which I believe had then become as much a part of her life as her feeling for General Lee, each being so bound in the other. Clouds obscured the horizon. As the Convention days went by there seemed no way to make the vision plain. The option to purchase Stratford would expire at the close of the Convention. No move could then be taken that would save the situation. The final hour came. No action or chance for action! The Convention adjourned and the cause seemed lost. It was late at night in the lobby of the hotel. Delegates had gone—a few general officers remained. Quite by chance Mrs. Lanier learned that a Chapter could act on its own initiative, do whatever it elected, provided it did not involve the general organization.

There was not another moment of delay. Mrs. Lanier telegraphed to the owner and the Real Estate sales agent for Stratford and took up the option in the name of her Chapter. On her journey east she stopped in Knoxville, Tennessee to see her friend, Mrs. Van Deventer and to learn of the ways and means by which Mount Vernon carried on. Telegrams and long distance calls awaited her there—for the news was out. She made arrangements to see the Real Estate agent, H. L. Lewis, on her way back east when her train stopped for a brief space at midnight in the Union Station of Washington D. C. When that moment came and Mr. Lewis stepped aboard the muffled train, the only light was in the unmade section where Mrs. Lanier was waiting to sign the contract to buy Stratford for $200,000. She did not hesitate. Reading the contract, she hurriedly signed it, drawing her personal check for the necessary payment to seal the transaction, and went on her way rejoicing.

FOOTNOTE

Colonel George A. Armes, United States Army, grew up in Fairfax County, Virginia. His family were from Deerfield, Massachusetts, but came south to live in the 1850's They purchased a farm adjoining Ravensworth, the home of Mrs. William Henry Fitzhugh, aunt of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. This was also the home of the Lees for several generations. George Armes' playmate and life long friend was Dan Lee, nephew of General Lee, who, with his brother Fitzhugh Lee lived more frequently at Ravensworth than in Alexandria.

When the War Between the States broke out George A. Armes was sixteen years old. He went into the Federal army. His brother William Edward Armes, joined the Confederate forces. Shortly after the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, George Armes, twenty years old, recently made a Captain, was passing through Richmond. He and Dan Lee met again. Dan Lee took him to call on General Lee. The great Confederate leader treated young Captain Armes as if he were one of the boys of his own Army. At the close of the visit he autographed one

BLAND COUNTY FIRST VISITED BY WHITE SETTLERS IN YEAR 1756

LAND CLAIMED BY THE INDIANS

Burke's Garden Said To Have Been Settled In 1753 By One Intrepid Pioneer

ROLLS OF LEATHER SAVES LIVES OF PARTY

Indians Mistook Them For Humans And Left Pair To Sleep Without Disturbance

By BROOKE L. WILLIAMS.

Bland, Sept. 16.—Of the early history of Bland County, before the coming of the white man we know but little. There are no remains of Indian mounds, forts or extensive battlefields and no evidence of an Indian town except the fact that some hollow stones have been found in the extreme east of the county that look like they had been used by the Indians for crushing grain and some pieces of pottery that were picked up on Hunting Camp Creek.

But as it is known that the Indians carried their wives and children with them on hunting expeditions and that Southwest Virginia was used as a hunting ground by members of the Cherokees, the Shawnee and the Six Nations as well, it is more than probable that they were lost by hunting parties of Indians.

Stone tomahawks and arrowheads have been found in the county, but never in sufficient quantity at one place to indicate either a permanent town or extensive battlefield.

England Claimed Title.

The Crown of England claimed title to this county by virtue of the earlier discoveries but the Indians disputed this claim and it was only after treaties had been signed with the Six Nations in the north and the chiefs of the southern tribes that the title of the Indians to this part of the county was extinguished. This gave a clear title to the 800,000 acre grant held by the Loyal Company and gave Dr. Thomas Walker, who was their agent in Southwest Virginia the opportunity to play a most important part in the settlement of this section.

Indian Hunting Grounds.

The lands lying on the Holston, the Clinch and the New rivers were claimed as a hunting ground by practically every tribe of Indians east of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and south of the Great Lakes.

The first indication of a white man visiting what is now Bland County is the fact that one James Burk settled in "Burk's Garden" in 1753 and the tradition that he miraculously escaped death at the hands of the Indians on one of his trips from the Garden back to his home.

Whites Visit Bland.

The first real evidence we have of white men visiting the county is the record of the expedition commanded by Major Andrew Lewis which was sent out by the Government of Virginia in February 1756 to avenge the Indian massacre of the year before.

This force, consisting of settlers and friendly Cherokee Indians, was collected at Fort Lewis near Salem. They traveled from there to the New River which they crossed at Horse-Shoe Bend, then down New River to the mouth of Wolf Creek, then up Wolk Creek to its source which took them through what is now this county.

Naming Wolf Creek.

The tradition in regard to how Wolf Creek got its name is that large numbers of wolves stayed in this valley and the adjoining mountains and it was several years after the Civil War before they were completely exterminated. Hunting Camp Creek, one of its main tributaries, was so called because Indians camped on its banks in the hunting season even after the coming of the white man.

There is a tradition that has stood since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary that James Burk before mentioned, left Burk's Garden late one fall with two companions and several pack horses loaded with rolls of leather and camped for the night at Sharon Springs in this county.

Sheltered In Log House.

Instead of camping out as was the custom in those days, they took shelter in a rude structure of logs, tied their horses to the trees and throwing their rolls of leather on the floor they lay down to rest. Hearing a strange noise one of the men rose and looked out but seeing that the horses were all quiet he returned and soon fell asleep.

They were astonished next morning to find one of the horses dead, having been stabbed during the night with a large knift. They knew that Indians had been around and could not understand why they had made no attack.

They hurriedly gathered up the remaining horses, packed on the rolls

Sleep Without Disturbance

By BROOKE L. WILLIAMS.

Bland, Sept. 16.—Of the early history of Bland County, before the coming of the white man we know but little. There are no remains of Indian mounds, forts or extensive battlefields and no evidence of an Indian town except the fact that some hollow stones have been found in the extreme east of the county that look like they had been used by the Indians for crushing grain and some pieces of pottery that were picked up on Hunting Camp Creek.

But as it is known that the Indians carried their wives and children with them on hunting expeditions and that Southwest Virginia was used as a hunting ground by members of the Cherokees, the Shawnee and the Six Nations as well, it is more than probable that they were lost by hunting parties of Indians.

Stone tomahawks and arrowheads have been found in the county, but never in sufficient quantity at one place to indicate either a permanent town or extensive battlefield.

England Claimed Title.

The Crown of England claimed title to this county by virtue of the earlier discoveries but the Indians disputed this claim and it was only after treaties had been signed with the Six Nations in the north and the chiefs of the southern tribes that the title of the Indians to this part of the county was extinguished. This gave a clear title to the 800,000 acre grant held by the Loyal Company and gave Dr. Thomas Walker, who was their agent in Southwest Virginia the opportunity to play a most important part in the settlement of this section.

Indian Hunting Grounds.

The lands lying on the Holston, the Clinch and the New rivers were claimed as a hunting ground by practically every tribe of Indians east of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and south of the Great Lakes.

The first indication of a white man visiting what is now Bland County is the fact that one James Burk settled in "Burk's Garden" in 1753 and the tradition that he miraculously escaped death at the hands of the Indians on one of his trips from the Garden back to his home.

Whites Visit Bland.

The first real evidence we have of white men visiting the county is the record of the expedition commanded by Major Andrew Lewis which was sent out by the Government of Virginia in February 1756 to avenge the Indian massacre of the year before.

This force, consisting of settlers and friendly Cherokee Indians, was collected at Fort Lewis near Salem. They traveled from there to the New River which they crossed at Horse-Shoe Bend, then down New River to the mouth of Wolf Creek, then up Wolk Creek to its source which took them through what is now this county.

Naming Wolf Creek.

The tradition in regard to how Wolf Creek got its name is that large numbers of wolves stayed in this valley and the adjoining mountains and it was several years after the Civil War before they were completely exterminated. Hunting Camp Creek, one of its main tributaries, was so called because Indians camped on its banks in the hunting season even after the coming of the white man.

There is a tradition that has stood since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary that James Burk before mentioned, left Burk's Garden late one fall with two companions and several pack horses loaded with rolls of leather and camped for the night at Sharon Springs in this county.

Sheltered In Log House.

Instead of camping out as was the custom in those days, they took shelter in a rude structure of logs, tied their horses to the trees and throwing their rolls of leather on the floor they lay down to rest. Hearing a strange noise one of the men rose and looked out but seeing that the horses were all quiet he returned and soon fell asleep.

They were astonished next morning to find one of the horses dead, having been stabbed during the night with a large knift. They knew that Indians had been around and could not understand why they had made no attack.

They hurriedly gathered up the remaining horses, packed on the rolls of leather and hurried along the trail toward the New River Settlement.

Find Party Murdered.

They had gone but a mile or two when they were startled by the horrid sight of the bodies of three white men that had been murdered and scalped while they slept. They disposed of the bodies of the murdered men and hurried on to the nearest settlement and gave the alarm. Scouting parties were soon on the trail and came upon the Indians, five or six in number, on Walker's Creek and killed all but one who was captured. He revealed to his captors that his party had followed Burk's trail, came to his camp about midnight, peeped through the logs of the hut to see how many they were and mistaking the rolls of leather for so many men they concluded that the party was too large to attack unless they were asleep and killed the horse to see if the noise would arouse them.

Burk's companion looking out when he heard the noise led the Indians to believe that the whole party was on the alert and hence they passed on to the other party whose trail they had seen. Burk and his family were later killed or captured in the Indian uprising in this section in 1755.

Stolen By Indians.

There is also a tradition here that

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BLAND COUNTY FIRST VISITED BY WHITE SETTLERS IN YEAR 1756

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

about this period a small boy named White was stolen by the Indians from his home on Walker's Creek and that years after during one of the expeditions of General Clarke to quell the Indians in Kenaucky, one of his men from Walker's Creek saw a solitary Indian sitting on a log mending his moccasin

His first impulse was to shoot him but fearing that the report of his gun would bring more Indians he concluded to capture him alive. This he succeeded in doing and took him into camp.

There is developed that he was the White boy who as a child had been carried from Walker's Creek and was a full brother to the soldier who captured him.

Local, State, Sports And Auto News

SECOND SECTION—Pages 1 To 16. RO

MASSACRE AT DRAPERS MEADOW PROVIDES ALL THRILLS OF A NOVEL

MRS. INGLES AND HER FIGHT FOR LIFE

Hard Surfaced Highways Mark Faint Trail Courageous Woman Travelled

INDIANS FIRE HOMES AND STEAL THE WOMEN

Unstoried Incidents Of Famous Old Dominion Chapter Of History Recalled

By CHAS. H. CARSON.

(Third of a series of articles upon the early history of Southwest Virginia.)

Radford, Va., Sept. 16.—Young and old men of this section, in their boyhood days, used to read the thrilling adventures of Wild West life and incidents of capture by the Indians, in the hay loft perhaps, while fond mothers and fathers ransacked the house looking for the youngster to perform his household duties.

Every true American boy has read of the pioneer days of our country. The point made, however, is that such a procedure of making for the hay loft with a dime novel, was utterly useless, for they had only to read of the pioneer days of the history of Southwest Virginia, to get their fill of experiences of "Indian warfare," and all of it that was read being true.

Draper's Meadow Massacre.

Take for instance the massacre of "Drapers Meadow" that little settlement that we left in our article of last week flourishing so prominently. There is the story of Mrs. Mary Ingles, who in 1775 during the massacre was captured by the Indians near Blacksburg and carried about eight hundred miles to the Western Indian country, whence she made her escape accompanied by another woman.

After a four months journey of indescribable hardships she reached her home at Ingles Ferry, on New River, about where Radford now stands. No more thrilling narrative in Virginia history is there than this, and no one woman in Virginia history deserves so well to be remembered, as does this pioneer of our own Southwest.

Relief Parties Sent Out.

But going back further than the date of the Drapers Meadow massacre, we see that relief parties were being sent from the government at old Williamsburg for the relief of the pioneers on the border, who had risked everything to push civilization further into the wilderness fastness. But relief came too late for the first settlement in Southwest Virginia.

In a copy of "The Pennsylvania Gazette," the first newspaper ever owned outright and published by Benjamin Franklin, a copy of which the present writer is fortunate enough to possess, we find this account under a Williamsburg date line which taken in connection with the events which will later be related will prove interesting:

Relieving the Distressed.

"We have the pleasure to acquaint the publick, that a great number of the principal Gentlemen of this Colony have voluntarily associated themselves under the Command of the Honourable Peyton Randolph, Esq., at their own Expence, to march to the Frontiers of this Colony, for relieving their distressed Fellow Subjects, chastising the Insolence, and revenging the Cruelties of the French, and their barbarous Allies; and for these Purposes have agreed to meet at Fredericksburg, the 20th of this Instant, with such a Number of Men as each of them has undertaken to employ and maintain in this Service, dressed in short plain blue Frocks, with cross Pockets, short white Nankeen, or brown Holland Waistcoats, and Breeches of the same, and plain Hats; armed each with a Firelock, a Brace of Pistols, and a cutting Sword, and furnished with one Pound of Powder and four Pounds of Ball; each Associator who goes paying immediately to the commanding Officer Three Pounds, and the same Sum for every man he carries with him; and those who do not go, Ten pounds for every Man they send."

"This Association began on Saturday last, and a great Number of young Gentlemen in and about Williamsburg have already engaged themselves in this Service; and as it is not doubted the same public Spirit will prevail thro' the whole County, it is expected the Appearance of the Associators at Fredericksburg will be very numerous."

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"Every Gentleman in this Colony has now an Opportunity of manifesting his zeal for the Good of his Country, by entering into or contributing, according to his Abilities, toward this laudable Undertaking. And whosoever but seriously reflects on the unhappy Situation of our Countrymen on the Frontiers, will need no other Inducement to exert himself to the utmost on this Occasion.

(Note: Written and punctuated as given in newspaper).

Help Arrives Too Late.

But as we have said, relief for Drapers Meadows arrived too late. In the recital of the Drapers Meadows massacre, numerous historians have written numerous pages chronicling the events of the passing of this first Southwest Virginia settlement. All of them, however, in so far as the present writer has been able to find, have derived their story from that of Mr. John P. Hale in his "Trans-Allegheny Pioneers." To this man must go the credit of chronicling the true events of that period as did no other since his time, and it is because of this man and his work that we are again entitled to present it here.

Warhoops Cut the Air.

It was Sunday, July 8th, 1775, the day before the memorable defeat of Braddock, near Fort Du Quesne. All was peace with no presentment of approaching trouble in the little settlement of Drapers Meadows.

Colonel James Patton who was a large landholder in the vicinity of the settlement was sitting in one of the log huts at a table writing, with his broad sword resting on the table beside him. William Ingles and some

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

MASSACRE AT DRAPERS MEADOW PROVIDES ALL THRILLS OF A NOVEL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

f the other men of the settlement ere in a grain field a short distance om the houses, but out of sight of hem. William Preston, a nephew of olonel Patton, had been sent by him a distant neighbor's, Phillip Lyrook, who lived on Sinking Creek, get him to come over the next ay and help with the harvest. Mrs. ohn Draper was out of doors a short istance from the house.

Suddenly from the surrounding oods came the shrill scream of the ndian warhoop, and Mrs. Draper firs discovered them and realized their inent. Rushing into her house to give he alarm and to secure her baby hich was sleeping at the time, she rasped the child in her arms and an out of the other side of the house ndeavoring to make her escape.

Her Arm Fractured.

The Indians, however, discovered er, and one, firing at her, fractured *he arm in which she was carrying he infant. The child fell to the round, but the desperate mother, ardly slackening her flight, reached own and regained it, with the one ood arm that she had left. She, owever, was soon taken prisoner by ome of the party, and the brains of he infant were dashed out against he rude logs that composed the ome that parents had built for it.*

Colonel Patton rushed out as the ndians approached him, and with his roadsword and displaying that fightng quality that had made him faous, cut down two of them before hey could reach him, but was in turn hot down by others in the tribe. The esult of this sudden sweep of the nemy into the settlement was: Dead —Colonel James Patton, Mrs. George raper, Casper Barrier and a child f John Drapers; wounded—Mrs. John raper, and James Cull; prisoners—frs. William Ingles, Mrs. John Drapr and Henry Lenard.

Husband Sees Home Burn.

The first intimation William Ingles, who was in his grain field, had of the ate of his family was when he looked up from his work and saw the moke ascending from what had one ime been his home. He approached ut upon seeing how he was outnumered, he took to flight. The Indians etecting him pursued. In jumping ver a fallen tree that was in his ath he fell, but being concealed by he log and the brush, the Indians ollowing passed him, having run round the ends of the tree instead f jumping over it.

The few remaining settlers were owerless, and knowing this the Inians took plenty of time, ransacked what was left of the settlement, set the houses on fire, and loading their plunder and their prisoners on their horses started on their journey back to the Indian country.

Act of Savagery.

About a half mile on their route, hey committed an act of savagery that cannot be equalled by any of their race. They stopped at the house f Philip Barger, an old white haired man, and deliberately cut his head from his body. Taking this gruesome object, they placed it in a sack and left it at the house of Philip Lybrook further on the road telling Mrs. Lybrook to look in the bag after they had gone and she would find an acquaintance.

The general course that the Indians took in their retreat with their prisoners was down New River, but no records have been preserved of the exact route.

Women Had to Walk.

"On the night of the third day out," says Hale, "the course of nature, which waits not upon conveniences nor surroundings, was fulfilled with Mrs. Ingles, far from human habitation, in the wide forest, unbounded by walls, with only the bosom of mother earth for a couch, and covered by the green trees and the blue anopy of heaven, with a curtain of black darkness around her, gave birth to an infant daughter."

But on they went. Sometimes the wo women were permitted to ride, *most of the time they had to walk. Finally they came to the Kanawha river and crossed it and upon reaching a salt spring above the mouth of* Campbell's Creek, they stopped to rest.

Here while the Indians were hunting, resting and goughing themselves off of the animals that they had killed, they put the prisoners to work making salt at the springs, and this act of these prisoners under the tutelage of the savages was one beyond a doubt in which they were the first white persons who ever made salt anywhere west of the Alleghenies.

Strange are the workings of time. About one hundred years later one of her grandsons, Crockett Ingles, was a saltmaker within sight of this original salt spring and John P. Hale, himself the author of the principal work regarding the experiences of Mary Ingles, and one of her great grandsons was a salt manufacturer within a few hundred yards of where his great grandmother made salt that day in July 1775.

Reach Indian Town.

Finally they started again on their ourney and many, many days later reached an Indian town. Here according to custom the white prisoners were made to run the gauntlet, all except Mrs. Ingles whom on account of her condition they excused. Mrs. Draper however was put through the terrible ordeal, despite her shattered arm and the condition she was in after hundreds of miles of walking.

Then came the most agonizing moment of their captivity. Their children, which had been brought along with them, were separated from them. All of the prisoners were divided out among the Indians of the tribe as their slaves. All of the children of Mrs .Ingles were taken except the infant. One was sent up or near Detroit, another went into the interior never to be heard of again, Mrs. Draper was sent to the region of Chillicothe and the other prisoners were scattered over the face of the wilderness.

Made Shirts For Tribe.

Mrs. Ingles remained in the Indian village. French traders coming along old the Indians shirting, and Mrs. Ingles was put to work making shirts for the tribe. Later a delegation of prisoners among whom Mrs. Ingles on account of her past experience was very prominent, were sent to a distant point to make salt for the tribe.

Among this number was a Dutch woman, but none of Mrs. Ingles party r acquaintances were taken along.

Here it was after suffering all the hardships possible that Mrs. ingles decided to make her escape. She took he old Dutch woman into her confidence. They each took one blank and a tomahawk and without any other baggage started to depart.

Then came the supreme moment of her life, when she had to decide between her escape without her baby, or remaining and both being killed ater.

"Who can conceive of the agony of a young mother compelled to decide such a question" asks Hale. 'and to act with such alternatives before her? But Mrs. Ingles was a man of no ordinary nerve. She did decide and act, and who will say hat she did not decide wisely?"

Start Perilous Journey.

And so it was that these two women started one afternoon when they had purposely strayed a little distance from the camp. There were no oads in those days, they had no guides, they knew nothing of the routes, distances or points of the compass. However, they had faith in the Almighty and with a prayer to him for their guidance and protection, they crept into the forest and started on their journey of hundreds of miles.

During the day they crawled through he forests, hiding from the Indians and wild beasts, both of which were after their blood. At night they tried to get rest in a nest of leaves. They subsisted on walnuts, hickory nuts, and wild grapes.

One day in their journey they ran in sight of an Indian town on the opposite side of the river. They concealed themselves until night however, and when ready to start out, found an old horse with a tinkling bell tied around its neck. They took the horse, muffled the bell with leaves, and without shoes and hardly clothes, weary, sore and famished pushed on This horse was a great acquisition, but was not to last. In trying to ford the river later on at one point, the horse became caught in the drift and had to be left to its fate, as the two women were not physically able to extract the animal from the grave it had made for itself. So without the horse, in addition to their other many troubles they plunged on and on.

Draw Lots For Death.

But to follow their travels step by step would be useless. To them, they went on and on, never reaching an objective, never seeing a face, never hearing a human sound. All days were the same. Many days later however, another danger presented itself to Mrs. Ingles .She could plainly see that the old Dutch woman was losing her mind. Then one day in the anquish of starvation, she threatened to kill Mrs. Ingles and make food of her. Mrs. Ingles suggested that they draw lots to decide which one should be sacrificed. To this the Dutch woman consented.

There in the still of the forest, with a maddened creature as a companion the lots were made ready. The old Dutch woman drew one and grinned the grin of the demented. Mrs. Ingles drew the other saying that she should be sacrificed. She it was, who was to be killed with cannabalistic intent. Then she tried to reason and promised the crazed creature large sums of money if she would spare her.

But the starved woman would not rear to it and finally succeeded in getting Mrs. Ingles in her clutches. Then there started with naught but hey sky above and the trees of the orest as witnesses, a struggle between life and death. The one to appease her hunger, the other to save her life. Both were so weak rom exhaustion that it was a pitiful sight, but Mrs. Ingles being the stronger, succeeded in getting away rom the Dutch woman, and leaving her exhausted, continued her journey.

When out of sight, she slipped under the river bank and serceted herself, until the maddened creature behind her rumbled past, in her demented condition, thinking that she had gone on ahead.

Finds Friends at Last.

On and on Mrs. Ingles trudged, at imes dazed and not knowing where she was going, at times falling—only to arouse herself later on and continue her journey. Day by day this continued. Then one day, like a bolt out of a clear sky, she came directly in the path of a patch of corn that was growing in a field. She saw no one, but she screamed and screamed again. She was heard by Adam Harmon and his two sons whose patch it was. Harmon remarked to his sons, "Surely, that must be Mrs. Ingles voice." Then she too recognized Harmons voice, rushed to him, and poor exhausted creature, swooned and fell to the ground insensible.

And so Mrs. Ingles came back to her people. She had not seen a fire for forty days, and not tasted food except nuts and berries; had not known shelter, had not known a bed, yet notwithstanding within this time since her escape she had run, walked, crawled, climbed and waded approximately eight hundred miles through an untrodden wilderness. Hales says of this remarkable accomplishment, "Indeed, I do not know, in all history, the record of a more wonderful and heroic performance than that of this brave little woman, all things considered."

Restored to Her People.

When Mrs. Ingles had recovered and had been taken by Harmon to her friends at Ingles Ferry where the remnant of Drapers Meadow had congregated, Mrs. Ingles pleaded with him to go back and look for the old woman that she had had to desert. This he did, and finding her riding a horse along the paths brought her back to the Fort where again with Mrs. Ingles, they forgave each other and she was finally restored to her people. After leaving Mrs. Ingles she had come upon an abandoned camp, with meal cooking and everything where she remained for a number of days until she could travel on one of the horses that had been abandoned.

But all true stories should have a happy ending. Suffice it to say that this one does, for Mrs. Ingles was shortly restored to her husband William Ingles and her brother John Draper. Later on the "Draper's Meadows-Ingle's Ferry" settlement became an outlying advanced post of civilization. These sturdy pioneers were not disheartened and builded for the future and this settlement, standing on the edge of the then great western wilderness soon became a place of meeting and a point of departure, for individuals, families and parties going west.

Tramp Trail of Ancestors.

Today, here in Radford, at Blacksburg, at Christiansburg and at Dublin, live the descendents of the Ingles and the Drapers, tramping daily over the same grounds that their ancestors fought the Indians over, while the Norfolk and Western Railroad and wide stretches of Macadam roadbeds, pass over the faint trail of Mrs. Ingles and the old Dutch woman, made by then in 1775 in their eight hundred mile tramp from captivity into civilization.

It is to such characters as these, the Ingles and the Drapers, that we living today in the best period of American history, owe a debt far greater than we can imagine or can ever repay for the prosperity and contentment in which we dwell.

A FAMOUS RIDE

On the night of June 3-4, 1931, a ghostly horseman galloped headlong over the Virgina hills from Cukoo Tavern to Charlottesville, Va. As his sweating steed struggled through woods and fields, a troop of cavalrymen rushed along the main highway toward the same objective. The lone rider was Jack Jouett, riding again after one hundred and fifty years to warn Governor Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, that the British were coming. The phantom troopers were Tarleton's raiders bent on capturing the governor and legislature of Virginia, which were meeting at Charlottesville at the time.

Jourett's ride was reënacted in celebration of its sesquicentennial, for it is forty miles from Cukoo Tavern to Charlottesville, and the ride would be too difficult an undertaking ordinarily. But imaginative Virginians who listened sharply on the anniversary night heard again in fancy the clatter of hoofs along the route, as the ghosts of Capt. Jack Jouett and Col. Banastre Tarleton raced once more to the same destination in what was one of the most dramatic episodes of the American Revolution.

The Virginia Legislature of that year included Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Nelson, Jr., and Benjamin Harrison, and it was with a view to capturing these eminent Confederates —all but the first of whom had signed the Declaration of Independence—together with Thomas Jefferson, its author, that the British colonel was swooping down on Charlottesville with 180 dragoons and 70 mounted infantrymen on that day in June, 1781.

Jouett happened to be at Cukoo Tavern, Louisa County, when the British dashed past. He at once suspected their object, and resolved to outride them. As the raiders were on the main road, he was forced to cut across country, and set out in the moonlight at about ten o'clock. Fortunately, he was familiar with the byways of Louisa and Albemarle Counties; otherwise, the task he set for himself would have been utterly hopeless. Even so, the difficulties of traveling forty miles at night on horseback over rough country, at times through pathless forests, at times by little-used trails, were formidable in the extreme. A less dauntless spirit than Jouett's would have quailed at the prospect.

But this twenty-six-year-old giant, standing six feet four inches and weighing 220 pounds, plunged ahead, his only thought to reach Monticello and Charlottesville in time. Through the sultry June night he pressed on, little heeding the overhanging limbs which lashed his face as he rode. At about 4:30 A.M., just as dawn was breaking, he pulled up at the portico of Jefferson's pillared mansion. He had beaten the British by several hours.

After warning the master at Monticello, Jouett rode on to near-by Charlottesville and roused the legislators. If Jefferson and the Assemblymen had fled immediately, they would have been in no danger of capture, but they apparently were unwilling to be hurried. The consequence was that Tarleton almost bagged them. Jefferson escaped by a hair's breadth, and seven of the lawmakers were seized before they could get out of town. Henry, Nelson, Lee, and Harrison were not among the number, however.

In recognition of Jouett's ride, a more difficult exploit than the more celebrated fifteen-mile dash of Paul Revere, the Virginia Legislature voted him an "elegant sword" and a brace of pistols. The following year he said good-by to his native Albemarle and moved to what is now Kentucky. Jouett settled in Mercer County, at that time a wild region infested with Indians. Not long after his arrival he married Sallie Robards, sister of Lewis Robards, first husband of Mrs. Andrew Jackson. When Robards and his wife sought a divorce from the Virgina Assembly at the session of 1790-91, Jouett, who was then serving his second term in that body, was instrumental in obtaining the passage of an act authorizing the proper court to determine whether grounds for divorce existed.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Robards was wrongly informed that an absolute divorce had been granted and that Andrew Jackson then married her. It was not until two years later, when the divorce they believed to have been granted in 1791 was finally authorized by the court, that they became aware of their mistake. They thereupon had a second marriage ceremony performed.

Jack Jouett, whose real name was John, spent the last forty years of his life in Kentucky and was one of the State's leading citizens. He moved from Mercer County to Woodford County in 1793. Woodford is in the heart of the famous blue-grass region, and Jouett is credited with having been a prime factor in the early development of Kentucky as a great live stock producing State.

Jouett died in Bath County in 1822, and is believed to have been laid to rest in the family burying ground of his daughter, Elizabeth Lewis Jouett Hadin, a resident of the county.

And just as his last resting place has fallen into neglect, Jack Jouett's fame has dwindled to almost nothing beyond the boundaries of the Old Dominion. Incredible as it may seem, a number of Jefferson's biographers do not so much as mention his name. Several descendants are better known.

[From *National Tribune.*]

TIMROD'S BEAUTIFUL ODE.

"It would not be too much to say that a society which gave occasion for the beautiful ode of Timrod, written for its first anniversary, has thereby justified its existence; but I am sure that the equal of this ode has not been written for any other of our societies in this or any other Southern State. A celebration of your anniversary would not be complete without hearing it, and with its repetition I shall conclude this address:

"'Sleep sweetly in your humble graves;
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown;
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! But your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned!'"

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLIE HOME.

[This complete copy of the old song, composed by John Fletcher, was contributed by Mrs. George S. Holmes, of Charleston, S. C., Mr. E. R. Hopkins, of Columbus, Miss., also sent some stanzas of this old song, which he "used to sing on serenades some fifty-five years or more ago."]

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
  On the grass the moonlight fell;
Hushed the sound of the daylight bustle,
  Closed the pink-eyed pimpernell,
As adown the moss-grown woodpath,
  Where the cattle love to roam,
From an August evening party,
  I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus.

In the sky the bright stars glittered
  On the star-bespangled dome,
From an August evening party,
  I was seeing Nellie home.

When the autumn tinged the greenwood,
  Turning all its leaves to gold,
In the lawn, by elders shaded,
  I my love to Nellie told;
As we stood together gazing
  On the star bespangled dome,
How I blessed the August evening,
  When I saw sweet Nellie home.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,
  Furrows steal upon my brow,
But a love smile cheers and blesses
  Life's declining moments now.
Matron in the snowy kerchief,
  Closer to my bosom come,
Tell, dost thou still remember
  When I saw sweet Nellie home?

A Southern Rose.

(To a Southern Belle Married to a French Nobleman.)

Beneath the sky
  Where you and I
Were born, where beauty grows,
  Up from the sod
  At touch of God
There sprang a stately rose.

It grew, and men in wonderment
  Beheld the beauteous thing.
Alas! for Hope which wooing went
  And Love which sorrowing
Learns that the flower it loves the best,
The one it guards the tenderest,
The hand of Fate transplants.
  Our Southern rose
  Now sweetly grows
Among the hills of France.

Go search the gardens of Vendé,
  Which poets long have sung;
Go cull the flowers that blush the hills
  Of Picardie among.
  Land of romance!
  Fair land of France!

With all your glorious flowers,
  Lilies of old
  And cloth of gold,
We needs must lend you ours.
  Right well, I guess,
  For loveliness,
  For beauty in repose,
There is no lily in all France
  Can match our Southern rose.

SONGS OF THE DAYS OF WAR.

(Continued from page 35)

"My Warrior Boy," A. F. E. Muse.

"National Hymn," J. W. Groschel, Capt. E. Griswold.

"Old Stonewall," F. Younker, C. D. Dasher.

"The Old Home Ain't What It Used to Be," C. A. White.

"The Old North State Forever," author, Judge Gaston.

"Origin of the Stars and Bars," Harry McCarthy.

"Paul Vane," H. D. L. and J. P. Webster.

"Pin Money," Harry Walker.

"Pray, Maiden, Pray," A. J. Turner, A. W. Kercheval.

"The Prisoner's Lament," O. Becker, W. E. Clarkson.

"Root, Hog, or Die."

"Soldier, I Stay to Pray for Thee," J. W. Groschel, J. S. Thovington.

"The Southern Cross," author, St. George Tucker.

"The Southern Soldier Boy," W. Ludden, Father Ryan.

"The Southron's Watchword," S. Glover, M. F. Bigney.

"The Star-Spangled Cross," Sabaltern.

"Stuart," A. E. Blackmore, Mrs. H. J. Vose.

"Stonewall Jackson's Prayer," B. A. Whaples, L. Rieves.

"The Sword of Robert Lee," Armand, Moina.

"Three Cheers for Our Jack Morgan," Dan Emmett, Eugene Raymond.

"Up with the Flag," Mrs. William B. Harrell.

"Wait Till the War, Love, Is Over."

"When the Boys Come Home," C. C. Sawyer.

"You Are Going to the Wars, Willie Boy?" John M. Hewitt.

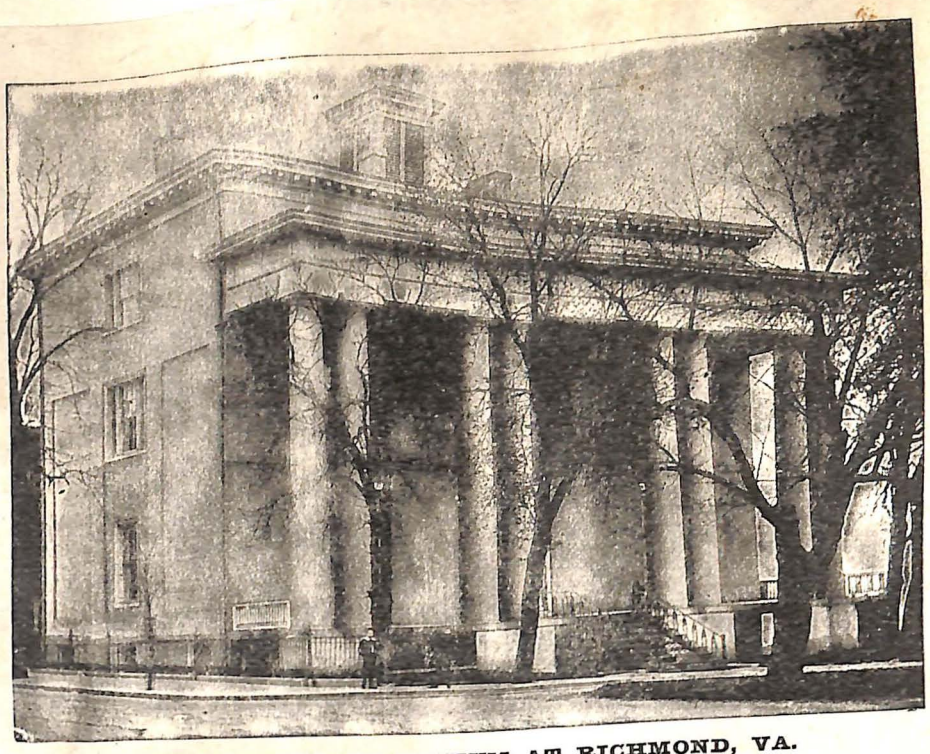
WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL.

BY ALBERT SPEIDEN, MANASSAS, VA.

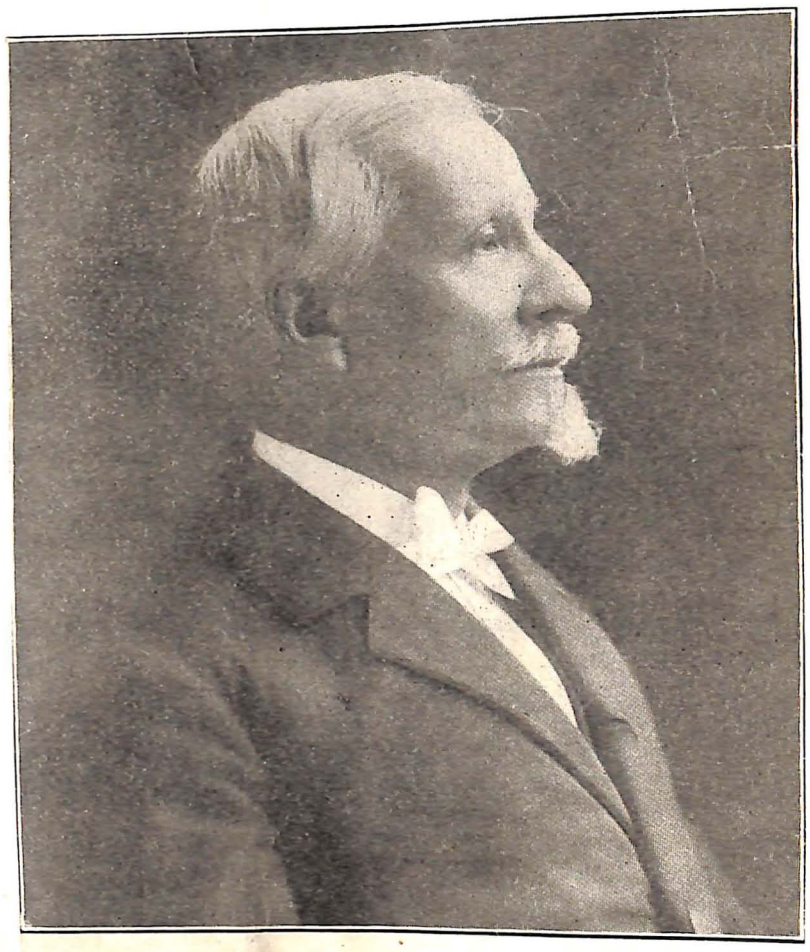
'Mid the hills of old Virginia,
  Off from the beaten way,
Is a spot to the memory dear
  Of the wearers of the gray.
'Twas there on that fateful evening,
  After a day of shot and shell,
The South received a mortal blow
  When Stonewall Jackson fell.

The sun seemed to reach its zenith,
  On the dear old Southern Cause;
Though in splendor it had risen,
  Now its ascent seemed to pause.
Clouds arose and hovered near,
  And forebodings dark did dwell
'Round the spot that fateful night
  Where Stonewall Jackson fell.

More than threescore years have passed
  While the full moon overhead
Sheds the same effulgent light as in those times
  As when Jackson his troopers led.
The pine trees swaying in the breeze
  Still a solemn requiem swell
O'er that sacred, hallowed spot
  Where Stonewall Jackson fell.



THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM AT RICHMOND, VA.
The home of President Davis after Richmond was made the capital of the Confederacy. (See article on pages 438, 439.)



EDWARD V. VALENTINE
Southern Sculptor

See page 45

SLAVE LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

An interesting letter comes from Rev. Franklin W. Irvin, 2 Holden Street, Walden, Mass., asking for information on slave life in the South befo' de wah. Doubtless many of the VETERAN readers can give such information from personal knowledge, which will be all the more worth while to him. The VETERAN has suggested some books which would be of value to him in his research, and such suggestions could be made by others to good effect. This is his letter:

"I am a native of Kentucky, of Virginia ancestry, and the son of a former owner of slaves in Kentucky. I recall many things that mother used to tell of the happenings of those days, but, being only a child then, I have forgotten, or never was told, many of the details of life that I should like to know now.

"Incidentally, I might say that I am a Baptist minister, and have on many occasions mentioned certain facts and incidents incident to slave life in the South. Whenever I started relating these experiences it was a signal for rapt attention on the part of these Northerners, whose ideas and thoughts of those days are so crude and warped, and miles away from the real facts. So interested have they been from time to time, that they have repeatedly begged for more, or asked me to give them evenings from time to time that they might hear more of the romance of the South of those days.

"Personally, I am deeply interested, and for my own sake as well as theirs, I should like to know more. These folk in the Northern sections have had no opportunity to learn the truth, and know nothing of those wonderful days forever gone. I want information as to who called the slaves from their cabins in the morning, how it was done, what then did they do; who told them what to do for the day; who or what called them to breakfast; where did they eat; what next; did they have sub-overseers who were appointed by the white master; the women and children . . . . the routine of their daily life, etc. These and a thousand other questions arise from time to time."

ANTIQUES.

BY SUSAN C. MILNER.

My friend, who owns a lovely shop where fine antiques are sold,
Was speaking of the things she loves, her treasures quaint and old.
"Some time, we, too, will be antique," she murmured with a sigh;
"Our bodies may be old and bent for years before we die.
I wish to be a cameo that pins a frill of lace,
And people will admire me when they look upon my face."
And then she quoted, musingly: "'Grow old along with me.'
I chose a precious cameo, now tell what you would be."
I roused myself to contemplate the things assembled there,
A glossy horse-hair sofa and a lovely walnut chair,
Old clocks and mirrors, pewter ware, hooked rugs—a trundle bed.
My eyes enjoyed the grace of them before I softly said:
"I would not be a footstool, for my life has been too sweet
To end my days by being pressed beneath some careless feet.
I would not be a whatnot, for it carries such a load,
And most of us have had our share along life's rugged road.
A clock is quite important, and a striking thing I know,
But it by some one must be wound before its wheels will go.
I think when I am old and frail and placed upon a shelf,
I'll be a burnished candlestick and brighten up myself;
When tapers are kept burning, I will shed a cheerful light;
If friends neglect the service, I will still be fairly bright."
So, cameo and candlestick sat chatting side by side,
And spoke of things they wished to be at life's gray eventide.

Davis's Day

TWENTY-THREE years ago the late Bishop Galloway, in a eulogy of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, said:

"When another hundred years have passed, no intelligent voice will fail to praise him and no patriotic hand will refuse to place a laurel wreath upon his radiant brow."

Less than a quarter of a hundred years have elapsed and no patriotic voice has been raised against the placing of Mr. Davis's statue in the Capitol at Washington. It is amazing to those Americans who are old enough to associate the Southern leader with "a sour apple tree," that a generation has come on the scene which refuses to harbor the animosities of a bygone day. Doubtless Mr. Davis himself, like his greater contemporary, General Lee, contributed to the cultivation of this generous attitude. He survived the war by twenty-four years, but he accepted in full the results of that struggle, painful as they were to him. In 1885, when General Grant lay dying at Mount McGregor, a Northern editor sought to secure a sensational article by asking the Southern chieftain to criticize the military career of the victor of Appomattox. Davis replied:

"Your request cannot be complied with for the following reasons: First, General Grant is dying: second, though he invaded our country with a ruthless hand, it was an open hand and, as far as I know, he abetted neither arson nor pillage, and has since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to the Confederacy, either in the military or civil service. Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body."

And in the last public address which he delivered, a few months before his death, he said:

"The past is dead, let it bury its dead, its hopes and aspirations; before you lies the future—a future full of golden promise; a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your place in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited country."

That the country is reunited to a remarkable degree is no doubt due to Mr. Davis and those leaders of "the Lost Cause," who proved themselves such good losers. In the Spanish-American War, and in far greater measure in the World War, the sons and grandsons of the Blue and the Gray marched shoulder to shoulder. And in grappling with the problems of peace, the nation is no longer weakened by the old sectionalism. Indeed, the time has come when the North looks hopefully to the patriotism and the moral conviction of the South as a bulwark against un-American forces which tend to sweep away the institutions which were founded by the great Southerners like Washington, Jefferson, and Marshall, and the great Northerners like the Adamses, Hamilton, and Jay.—*Editorial in the Christian Advocate (New York).*

A FRATERNAL GATHERING AFTER THE WAR.

In this group of distinguished guests at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., in 1869, General Lee was a distinctive figure, all representing the good citizenship of the country anxious to help their fellow-man in the struggle for rehabilitation of the South. In the back row, standing (left to right) are: Gen. James Conner, of South Carolina; Gen. John W. Geary, U. S. A.; Gen. John B. Magruder, of Virginia; Gen. Robert D. Lilley, U. S. A.; Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard; Gen. Lew Wallace, U. S. A.; Gen. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia; Gen. Joseph L. Brent, U. S. A. Sitting (left to right): Blacque Bey, General Lee, George Peabody, W. W. Corcoran, James Lyons.

(From Photographic History of the War. Courtesy Review of Reviews Company.)

See page 324.

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BY INEZ SMITH.

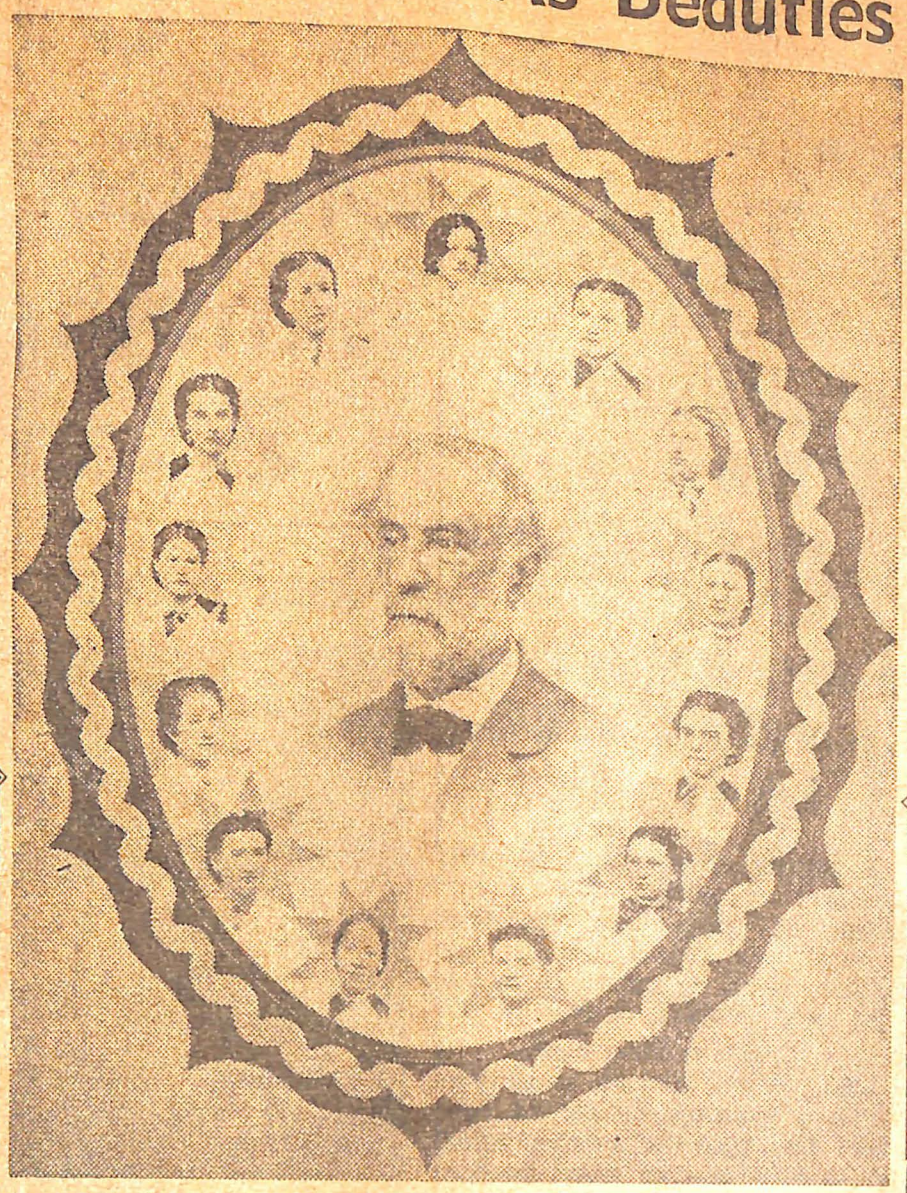
He sat across the aisle from me,
  This silver-haired old man
With wrinkled skin and ill-kept clothes
  And feeble, trembling hands.
I knew that by the looks of him
  He must a veteran be,
Upon his way to join the throng
  That did keep jubilee.
For a reunion was in course
  In Dixie land that day,
So this old man, as many more,
  Was bent upon his way.

And so I bowed and spoke to him;
  He bowed and spoke to me.
Ere long we were acquainted quite,
  And chatting merrily—
"Ah, I could tell of wond'rous things,"
  He nodded, with a smile;
"Of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,
  And tramping mile by mile.
Although I'm not as spry as you,
  And silver's in my hair,
I have a store of memories great
  That you cannot compare."

As he sat there and chatted long
  Of glorious bygone days,
I breathed a prayer to him to keep
  This man of childish ways:
"God, guide his feeble, faltering steps,
  And give him joy this day,
He dared defend a cause thought right,
  And followed all the way.
Like him, may I have courage to
  Defend the things I think are right,
E'en though I, too, may chance to be
  A loser in the fight."

Mystery Surrounds Picture Of General Lee And Bevy Of Young Girls Known As Beauties Of Botetourt

MRS. VIRGINIA LACKLAND



"THE BELLES OF FINCASTLE"

MRS. SID CRAFT

By JESSE CHAPMAN
Times Staff Writer

A small yellowed picture that is believed to have been made by a traveling photographer during the late years of the War Between the States has been brought to light in Botetourt county and with it a story still disconnected and much a mystery.

The picture—though it's really a print of an original—shows a photo or painting of General Robert E. Lee, surrounded in an oval by pictures of 13 young women, whom, it is claimed, were once known as "The Belles of Fincastle."

Old Families Represented

Old families of Botetourt are said to have been represented on the composite photograph. Women with the maiden names of Stoner, Hudson, Brooks and Wilson, among others, are pictured. These families are still prominent in the county.

Attention to the picture was focused last month when a radio program over a national hook-up was heard by Mrs. Sid Craft, a widow of Springwood, a small village on the James between Fincastle and Buchanan.

As Mrs. Craft says she heard it, a woman from another southern state had found among the possessions left by her father a picture of General Lee surrounded by 13 stars in which the head of a young woman appeared in each.

Seeking information as to the origin and history of the picture, the woman had her quest featured on the program, "There's Gold if You Find It," September 13.

Mrs. Craft heard the broadcast. Recognizing several points in the description given, she recalled that her family had in its possession a photo either similar or nearly so to the one mentioned over the radio.

Found In Old Dwelling

She recalled that a picture of this description had been found in the old home of Charles Lewis Hammit at Fincastle, who died about 50 years ago. The home was inherited by Mrs. Craft and her relatives.

Mrs. Craft says that when her family took over the Hammit home there was hanging there an enlargement of "The Belles of Fincastle," about eight by 10 inches in size, encased in a lovely oval hand-carved walnut frame. In February of 1940, Mrs. Craft says, the picture, with a small marble statue, and two brass candlesticks and a pair of silver lustre vases, were stolen from the building and have not been heard of since.

On the floor of the Hammit home when the place was taken over was found the smaller print which Mrs. Craft's family prize greatly, as they believe it is one of a few now left of several that are thought to have been made.

Subsequent inquiry has revealed that Mrs. Virginia Lackland, 91-year-old woman of Lithia, near Buchanan, has knowledge regarding the picture. She says she once had a print of it, but a search of her home recently failed to reveal its whereabouts.

(A reproduction of the old picture as well as pictures of Mrs. Craft and Mrs. Lackland are shown here.)

She Gets Cash

Mrs. Craft wrote directors of the radio program, told all she knew of the picture, and was awarded a sum of money, approximately $8, and received mention on the following week's skit.

On the back of the picture in question is the name of A. H. Plecker, with the explanation "traveling artist".

Mrs. Craft and Mrs. Lackland say Plecker was from Salem and traveled in a horse and buggy during the war, making pictures as he roamed.

Mrs. Lackland says she was a girl at the time Plecker came to Fincastle. The man was a bachelor at the time, though later marrying during middle-age, and after making the pictures of the Fincastle girls gave many of the prints away, one of them to Mrs. Lackland's sister, who is now deceased.

Mrs. Craft offers the information that Hammit was himself a photographer and doubtless collaborated with the Salem expert in at least arranging for the girls to pose.

Of the 13 girls, Mrs. Lackland, though it has been many years since she has known them, says she can recall six of their names. One of them, the girl pictured at the top of the oval directly above General Lee, is Katie James, a girl yet in her teens or even younger, Mrs. Lackland says. Her sister, Minnie James, is one of the two at the bottom, the Lithia woman points out.

One Yet Alive

Others among the group include Lou Brugh, Sallie Thompson, Jennie Hudson and Ida Walkup, Mrs. Lackland says, adding that she has heard only one of the 13 is still alive and she living in another state.

Points mentioned here are all those that could be learned about the picture and the circumstances under which it was made. Since the radio program was heard, the matter has been of much interest in Botetourt county, where there is possibly some person who knows the full story behind "The Belles of Fincastle."

U. D. C. Presents Sword To Cadet Winning Honors

Southern Women Take Part in Presentation at West Point

Southwide and nationwide is the interest attaching to the conferment of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Sword of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, upon Cadet Henry Esdorn of New York, which took place Tuesday afternoon on the parade grounds of United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y. The sabre was awarded to the cadet graduating with highest honors in the department of mathematics.

Upon invitation of General William Smith, commandant of West Point, Mrs. Thomas Darrington Semple, principal of the Semple School for Girls in New York City, presented the sword in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

While the presentation will be an annual ceremony, conforming to the unanimous vote of the U. D. C., at its last general meeting in Asheville, the specific sabre which Cadet Esdorn received was a gift through the U. D. C. of Mrs. Semple, formerly of Alabama and herself a loyal daughter of the south; also an ardent and active member of the New York City organization of U. D. C. Mrs. Semple was a delegate to the Asheville general meeting and asked the privilege of providing the first sword to be given in memory of General Lee. Later in explanation of her generosity, Mrs. Semple said, "For thirty years, the girls of my school have been recipients of the hospitality of successive classes of West Point cadets. I think that 'Semple girls'—past, present and future—will take pride in the knowledge that this Lee sabre is worn by a gallant and well informed defender of their country; that they and he together—whether north or south, east or west be their homeland—will take mutual and united pleasure in honoring the memory of one of the greatest soldiers the world ever knew."

The magnificent blade, made by Caldwell and Co., jewelers of Philadelphia, is after the design suggested by Mrs. I. M. Bashinsky, of Alabama, president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The hilt shows at top the coat of arms of the Lee family. Just beneath, the engraving reads, "The Robert E. Lee Sword presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to Cadet Henry Esdorn, class of 1931, for first honors in the department of mathematics at the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York." Below the engraving, the "Stars and Bars" and the "Stars and Stripes," —the colors of each, in beautifully wrought enamel are shown with their staffs crossed, since General Lee served with distinction under both banners.

Well-known southern women, now residents of New York City, invited to accompany Mrs. Semple to West Point and to share the especial courtesies provided for her included: Mrs. James Henry Parker, president New York Chapter U. D. C.; Mrs. Harvie Dew, president New York Division U.D.C.; Mrs. Alexander J. Field president of Dixie Club; Mrs. Kenneth Blake, president of Virginia Society; Mrs. William Field Hackett, president of Raphael Semmes Chapter U. D. C.; Mrs. Frank Merrill Seamons, formerly of North Carolina; Mrs. William Calvin Jarnagin, formerly of Atlanta; Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, regent New York Chapter D. A. R.; Mrs. T. Darrington Semple, Jr.; Miss Ellen Semple; Mrs. Yaeger, president Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter U. D. C.; Mrs. W. H. Raynor, president James Henry Parker Chapter U. D. C.; Mrs. William R. Brandon, president Mathew Fontaine Maury Chapter U. D. C.; Mrs. John McClary, of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. R. L. Hall, of Orange, N. J.

(Reprinted from the *Charlotte News Observer.*)

Gen. Beauregard's Stirring Address

Gen. Beauregard has issued the following order to his army at Corinth. We cannot doubt the effect it will have upon the brave troops there:

HEADQ'RS, WESTERN DEP'T,
Corinth, Miss., May 19, 1862.

[General Order, No. 44.

For the information of this army, the following general orders, No. 28, of the Federal officer, Major-General Butler, commanding at NewGrleans, will be read on dress parade:

NOTICE.

Headquarters Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, May 15, 1862.

[General Order, No. 28.

As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from women, calling themselves ladies of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter, when any female shall, by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town, plying her avocation.

By command of Major-Gen. BUTLER.

Men of the South, shall our mothers, our wives, our daughters, and our sisters, be thus outraged by the ruffianly soldiers of the North, to whom is given the right to treat, at their pleasure, the ladies of the South as common harlots? Arouse, friends, and drive back from our soil those infamous invaders of our homes and disturbers of our family ties.

[Signed] G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Gen'l Commanding.

The Crew of the Merrimac.

The Richmond Dispatch asks, why not put the crew of the Merrimac at once to the defense of the river batteries? It is bad enough to deprive these heroic seamen of their good old ship, without reducing them to the necessity of shouldering a musket. The only compensation is to give them a chance at the batteries. *They* know all about big guns.—There is no terror in the name of gunboat to *them.* We invoke the Government at once to put these experienced gunners and veteran artillerists at the strongest fortifications we have on the river.

TRYING TO DISGRACE THEIR SOLDIERY.—The Memphis Appeal learns that the Federal soldiers who were captured by Col. Morgan at Pulaski, a short time since, and who were paroled by that officer, made their way to Nashville, where an attempt was made by Andy Johnson and the authorities to force them to disregard thier pledge, and enter the service. To the honor of the privates, and the eternal disgrace of the officials, the former positively refused to obey.

At the first of the excitement we heard several pistol reports at the head of the train, but no one was hurt, and no private individual or private property was molested. The Federal soldiers were taken prisoners, but such was the confusion that I could not learn how many. I think, however, there were only five or six on the train, and one of that number was permitted to return in virtue of pleadings of his wife, who happened to be on board. Among the number taken, I heard the names of Major Coffee and Major Halvert. Col. Morgan spared the mails for the sake of an old friend, the carrier, Mr. Morrison.

T. R. LYNE,
Of Grodonsville, Ky., on board train.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT GILES C. H.—An official dispatch received at the office of Gen. Lee, from Brigadier General Heth, states that our forces attacked the enemy at Giles Court-House at sunrise on Saturday morning, and routed them completely, driving them from that point and beyond the stronghold of that country—the narrows of New river.

There is no mention made in the dispatch of the loss on either side, nor is anything said of the capture of stores or prisoners. We judge, however, that the fruits of the victory are substantial.

From other sources we learn that Colonel S. Patton, of the 22d regiment Virginia volunteers, whom, it will be recollected, was dangerously wounded in the battle of Scarey Creek, received some injury in this engagement.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Keep it before the People!

NOTICE.

HEADQUART'RS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 15, 1862.

General Order, No. 28.

As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women *calling themselves ladies* of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

By command of Maj. Gen. BUTLER.
GEORGE C. STRONG,
A. A. G. Chief of Staff.

☞ A new regiment has been organized at Meredian, with the following field officers: W. B. Colbert of Leake, Colonel; J. A. P. Campbell of Attala, Lieut. Colonel; Enoch McDonald of Kember, Major; J. W. McDonald, Adjutant.

☞ Capt. I. M. Patridge has been promoted to Major on Col. Featherston's staff.

JEB STUART'S TRIBUTE TO HIS HORSE.

[The following comes from Alexander L. Tinsley, of Baltimore, who writes: "As illustrative of the versatility of Gen. Jeb Stuart, the following stanzas to his horse, 'Maryland,' are submitted. They were composed on the spur of the moment, just after one of his famous raids, I understand, and a copy of them was given to me many years ago by my aunt, at whose home in Shepherdstown, W. Va., they were written. She was the widow of Lieut. Col. William F. Lee, of the 33rd Virginia Infantry, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Bull Run, and who had been an old army friend of General Stuart.]

I hear your old familiar neigh,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
Asking for your corn and hay,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
But you must wait till break of day,
And Bob will then your call obey,
And make you look so sleek and gay,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

Upon your proud old back I'll sit,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
When last night's bivouac I quit,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
To use my spur I'll not omit,
And minding ditches not a whit,
I'll yield to you the willing bit,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

I've seen you rear that noble crest,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
When battle brings its stirring zest,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
When duty calls you have no rest,
But o'er the fields from east to west,
You yield to every hard behest,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

I feel secure upon your back
  Maryland! My Maryland!
When danger howls upon your track,
  Maryland! My Maryland!
You bore me o'er the Potomac,
You circumvented *Little Mac*,
O, may I never know your lack,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

ALABAMA'S POET-PRIEST.

Father Abram J. Ryan delivered an address before a Confederate Memorial Association in Wilmington, N. C., in 1879. After his address many ladies of the town went to his hotel and asked for his autograph. Not having an autograph album, Mrs. S. V. Darby asked Father Ryan to write in her prayer book, and he wrote these lines:

"My name is nothing,
And my songs are less.
The poet passes
With his songs away—
Echoes of earth
And little worth.
The priest's sweet masses
And his fervent prayer,
When all song passes,
Live fore'er and e'er,
And I will pray for thee.
How much more strong
Than any song
Is prayer, which moves eternity!
May God's grace
Shine o'er thy way
And guide thy heart
To heaven's eternal day!

—*Abram J. Ryan.*"

THE OLD-TIME NIGGER.

BY R. W. WEBB.

(Dedicated to "the Colonel" an l the old-time nigger, who was faithful even to the grave.)

'Tis ah-plowin' an' ah-hoein' an' ah-hillin' ob de corn—
Dat's de hard lot ob dis nigger in de place whar I was born.
De home an old log cabin wid de chimbley tumblin' down,
An' de grub it am de razorback wid hoecake crisp and brown.
'Tain't on no S'wanee Ribber, but 'tis on de Ribber Jeems,
At de foot ob de ole plantation whar I was born, it seems,
Whar de Colonel own my daddy, and Miss Mary owned my ma
In de happiest days of ah nigger's life on de Jeems before de war.

Yes, times is changed. De Colonel's dead; Miss Mary's all alone;
De Yankees dey done sot us free; de war time's come and gone;
De mansion whar my white folks libed am falling to decay;
De gals dey all done married; Marse John done moved away.
But de old home place am jest de same; gits dearer day by day.
An' I hain't gwine to perambulate; but here Ise gwine ter stay,
Ah-plowin' an' ah-hoein' an' ah-hillin' ob de corn,
Until I finds ah resting place by de Jeems whar I was born.

Yes, Ise an old-time nigger, and Ise not ashamed to say
Dat Ise jest as true to my white folks as in de slab'ry day.
I followered de Colonel to de war, and I fotched him home ag'in,
And for every wound in his brave breast 'twas me dat felt de pain.
I helped to shovel up de clay at de feet ob his ma and his pa,
And I wrapped him around in de ole gray coat dat he wore 'way to de war.
So I jest keep on ah-plowin' an' ah-hoein' till Gabriel blows his horn,
An' de Colonel he'll welcome me jest as sure as you is born.

THEIR DEEDS LIVE ON.

The years have come, the years have gone,
But still our love for them lives on,
Oh, noble men who fought that fray
In tattered uniforms of gray.

We proudly with the nation view
The battle fields our grandsires knew,
And sadly halt to shed a tear
For those brave ones now sleeping there.

They bravely bore their country's trust,
They fought for cause, though lost, yet just;
And though from them has victory gone,
Their glorious deeds live ever on.

—*Spurgeon M. Wingo.*

A PRAYER.

[Written at Memphis July 26, 1864, by a mother for her son, aged fifteen.]

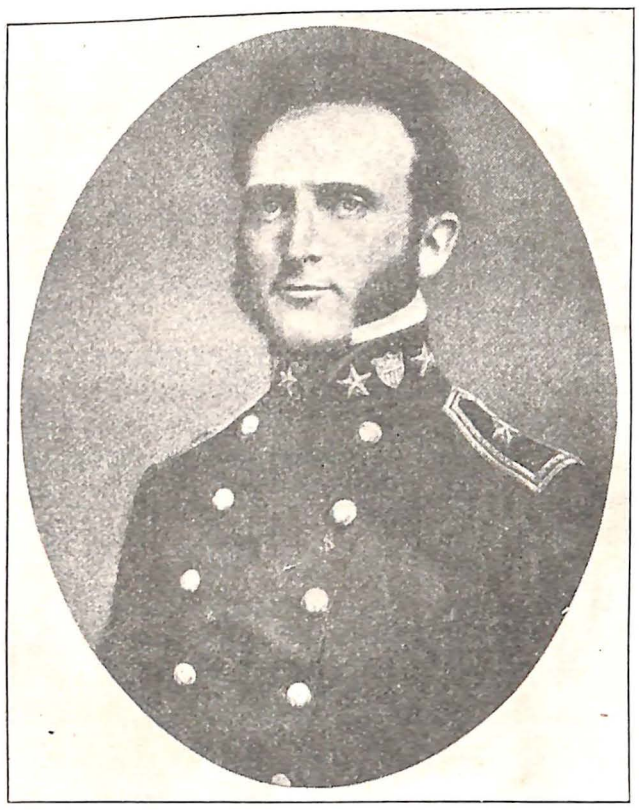
God bless my darling, venturous boy
  Where'er his feet may stray;
God bless the sacred, righteous cause
  For which he went away;
God bless the little arm round which
  My wristlet went not tight,
Strengthen it, Lord, till it become
  A David's in the fight.

So young, so bright, so fair, so brave,
  To thee our God above
I leave the charge to shield and save
  The idol of my love.
One more to battle for the right
  Of freemen to be free,
That hero's heart and childlike form
  I dedicate to thee.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY EVA HILL LE SUEUR KARLING.

Within that old historic State
  Where rugged mountains rise,
Where the Valley of Virginia
  In verdant beauty lies,



THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON AS A SECOND LIEUTENANT U. S. A., DURING THE MEXICAN WAR.

Was born the noble Jackson,
  A spirit stanch and bold,
Heroic as some valiant knight
  In ancient annals told.

Sprung from that race of patriots
  Who gave our nation fame,
With sturdy heart and purpose true,
  He to young manhood came.

As soldier of the Union first,
  He fought in Mexico,
And proved his worth in warfare bold
  Against a tyrant foe.

But when the sable clouds of war
  Obscured our Freedom's light,
He stood with Davis and with Lee
  For his State's Sovereign Right.

And with bold tactics, wise and sane,
  The enemy he flayed,
At Harper's Ferry and Bull Run,
  They sorely were dismayed.

Across the Rappahannock's banks
  He drove the hosts of Pope,
And all the Southland spoke his praise,
  And hearts beat high with hope.

At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville
  His valor was the same;
And throughout all the land there spread
  The glory of his fame.

It was the second day of May,
  In eighteen and sixty-three,
He led his men in battle last,
  And won great victory.

And then that tragic night came down!
  Death reconnoitered there—
And laid his hand upon his brow;
  The South bowed in despair!

From our own ranks came the fell shot
  That laid the loved form low;
Ah! mournful, tragic accident
  That filled all hearts with woe.

And like an omen of defeat
  Was death of that great chief,
And every Southern eye grew dim,
  And hearts were numb with grief!

But as the shades of twilight fell
  That dimmed his mortal sight,
He saw across the Silent Stream
  A scene of peace and light.

And with his faint and waning breath,
  His last low words were these:
"Let us pass across the River
  And rest beneath the trees!"

So "Stonewall" Jackson lived and died,
  A nobleman of earth!
And we who hold tradition dear
  Pay honor to his worth.

[This picture of Jackson is from the "Photographic History of the War," and is used by courtesy of the *Review* of *Reviews*.]

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY H. H. SMITH, IN NASHVILLE BANNER.

When Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston heard of the death of Stonewall Jackson, she wrote these words in her journal: "Never have I known a holier man. Never have I seen a human being as thoroughly governed by duty. He lived only to please God; his daily life was a daily offering up of himself."

In his introduction of Henderson's great work on Stonewall Jackson, Wolseley says: "The most reckless and irreligious of the Confederate soldiers were silent in his presence, and stood awe-struck and abashed before this great God-fearing man; and even in the far-off Northern States, the hatred of the formidable "rebel" was tempered by an irrepressible admiration of his piety, his sincerity, and his resolution. . . . The fame of Stonewall Jackson is no longer the exclusive property of Virigina and the South; it has become the birthright of every man privileged to call himself an American."

Dr. James Power Smith says: "Free from prejudice and all narrowness of spirit, he was seeking light as to faith and duty. In Lexington, he went from church to church until he found the gentle, saintly, and venerable Presbyterian pastor, Dr. William S. White, to be the guide he needed. Slowly, through doubts, with some honest difficulties dealt with, he came to a personal faith, simple, direct, loving, strong, that took hold of his whole being. The Psalmist says of the wicked man, 'God is not in all his thoughts.' The supreme fact in the character of Stonewall Jackson was that 'God was in all his thoughts.' He believed in and realized the providence and presence of God, and so believed in and practiced prayer, and prayer that was not so much stated as it was continuous and intimate. The thought of God seemed never absent. 'God has given us a brilliant victory at Harper's Ferry to-day.' And that was the model of all his dispatches. It was not only that he was a religious man, but he was that rare man among men, to whom religion was everything.

"During the valley campaign, it became apparent to the soldiers of his army that Jackson was a man of unusual piety. This fact was forced upon the knowledge of the men, not by Jackson's words, but by his conduct. They were all impressed with the sincerity and consistency of his Christain faith. All knew that he was a man of prayer, and all believed in him. He made no parade of his religious faith. Whenever possible he sought a private place for prayer. He did not pose as a Christian who had attained unto perfection. His conversation was as much devoid of cant as his uniform was free from gold braid. . . . He had an intense sense of God's presence with him. The Word of God was ringing in his ears continually, day and night, and his letters are filled with quotations from it. In every incident of life he saw the visible finger of God."

Hon. John W. Daniel says: "His religion tinged all the acts of his life. It was no shining Sunday garment, but his uniform at home and abroad, his cloak in bivouac, his armor in battle."

Dr. J. William Jones, his chaplain, says Jackson was urging him one day to try to induce some of the leading preachers to come as chaplain, "and then he began to talk on his favorite theme, growth in grace, the obstacles to it in the army and how to overcome them, and I confess that I had, for the time, to lay aside my office of 'teacher in Israel' and be content to sit at the feet of the stern warrior and learn of him lessons in the divine life."

Dr. Dabney, describing a communion service, says: "At this solemnity the general was present as a worshiper, and modestly participated with his men in the sacred feast. The quiet diffidence with which he took the least obtrusive place and received the sacred emblems from the hands of a regimental chaplain was in beautiful contrast with the majesty and authority of his bearing in the crisis of battle."

During the battle of Second Manassas, at the close of a day of hard fighting, "the medical director, McGuire, came in from the scene of suffering on the battle field and said, 'General, this day has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting.' 'No,' replied Jackson, in quiet tones, 'it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence.' "

"God blessed our arms with victory," was his uniform way of reporting his successes in battle.

His literal interpretation of the Scriptures and his rigid observance of the Sabbath were open to criticism. He would not post a letter during the latter part of the week if it could not reach its destination before Sunday. But those who criticize him for "straining at gnats" should remember also that he never swallowed "camels"; if he tithed mint, anise and cumin," he did not neglect the "weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy, and faith"; if he kept the letter of the law, he never failed to keep the spirit of it also.

Dr. J. William Jones said: "It was my privilege to hear him pray several times in the army; and if I have ever heard a 'fervent, effectual prayer,' it was offered by this stern soldeir."

He called his chaplain, Beverly T. Lacy, to him the day after he was wounded, and said: "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed; not unhappy. I believe that it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day; for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. . . . If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not do it unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father."

When he was told he had but two hours to live, he said: "Very good; it is all right." After lying for a time in a state of unconsciousness, he suddenly cried out: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawkes"— Then he stopped and remained silent for several moments. A little later, in quiet, clear tones, he said: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

STONEWALL JACKSON.

[Sketch of the life of Gen. T. J. Jackson written by his great-granddaughter, Miss Anna Jackson Preston, of Charlotte, N. C., and which was presented to the Senate on May 10, 1928, by Hon. Cole L. Blease, Senator from South Carolina, and made a part of the Congressional Record.]

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, usually known as Stonewall Jackson, was born in Clarksburg, Va., now West Virginia, on the 21st day of January, 1824. He died at Guinea Station, Va., on the 10th day of May, 1863, being thirty-nine years of age. He was the son of Jonathan Jackson, of Clarksburg, a promising and well-to-do young lawyer, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Julia Beckwith Neale. His great-grandfather, John Jackson, the first of the line in America, by birth a Scotch-Irishman, came from London about 1748 and located first in Maryland and later in the western portion of Virginia. The Jacksons became in time quite a numerous family, owning large boundaries of mountain land. They were noted for their honesty, indomitable wills, and physical courage, holding many positions of public trust and honor in what was then known as western Virginia.

When Thomas Jonathan Jackson was three years of age, his father died with typhoid faver, contracted while he was nursing his little daughter, who also died. He left a widow and three children in very limited circumstances. Mrs. Jackson, after recovering in a degree from the double shock—the death of her daughter and husband—supported her little family as best she could with her needle and by teaching school for about three years, when she married Capt. Blake B. Woodson, a gentleman from eastern Virginia, of excellent family and delightful manners, but visionary and unsuccessful. When her health became impaired, the children were placed temporarily with relatives. A year later Jackson's mother died, and thus at the age of seven he was left a penniless orphan.

One story most characteristic of him is that when about twelve years of age he appeared at the house of Federal Judge John G. Jackson, in Clarksburg, and addressed his wife, saying: "Aunt, Uncle Brake (referring to the relative he had been living with) and I don't agree. I have quit him and will never go back any more." He never did, but walked eighteen miles to the farm of Cummins Jackson, bachelor half-brother of his father. There he lived happily until he was appointed to West Point through the political influence of his Uncle Cummins, at the age of eighteen. Before going to West Point, he held his only political office, that of constable, and satisfactorily discharged the duties of the office.

The first year at West Point, having had but indifferent preparation, he stood near the foot of the class, but each year, by dint of untiring study, he advanced steadily until he graduated number seventeen in a class of sixty. One of his professors remarked that if there had been one more year in the course before graduation he would have led his class.

After graduating at West Point in 1846, he at once went to the Mexican War and served with distinction in the battles there, coming out brevet major, with a noble reputation for bravery and extremely popular with the Mexican people of the higher classes, for whom he entertained to the end of his life great admiration.

In 1851, he became professor of military tactics at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va. known as the West Point of the South, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per year and a residence. Lexington was at that time a small town in the midst of the Blue Ridge Mountains, also the seat of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. The community at that time was largely dominated by the Presbyterian Church, whose pastor was Rev. William S. White, for whom Jackson formed a great affection. General Jackson was deeply interested in religious matters, and, though baptized in the Episcopal Church, joined the Presbyterian Church the first year he was in Lexington.

In 1853, he married Miss Eleanor Junkin, daughter of Dr. George Junkin, president of Washington College. In a year his wife died. The young husband was heartbroken, and his thought turned more than ever to religion. In fact, it was at this time that his intense religious nature began to assert itself outwardly.

In 1855, Jackson and Col. J. T. L. Preston, who was subsequently his adjutant general, organized a Sunday school for negroes in Lexington. Some local antagonism was aroused against them because slaves were taught to read and write in this school. The school was carried on successfully, however, up to the outbreak of the war.

On the 16th day of July, 1857, he was married to Miss Mary Anna Morrison, of Lincoln County, N. C., the daughter of Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, who founded Davidson College, Davidson, N. C., and Mary Graham Morrison, a sister of Gov. William A. Graham, of North Carolina.

Though opposed to secession, Jackson, like many of the leading citizens of the South, was equally opposed to the coercion of the Southern States; and, therefore, promptly offered his services to the State

of Virginia when war was declared against it, believing that his first and highest loyalty was to his native State.

Jackson had been commissioned by the Governor

MISS ANNA JACKSON PRESTON

of Virginia to take charge of the State militia detailed to keep the peace during the trial and execution of John Brown at Charles Town in 1859. In a letter to his wife he gave an interesting account of this occurrence. At the actual outbreak of hostilities he spent his time drilling soldiers. He was then made colonel of the Virginia State troops. First at Manassas he was given his famous sobriquet of "Stonewall," by General Bee, of South Carolina. His promotions to brigadier, major general, and lieutenant general were very rapid. His fame as a soldier rests largely upon what is known as the Valley Campaign, where in rapid succession he won a series of brilliant victories—McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, Cross Keys, and Cedar Mountain. Of these, he himself is said to have considered Cedar Mountain his greatest victory.

On May 3, 1863, in the midst of the brilliant victory at Chancellorsville, he was wounded by his own men, usually supposed to belong to one of the North Carolina regiments, and died a week later.

After half a century has elapsed, it is hard to realize the feelings of sorrow and hopelessness which swept over the South when the news of Jackson's death flashed along the wires. Everywhere men and women broke down and cried as though a beloved member of their own family had been taken. When the news of his death reached Europe, the newsboys and porters in the hotels announced that "Stonewall Jackson" was dead, for his was a familiar name throughout the world. The people of all nations felt that a great soldier and a noble Christian hero had fallen, while in the hearts of the people of the South there was a deep and unexpressed fear that the cause which they loved so well had suffered an irreparable blow the day his casket with the Confederate flag wrapped around it was placed in the cemetery at Lexington.

It is not our purpose to attempt any eulogy of Jackson's career as a soldier. The English historian, Colonel Henderson, probably the greatest military critic of the nineteenth century, says that he was in no way inferior to Wellington, Napoleon, Lee, or any of the great generals of history. He was one of the few generals who was never defeated, and, without any effort on his part, maintained the confidence and admiration and, one might say, the adoration of all his troops.

In private life, Jackson was a simple, rather silent Scotch-Irish, Presbyterian gentleman, with large blue eyes, pensive and deep; dark-brown hair, which was very slightly curly and worn rather long; about five feet eleven and one-half inches in height, with a fine, full figure. His complexion was fair, almost like a girl's, except when tanned by outdoor exposure. He was noted for his politeness, gentleness of manner, and love of children. While never talkative, he felt always the duty when in society to be responsive to the conversation of others, and was at times a delightful companion and full of pranks and humor, though these occasions were rare. His habits of life were methodical and rigid. According to Dr. R. L. Dabney's "Life of Jackson," he always rose at dawn, had private devotions, and then took a solitary walk. When at home, family prayers were held at seven o'clock, summer and winter, and all members of his household were required to be present, but the absence of anyone did not delay the services a minute. Breakfast followed, and he went to his classroom at eight o'clock, remaining until eleven, when he returned to his study. The first book that then engaged his attention was the Bible, which was studied as he did other courses. Between dinner and supper his attention was occupied by his garden, his farm, and the duties of the Church, in which he was a deacon. After supper, he devoted his time for half an hour to a mental review of the studies of the next day, without reference to notes, then to reading or conversation until ten o'clock, at which time he always retired. There was no variation in this daily program.

WITH JACKSON AROUND RICHMOND.

BY J. CHURCHILL COOKE, BEAVER DAM, VA.

Recently I have been reading a good deal of history about the war, and in every account describing the seven days' fighting, Stonewall Jackson is censured for not being up in time for the first day's fight at Mechanicsville, that he was slow in getting in the next day at Gaine's Mill, and that he spent the day at Grapevine bridge when he might have been driving McClellan from the rear. I hope this letter, though written by a private, may help to show why these seeming mistakes were made, if there were any mistakes. I have just read over the article in the March VETERAN, by Robert H. Barnwell, Sr., on "Stonewall Jackson at Richmond," and it seems to me he takes the right view of the whole situation.

My company, the Hanover Troop, was an old organization in existence many years before the war and was among the first to be called out after the State seceded. The company was composed of men from all parts of the county, many of them from that part of the county where several battles were fought. Before Jackson reached Mechanicsville, all of the men of my company from the lower part of Hanover were assigned to different generals as guides, scouts, and couriers. The captain of the company rode up to me with a flag and said: "Sergeant, as you are from the upper part of the county and don't know this part, I can't assign you to any of the generals, but here is Jackson's headquarters flag, which I shall give you to carry." I took the flag and said I hoped I would not disgrace it. I reported to General Jackson as his flag bearer. He sent me word not to stay very close to him, only keep him in sight, which instructions I tried to comply with. I was with Jackson and in sight of him during the seven days.

The morning after the battle at Mechanicsville, Jackson sent for me and ordered me to find General Stuart and tell him to report to him immediately. Giving the flag to another orderly, I started to look for General Stuart, but had not the least idea where to find him. I only knew he was somewhere on Jackson's left. After riding some distance, I met a cavalryman and asked him if he could tell me where to find General Stuart. He said: "Stuart has gone to the White House." The White House was some ten or fifteen miles off. I rode back very rapidly and reported to General Jackson. He became very angry and said he would dismount every cavalryman and put them in the ranks. I am sure Jackson's reason for wanting Stuart was that he, Jackson, might know where the enemy was. That delayed General Jackson in making his attack late in the day at Gaines' Mill.

The next morning very early Jackson commenced his march by the left to Grapevine Bridge on the Chickahomany River. The road to the bridge ran along on a high ridge and, from where it turned to the bridge, crossed a wide flat about one-half a mile. There was no enemy on the north side of the river. They had crossed the river and destroyed the bridge. The river there was quite wide and too deep to wade. The bridge had to be rebuilt entirely, and it was not finished until late in the evening, when Jackson crossed over. Then all had to march through a low, wet country before getting to Whiteoak Swamp, and there again the bridge had been destroyed, and it was too deep to ford again. Jackson was delayed. Rebuilding the bridge was slow work, for the Yankee sharpshooters on the other side were very annoying. Some of our cavalry found a very deep front below the bridge and drove off the enemy. It was very late before Jackson could cross. The next day he was at Savage Station, where we captured a great many prisoners.

The morning of the battle at Malvern Hill, many of the generals were holding a conference in a little opening surrounded by thick pines. How the enemy saw them, unless through a balloon, but they did, and fired several shells, which passed just above their heads. The flag bearers, for every general had one, were standing not far off in a group. The generals soon dispersed and joined their commands. I was with Jackson all day. Several times he went to the front and exposed himself. That was the last battle of the seven days. The enemy left the hill that night. The next morning we rode to the top of the hill only to find long trenches which had been filled with dead Yankees. The enemy had retired to Harrison's Landing on the James River. A few days later I was ordered back to my company.

I hope this letter will help to clear up what I have always thought was misunderstanding of facts in regard to Jackson and the part he took in the seven days' fighting around Richmond.

AFTER JACKSON FELL.

[The following is contributed by Miss Sally Washington Maupin, First Vice President, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

ENGAGEMENTS AT KELLYSVILLE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS, CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, RICHMOND, 1864.

Report of Major General J. E. B. Stuzrt.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, May 6, 1863.

Brigadier General R. H. Chilton, A. A. and I. G., Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia.

General: I have the honor to submit, in advance of a detailed report, the following narrative of events connected with the battle of the Wilderness, May 2, and of Chancellorsville, May 3, and events following:

This corps, under its immortal leader, Lieutenant General Jackson, attacked the enemy on his right, turning his right flank by the turnpike road at Melzie Chancellor's, two miles above Chancellorsville, making the attack late in the evening, after an arduous and necessarily circuitous march from the plank road, two miles below Chancellorsville. The enemy had a fine position, and if time had been given him to recover from his first surprise and mass troops on that front, it would have been a difficult task to dislodge them; but Jackson's entire corps, both when marching and when in position, had been purposely screened from view by the cavalry of Fitz Lee's Brigade, an important duty which he performed with great skill and address. The attack was thus, in a measure, a surprise. The enemy's line of entrenchments was carried, and his legions driven in confusion from the field. It was already dark when I sought General Jackson and proposed, as there appeared nothing else for me to do, to take some cavalry and infantry over and hold Ely's Ford. He approved the proposition, and I had already gained the heights overlooking the ford, where was a large number of camp fires, when Captain Adams, of General A. P. Hill's staff, reached me post haste, and informed me of the sad calamities which for the time deprived the troops of the leadership of both Jackson and Hill, and the urgent demand for me to come and take command as quickly as possible. I rode with rapidity back five miles, determined to press the pursuit already so gloriiously begun. General Jackson had gone to the rear, but Gen. A. P. Hill was still on the ground, and formally turned over the command to me. I sent also a staff officer to General Jackson to inform him that I would cheerfully carry out any instructions he would give, and proceeded immediately to the front, which I reached at 10, P. M. I found, upon reaching it, A. P. Hill's division in front, under Heth, with Lane's, McGowan's, Archer's, and Heth's brigaes on the right of the road within half a mile of Chancellorsville, near the apex of the ridge, and Pender's and Thomas's on the left. I found that the enemy had made an attack on our right flank, but were repulsed. The fact, however, that the attack was made, and at night, made me apprehensive of a repetition of it, and necessitated throwing back the right wing so as to meet it. I was also informed that there was much confusion on the right, owing to the fact that some troops mistook friends for the enemy and fired upon them. Knowing that an advance under such circumstances would be extremely hazardous, much against my inclination, I felt bound to wait for daylight. General Jackson had also sent me word to use my own discretion. The commanding general was with the right wing of the army, with which I had no communication, except by a dispatch to inform him of the state of affairs, and rode around the lines restoring order, imposing silence, and making arrangements for the attack early next day. I sent Col. E. P. Alexander, senior officer of artillery, to select and occupy with artillery positions along the line bearing upon the enemy's position, with which duty he was engaged all night.

At early dawn, Trimble's Division composed the second line, and Rodes's Division the third. The latter had his rations on the spot, and, as his men were entirely without food, was extremely anxious to issue. I was disposed to wait a short time for this purpose; but when, as preliminary to an attack, I ordered the right of the first line to swing around and come perpendicular to the road, the order was misunderstood for an order to attack, and that part of the line became engaged. I ordered the whole line to advance, and the second and third lines to follow. As the sun lifted the mist that shrouded the field, it was discovered that the ridge on the extreme right was a fine position for concentrating artillery. I immediately ordered thirty pieces to that point, and, under the happy effects of the battalion system, it was done quickly. The effect of this fire upon the enemy's batteries was superb. In the meantime the enemy was pressing our left with infantry, and all the reënforcements I could obtain were sent there. Colquitt's Brigade, of Trimble's Division, ordered first to the right, was directed to the left to support Pender. Iverson's Brigade, of the second line, was also engaged there, and the three lines were more or less merged into one line of battle, and reported hard pressed. Urgent requests were sent for reënforcements, and notices that the troops were out of ammunition, etc. I ordered that the ground must be held at all hazards; if necessary, with the bayonet.

About this time, also, our right connected with Anderson's left, relieving all anxiety on that subject. I was now anxious to mass infantry on the left, to push the enemy there, and sent every available regiment to that point. About eight o'clock, A.M., the works of the enemy directly in front of our right were stormed, but the enemy's forces retiring from the line facing Anderson, which our batteries enfilade, caused our troops to abandon these works, the enemy coming in their rear. It was stormed a second time, when I discovered the enemy making a flank movement to the left of the road for the purpose of dislodging our forces, and hastened to change the front of a portion of our line to meet this attack; but the shortness of the time and the deafening roar of artillery prevented the execution of this movement, and our line again retired. The third time it was taken, I made disposition of a portion of Ramseur's Brigade to protect the left flank. Artillery was pushed forward to the crest, sharpshooters were posted in a house in advance, and in a few moments Chancellorsville was ours (10, A.M.). The enemy retired toward Ely's Ford, the road to United States Ford branching one-half mile west of Chancellorsville.

BIRTHDAYS OF LEE AND JACKSON.

BY EDITH E. T. LESSING, POET LAUREATE TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C., 1912-13.

Lee and Jackson! We hallow the days
  That gave these men to our Southern land;
Men who came to their country's call
  And held their lives at her dear command,
Who fought with a purpose pure and high
As moved the Crusaders in days gone by.

Lee from the mansion of Arlington,
  Cultured and courtly, grand and fine,
On his great gray charger a king of men,
  The noble son of a noble line.
Cloud by day and fire by night,
Duty was ever his guide and light.

From a cottage among the Virginia hills
  Came Jackson, earnest and true and strong;
A rugged "stone wall" barring the way
  To the surging flood of fanatical wrong.
He knelt on the eve of battle to pray—
That was our Stonewall Jackson's way.

Lee was a gem without mote or flaw,
  Polished and perfect in every part;
Jackson a jewel rough from the mine,
  Hiding God's image within his heart.
Together, with battle flags unfurled,
Their deeds of glory awoke the world.

A cloud of mourning darkened the skies;
  From the South ascended a wail of woe.
In the hour of triumph Jackson fell;
  Our giant of battles was stricken low.
But with crash of cannon and shout and cry
The blood-red tide of the war swept by.

Lee, with his gallant host, fought on,
  Matching his skill with the swarming hordes
Who thronged about him on every side,
  Pressing him hard with their gold-bought swords,
Till he knew by each victory's holocaust
The holy cause of the South was lost.

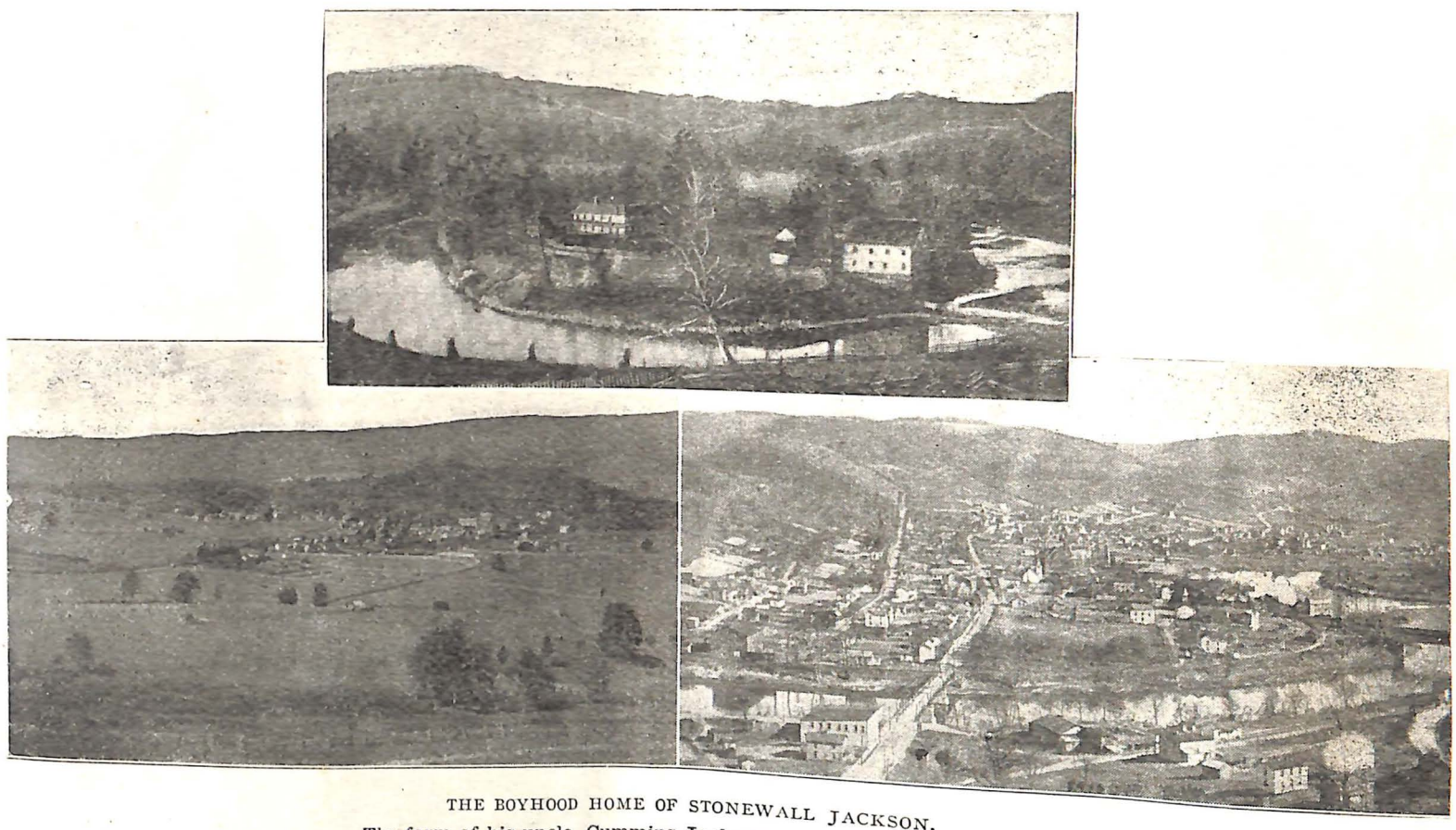
He sheathed his sword with patient pride
  And lived his life to its stainless end.
Crowned with honors and white with years,
  He passed, beloved of foe and friend.
In the halls of fame there are none like he.
A nation wept at the grave of Lee.

We tell the story in marble and bronze,
  By the silver tongue and golden pen,
And warm and throbbing it lives for aye
  Enshrined in the hearts of men.
We tell it again on their days of birth,
That their names may be spoken always on earth.

Together forever side by side
  On the heights of glory, where all may see,
Adown the ages our heroes ride,
  Stonewall Jackson and knightly Lee;
Together forever side by side
Our land's palladium and guide.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S ESTIMATE OF OUR HEROES.

Col. G. F. R. Henderson, noted English soldier and writer, has written thus of Robert E. Lee: "One of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the generals who have spoken the English tongue." Of Stonewall Jackson: "Neither Frederick nor Wellington nor Napoleon realized more deeply the simple truths which ever since men first took up arms have been the elements of success, and not Hampden himself beheld with clearer insight the duties and obligations which devolve on those who love their country well, but freedom more."



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF STONEWALL JACKSON.
The farm of his uncle, Cummins Jackson, near Weston, W. Va.

MONTEREY, VA., THE COUNTY SEAT OF HIGHLAND COUNTY, IS SITUATED SIMILARLY TO M'DOWELL.

PHILIPPI, W. VA., WHERE THE FIRST INLAND BATTLE OF THE WAR WAS FOUGHT.

Mrs. Orr

Mrs. Orr Represents Smallest Chapter At UDC Convention

Mrs. Olivia Morrison Orr, of Ewing, Lee county, an honorary president of the Virginia division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, attended the 48th annual State convention, which closed a three-day meeting here yesterday, as delegate from the smallest chapter in the division, the Light Horse Harry Lee chapter, of Jonesville.

"No one in the division has contributed more to the work of the organization than Mrs. Orr," one of the delegates commented. President of the Light Horse Harry Lee chapter, which is said to include in its membership persons from seven States and the District of Columbia, Mrs. Orr calls herself an 'Unreconstructed Rebel.'

Her seven nephews and her only grandson are in the armed services of this war fighting for the same freedoms which her own Southern forebears fought for on the battlefields of Dixie," she said.

Mrs. Orr, who is a great-grandmother, refused to give her age, commenting, "It is not one's age that counts, but what one does." She is said to be the main-stay of her chapter in which she carefully supervises the activities, including collection of dues, disbursement of funds, and has an 'A-1' honor count in the chapter.

One of the outstanding events in the chapter program is the annual all-day picnoc and celebration which the members hol dat her home.

One of the penalties she imposes upon a member who 'gets in bad' in the eyes of the president is writing the words 'died spiritually" by the name on the roll.

Usually present at UDC conventions, which she makes every effort to attend, Mrs. Orr often drives her car alone to the city or to a railroad station, without the use of eyeglasses.

* * *

Personals

ME AND MAMMY.

Me and Mammy know a child
  About my age and size
Who, Mammy says, won't go to heaven
  'Cause she's so grown and wise.

She answers "Yes" and "No" just so
  When folks speak to her
And laughs at Mammy and at me
  When I say "Ma'am" and "Sir."

And Mammy says the reason why
  This child's in such a plight
Is 'cause she's had no Mammy dear
  To raise her sweet and right,

To stand between her and the world,
  With all its old sad noise,
And give her baby heart a chance
  To keep its baby joys.

Then Mammy draws me close to her
  And says: "The Lord be praised,
Here's what I calls a decent chile,
  'Cause hit's been Mammy-raised!"

—*Howard Weeden*

THE REBEL YELL.

Send its echoes down the ages!
  Let its martial challenge ring,
Born amid the battle's rages,
  Soaring on exultant wing!

From Fame's battlement revealing
  Dauntless courage to all earth,
Stern the lips that sent it pealing,
  Pure the Cause that gave it birth.

Let it live, proclaiming loudly
  Tramp of armies in advance
'Neath that banner streaming proudly,
  Led by Lee's imperial glance!

Tell its story to all nations!
  Down the trail of unborn feet,
Let it thrill new generations,
  Still triumphant in defeat!

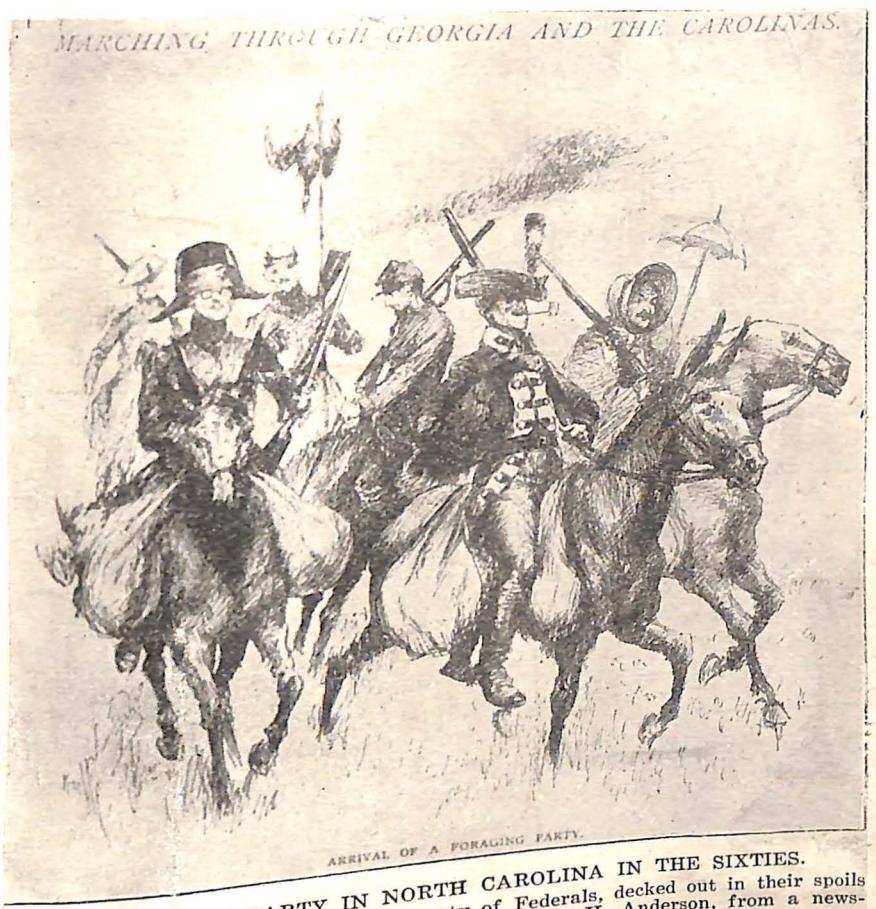
Where embattled hosts lie sleeping,
  Sounds the Rebel Yell no more.
Who shall say what dreams they're keeping
  Safe beyond the cannon's roar?

Pledged to conquest or death's pallor,
  Martyr's in unequal feud,
On the hallowed urn of Valor
  Gleams the tear of gratitude.

Shall the South forget? Nay, never!
  Let that clarion call resound
Immemorial endeavor
  Echoed all the world around!

—*Lilita Lever Younge.*

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, C. S. N.



A FORAGING PARTY IN NORTH CAROLINA IN THE SIXTIES.

This picture, showing the foraging party of Federals, decked out in their spoils of women's apparel, etc., was copied by Mrs. John H. Anderson, from a newspaper illustration drawn by one of Sherman's artists. See page 20.

1931

IN THE OPEN-AIR WESTMINSTER.

With interesting exercises of music, addresses, and readings, the memorial to Jefferson Davis in the Open-Air Westminster of the South, at Fletcher, N. C., tribute of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, was dedicated on Sunday, September 13. After religious services in old Calvary Church, the dedicatory services were concluded at the bowlder, which was unveiled by little Dorothy Long and Mary Stanley Bernard, dressed in quaint costumes of the long ago. The memorial was presented by Mrs. Glenn Long, President of the North Carolina Division, and accepted for the Property Committee of old Calvary Church by Mr. John Prescott Fletcher, Chairman. Wreaths were placed at the memorial by Governor Max Gardner, for the State; by Mrs. Long for the Division; by Mayor Green, for the City of Asheville; and by each of the Commanders and Presidents of the various Confederate organizations and the American Legion; and a Confederate flag was placed on the memorial by the State Commander, Sons of Confederate Veterans. The sounding of Taps concluded the ceremonies.

This memorial consists of a large granite bowlder, six feet high, to which is attached a handsome bronze tablet, on which is inscribed:

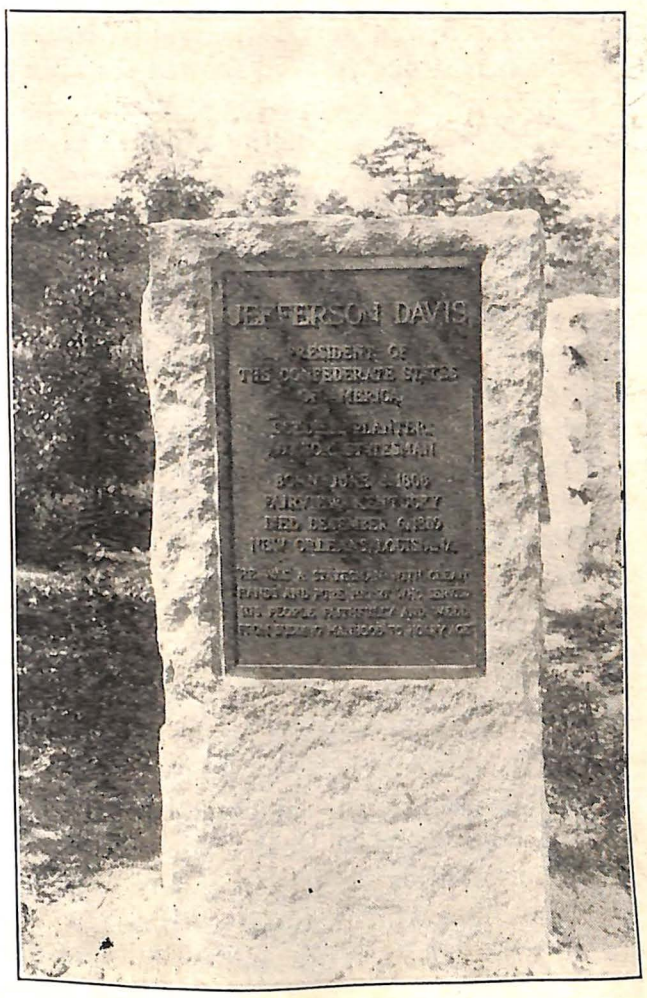
JEFFERSON DAVIS
PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES
OF AMERICA
SOLDIER, PLANTER, AUTHOR, STATESMAN
BORN JUNE 3, 1808, FAIRVIEW, KY.
DIED DECEMBER 6, 1889, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"He was a statesman with clean hands and a pure heart who served his people faithfully and well from budding manhood to hoary age."

On the rear of the bowlder is a small bronze tablet, which reads:

"Erected 1931 by the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy."

The memorial stands in "Statesmen's Row" in this Open-Air Westminster.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(On a visit to Montgomery, Ala., April, 1886).

I saw him pass in grand review that day,
And in his eyes the fire of life burned bright;
He stood a monument in manly height,
No king more steady in his fine array.
He smiled as he passed by, and smiled my way,
I tipped my hat and waved with great delight;
No word was said, but as a flash of light
The message of his heart on my heart lay.

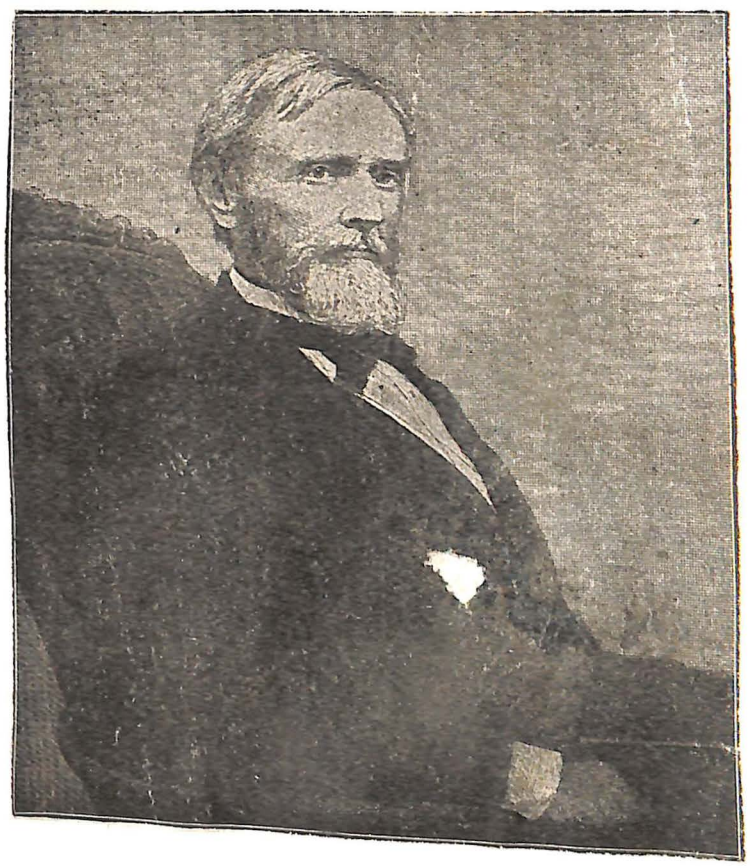
The nobleness of his great soul was chiseled deep,
For Time the master sculptor had his fling;
And though the mighty cause met with defeat,
He never cringed from duty, nor did creep.
From history's page all men in pride will sing,
The glory of his life love shall repeat.

(As he lay in State in the Capitol at Montgomery, Ala., May 29, 1893.)

How cold in death I saw him lying there
So silently upon his peaceful bier;
My soul was as a weeping fount, a tear
Surged from my heart and fell a whispered prayer.
His noble brow, unfurrowed by a care,
Shone as a bit of alabaster clear.
No longer then of death I felt a fear,
As his fine life it seemed had been my share.

Upon the Book of Time is graven bright
The mirror of his precious life well spent;
And like a golden galleon on blue sea
His thoughts shall travel on as rays of light,
And for mysterious purpose he was sent,
From every ghost of doubt the world is free.

—*John Proctor Mills.*



Chancel of St. John's Church, Montgomery, where President Davis worshiped while in the city. A handsome tablet in the Church commemorates his attendance there.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY IN 1861.

HOW PRESIDENT DAVIS BECAME FREE.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

After General Lee's surrender, President Davis, with some of his cabinet, reached Greensboro, N. C., and there held a conference with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and General Beauregard, at which it was agreed that General Johnston should ask General Sherman for a suspension of hostilities. On the 18th of April, terms acceptable to General Johnston were agreed upon. They were that the Confederate army was to be disbanded and the Southern States should return to the Union and there should be general amnesty, this agreement to be subject to the approval of both governments.

In the meantime, on the night of April 14, President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Andrew Johnson became President, retaining Stanton as Secretary of War. Stanton bitterly opposed these terms, and they were rejected.

On the 26th of April, Sherman again demanded the surrender of Johnston's army, and Johnston complied. President Davis now left Charlotte, going to Washington, Ga.

The assassination of President Lincoln greatly excited and exasperated the people of the North, and witnesses came before Judge Advocate General Holt and made affidavits that they had been in the service of the Confederate States at Richmond and were present at an interview between Surratt, President Davis, and Judah P. Benjamin, and their affidavits implicated President Davis and Mr. Benjamin in the assassination of President Lincoln. This was accepted as true by the authorities. Thereupon, on May 1, President Johnson, after consultation and advisement, ordered that nine officers should be appointed and detailed as members of a court-martial to try those who were implicated in the murder of the President: and on the next day he issued a proclamation offering $100,000, reward for the arrest of Jefferson Davis, charged with inciting and procuring that assassination. On May 10, President Davis and his party of friends were captured at Irwinsville, Wilkinson County, Ga. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he was confined in one of the casemates. However, it was thought best to try him for treason, as a rebel.

Already there had been a United States District Judge appointed for the District of Virginia, Judge John C. Underwood, and a form of court was to be held, and a grand jury had been summoned. Judge Underwood was asked to come to Washington and arrange for the prompt institution of legal proceedings against the leaders of the "rebellion."

It happened that Judge Underwood had no such intention. He had thought that the rebellion had grown into a civil war and that the technical treason at its beginning should be ignored. However, he was led to charge the grand jury as desired, and the grand jury found a true bill for treason against Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and other influential and prominent persons. Then the prosecuting attorney asked the court for a bench warrant to arrest those indicted, Jefferson Davis being already in custody. But Judge Underwood refused, saying that they could not be arrested, as they were under parole and as long as they observed their paroles they could not be arrested. That was a stumblingblock.

At Washington City it was considered that Jefferson Davis might be tried wherever his troops had been, and an indictment was found against him in the court in Washington City; but the law officers thought that he ought to be tried in Virginia. However, Judge Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice, who would preside in the circuit court in Virginia, declined to attend and hold court there as long as martial law existed in that State. That led to further delay.

In April, 1866, a year after Judge Holt had taken the affidavits of witnesses implicating Jefferson Davis in the murder of President Lincoln, Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, had a resolution passed by the House of Representatives requiring the Judiciacy Committee to inquire into the criminality of those charged with that murder. That committee caused the men who had made those affidavits to be brought before them, when they each retracted the statements that they had sworn to and declared that those statements were false in every particular.

So that charge against Jefferson Davis was "crushed out under the common and general belief in its utter falsity and absurdity." Then, coöperating with Hon. Charles O'Connor, of New York, many prominent men of the North presented the view that there had been a Civil War, that the North had waged a war against the South, that the Southern people were "enemies," that Jefferson Davis was "an enemy," that he was not in the category of a "citizen adhering to the enemy," but was himself an "enemy," and therefore was not "a traitor" under the terms of the Constitution; they said that the victor in war could inflict any punishment deemed proper on the vanquished, being restrained only "as a responsible member of a civilized society." President Davis could be punished by the victors as an enemy, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding these views, President Johnson desired that Jefferson Davis should be tried. But there were obstacles; and the case was continued in the court.

At length, at the May term, 1867, of the court held at Richmond, Mr. George Shea, as attorney in fact of Jefferson Davis, offered a petition signed by Jefferson Davis praying for a writ of habeas corpus to have him brought before the court to inquire into the cause of his commitment and detention. This proceeding awoke intense interest throughout the South. For two years Mr. Davis had been held as a military prisoner, and as he had been the President of the Confederacy in its struggle for independence, all of the Confederate soldiers felt a deep and personal interest in what should befall him.

The writ of habeas corpus was issued on May 1, 1867, and on May 8, President Johnson directed that Jefferson Davis should be surrendered to the United States marshal. Therefore, on the 10th of May, the writ was served on Gen. H. S. Burton, in command at Fortress Monroe, who, on the 13th, produced the body of Jefferson Davis in the court at Richmond, as he had been commanded to do by President Johnson, and Jefferson Davis passed from his military prison into the custody of the court. The judge ordered that the marshal serve the indictment on the prisoner, and the marshal handed the paper to Jefferson Davis. Charles O'Connor now addressed the court, detailing what had theretofore occurred, and asked for the bail of the prisoner. The bail was fixed at $100,000, the bondsmen being Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and seven other gentlemen. The bond being given, Judge Underwood directed the marshal to discharge the prisoner. "The marshal did so, when deafening applause followed." This was May 13, 1867. As Mr. George Davis has written: "The wife of President Davis and many anxious friends attended, awaiting the decision of the court." Among them was George Davis, who had sought his friend for consultation, for support, and to cheer him in this momentous ordeal. Referring to that occasion, he said:

"I promised Mrs. Davis, as soon as I had any intimation of what the court was going to do, to come and report. I never knew how I got out of that courthouse, or through the crowd that lined the streets, but I found myself in Mrs. Davis's

room, and reported. In a little while I looked out of the window and saw that the streets were lined with thousands and thousands of the people of Richmond, and scarcely passage was there for the carriage in which Mr. Davis rode at a funeral gait. And as he rode every head was bared, not a sound was heard, except now and then a long sigh. And so he ascended to his wife's chamber. That room was crowded with friends, male and female. As Mr. Davis entered, they rushed to him and threw their arms around him. They embraced each other; old soldiers, men of tried daring, cried like infants. Dear old Dr. Minnegerode lifted up his hands, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, and the assembled company knelt down while he offered up thanksgiving to God for having restored to us our beloved chieftain."

Returning now to the courtroom there was a suggestion that the trial should be postponed, and O'Connor assented to the postponement to the fourth Wednesday in March following. Mr. Davis, being free under bond, was now with his family at home. The case was to come up at the March term, 1868.

At that term the grand jury brought in a new indictment, reciting in it all previous occurrences, including the several indictments, and charging that Jefferson Davis did conspire with Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, naming many, and a hundred thousand others, names unknown, and did make war on the United States, and did organize an army "fighting, killing, wounding, and capturing officers and soldiers of the United States," and specifying some occasion in every year of the war. The indictment covered twenty-two printed pages. Then Mr. Davis was recognized to appear in court on the 2nd day of May and stand his trial. But by agreement of counsel, the case was postponed from time to time, until November, 1868, all this time he being out on bond.

Now it happened that on July 28, 1868, an amendment of the Constitution had been adopted, imposing a penalty on executive, legislative, and judicial officers who, having taken an oath to support the Constitution, had engaged in rebellion, and prohibiting them from holding office. When the court convened in November, 1868, Chief Justice Chase, attended, sitting with Judge Underwood. On the 30th of November, Robert Ould, of counsel for Jefferson Davis, filed an affidavit stating that Jefferson Davis had in 1845 taken that oath as a representative in Congress previous to the alleged commission of the offenses charged in the indictment. Mr. Davis's council, Charles O'Connor, William B. Reed, Robert Ould, and James Lyon, now moved to quash the indictment. There are forty pages of argument. After the argument, the Chief Justice announced that the court had failed to agree, the Chief Justice holding that the indictment should be quashed, Judge Underwood not agreeing. A certificate of disagreement was made for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide. That postponed the trial, and Jefferson Davis was recognized to attend the next term of court, and the certificate was sent to the Supreme Court.

Such was the situation when, on Christmas, 1868, President Johnson issued a proclamation declaring amnesty to all who had participated in the rebellion. That general amnesty ended all court proceedings. The circuit court dismissed the indictment against Jefferson Davis, and he was thus freed from all proceedings against him.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE—TWO VIEW-POINTS.

WITH PARENTHETICAL AND CONNECTIONAL REMARKS BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

General Hooker's View.

"*April 30, 1863.*—It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses [which he did] and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him [or us].

"*May 3.*—We have had a desperate fight yesterday and today, which has resulted in no success to us. I do not yet despair. My troops are in good spirit, and no general ever commanded a more devoted army.

"*May 6.*—The major general commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army [no doubt]. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource. The Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. By our celerity and secrecy of movement, our advance and passage of the river were undisputed, and on our withdrawal [also with celerity] not a Rebel ventured to follow. The events of the last week may [possibly] swell with pride [to bursting] the heart of every officer and soldier of this army. We have added new luster [?] to its former renown [McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside]. We have made long marches, crossed rivers [a-going and a-coming], surprised [and been surprised] the enemy, and when we have fought him [too proud to fight on the afternoon of the 2d] have inflicted heavier blows than we have received. We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause [God save the mark!] ever submitted to the arbitrament of battles."

General Hooker was undoubtedly a windy orator, but still we of the South must have the very kindliest feelings toward him for his action when the Confederate prisoners were in retaliation put on short rations. When he ascertained that the "damned Rebel officers" at Johnson's Island were eating rats, he immediately, without consulting the authorities, had their food put back on the old basis.

General Lee's View.

"With heartfelt gratification the general commanding expresses his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the late arduous operations under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm. You attacked the enemy in the depths of a tangled wilderness again on the hills of Fredericksburg, and by the valor that has triumphed on so many fields you forced him once again to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock. While the glorious victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory for this signal deliverance he has wrought. It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in ascribing to the Lord of hosts the glory due unto his name. The army and country alike lament the absence for a time [if it could have been that only, a different story would be told of Gettysburg] of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success."

If General Lee had a fault as a soldier, surely his recommending or advising, instead of ordering, was it.

Mysterious Source of Ordnance For Confederacy Was In Powhatan

By JULIA ABBOTT CULLER.

On a commanding bluff 300 feet above the James River, and some twelve miles above Richmond, Bellona Arsenal was established in 1816. A barracks, as well as an arsenal for the storage of cannon and shells cast for the national government at Major Clarke's foundry—just down the hill from the arsenal bluff and not far from the Midlothian mines in Chesterfield, was built. The reservation was used as a military post and was garrisoned by a company of U. S. artillery until 1835.

Some years earlier than this steps were taken to abolish the arsenal; but it was not until 1853 that the lands and the buildings ceased to be government property. When disposed of, Jefferson Davis was secretary of war. Some years later when the War Between the States broke over the South, Jefferson Davis—now president of the Confederacy—remembered old Bellona Arsenal and Clarke's foundry. Leasing the arsenal property for the uses of the Confederate army, he put the foundry in operation for the purpose of casting military material for the army of the South. The ordnance and ammunition made were sent first to Richmond, and then to the front along the old Gun Road, built by Major Clarke from his foundry to Manchester (South Richmond).

Road Still Used.

Strangely enough, the Gun Road, circling about the sites of the foundry and of the arsenal—now sadly changed—and taking its course on to South Richmond, is still in use; but a grist mill occupies the site of the old foundry, and only four of the eight original buildings on the arsenal site overlooking the James are to be located; these are in a state of decay. The massive stone and brick walls of the powder magazine endure, as does the dense growth of oak trees used by the Confederates to conceal it; parts of the walls of the barracks are there; the mound from which cannons were tested, and the bluff into which they were fired can easily be located; but, as a whole the twenty-six acres of the arsenal site are now but the high ground of a productive plantation in this splendid agricultural section. It is said that Bellona Arsenal was the only Confederate magazine unknown to the Federal government. Knowledge of its existence would have answered the question, Where do the Confederates get their powder and shells?

The James River forms the northern boundary of Powhatan county, constituted a political unit in 1777, in the midst of the revolutionary period, and named for the Indian Chief Powhatan. Of the nine counties in Virginia bearing Indian names, Powhatan is the only one named for an individual. This distinction seems to have come to the great chief rather late; but the early settlers, although they feared and distrusted him, recognized his greatness. Moreover, so long as the amicable relation between the colonies and England lasted, it was a 'foregone conclusion' that someone immediately connected with the English royal family, or with the English government, should be honored in the naming of any new county.

Taken From Two Counties.

Formed from portions of Chesterfield and Cumberland, both of which had been included in the larger area where the Huguenots who came in 1700 were given definite location, the general character of these counties was much the same. Later circumstances have brought changes. Settled by the same peoples—English and Huguenots—in an area whose physical features were markedly similar, there was a similarity in their conceptions of living, and in the traditions—always such a factor in the developing society of Virginia—which constituted their code of social behavior. This code was by no means cut to fit the narrower and customary contact of man with man, but was as broad as the life they were experiencing, and touched it at every point. The old churches and the old homes with the history that clings about them are but added records to those preserved by county officials.

Lying somewhat remote from the line of march of armies, Powhatan was never a theatre of war; not called upon to experience the destructive consequence of raids, or of army occupation, the old homes remained unscarred; but the war record of the Powhatan troop of cavalry is a binding link between the county and its relation to the War Between the States. Composed of the best fen of the county—mostly young men—all splendidly mounted, the Powhatan troop was organized a year before the war began, chiefly through the activity and liberality of Brigadier General Philip St. George Cocke, who was elected the first captain of the troop. Early in 1861, Captain Cocke, a West Point graduate, was commissioned by the state of Virginia a brigadier general, Captain Lay—Colonel J. F. Lay—elected to supply Captain Cocke's place, was captain of the troop when it was equipped by the bounty of the county and mustered into service. Ordered directly to Manassas, the troop was for a time attached to General Beauregard's headquarters. The Powhatan troop, as an organization, is still in existence.

Visited By Lee.

A day or two after the surrender, General Lee, mounted on Traveller, and accompanied by several members of his staff, turned his face towards home. En route, he stopped in Powhatan on the upper James to visit his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, at Windsor Forest. Within a short time Lee was to return to Powhatan—the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, of Cumberland county. During the summer of 1865, he and his family occupied Derwent, a cottage on the Cocke estate across the boundary line of Powhatan, "the quiet home in the woods," where he had privacy and the solacing companionship of his immediate family. While at Derwent, General Lee was tendered the presidency of Washington College, and accepted the office. He left Derwent for Lexington in September, 1865; his family followed him somewhat later.

The old homes, a treasured possession of Powhatan, are a part of the history of the county. Norwood, on the James, not far from the Chesterfield line, was the old home of the Harris family. As early as 1885 it passed into the hands of the Randolphs, who added to its spaciousness and otherwise changed and improved its appearance. The ample stretch of lawn shaded by fine old trees and made beautiful by a wealth of oldtime flowers, leads to the portico upheld by columns; beyond the inviting doorway is the great reception hall, a characteristic of the old Virginia homes.

Farther up the James is Beaumont, one of the home of the Michaux family, descended from the Abram Michaux, who came with the Huguenot emigrants of 1700. The early ancestor settled at Manakin Town; later he acquired lands in the section that is now Powhatan, gradually increasing his holdings until he owned many acres. Some of these are yet a family possession. The old home, Beaumont, less severe in style and line than so many Virginia houses of the time, is graceful and beautiful. The exterior is a warrant for the charming life it sheltered.

Other Famous Mansions.

Paxton, built by Dr. Skelton, who came from New Jersey to settle in this section, was the home of five successive generations of the family—a place always noted for its genuineness, culture and hospitality. Paxton was the birthplace of John Skelton Williams, an honored son of the state.

Windsor Forest, the old home of General Lee's brother, is still the property of his descendants.

The most imposing of all the Powhatan homes was Belmead, built by Brigadier General Philip St. George Cocke. Of great size and striking architecture, built on high ground overlooking the James, the mansion commanded the attention of travelers up and down the James River and Kanawha Canal, the chief highway of travel, as late as 1880, into this midland section. Belmead, as commanding as ever, is now the property of the Catholic church.

The James River and Kanawha Canal was staked out by Washington. The original plan was to carry it to the Kanawha River, West Virginia, which empties into the Ohio, thus opening a water course from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico. The old packet boat making its slow progress along the course of the James River was the rapid and luxurious means of travel across the state until 1880. The Marshall, the last packet boat used on the canal, was the one on which the body of Stonewall Jackson was carried from Richmond to Lexington.

Courthouse on Original Site.

Present Powhatan courthouse stands on the site of one built in 1777, the first year of the county's corporate existence. It is near the center of the county, a splendid agricultural section and a very considerable factor in the yearly tobacco yield produced in the southside. While this particular product is the money crop of Powhatan, the usual farm crops must not be overlooked. The county's fruit crop—apples, peaches, pears—is likewise a money producer. About the courthouse is the village of Powhatan Courthouse, known in earlier days as Scottsville. A landmark is the old Court House Tavern—no longer a place of entertainment for the traveler, but full of suggestions of by-gone days. Old Court House Tavern at Powhatan Courthouse is one of the few left to hold in memory anything of the story of travel in Revolutionary and later days.

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Old Newspaper Recounts Exploits Of General Jenkins Who Led Confederate Cavalry Through Western Virginia

In the bloody days of 1861-64, a fast-moving, hard-fighting band of Confederate cavalry traversed the broad territory of western Virginia, which now is West Virginia, striking swiftly and effectively at Union troops and supply depots wherever they could be found.

Likened to Jackson

So quickly did they move that they were likened to Stonewall Jackson's troops who were defending the upper valley of Virginia, not so many miles away, and their leader came to be held in the same regard among the people of the border area as the beloved Stonewall, himself.

That leader was A. G. Jenkins, native of Cabell county, West Virginia (then part of Virginia), educated in law at Harvard, member of Congress until Virginia's secession, a brigadier-general at the age of 33, wounded at Gettysburg, fatally wounded in the battle of Cloyd's mountain in the Pulaski county, died at Dublin station May 21, 1864.

The story of General Jenkins' military career up to that date is told in the October 31, 1863, issue of the Southern Illustrated News published in Richmond. The original is on file at Washington and Lee university, Lexington, where General Jenkins was recuperating from wounds received at Gettysburg as the article was being written. A copy was recently secured by Albert Gallatin Jenkins, II, a close descendant of General Jenkins, who lives in Roanoke.

Died at Dublin

To the information contained in the highly laudatory article in the old Confederate publication, Mr. Jenkins has added the facts of the general's death two days after he was wounded at Cloyd's mountain, and of his burial on his plantation at Green Bottom, W. Va. He was later re-interred in the Confederate plot in Spring Hill cemetery, Huntington, W. Va., and the inscription on his monument there reads: "In memorium. General A. G. Jenkins, died at Dublin Station, Pulaski County, Va., May 21, 1864, aged 33 years. Soldier Rest."

The Illustrated News records that General Jenkins, son of Captain William Jenkins, "an old and respected citizen of the Commonwealth," was erected to represent the 14th Congressional district of Virginia in the House of Representatives in 1857.

Upon the secession of his state, he came home and raised a cavalry company in Cabell county, known as the "Border Rangers"—first company to be raised in that section. He won fame for his cool daring at the battle of Scarry in the Kanawha valley, and shortly afterward was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the 8th Virginia regiment.

In C. S. A. Congress

He resigned his commission to take a seat in the first permanent congress of the Confederate States of America, but at the end of one term went back to the army as a brigadier general in command of the 8th and 14th regiments of Virginia cavalry, then active in Monroe county.

With portions of both reigments, he made his "celebrated brilliant tour through the northwestern part of the state and into Ohio—destroying about one million dollars worth of the enemy's stores, and capturing and paroling nearly as many of the enemy as he had men in his own command."

"But the glorious results of this raid were not confined to the destruction of the enemy's stores," the Illustrated News' account continues, "and the paroling of hundreds of prisoners, for, during it, General Jenkins, by sending out recruiting officers, succeeded in collecting from the border, and beyond the enemy's lines, the principal material out of which was afterwards formed the 16th and 17th Cavalry Regiments and Sweeney's Battalion —the general's popularity being so great among the good and true men of the border that they rallied to his standard by the hundred, whenever opportunity presented."

In May of '63 General Jenkins and his command joined General Robert E. Lee in the Valley of Virginia for the bold march northward which ended at Gettysburg and was referred to by the Illustrated News writer as "the last advance into Pennsylvania"—probably indicating the writer's expectation of similar advances in the future.

Jenkins' command was in the vanguard of the attack, and was "engaged in 18 fights that are worthy of the name of battles, and they were never broken or confused by the enemy and, although repulsed in some few charges on stone fences and rifle pits, they always quickly rallied and took the points assailed. As yet, this brigade has not known defeat."

At Gettysburg

The brigade "bore a brilliant part" in the battle of Gettysburg, "winning the admiration and thanks of their commander-in-chief," and General Jenkins was "severely but not dangerously" wounded in the head and his horse killed by an exploding Union shell as he stood near the battlefield studying a map of the area . At the date of the writing of the article, General Jenkins had been "for some weeks past . . . recuperating his shattered health at Lexington, but has doubtless ere this rejoined his brigade."

The old article closes with a brief description of the man himself:

"General Jenkins is about five feet 10 inches high, well formed and of good physique; dark hair, blue eyes, and heavy brown beard; pleasing countenance, kind, affable manners, fluent and winning in conversation; quick, subtle and argumentative in debate."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

VIRGINIA DIVISION

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HISTORICAL EVENING.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 8:15 P. M.

JEFFERSON HOTEL AUDITORIUM.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

MRS. FERGUSON CARY, Historian Virginia Division, *Presiding.*

Music—Trio: Miss Mildred Penzer, Violin; Mr. Douglas Stith, Cello; Mrs. Moses Stein, Piano.

Bugle Call—Melvin Cohen, James Fuqua.

Processional—Color Bearers; Color Guards; Pages; Chapter Historians; Members of History and Literature and Historical Evening Committees; Past Division Historians; Speaker; Chaplain; Recipients of Crosses; Chapter Presidents; Ex-Presidents-General; Historian Virginia Division; President-General; President of Virginia Division.

Call to Order—Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Invocation—Rev. Beverley M. Boyd, Rector Grace and Holy Trinity Church.

* * * * *

Music—"Dixie." . . . . . .Instrumental Trio

Bestowal of Crosses of Military Service, Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President; Mrs. Cecil Morris, Recorder of Crosses.

RECIPIENTS OF CROSSES.

Spanish American War—
Major General B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A. (Retired).

World War—
Colonel Edmund DeTreville Ellis, U. S. Army.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner." . . . Instrumental Trio

* * * * *

Music—Songs of Stephen Foster. . . . Mr. Marion Booth

Presentation of the President-General by Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Address—"The Daughters of the Confederacy in War Time," Mrs. Robert D. Wright, President-General, U. D. C.

Presentation of Division Historian by Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Pledge of Allegiance to the United States Flag.

Salute to the Confederate Flag.

Presentation of Speaker by Mrs. Ferguson Cary.

Address—"The Private Soldier of the Confederacy," Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman.

Music—Medley of Modern War Songs by American Legion Auxiliary Chorus. Directed by Mrs. S. Garland Burnett.

Award of Prizes.

Recessional and Retiring of Flags—Audience Standing.

Music—"America the Beautiful." Led by Mrs. Burnett and Sung by All Present.

O, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O, beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

Color Bearers—Virginia Gunn, Janet Randolph Turpin, Jessie Cato.

Color Guards—John Marshall High School Cadets.

Chr Adv. 1943

ORIAL ★ ★ ★

means of forming public opinion these editors are the ones.

In *Report from Tokyo* Ambassador Joseph Grew provided the American people with a graphic report of the manner in which the Japanese have been deliberately molded by the military clique into an aggressor nation. For fifty years the process has been going on according to a definite plan, with censorship exercised over every type of communication and information. As a result the Japanese mind is as grossly corrupted as any that can be found anywhere. The plain people are utterly misinformed and miseducated.

Most Americans are familiar with the severe censorship rules in Germany and Italy which prevent the plain people from listening to foreign broadcasts and otherwise knowing the truth concerning world affairs.

No dictator or tyrant has any hope of thriving in free air; he can survive and enslave only in an atmosphere of ignorance. If the people can know the truth they will keep themselves free. Any postwar world organization must see to it that the people of the whole earth have a free and untrammeled access to the truth. This means that German, Japanese, Italian, English, American, Chinese and Russian newspapers must be granted the right to print the facts. Any population kept in ignorance becomes a source of infection from which all the world may expect trouble.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek

It is probably not too much to say that the appearance of Madame Chiang Kai-shek ("the first lady of the world," as some call her) before the American Senate and House of Representatives has done more to clarify and strengthen friendly relationships between the governments of the United States and China than any other single event of the last ten years.

Speaking in flawless English, with the soft Southern accent which she acquired in Georgia's Wesleyan College (Methodist), and with a moral dignity and earnestness which mark her as one of the great women of history, Madame Chiang spoke for a nation which has earned the abundant respect of the entire world. It was an impressive moment when she referred to the 150 years during which Chinese-American relations have never been marred by one unfriendly break. Perhaps she was overly charitable in making no reference to our exclusion laws which would make it impossible for her ever to aspire to American citizenship, but undoubtedly her appearance before our Congress will make it easier to lift that bar a bit.

To those of our own people who have been demanding that "Japan must be wiped off the map," this Chinese stateswoman's words, "we must have vision so that peace shall not be punitive," have a strange sound. Yet it must never be forgotten that those words were spoken by a Christian woman whose people have suffered from Japanese aggression through four and a half terrible years. It has been one of the virtues of Chinese spokesmen that they

have never called for the complete destruction of their enemy, but for such curbing of his aggression, and such disarming, as will make it possible for peaceful neighbors to live alongside him in security.

Those who have been disappointed in the amount of aid that has been extended to China will find much cause for encouragement in the visit of Madame Chiang. Her presence in Washington will be worth almost as much as the presence of her distinguished husband would have been at Casablanca. As the personal guest at the White House, Madame Chiang has enjoyed a status superior to that of any formal diplomat, and her unblemished and admittedly great character inspires a confidence on the part of the people which is of enormous advantage to her cause. There is no personage in the world whom the American people would rather see received by President and Mrs. Roosevelt. She is, in fact, the nation's guest.

Good News!

According to the report that has just come from the World Service treasurer, the giving of the Church for the first eight months of the current fiscal year shows an increase of $356,216.42 over that of the same period of one year ago. This represents a gain of 17.48%, made possible for a very large advance during the month of January. If local church treasurers will make special efforts to remit all funds immediately after their receipt, it will facilitate the work very greatly. For this hopeful indication of an increasing interest in the missionary program, let us all be grateful.

Churches and Victory Taxes

There being much confusion in the minds of church treasurers relative to the victory taxes due on salaries paid to preachers and others employed by local churches, THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE asked the Treasury Department for a ruling, and quotes from the letter just received:

When a clergyman has several positions from which he receives remuneration each employment shall be regarded separately. If the remuneration received from any one employer is less than the exemption applicable to the pay period for which received, no Victory Tax shall be withheld therefrom. If the reverse is true, the church shall withhold the Victory Tax from the remuneration paid to its clergyman.

The taxes so collected shall be filed and paid by the church with form V-1, Victory Tax return, each quarter. The first return is due on or before April 30, 1943, for the quarter ending March 31, 1943. Information to the effect that "where the salary is on an annual basis the Victory Tax does not apply" is erroneous. The Victory Tax liability is dependent upon whether or not the gross income of the individual is in excess of $624 per year. The withholding of the Victory Tax is dependent upon whether or not the relationship exists of employer and employee.

The Front of Human Decency

The experiment of feeding the starving civilian popul tion in subjugated Greece has been such a notable succe that a committee on food for Europe's children is now e deavoring to spread the movement out to cover the Germa occupied democracies of Europe in what Herbert Hoov calls "The Front of Human Decency." Idle Swedish shi which have no military value to the Allied nations, are be used in transporting food from South America whi is no part of the Allied store of supplies. The occupi

Richmond Times — 1942

Captain Bob Miles, Almost 103, Dies Near Shawsville

Confederate Veteran Was Wounded at Antietam

SHAWSVILLE, Dec. 5 (Special). —Robert Edward (Captain Bob) Miles, grand old Confederate warrior of Montgomery county, died quietly at his farm home near Crockett Springs early this evening —just three days before he would have observed his 103rd birthday.

Represented South

It was Captain Miles who, as the oldest Confederate veteran attending the 75th anniversary observance of the battle of Antietam in 1838, represented the south in a triple handclasp of friendship with President Roosevelt and a veteran of the Union forces. He was so severely wounded in the legs and hands in that bloody engagement that he was discharged, but reenlisted as soon as he recovered in the 21st Virginia cavalry, Company B, and served throughout the war, attaining the rank of captain.

Captain Miles recalled until his death personal contacts with General Robert E. Lee and President Jefferson Davis. The latter he described in an interview on his 99th birthday as "as fine a gentleman as I ever knew,' and of General Lee he was wont to say, simply, as tears clouded his blue eyes, "I loved him."

He was born in Franklin county December 8, 1839, and now has two sons and three daughters living, together with at least 38 grandchildren, 80 great grandchildren, and two or three great-great grandchildren. His children are Mrs. J. H. Sisson of Buchanan, Mrs. T. S. Sisson and Mrs. H. S. Jewell of Otey, Montgomery county, Urban H. Miles of Otey, and J. H. Miles of Kimball, W. Va.

He had been active until a year ago, and was able to be outside until about three months ago. In recent weeks, however, he had been gradually losing strength and his death tonight was not unexpected.

A year ago Captain Miles celebrated his birthday a day early at his home even as bombs falling on Pearl Harbor drew his nation into another bloody war—the fourth of his lifetime—but he did not know of the attack until the next day. Many score relatives and friends called to help him observe the day, with a three-deck birthday cake bearing 102 candles.

Recalling his experiences in the War Between the States a few years ago, Captain Miles told how he lay wounded on the battlefield at Antietam until nightfall and then began crawling off in what he thought was the direction of the Confederate lines. It was not until he was almost in the midst of the Union soldiers that he realized he had missed his direction, but he managed to worm his way out again and reached his own lines without detection.

State Ordered

Dies at 102

CAPT. BOB MILES

MISS CLARK BOND QUEEN OF PAT

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Forty-Seventh Convention, U. D. C., Has Busy Program

Session Began at 9 o'Clock This Morning, Continues Through Evening Meeting

Today's session of the forty-seventh annual convention of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy opened this morning with a business meeting called to order at 9 o'clock by Mrs. J. L. Bugg, president. After the invocation by the Rev. Carlton S. Prickett, pastor, Grove Avenue Baptist Church, the convention heard reports from the credentials committee and the program committee. The roll call of officers, district chairmen and chapters was followed by the presentation of flags to hostess chapters and the acceptance of the flags. The morning session was closed by the announcement of the recommendations and resolutions committee and the report of the president and vice-presidents in order.

At 12 o'clock Mrs. F. L. Brauer presided over a Memorial Hour. After the invocation by the Rev. J. Callaway Robertson, pastor, Monument Methodist Church, special memorials were made for Mrs. P. J. Kernodle, Mrs. Florence C. Mitchell, Mrs. Mary Friend McFaden and Mrs. Elizabeth Kurtz Grim. Wreaths were placed in memory of members who have passed away during the preceding year and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. Callaway Robertson.

Mr. J. Vaughn Gary, of the War Saving Staff, Richmond committee, is the principal speaker at the afternoon business session and his topic is "Investing for Victory." Following Mr. Gary's talk reports of the recording and corresponding secretaries, the treasurer, historian and other business committee heads are being made.

This evening will be an "historical evening," and will be dedicated to the memory of the Confederate private soldier. After special music crosses will be bestowed on Major-General B. F. Cheatham, United States Army, retired, and Colonel Edmund DeTreville Ellis, United States Army.

Mrs. Robert Wright, president-general, U. D. C. will address the group on "The Daughters of the Confederacy in War Time." After a saulte to the flags, Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman will speak on "The Private Soldier of the Confederacy."

The evening will close with a recessional and the retiring of the flags.

Virginia Nurses Convention To Meet Here

The Forty-second annual convention of the Graduate Nurses Association of Virginia to be held tomorrow, Friday and Saturday will begin with the registration of delegates tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock in the Hotel John Marshall.

Miss Gertrude Banfield, R. N., assistant director, American Red Cross Nursing Service, Washington, D. C., will speak to the general session at 10 o'clock on "War Needs and the Responsibility of the American Red Cross in Meeting Those Needs." Another guest speaker at this time will be Miss Dorothy Conrad, R. N., secretary, supply and distribution committee, Nation Nursing Council for War Service, New York, who will have as her topic, "Supply and Distribution of Nursing Service."

Mrs. Alma R. Grinels, R. N., enrollment secretary, American Red Cross Nursing Service, Richmond, will speak on "Virginia's Progress in the Red Cross Recruit Students for Virginia Schools of Nursing." The subject of Mrs. Elizabeth Buxton Styron, R. N., chairman, committee on Recruitment of Student Nurses, Newport News, will be "Efforts to Recruit Students for Virginia Schools of Nursing."

The State Board Luncheon will take place at 12:30 o'clock.

At 2 o'clock Miss Ferma Hoover, R. N. chairman, will preside over a round table on "Activities of the Virginia Nursing Council for War Service." T

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY—Mrs. Robert D. Wright, president-general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, receives a War Stamp corsage from Mrs. B. A. Blenner, chairman of the convention. Mrs. J. L. Bugg, president of the Virginia division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is wearing a stamp corsage given her by Mrs. Calvin P. Jones (left to right), chairman of decorations. Stamp corsages and War Bonds are a particular feature the convention is stressing this year. [Staff photo]

HE ROANOKE TIMES, ROANOKE, VIRGIN

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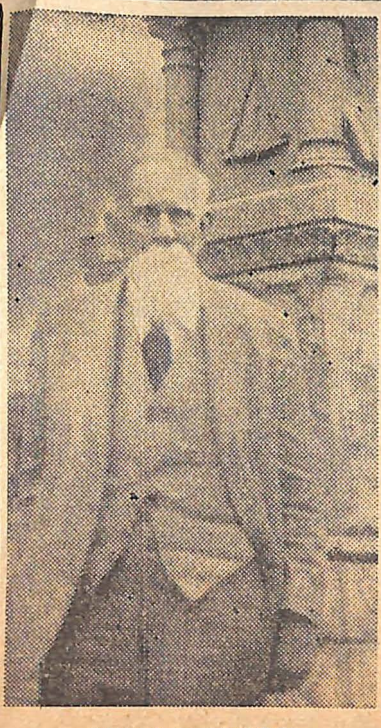

GREEN B. MABRY

VETERAN OF GRAY RECALLS BATTLES

Green B. Mabry Carroll's Last Confederate

HILLSVILLE, March 27 (Special).—Carroll county's last surviving Confederate veteran, Green B. Mabry, now in his 98th year, still recalls in vivid and sometimes gr... some detail his experiences during the War Between the States.

Mr. Mabry appeared recently on a program of the Hillsville Woman's club, along with veterans of the Spanish-American and World wars, and a soldier of the second World war, and he recalled for the club seeing Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States of America, riding toward the South on a mule (probably after the fall of Richmond).

Never Was Wounded

Born September 14, 1845, Mr. Mabry served under Confederate Generals Johnston and Hood, and fought as a 'teen-aged lad in battles in several Southern States. Though he had his clothing almost cut from his body by bullets, he was never wounded.

He tells how men subsisted on a ration of one ear of corn for three days, how they were given passes to forage the countryside to supplement the scanty food supply, and how a superior officer would pay interest on a loan made him by a soldier in a small dodger of corn bread. He recalls vividly the bloody battlefields of the South, with the ground almost covered with the bodies of the dead, both Blue and Gray. All through the war, he says, he carried a New Testament and a hymn book.

Soldiers plodding homeward from Appomattox brought to Mr. Mabry's company the first news of the surrender and the end of the long war.

SIDNEY LANIER

Program of 47th Annual Convention

VIRGINIA DIVISION

United Daughters of the Confederacy

JEFFERSON HOTEL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, TO THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1942.

* * * * *

This program is dedicated to the memory of the Confederate Private Soldier and in commemoration of the centenary of

SIDNEY LANIER

Poet, Musician, Soldier

* * * * * *

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

"O, valiant hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame,
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

* * * * *

Delegates and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are invited to visit the Confederate Museum and the Confederate Memorial Institute (Battle Abbey). Admission free.

Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy

OFFICERS OF VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

President.....Mrs. James Luckin Bugg
First Vice-President.....Mrs. W. G. Gwinn
Second Vice-President.....Mrs. F. L. Brauer
Third Vice-President.....Mrs. Élias Ethridge
Recording Secretary.....Mrs. J. J. Nelms
Corresponding Secretary.....Mrs. J. W. Simmons
Treasurer.....Miss Julia O'Mara
Registrar.....Mrs. C. C. Guthrie
Historian.....Mrs. Ferguson Cary
Recorder of Crosses.....Mrs Cecil Morris
Custodian.....Mrs. John C. Gilmer

DISTRICT CHAIRMEN.

First District.....Mrs. E. L. Garrett
Second District.....Mrs. James C. Brand
Third District.....Mrs. T. F. Motley
Fourth District.....Mrs. McDuff Green
Fifth District.....Mrs. W. C. Segar
Sixth District.....Miss Mary Stevenson

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

Headquarters: Jefferson Hotel.

Bureau of Information: Jefferson Hotel.

All meetings of the Convention will be held in the Auditorium of the hotel, Main Street side.

Executive Board Meeting: Monticello Room, Tuesday, October 6, 2:30 P. M.

Credentials Committee: Tuesday, October 6, 9:30 A. M.

Writing Rooms: Franklin Street side.

Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Committee: Monticello Room, Tuesday, 1:00 P. M.

CHAPTER PRESIDENTS' DINNER.

Tuesday, October 6, 6:30 P. M.

Mrs. W. G. Gwinn, 1st Vice-President, *Presiding.*

Music—Solo, Mrs. J. Garland Hood, Mrs. Ruth Davis, Accompanist.

Roll Call of Chapters in 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Districts.

Music—Solo, Mrs. L. Benjamin Sheppard, Mrs. Ruth Davis, Accompanist.

Roll Call of Chapters in 4th, 5th, and 6th Districts.

BUSINESS SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 9:00 A. M.

Call to Order—Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Invocation—Rev. Carlton S. Prickett, Pastor Grove Avenue Baptist Church.

Pledge of Allegiance to the flag of the United States:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands—one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

Salute to the flag of the Confederate States of America:

"I salute the Confederate Flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance."

RITUAL.

PRESIDENT: "Daughters of the Confederacy, this day we are gathered together, in the sight of God to strengthen the bonds that unite in a common cause; to renew the vows of loyalty to our sacred principles; to do homage unto the memory of our gallant Confederate soldiers and to perpetuate the fame of their noble deeds unto the third and fourth generations. To this end we invoke the aid of our Lord."

PRESIDENT: "Hear my prayer, O God; attend unto my prayer."

RESPONSE BY ALL PRESENT: "From the ends of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

PRESIDENT: "For Thou, Lord art good and ready to forgive and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."

RESPONSE BY ALL PRESENT: "Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayers; and attend to the voice of my supplication."

PRAYER.

(Composed by Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina.)

PRESIDENT: "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we adore Thy love and providence in the history of our country, and especially would we thank Thee for our Confederate history.

"We thank Thee for its pure record of virtue, valor and sacrifice; and for the inspiring reflection that, despite its bitter disappointments and sorrows, it proclaims for us to all the world, that we came through its years of trial and struggle with our battered shields pure, our character as a patriotic and courageous people untarnished, and nothing to regret in our defense of the rights and honor of our Southland.

"Give us grace, our Heavenly Father, faithfully to accept Thy will concerning us, and make us all to glorify Thee in a sincere obedience to Thy holy commandments through the merits and mediation of Thy Son, our only Savior, Jesus Christ."

RESPONSE BY ALL PRESENT: "Amen."

LORD'S PRAYER: (Led by the President, followed by all present.)

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever. Amen."

PRESIDENT: "And now, by the authority in me vested, as President of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I do hereby declare this Convention open and ready for business."

Report of the Credentials Committee—Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, Chairman.

Rules of the Convention—Mrs. J. J. Nelms, Recording Secretary.

Report of the Program Committee—Mrs. Chas E. Bolling, Chairman.

Roll Call of Officers and District Chairmen—Recording Secretary.

Roll Call of Chapters—Recording Secretary.

Presentation of Flags to Hostess Chapters—Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke.

Acceptance of Flags—Mrs. B. A. Blenner, General Chairman.

Announcement of Recommendations and Resolutions Committees.

Report of the President.

Reports of the Vice-Presidents in order.

MEMORIAL HOUR—TWELVE O'CLOCK.

MRS. F. L. BRAUER, *Presiding.*

Invocation.....Rev. J. Callaway Robertson, Pastor Monument Methodist Church.

Music—Solo: "The Lord's Prayer."..... Mr. Philip Whitfield

Scripture Reading.

SPECIAL MEMORIALS:

Mrs. P. J. Kernodle.....Mrs. G. Burton Mountcastle

Mrs. Florence C. Mitchell.....Mrs. A. R. McCalley

Mrs. Mary Friend McFaden, Mrs. Elizabeth Kurtz Grim } ..Turner Ashby Chapter, Winchester

Music—Quartette: Mrs. James Tignor, Mrs. S. Garland Burnett, Mr. Harold Lamb, Mr. Rieman McNamara. Accompanist, Mrs. George H. Brumble.

Roll Call of Chapters and placing of flowers in wreath in memory of members who have passed away during preceding year.

Benediction.....Rev. J. Callaway Robertson

Taps—Melvin Cohen, James Fuqua.

Reading of Greetings—Announcements.

New Business.

LUNCHEON—1:00 TO 2:00 P. M.—JEFFERSON HOTEL.

BUSINESS SESSION.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 2:00 P. M.

"Investing for Victory." Mr. J. Vaughn Gary, War Savings Staff, Richmond Committee.

Reports of Recording and Corresponding Secretaries.

Report of the Treasurer.

Report of the Historian.

Report of the Registrar.

Report of Recorder of Crosses.

Report of Custodian.

Reports of District Chairmen.

Report of Nominating Committee—Mrs. Berryman Green, Chairman.

New Business.

Recess—5:00 P. M.

HISTORICAL EVENING.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 8:15 P. M.

JEFFERSON HOTEL AUDITORIUM.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

MRS. FERGUSON CARY, Historian Virginia Division, *Presiding*.

Music—Trio: Miss Mildred Penzer, Violin; Mr. Douglas Stith, Cello; Mrs. Moses Stein, Piano.

Bugle Call—Melvin Cohen, James Fuqua.

Processional—Color Bearers; Color Guards; Pages; Chapter Historians; Members of History and Literature and Historical Evening Committees; Past Division Historians; Speaker; Chaplain; Recipients of Crosses; Chapter Presidents; Ex-Presidents-General; Historian Virginia Division; President-General; President of Virginia Division.

Call to Order—Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Invocation—Rev. Beverley M. Boyd, Rector Grace and Holy Trinity Church.

* * * * *

Music—"Dixie." . . . . . .Instrumental Trio

Bestowal of Crosses of Military Service, Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President; Mrs. Cecil Morris, Recorder of Crosses.

RECIPIENTS OF CROSSES.

Spanish American War—
Major General B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A. (Retired).

World War—
Colonel Edmund DeTreville Ellis, U. S. Army.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner." . . . Instrumental Trio

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Music—Songs of Stephen Foster. . . . . Mr. Marion Booth

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Address—"The Daughters of the Confederacy in War Time," Mrs. Robert D. Wright, President-General, U. D. C.

Presentation of Division Historian by Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Pledge of Allegiance to the United States Flag.

Salute to the Confederate Flag.

Presentation of Speaker by Mrs. Ferguson Cary.

Address—"The Private Soldier of the Confederacy," Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman.

Music—Medley of Modern War Songs by American Legion Auxiliary Chorus. Directed by Mrs. S. Garland Burnett.

Award of Prizes.

Recessional and Retiring of Flags—Audience Standing.

Music—"America the Beautiful." Led by Mrs. Burnett and Sung by All Present.

Color Bearers—Virginia Gunn, Janet Randolph Turpin, Jessie Cato.

Color Guards—John Marshall High School Cadets.

BUSINESS SESSION.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 9:00 A. M.

Call to Order—Mrs. J. L. Bugg, President.

Invocation—Rev. Samuel M. Inman, Pastor Mizpah Presbyterian Church.

Minutes.

Final Report of Credentials Committee—Mrs. C. C. Guthrie.

Election of Officers.

Report of Executive Board—Recording Secretary.

Reports of Standing Committees:

- Commemorative Meeting—Mrs. F. L. Brauer.
- Confederate Museum—Miss India Thomas.
- Education—Mrs. Robert Gray.
- Finance—Mrs. W. O. Bickle.
- History and Literature—Mrs. Ferguson Cary.
- Relief—Mrs. Wallace Saunders.
- Transportation—Mrs. Walter Allen.

Reports of Special Committees:

- Confederate Grave Markers—Mrs. Chas W. Schaadt.
- Jefferson Davis Highway—Mrs. B. A. Blenner.
- Lee Chapel and Mausoleum—Mrs. James A. Scott.
- Custodian of Lee Chapel and Mausoleum—Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy.
- Endowment of Lee Chapel and Mausoleum—Mrs. W. A. Roberts.
- Pensions—Mrs. A. S. J. Williams.
- Patriotic Activities and Civilian Defense—Miss Anne V. Mann.
- Report of Recommendations Committee.

New Business.

LUNCHEON—1:00 TO 2:00 P. M.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 2:00 P. M.

Reports of Special Committees—continued:

- Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries—Mrs. J. M. Graham.
- Virginia Tennessee Book Committee—Mrs. George H. Slater.
- Radio Committee—Mrs. E. C. Whitehurst.
- Committee on Sidney Lanier—Mrs. Ferguson Cary.
- Shiloh Records—Mrs. Calvin Jones.
- Publicity—Mrs. Margaret Bailey.

Unfinished Business.

Report of Resolutions Committee.

Installation of Officers.

Hymn—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

When we at death must part
Not like the world's our pain;
But one in Christ and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

Adjournment.

PRESIDENTS OF RICHMOND CHAPTERS.

Richmond Chapter.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
Chesterfield Chapter.....Mrs. J. E. LaPrade
Lee Chapter.....Mrs. Thos. G. Parr
Stonewall Jackson Chapter.....Mrs. Emily St. Claire
Elliott Grays Chapter.....Mrs. Charles W. Schaadt
Janet Randolph Chapter.....Mrs. W. B. Hackley

CONVENTION COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

General Chairman.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
Secretary.....Mrs. F. L. Brauer
Treasurer.....Mrs. James T. Hill
Credentials.....Mrs. A. S. J. Williams
Decorations and Flowers.....Mrs. Calvin Jones
Headquarters.....Mrs. E. H. Goodman
Hostess.....Mrs. Wallace Saunders
Housing.....Mrs. Charles W. Schaadt
Information.....Mrs. J. E. LaPrade
Luncheons.....Mrs. S. B. Adkins
Music.....Mrs. Thos. G. Parr
Pages.....Mrs. W. B. Hackley
Co-Chairmen, Mrs. Lee O. Miller and Mrs. C. C. Guthrie
Printing and Badges.....Mrs. W. J. Judd
Publicity.....Mrs. Joseph Wilson
Program.....Mrs. Charles E. Bolling
Registration.....Mrs. R. H. Johnson
Trains and Busses.....Mrs. C. L. Haddock

PAGES TO THE PRESIDENT-GENERAL.

Beatrice Bland Bertha Brauer Cosby

PAGES TO THE PRESIDENT VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Mary St. Clair Bugg Rosalie Luck

PAGES.

Carol Brown
Jane Cook
Mrs. Bernard Cosby
Clarine Cunningham
Helen Dawson
Mrs. W. M. Goodman
Marian Grant
Courtney Goddin
Virginia Gunn
Anita Hackett
Dorothy Hall
Lois Johnson
Mrs. J. C. Kinnett
Jeanne Osborne
Anne Pavey
Virginia Rives Rowe
Virginia Saunders
Mrs. Monte Shirey
Donald Sage
Fred Sage
Felicia Jane Turman
Gene Woodfin

* * * * *

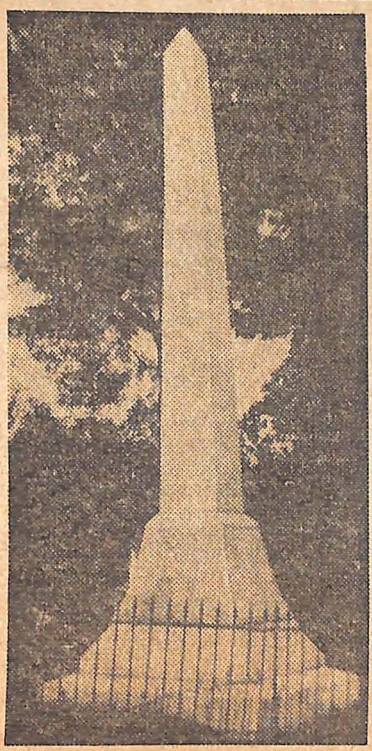
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.

O, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O, beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

Roa. Times - Nov. 21 1963

Former Governor Buried In Cemetery At Abingdon



FLOYD MEMORIAL—In the Sinking Spring cemetery, Abingdon, is the monument seen in the above picture erected to the memory of John Buchanan Floyd, governor of Virginia from 1849 to 1851. He served as secretary of war under President Buchanan and as Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. He married Sallie Buchanan Preston, daughter of General Francis Preston, whose spacious residence is the present Martha Washington Inn. Ex-Governor Floyd died in 1863 in the house that became the original building of the old Stonewall Jackson Institute in Abingdon.

John B. Floyd Served During Pre-Civil War Days

By CLARA HILL CARNER

MARION, Nov. 20.—"The whole earth is the sepulchre of great men" is really true of this, Southwestern Virginia, or often referred to as the "Mountain Empire." Many personages whose names have been woven into the warp and woof of this commonwealth lie buried in different cemeteries in this section.

In the picturesque Sinking Spring cemetery in Abingdon lies a former governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, Honorable John Buchanan Floyd, the son of John Floyd, who was the governor of Virginia when Smyth county was formed in 1832.

Cast In Munich

It was during his term, 1849-1851, that the Washington Monument that graces the Capitol Square in Richmond was authorized and commenced. The bronze equestrian statue with the six allegorical figures were cast in Munich. When it arrived in Richmond, it was drawn through the streets to the square from the river landing by the citizens. It was unveiled in 1858.

John Buchanan Floyd was born at Smithfield now in Pulaski county on June 1, 1806. While quite a young man, he married his cousin, Sarah Buchanan Preston, one of the charming daughters of General Francis Preston of Abingdon. Her parents looked with disfavor on such a union. The fortunes of the Floyd family had been broken. They ran away and were married. The Floyds had no children.

Ex-governor Floyd was appointed secretary of war by our bachelor president, James Buchanan.

In 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-general in the Confederate army. He served during the War Between the States in West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Due to so much exposure during the war, he was forced to return to his home in Abingdon.

Next To Inn

The house they occupied and in which he died stood next door on the east of the present Martha Washington Inn.

This red brick house, built by General John S. Preston, a brother of Mrs. Floyd, in 1833, became the original building of the old Stonewall Jackson Institute, the Presbyterian college founded for girls in 1868.

John Buchanan Floyd died August 26, 1863 of cancer, or as diagnosed then, scirrhus of the stomach which was the cause of the death of Napoleon I.

When giving up the home after her husband's death, "Miss Sallie" as Mrs. Floyd was affectionately called, presented Martha Washington college (Stonewall Jackson Institute had not come into being) with the grandfather clock that still stands on the landing today of this Colonial stairway in the home built by her father, General Francis Preston and known today as Martha Washington Inn. This ancient time piece was brought from England in the early part of the 19th century.

Richmond Times-Dispatch Oct. 8, 1942

—Staff Photo.

Mrs. Olivia Morrison Orr, of Lee County, was elected to the office of Honorary President, Virginia Division, UDC, at their meeting yesterday afternoon.

She's Still Unreconstructed

By Lillian Franklin Trimmer

"I'm an unreconstructed Rebel and still a fighter," laughed Mrs. Olivia Morrison Orr, president of the Lighthorse Harry Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, after her unanimous election to the office of honorary president of the Virginia Division, UDC, who are holding their forty-seventh annual convention in Richmond.

"I have a son who was wounded in the World War, and a grandson who is serving in the present war, and two nephews at Pearl Harbor," Mrs. Orr explained proudly.

When asked what her chapter of the UDC was doing to assist the present war effort, Mrs. Orr said, "we've given a ton of iron and more than 100,000 pounds of rubber."

A slender, erect woman with white hair, Mrs. Orr was charming in a smart costume of salute blue. As she received the many congratulations of the Daughters on her election to the office of honorary president, it was hard to believe that Mrs. Orr has been president of the Lighthorse Harry Lee Chapter for 27 years and that she is a charter member of the Daughters.

There are more than 60 members in her chapter and although they have moved to various States in the Union, Mrs. Orr still keeps them organized and carries on all the work of the Daughters.

"I hope to live to have more than 100 members in our chapter," she declared. "But, age doesn't count—it's what you do," she added.

Mrs. Orr was elected at the business session yesterday afternoon of the Daughters to fill the vacancy created by the death of Mrs. Sallie Bruce Dickenson, of Hampden-Sydney.

UDC Asked to Help Preserve Historic Data on Present War

The United Daughters of the Confederacy can be of inestimable value to future generations by carefully preserving all material of a historical nature on the present war that affects the State of Virginia, Dr. H. J. Eckenrode said yesterday when he addressed the forty-seventh annual convention of the UDC at their business session in the Hotel Jefferson. Dr. Eckenrode is director of history and archaeology of the State Conservation Committee.

Commending the Daughters for the work they have already done in preserving material and records of the War Between the States, Dr. Eckenrode stressed the fact that they are again faced with another great historical crisis and that they ought to look out for the historical side of the present war as well as for patriotic service.

"The Daughters can be of great help to us," Dr. Eckenrode said, "by sending us information and helping us to preserve a good account of the present crisis. The Federal government has an organization to do this work, but we must do it ourselves for Virginia."

"Investing for Victory" was the subject of a talk also made at yesterday afternoon's meeting by J. Vaughn Gary, War Savings Staff, Richmond Committee.

An address by Mrs. Robert D. Wright, president-general, UDC, on "The Daughters of the Confederacy in War Time" featured last night's meeting at the Jefferson. An historical evening was observed at the evening meeting yesterday, and dedicated to the memory of the Confederate private soldier. Mrs. Ferguson Cary, historian of the Virginia Division, presided. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. J. L. Bugg, president, and the invocation pronounced by the Rev. Beverley M. Boyd, rector of Grace and Holy Trinity Church.

Featuring the historical meeting last night was the award of the following prizes to the Virginia Division, UDC., for their 1942 historical work:

For the best Confederate history of a Virginia county, first prize, Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee, of Culpeper Chapter; second prize, Miss Margaret W. Sinclair, Old Dominion Dragoons Chapter, Hampton; third prize, Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, of Greensville Chapter, Emporia, Va.

For the best diary or collection of letters of the Confederate period, first prize, "The Experiences of Colonel T. G. Barham, of Sussex County," by Mrs. Claude Dale, of Sussex Chapter; second prize, "The Diary of First Sergeant James Edward Whitehorne, Company F, Twelfth Virginia Regiment, CSA, Infantry," by Miss Ann V. Mann, of the Petersburg Chapter, UDC.

Mrs. E. L. Garrett, of Wytheville, chairman of the first district, won the prize for the district chairman placing the most copies of "The History of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

The chapter reporting the most new members was Sussex Chapter, Sussex Courthouse, of which Mrs. R. H. Stephenson is president.

Hanover Chapter, of Ashland, was awarded a prize given to the chapter reporting the best work done in schools. Mrs. Walter Sydnor, Jr., conducted the work. Elliott Grays Chapter, Mrs. Charles Schaadt, president, won the prize awarded the chapter placing the most Confederate grave markers and recording them.

TIMES

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OCTOBER 17, 1943.

S FULL STRIDE M

Approach Of Assembly Finds Few Contes

WARRIOR'S WIDOW DOES HER BIT—Widow of the famous Confederate General James Longstreet, Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet, of Marietta, Ga., is studying riveting and assembly fabrication before taking a job in an airplane factory. She hopes to complete a three-mouth course in two weeks. (International).

be rationed in restaurants.

Civil War Recipe

But the coffee ration is not worrying 90-year-old Mrs. M. S. McKinney, Sr., who lives with her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Wharton, at the Hedgelawn Nursery.

She was 10-years old during the Civil war and recalled that people got along on little or no coffee which they stretched a long, long way by mixing it with molasses, bran and baking it.

Here is her Civil War recipe just in case things really get tough: Take eight cups of bran, one cup of New Orleans molasses, and one cup of ground coffee, mix together thoroughly, and bake slowly for two hours, keeping the mixture stirred thoroughly so that it will bake into little chunks.

The coffee is then made by boiling water with the chunks of this substance. Of course, she says, it is not as good as real coffee but it is better than nothing and it will go a long way, but just how far she doesn't remember—it has been a long time since the Civil war.

Just in case you are running short and have already used up your pound of coffee purchased with stamp No. 27 in your war ration book, stamp No. 28 will be good for another pound January 3.

Tribute

to

Jefferson Davis

from

Roanoke Chapter U. D. C.

March 10th
1941.

A Tribute
to
Jefferson Davis as
Ex-President of
The Confederate States
of North America

Thank God for a Christian, gentleman, scholar, Statesman, soldier and patriot combined in Jefferson Davis!

There are characters in ~~history~~, whose light will shine as long as time endures. Among them we, truthfully, include that martyr to the Southern Confederacy ~~cause~~ ~~cause~~ ~~cause~~, Hon. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, President of the Southern Confederacy.

It would be pleasant to sketch the whole life of Jefferson Davis, but time available limits our view to his noble character and his life after the fratricidal War between the States (not recognized by us as The Civil War!)

It is said of that great thinker Goethe that no subject escaped his intelligent consideration, and, similarly, there seems no phase of a great human character wanting to the life of the chief victim of one "lost and lost" cause. Of course, I know that like most useful people, Jefferson, Davis had not escape the prism-darts of envious inferiors, whose opinions are ignored by the wiser people like us.

Before secession of Southern states, Davis held prominent offices in the United States government; Specially, he was Secretary of War before the fratricidal conflict between the States of North America or United States as now known. It is not my purpose to views our leader during the momentous four years of brave Southern defence of homes and loved ones but to express once more, our admiration for his life from 1865 to 1889, when adversity seemed to illumine his days at Beauvoir Mississippi with Christian resignation and peace.

When did the grace of God to a sincere believer shine more clearly?

And how remarkably did the fallen chief of South succeed in preparing that wonderful literary work of truth The Rise and Fall of The Confederate Government? (Incidentally, I gave to our Chapter my father's two volumes of this priceless record of Southern valor and misfortune which is ready for members to read, now in the custody of Mrs. E. V. Gookin.)

Try to picture Jefferson Davis — the chief victim of our Post cause — seized by hostile, revengeful hands of North, see him existing, for a time, in a dark cell in the wall of Fortress Monroe, as if a felon, with no relief of darkness at night to rest his weary eyes, and with ill health and almost death oppressing him! Gladly, we turn from the sad sight to see him released and returned to his home Beauvoir, Miss. Mississippi because enemies could find no U.S. law to try him for treason. And here — mostly until 1889 — when he died — he spent his days preparing for posterity the valuable history of The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government! Men die, but their work do follow them! Would that every Southerner living or dead possessed as noble a record as Jefferson Davis!

I doubt not that, if there had been no law of U.S. to prevent, Davis from punishment from rabid enemies in the North, he would have been tried and condemned to all possible extent.

Oh that we would read the true record of the War between the States, wonder that our people could have "carried on" under such privations, and try to follow such examples of fortitude and patience under difficulties of every kind. (It seems from the actions of English people now, that our origin as a nation may explain the wonderful endurance of 1860-5, on part of our forbears!)

And oh that it might be sounded abroad those noblest words of Jefferson Davis in reply to question why he should perpetuate these bitter memories i.e. the records of the War between the States, he replied in these words "I speak in no bitter spirit of vengeance with no desire for vain glory, with no wish for sectional exaltation but that the posterity of war such as I have described may rise equal to their parents — higher if possible — and that the South may exhibit for all time to come the noble qualities which her sons have, hitherto, manifested. In same address, speaking of Southern soldiers he said "throughout the war, I never went into the army without finding their camp engaged in prayer."

To a teacher in a Southern College, asking him to give him a sentiment for a public function, he sent the following next page

"Be ye slow to anger, swift to forgive,
and hold fast that charity that reaches the Cowly
with the self-respect that stoops not to the haughty!
To the Boston Globe asking Davis to prepare a criticism
on the dying Ulysses Grant, he replied
Trust "General Grant is dying.
Secondly Though he invaded our country, it was
with an open hand, and, so far as I know
he abetted neither arson, nor pillage, and has,
since the war, I believe shown no malice to
Confederates, either of military or civil survival.
Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet
of his closing hours, I would, if it was in my power
contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort
of his body"
After the fires of war died down, the broad-minded
Northerns desired to see and know Jefferson Davis
witness a few of them as told as "Jefferson Davis
his life and personality" as recorded by a Northern
writer — Morris Schaff — in his fair book
Jefferson Davis
his Life and Personality
Charles Francis Adams of Mass. who says truly
"Davis, by the way, impressed me that winter [illegible]
agreeably than any Southern man whom I met in Congress
In 1865, also I called on Jefferson Davis at his home

Beauvoir at Mississippi City Beach.
This person member of Roanoke Chapter
I do not quote all eulogy, but you must know its compliment to Jefferson Davis.
Many reporters of The War between the States were not in position of knowledge to do justice to their superior Jefferson Davis
From a wealth of sources about the last years of Jefferson Davis, I choose selections from a Northern book purposely "for, in the mouth of many witnesses a thing is proved."
Specially from existing enemies, I think.
It is pleasant to know that our great leader of the Confederacy did not endure a long illness before death. Returning from visit to his plantation in Bryerfield Miss. the last of November 1889, he was suddenly stricken with acute bronchitis and from boat at New Orleans was carried to home of Mr. Justice C. E. Fenner, and, on afternoon of December 6, he was stricken with a congestive chill and began to sink rapidly. To Mrs Davis urging him to take a remedy he with usual courtesy and gentleness he said "Please excuse me I can not take it, and before midnight the eyes that ever met his fellowmen with respect and courage closed for last time. Born June 3 1808 Died Dec 6 1889 age 81 years

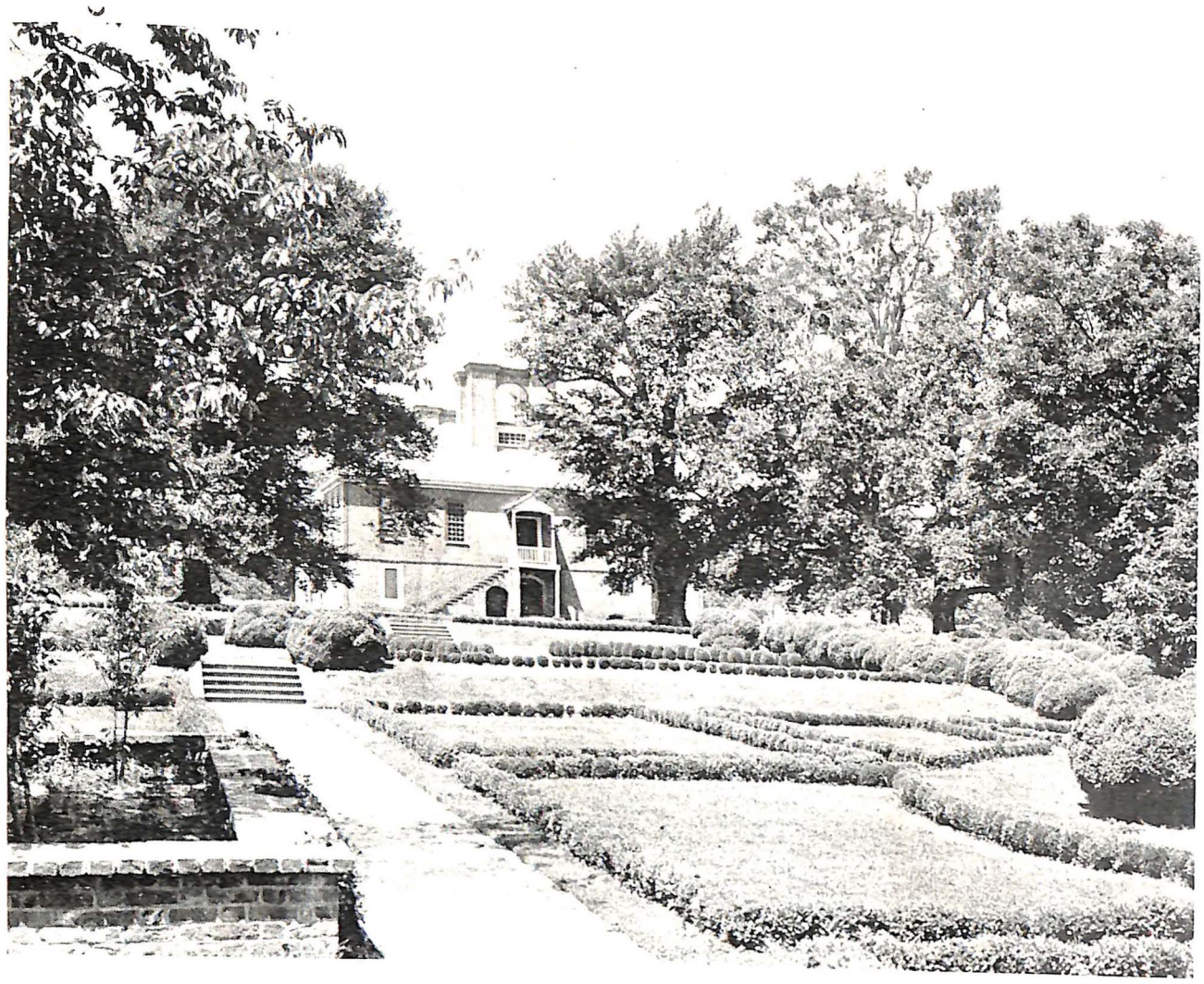
In lieu of this loving tribute to the character of Jefferson Davis, I feel obliged to commend the tributes paid to an slave-owner by many ex-slaves of a beloved master.

Such tributes are not only beautiful but strong answers to Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin

Mary M. Pleasants

By order of Historian Mae Hoover.

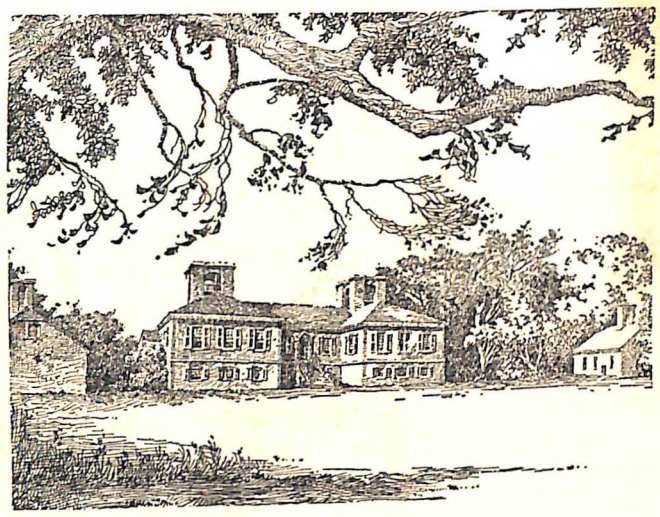
Benjamin Hill



Above: Beautiful formal gardens set off Stratford, Westmoreland County, ancestral home of the Lees and birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Mansion, gardens, and outbuildings have been restored.

STRATFORD HALL

Westmoreland County
Virginia



A Colonial Plantation

owned and maintained

by the

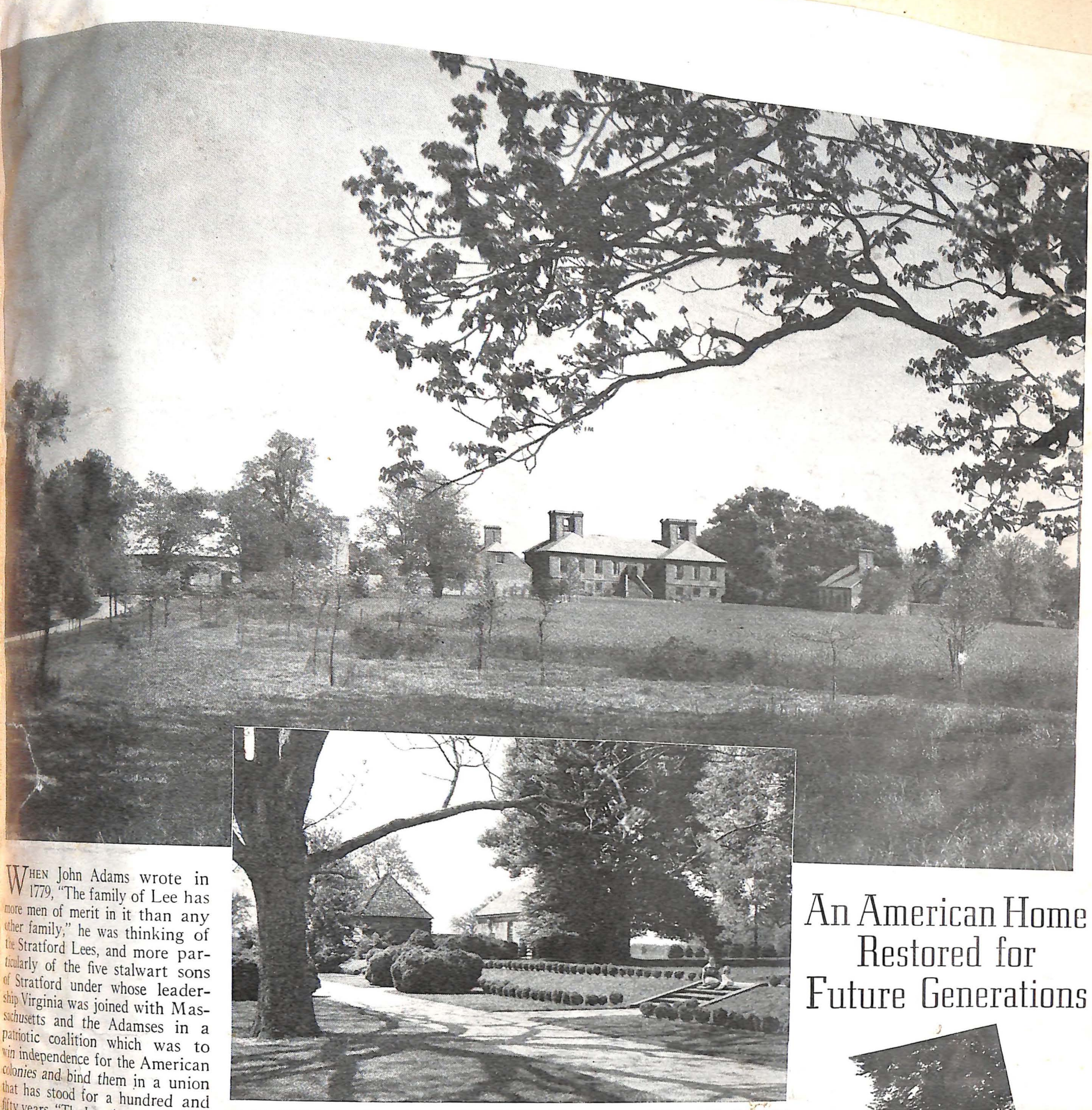
Robert E. Lee

Memorial Foundation Inc.

The kitchen epitomizes the hospitality of bygone days with its cavernous fireplace and gleaming copper pots

IT WOULD be outside the scope of this article to discuss in any detail the construction of the dependencies at Stratford. But one must not slight the kitchen in the southeast building, the first restoration undertaken by the Foundation, and one of the most successful. Nowhere else is the generousness of life in the old days more apparent. The cavernous fireplace with its gleaming copper and brass, its great iron cranes and spit, and delicate wrought-iron utensils; the floor of old bricks scrubbed to a mellow pink; the sturdy maple chairs and tables; the capacious paneled cupboard; and the herb closet, with its bunches of mint, rosemary, and thyme, all speak of a time when hospitality was generous and the days leisurely; when dozens of willing hands and feet contributed to the rhythm and comfort of life and there was concern for the amenities all too rare today. If the restoration of Stratford should achieve no other end than to present to a restless generation this picture of gracious and unhurried living, it will have justified itself.

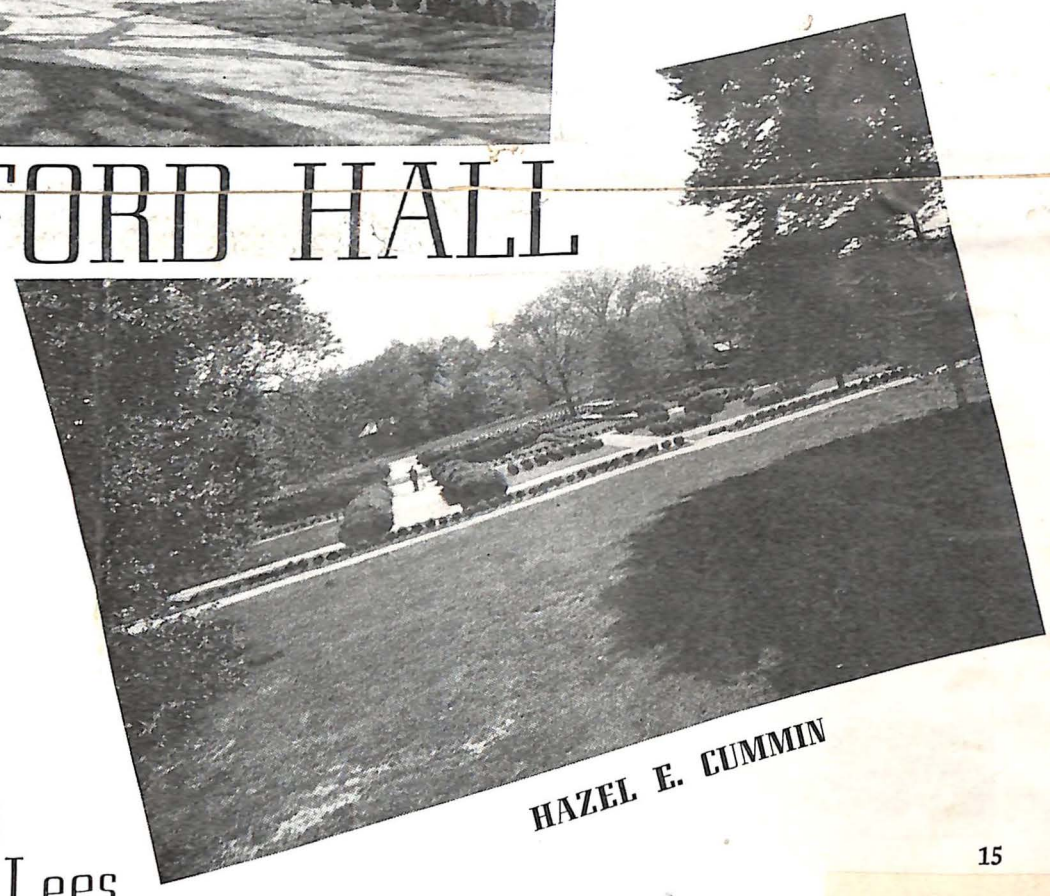
I think there was a mile of solid wall
Surrounding offices, garden, stables, and all;
And on the eastern side of the garden one,
Pomgranates ripened in the morning sun;
And farther off, yet sheltered by it, grew
Figs, such as those Alcinous' garden knew,—



STRATFORD HALL

An American Home Restored for Future Generations

Seat of the Westmoreland Lees



HAZEL E. CUMMIN

When John Adams wrote in 1779, "The family of Lee has more men of merit in it than any other family," he was thinking of the Stratford Lees, and more particularly of the five stalwart sons of Stratford under whose leadership Virginia was joined with Massachusetts and the Adamses in a patriotic coalition which was to win independence for the American colonies and bind them in a union that has stood for a hundred and fifty years. "The Lee-Adams Junto," scoffers called it. And certainly no other political combination in the history of America has so entirely engaged the attention of the country, or achieved the influence which was the portion of this first great alliance of two powerful commonwealths in the cause of American freedom.

For the Stratford Lees it meant the final flowering of the plans of the first Richard Lee, the "Emigrant" who had come to America in 1641 with but one ambition, to found his own line, and had forthwith established for it traditions of family pride and social and political leadership that persisted through six generations and produced some of the ablest statesmen America has known in her entire history.

Thomas Lee, the builder of Stratford and father of the five "Revolutionary Lees," was himself one of the ablest public men of his time. "President of Virginia" he had signed himself in presentations to the British Lords of Trade and might have added "President of America" without question being raised. For in those days America was Virginia in the minds of those whose only interest in her lay in the cargoes of

that focused attention by both North and South on the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Now, there are sections for the Fed-

The great hall at Stratford, one of the finest rooms of its period surviving in America today

Lower left: birth chamber wh
generation of Stratford Lees w
Right: "blew room" with fa

tobacco shipped regularly from Virginia landings. The ignorance that was expressed by Spenser when he dedicated "The Faerie Queene" to the "Empress Elizabeth by the grace of God Queene of England, France, and Ireland and of Virginia," died hard.

Thus President of Virginia or President of the Council of Virginia, was a title to command respect even in England. And in America it meant not only the political but the social and material leadership as well, of the most important colony of the continent. With the Stratford Lees it became almost an hereditary office. For a hundred years, from the time of the second Richard until the Council was abolished in 1776, there was no period when the family was not represented at its green baize table, scarcely a time when its head did not occupy the chair. And all the while younger sons acted for their state and country through membership in the Burgesses. The name of Lee swarms in the Williamsburg records. And among the

Birth Room

"Blew Room"

THE LEE HOMES IN VIRGINIA.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There are in Virginia three elegant manors associated with the Lee family—the Lees of Stratford, the Lees of Ditchley, and the Lees of Arlington, all of whom are from the same parent stock, united by many intermarriages.

The Lees built houses that were to endure, for Ditchley, in Northampton County, the home of Hancock Lee, is one of the finest examples of colonial durability; while old Stratford still presents the most solid foundation as typifying the endurance of the Lees of Westmoreland. Here were born Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee and Robert E. Lee—in the right wing of the house, which is shaped like a huge H. This great home was built with money that was a present to Thomas Lee from Queen Catherine's private purse, for his home had been burned and his wife, known as "the divine Matilda," barely escaped with her life and her child. He had wedded the daughter of Philip Ludwell, governor of North Carolina, and she had received a dowry of six hundred pounds from her father and grandfather, Benjamin Harrison. Her daughter Matilda married Governor Henry Lee, known as Light Horse Harry, then passed out, leaving him the estate of Stratford; and to his second marriage, to Anne Carter, of Shirley, was born Robert Edward Lee, who married the daughter of the owner of Arlington.

Arlington belonged to George Washington Parke Custis, who was called "The Child of Mount Vernon," for his father died at Yorktown, so he was reared by his grandmother, Martha Washington, wife of the President. At Arlington he entertained LaFayette on his memorable visit in 1824, and here was married his only child, Mary Randolph Custis, to Robert E. Lee, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Meade in the Arlington house. General Lee was educated in Alexandria, Va., and at West Point, N. Y., and his courtship occurred at Chatham, the Fitzhugh home near Fredericksburg, Va. The Arlington estate was left to Mrs. Lee by her father and entailed to her oldest son, George Washington Custis Lee.

As the man of conscience, courtesy, chivalry, and with the noblest ideals of sublime duty, Lee is the embodiment of all that stands for the sentiment of the chivalry of the Old South, for he inherited all the noble ideals of knighthood which had come down in his veins from a lineage that accompanied Richard the Lion-hearted on his crusades to the Holy Land. The Lees came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I, from Shropshire, England, where their estates were known as "Litchfield" and "Ditchley." Richard Lee, the son of the fifth baronet, was the first white man ever to settle in the Northern Neck of Virginia. His wife is believed to have been named Hannah Hancock. In 1641, he patented one thousand acres, and, later, Sir William Berkley granted him four thousand acres in Westmoreland. His portrait by Sir Peter Lely is still preserved, and shows a man of great physical attraction as well as strength of character. This Richard Lee, true to the House of Stuart, later went to Breda and invited the exiled Charles II to come and reign in Virginia—for he was Secretary to the Council and empowered to issue this invitation, which gave Colonial Virginia the motto: "En dat Virginian quartam" (Give Virginia the fourth place—along with England, Ireland, and Scotland). Hence, from the genesis of the days at Jamestown until the curtain rang down at Appomattox, the people of Virginia felt confidence in the Lees as leaders. Two of the Lees, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot, signed the Declaration of Independence, while "Light Horse Harry Lee" composed the beautiful tribute to General Wshington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," adding, "God left him childless so he might be the Father of his country."

When Robert E. Lee, on April 20, 1861, set out for Richmond, the ties with Arlington were forever sundered, save as treasured memories. He was profoundly touched when the State of Virginia selected him as her defender, and said: "I would have much preferred had the choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

This was General Lee's first and last speech; henceforth history was to speak for him. Virginia looked to Westmoreland to furnish her Washington for the Revolution, and turned again to Westmoreland for her Robert E. Lee for the crisis of the War between the States. Through the Custis marriage, the two families, Washington and Lee, were linked in union; and the heirlooms of Martha Washington fell to Mrs. Robert E. Lee, but they are scattered—some in the National Museum, some at Lexington, Va.; and a few retained as priceles mementoes by the family. Miss Mary Custis Lee, eldest daughter of General Lee, gave some of the china which the Society of the Cincinnati presented to General Washington to President Woodrow Wilson, and he left it as a part of the White House furnishings when his term expired. To her funeral President Wilson sent beautiful calla lilies as his tribute to the "Daughter of the Confederacy." She was buried from Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C., during the World War; and Secretary Baker walked with Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court (a Louisiana Confederate soldier), as two of her honorary pallbearers, while the venerable Dr. McKim, also a Confederate veteran and over eighty years of age, read the simple service of the Episcopal Church. Her brothers, Gen. W. H. F. Lee and Capt. Robert E. Lee, left children; but Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, is the only living grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the little Robert E. Lee III, son of Dr. Lee, is the only male descendant of the great Confederate leader of this generation.

George Washington Parke Custis died in 1857, leaving it in his will that all slaves belonging in his family should be freed five years from the date of his death. This made the date of their emancipation fall in 1862, when the shadow of war so interfered with all that had been previously planned that the question has often been propounded as to whether the executor of his will, who was Gen. Robert E. Lee, carried out these instructions. So search was made in the Chancery Court of the City of Richmond. The document was found showing that Gen. Lee freed two hundred slaves. This valuable document is now in possession of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. Gen. Robert E. Lee was a devout Christian, confirmed in Christ Church, Alexandria, in 1853, where a simple cross and crown in marble (exactly like the one to Gen. George Washington in the same edifice) bears testimony.

An Act of Congress, approved March 4, 1925, authorized the Secretary of War to restore the beautiful old manor to its former glory, but the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriation has as yet prevented the fulfillment of this sentiment. It is estimated that it will take $100,000 to repair Arlington house and to secure the furnishings for the same period as its Custis-Lee era; for the real furniture and possessions of the family are scattered beyond recall. It was the idea of the Michigan congressman who fathered this bill that Arlington should become a shrine like Mount Vernon, but when Ravensworth, the home of Gen. W. H. F. Lee was later destroyed by fire, priceless heirlooms went up in flames. Many other obstacles stand in the way, for the Arlington house has long been used as the office of the National Cemetery's superintendent, so that a new structure for that purpose would have to replace it. The restoration of the lawn is simply an impossibility, for there are tombs of officers of the United States army and navy and other distinguished people—such as L'Enfant, the engineer who planned the city of Washington, D. C., all over it.

When the casualties of war made necessary that a burial ground be established on the Virginia side of the Potomac, it was due to Meigs and Lincoln that Arlington was selected. Seeing some bodies on their way to the National cemetery at the Soldirs' Home of Washington, Lincoln ordered them interred at Arlington, which then began the great movement that focused attention by both North and South on the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Now, there are sections for the Federals, Confederate veterans, Spanish War veterans, and World War veterans; and beautiful monuments make it the Mecca for travelers from all over the world, for it is truly a "Westminster Abbey" on the Virginia hills, where glory encircles the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, whose bivouac is decorated by every Foreign Commission that visits America.

In his book, the "End of an Era," John S. Wise says: "Of Lee's military greatness, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness, I need not . . . the man who could stamp his impress upon a nation and die without an enemy such a man, such a heart, such a soldier, is beyond the power of human eulogy."

LEE MANSION
NATIONAL MEMORIAL

Main facade of Lee Mansion.

ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY
VIRGINIA

The Blue and Gray.

"You ask me why, upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day;
Linked side by side, in this broad band,
I wear the blue and gray.

"I had two brothers, long ago,
Two brothers bright and gay,
One wore the the coat of northern blue,
And one the southern gray.

"One heard the roll call of the south,
And linked his fate with Lee,
The other bore the Stars and Stripes
Through Georgia to the sea.

"Each fought for what he deemed the right,
And fell with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia hills,
And one by Georgia's strand.

"The same sun shines on both their graves,
And rests o'er hill and plain;
And in my dreams of vanished days,
Both brothers live again.

"And that is why, upon my breast,
Thro' life's declining day,
With still unchanging love for both,
I wear the blue and gray."

—Atlanta Journal.

LEE MANSION NATIONAL MEMORIAL

United States Department of the Interior
HAROLD L. ICKES, *Secretary*
National Park Service, NEWTON B. DRURY, *Director*

The Lee Mansion National Memorial, or Arlington House, as it was formerly known, distinctive through its associations with the families of Custis, Washington, and Lee, stands within the Nation's most famous cemetery on the Virginia side of the Potomac opposite Washington. This house of the foster son of the First President was for years the treasury not only of the Washington relics but of the Washington tradition. Here Robert E. Lee, a young lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and Mary Custis, the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, were married and raised a family. Here, also, Col. Robert E. Lee, torn between devotion to his country and to his native State, made his fateful decision, the substance of which he had written to his son a few months before: "It is the principle I contend for . . . But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union . . . Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets . . . has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved . . . I shall return to my native State . . . and save in defence will draw my sword on none." Today Arlington House, furnished with appointments of its early period, preserves for posterity the atmosphere of gracious living typical of a romantic age of American history.

EARLY HISTORY

George Washington Parke Custis, builder of Arlington House, was the grandson of Martha Washington and the foster son of George Washington. When Martha Dandridge Custis became the wife of Col. George Washington she was a widow with two children, Martha Parke Custis and John Parke Custis. Martha Parke Custis died in her teens without having been married, but John Parke Custis married Eleanor Calvert of Maryland in 1774, and upon his death at the close of the Revolutionary War left four children. The death of John Parke Custis was a shock, not only to his mother, Mrs. Washington, but to General Washington as well, as he is reported to have remarked to the grieving mother at the deathbed, "I adopt the two youngest children as my own." Their names were Eleanor Parke Custis (Nellie) and George Washington Parke Custis. They were raised at Mount Vernon and are often referred to as the "Children of Mount Vernon."

In 1802, the year his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, died, George Washington Parke Custis began building Arlington House on the estate of 1,100 acres which his father had purchased from the Alexander family in 1778 and had named Arlington in honor of the ancestral homestead of the Custis family in Northampton County, Va., and of the Earl of Arlington in England. The house was to receive the legacy of his grandmother—furniture and pictures, plate and china from Mount Vernon, and more precious still, personal effects of Washington. Two years later, at the age of 23, he was married to Mary Lee Fitzhugh of Chatham.

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The Family Parlor.

It is believed that Mr. Custis designed and supervised the original building and that its remodeling about 1820 was under the direction of the architect, George Hadfield. The foundation stone and timber came from the estate. The bricks with which the house was built were burned from native clay by slaves.

ARLINGTON

The extent of the front of the Mansion, with its two wings, is 140 feet. The wings are identical, except that in the north wing the space corresponding to the State Dining Room in the south wing was divided into small rooms for the temporary accommodation of Mr. and Mrs. Custis while the house was being built and was never changed. The central portion is divided by a wide central hall. A large formal Drawing Room with two fine marble fireplaces lies south of this hall, while to the north of it can be seen the Family Dining Room and Family Parlor separated by a north and south partition broken by three graceful arches. The second story is also divided by a central hall on either side of which there are two bedrooms and accompanying dressing rooms. A small room used as a linen closet is at the end of this hall. The third floor was used only for storage purposes and remains an unfinished attic. The grand portico facing the Potomac, with its eight massive Doric columns, was modeled after the Temple of Theseus at Athens. At the

The Blue and Gray.
(You ask me wh

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General Lafayette Visits Arlington

One of the most pleasant incidents in the history of Arlington House was the visit in 1824 of General Lafayette, whose reverence for the memory of Washington matched that of his host. It is related that on entering he commented on the iron lantern in the hall, which he remembered at Mount Vernon. The view from the portico he pronounced unrivaled, entreating Mrs. Custis never to sacrifice any of the fine trees. General Lafayette returned again to Arlington House in 1825 as the guest of the Custises for several weeks.

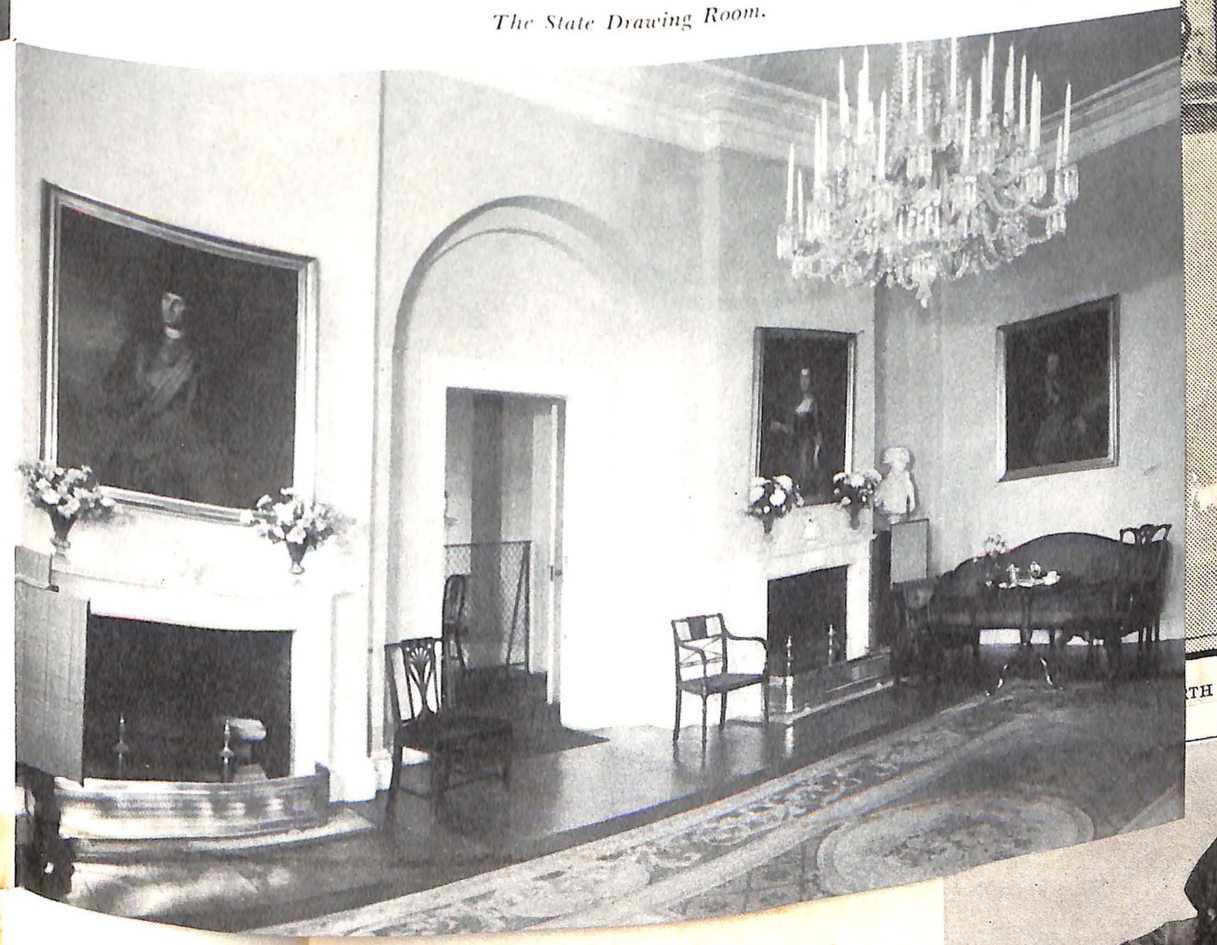
Lt. Robert E. Lee Marries Mary Custis

On June 30, 1831, Mary Ann Randolph Custis, only child of the Custis family at Arlington, became the wife of Robert E. Lee, a young lieutenant in the U. S. Army, just 2 years out of West Point. The ceremony took place under a floral bell hung in the archway between the Family Dining Room and Parlor. The wedding party remained at Arlington in festivity and merriment until July 5, when the groom's fellow officers, their leaves ending, were forced to say good-bye. Some of the bridesmaids lingered until the end of the week.

Mrs. Lee Inherits Arlington

Much of Mrs. Lee's married life was spent at the home of her girlhood, some-

The State Drawing Room.



times with her husband, sometimes awaiting his return from the Mexican War, or from distant tours of duty. Six of the seven Lee children were born here. By the will of George Washington Parke Custis, who died in 1857, the estate of Arlington was bequeathed to his daughter for her lifetime, and afterward to his eldest grandson and namesake, George Washington Custis Lee.

Never a thrifty farmer and an easy-going master, requiring little of his slaves, Mr. Custis' death found the Arlington plantation sadly run down. Robert E. Lee as executor felt that his presence at Arlington was necessary if he was to give proper attention to the estate. He, therefore, obtained extended leave and settled down to the life of a farmer. Three years elapsed before he rejoined his regiment. During this period, the traditions of Arlington House were maintained. Situated on the main-traveled road from the South, Arlington was a favorite stopping place for relatives and friends. Its hospitable doors were always open to such guests.

The Lees Leave Arlington

Following the news of the secession of Virginia, news which he had hoped never to hear, Colonel Lee, on April 20, 1861, resigned his commission in the U. S. Army. Monday morning, April 22, at the

The Winter Kitchen.

The Blue and Gray.

"You ask me why, upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,

STATUE OF ZEBULON B. VANCE, OF NORTH CAROLINA, IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE NORTH CAROLINA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG

'Gone With the...' Goes Like a Gale

Put up the storm shutters! Batten the hatches! Anchor City Hall!

For this is the Year of the Big Wind, and it bowls over every city that it hits.

Heralded by publicity puffs for three years, the Wind gained velocity from sensational premieres in Atlanta, New York and Philadelphia, and is now blowing over the nation at hurricane force.

Junior Leaguers made the "Gone With the Wind" openings in Atlanta and Philadelphia gala occasions for society. The fair young thing whose physical measurements most closely approximated Vivien Leigh's dainty 5 feet 3 wore her $3000 Scarlett O'Hara gown at the premiere.

The mammoth movie wafts to icy doorsteps the fragrance of magnolia blossoms and mint juleps, nostalgia for a bygone era of easy living, and three hours and 47 minutes of solid entertainment.

Before it can break even financially, it must take in the $3,975,000 that Producer David Selznick splurged in three years of casting, filming, cutting, hiring and firing. But its popularity already is so great that its producers expect to show it only at advanced prices throughout 1940.

Ole Massa Selznick, whose increasing gray hairs are not a symptom of Confederate partisanship, got around a still-warm historical controversy—the burning of Atlanta—by refusing to blame anyone outright. Rhett Butler does it for him, with a casual remark that retreating Confederates tossed the first match.

It's all right from the Southern viewpoint, because Butler, suhs, is a scamp who refused to fight for the Stars and Bars, and no good Confederate trusts his word. His little remark, however, is Massa Selznick's fire escape from the Grand Army of the Republic and other Northerners tired of being depicted as pyromaniacs.

The movie, depicting Sherman's march through Georgia, gets secessionists and even everyday 20th century neutrals worked up. As one female columnist put it after covering the world premiere, "I'm neither a Southerner nor a gentleman, but it left me in a mood that places any man in a double- hasn't gone wrong yet, at the box office.

●

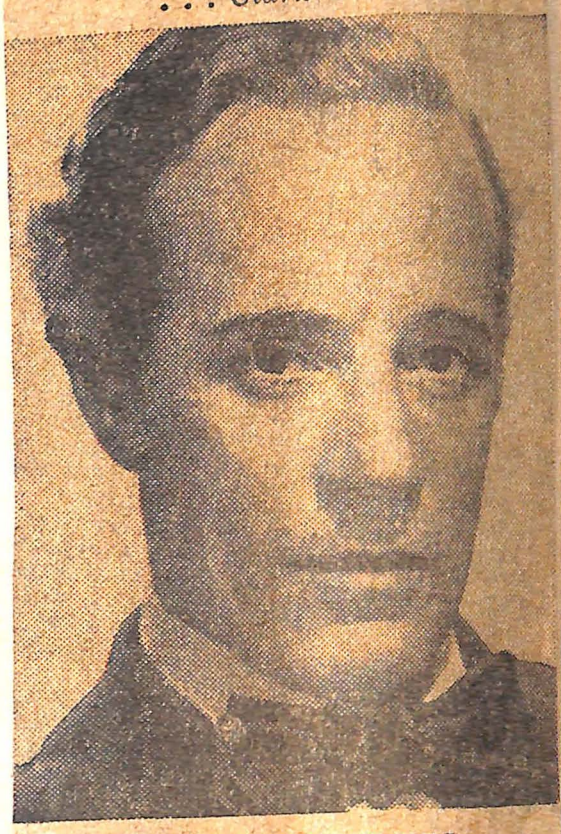
Statistically, the film gave 12,000 days of employment to more than 1500 extras at a daily minimum of $7.50 during its three-year evolution in Hollywood. . . . Twelve hundred and thirty appear in the spectacular burning of Atlanta, biggest crowd scene. . . . More people have read Margaret Mitchell's 1037-page book, foundation of the film, than voted for Herbert Hoover in 1932—(15,700,000). . . . It keeps its audience in their seats (and on the edges of 'em, at that) nearly two and a half times as long as the average featured film. . . . More cowboys were employed in it (as cavalrymen) than in any Western movie made last year.

MELANIE WILKES
. . . *Olivia de Havilland*

ELLEN O'HARA
. . . *Barbara O'Neil*

GERALD O'HARA
. . . *Thomas Mitchell*

RHETT BUTLER
. . . *Clark Gable*



ASHLEY WILKES
. . . *Leslie Howard*

MAMMY
. . . *Hattie McDaniel*

AUNT PITTYPAT
. . . *Laura Hope Crews*

SCARLETT O'HARA . . . *Vivien Leigh*

BURNING OF ATLANTA: *Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara (arrow) flee a first-class conflagration, complete and true to history to the last cinder, in "Gone With the Wind."*

J. E. B. STUART

A Character Sketch

—BY—
H. H. SMITH
ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

Price 10 Cents

J. E. B. STUART

A Brief Character Sketch

(NOTE: A few years ago the writer published brief character sketches of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis, which were extensively circulated, especially through the efforts of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. As we approach the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart (February 6, 1933), numerous requests for a similar sketch of this great military hero have been received, and this brochure is a response to those requests.)

The observance of the birthday anniversaries serves a good purpose. During the past few years we have commemorated the centenary birthdays of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington. These great characters of history are better known today because of the observance of these anniversaries. Both the North and the South should study the lives of the leaders in the great conflict of the sixties. Harsh and unjust criticism might be avoided if each side would strive to understand the other's point of view. Charles Francis Adams, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, delivered an address at the Lee birthday centennial, in 1907. Referring to Lee's decision

to resign from the United States Army and fight with the South, he said: "Coming directly to the point, I maintain that every man in the eleven States seceding from the Union, had, in 1861, whether he would or no, to decide for himself whether to adhere to his State or to the nation, and I finally assert that, whichever way he decided, if only he decided honestly, putting self-interest behind him, he decided right."

After comparing Lee's stand with the South to the conduct of John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the English Commonwealth, and George Washington, he said:

"As to Robert E. Lee, individually, I can only repeat what I have already said—If in all respects similarly circumstanced, I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough to have done as Lee did."

These are the words of one who, as a subordinate officer in the Union Army, once opposed Lee on the battlefield, and looked upon the leader of the Southern armies as an arch-traitor. Sixty years of meditation and study of the great conflict had brought about this change of opinion.

His Early Life

James Ewell Brown Stuart was of Scotch-Irish descent. His ancestors, on his father's side, were Scotch-Presbyterians, and came to this country because of religious persecution. At first they located in Pennsylvania, but later moved to Virginia. "Jeb" Stuart, as he

came to be known, was a son of Archibald Stuart, and was born in Patrick County, Virginia, February 6, 1833. Archibald Stuart was an officer in the War of 1812, and served as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1829-30, and of the Convention of 1850. He was noted for his wit and humor, and his oratorical powers. He is represented as a man of "splendid talents and wonderful versatility."

On his mother's side, General Stuart was descended from a prominent family of Welch extraction. His mother was Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. Stuart's boyhood days were spent on a farm in Patrick County, Virginia. One of his biographers tells us that, as a youth, Stuart was devoted to country life, and that during the war he was heard to remark: "I would give anything to make a pilgrimage to the old place, and when the war is over quietly to spend the rest of my days there."

At the age of fifteen he entered Emory and Henry College, in Virginia. During a religious revival at the college, young Stuart joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South Later in life, not having access to a Methodist Church, he united with the Episcopal Church, the Church of his mother. He seems to have inherited a strong religious nature, and to the day of his death was known as a consistent Christian.

At West Point

In 1850, at the age of seventeen, Stuart

entered the United States Military Academy, at West Point. He applied himself to his studies, and four years later graduated thirteenth in a class of forty-six.

General Fitzhugh Lee, referring to Stuart's student days at West Point, says: "I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were strict attention to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight, from any cadet who might in any way feel himself aggrieved, and a clear, metallic, ringing voice."

On October 31, 1854, the year of his graduation from West Point, he was made Second Lieutenant, and the year following was promoted to First Lieutenant. His first service for his country was in the West, serving in Kansas, in 1856, and against the Indians in 1857. During the time he fought against the Indians he was serving in the First U. S. Cavalry, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was severely wounded in an engagement with the Cheyennes, on Solomon Fork, of the Kansas river, in July, 1857. "That wild life of the prairie, where he chased the buffalo and hunted the savages, prepared him for his future work, and thus became one of the most fearless and dexterous horsemen in America," says Von Borcke.

The John Brown Raid

In 1859, Stuart volunteered under Robert E. Lee, and served in the John Brown raid at

Harper's Ferry. In a letter to his mother, he gives an account of his part in the capture of John Brown:

"I approached the door in the presence of perhaps 2,000 spectators, and told *Mr. Smith* (Brown's assumed name), that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand; hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito. . . . When *Smith* first came to the door I recognized old *Osawatomie Brown*, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one present but myself could have performed that service. I got his bowie knife from his person, and have it yet."

A Confederate Soldier

When the war broke out, Stuart, like Lee and other Southerners, resigned as an officer of the United States Army, and devoted his energies to the defence of his native State. His military rank and promotion are recorded by his biographer as follows: "His first commission in the Southern army was that of lieutenant-colonel of infantry, dated May 10, 1861, with orders to report to Col. T. J. Jackson, at Harper's Ferry. This commission was issued by the State of Virginia. On July 16, 1861, he received from the same source his commission as colonel of cavalry. On the 24th of September, of the same year, he was made brigadier-general by the Confederate

States government, and on July 25, 1862, he was commissioned major-general by the same authority."

Personal Appearance

John S. Mosby, in his "War Reminiscences," gives the following description of Stuart at the beginning of the war:

"I first saw Stuart at Bunker Hill (between Winchester and Martinsburg). He had then lately resigned from the United States Army to link his fortunes with the Southern Confederacy. He was just twenty-eight years of age, strongly built, with blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and a reddish beard. He wore a blouse and foraging cap with a linen cover, called a havelock, as a protection against the sun. His personal appearance indicated the distinguishing traits of his character—dash, great strength of will, and indomitable energy. Stuart soon showed that he possessed all the qualities of a great leader of cavalry—a sound judgment, a quick intelligence to penetrate the designs of an enemy, mingled with the brilliant courage of Rupert."

Mosby further says of Stuart's military genius: "Stuart was not only an educated, but a heaven-born soldier, whose natural genius had not been stifled by red tape and the narrow rules of the schools. . . . The history of the war furnishes no better type of the American soldier; as chief of cavalary he is without a peer. He cared little for formulas, and knew when to follow and when to disregard precedents. He was the first to see that

plete and true to history
With the Wind."

the European methods of employing cavalry were not adapted to the conditions of modern war. His inventive genius discovered new ways of making cavalry useful, that had never been dreamed of by the regular professors of the science."

A Pen Portrait

Describing Stuart, as he set out on his ride around McClellan, in 1862, John Esten Cooke says:

"As the young cavalier mounted his horse on that moonlight night, he was a gallant figure to look at. The gray coat buttoned to the chin; the light French sabre balanced by the pistol in its black holster; the cavalry boots above the knee, and the brown hat with its black plume floating above the bearded features, the brilliant eyes, and the huge moustache, which curled with laughter at the slightest provocation—these made Stuart the perfect picture of a gay cavalier, and the spirited horse he rode seemed to feel that he carried one whose motto was 'to do or die.' I chanced to be his sole companion as he galloped over the broad field near his headquarters, and the glance of the blue eyes of Stuart at that moment was as brilliant as the lightning itself."

His Ride Around McClellan's Army

The ride around McClellan's army was a brilliant feat. Mosby says: "This expedition, in which Stuart had ridden around McClellan in a circle of a radius of ten miles,

created almost as much astonishment in Richmond, and even in Europe, as if he had dropped from the clouds, and made him the hero of the army. It had an electric effect on the *morale* of the Confederate troops and excited their enthusiasm to a high pitch."

Besides discovering the exact locations of the Federal army, Stuart returned with 165 prisoners, and 260 captured horses and mules. General Lee issued the following congratulatory order:

"The commanding general announces with great satisfaction to the army the brilliant exploit of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart, with part of the troops under his command. This gallant officer, with portions of the first, fourth and ninth Virginia Cavalry, a part of the Jeff Davis Legion, with whom were the Boykin Rangers, and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of June, made a reconnoissance between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy rivers, and succeeding in passing around the rear of the whole of the Union army, routing the enemy in a series of skirmishes, taking a number of prisoners, and destroying and capturing stores to a large amount. Having most successfully accomplished its object, the expedition recrossed the Chickahominy almost in the presence of the enemy, with the same coolness and address that marked every step of its progress, and with the loss of but one man, the lamented Captain Latane, of the ninth Virginia Cavalry, who fell bravely leading a

BURNING ... O'Hara (arrow) flee a ... plete and true to history to the last cinder, ... With the Wind."

successful charge against a superior force of the enemy. In announcing the signal success to the army, the general commanding takes great pleasure in expressing his admiration of the courage and skill so conspicuously exhibited throughout by the general and the officers and men under his command."

It seems that Stuart's ride around McClellan's army, brilliant and successful as it was, was not without its drawbacks. General Alexander says that it put McClellan on his guard. McClellan was prepared to change his base to the James, as soon as he found Lee threatening his communications."

Catlett's Station Raid

Stuart's successful raid at Catlett's station was the result of the great cavalry leader's military genius. The fruits of this raid are given by Von Borcke, a member of Stuart's staff, as follows:

"Our success, in spite of the great confusion of the midnight attack, had been very decided. We had killed and wounded a great number of the enemy; captured 400 prisoners, among whom were several officers, and more than 500 horses; destroyed several hundred tents, large supply depots, and long wagon-trains; secured, in the possession of the quartermaster of General Pope, $500,000 in greenbacks, and $20,000 in gold; and, most important of all, had deprived the Federal commander of all his baggage and private and official papers, exposing to us the effective strength of his army,

the disposition of his different *corps d'armee*, and the plans of his whole campaign. Our loss was comparatively small."

We can give only brief summaries of a few of Stuart's achievements. At Manassas Junction he captured immense stores of food and clothing, eighty guns, fully equipped, and 300 prisoners.

Concerning the Sharpsburg campaign, Jackson said of Stuart: "This officer rendered valuable service through the day. His bold use of artillery secured for us an important position, which, had the enemy possessed, might have commanded our left."

Stuart made a second successful ride around McClellan's army in Maryland, which, it is said, brought this comment from Lincoln: "When I was a boy, we had a game—three times around and out. Stuart's been around McClellan twice. One more time, gentlemen, and McClellan's out."

Chancellorsville

General Alexander, commenting on the admirable manner in which Stuart performed his part at Chancellorsville, says:

"Some of our brigades were now nearly fought out, the three divisions being often massed in one, and the men could only be moved by much example on the part of their officers. Stuart himself was conspicuous in this, and was everywhere encouraging the troops with his magnetic presence and bearing, and singing as he rode along the lines,

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'Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out the wilderness.' There can be no doubt that his personal conduct had great influence in sustaining the courage of the men, so that when, at last, our artillery had begun to shake the Federal lines, there was still the spirit to traverse the bloody ground for the fourth time and storm the Fairview batteries. . . . The battle made by Stuart on the third, has rarely been surpassed, measured either by the strength of the lines carried or by the casualties suffered in so brief a period."

Alexander thought that Stuart should have succeeded Jackson, instead of Ewell. He says:

"Had General Lee been present on the left, during the Sunday morning attack, and seen Stuart's energy and efficiency in handling his reserves, inspiring the men by his contagious spirit, and in the co-operation of artillery with the infantry, he might have rewarded Stuart on the spot by promoting him to the now vacant command of Jackson's corps. Ewell, who did succeed Jackson, was always loved and admired, but he was not always equal to his opportunities, as we shall see at Gettysburg. Stuart's qualities were just what were needed, for he was young, he was not maimed, and he had boldness, persistence, and magnetism in very high degree. Lee once said that he would have won Gettysburg, had he had Jackson with him. Who so worthy to succeed Jackson as the man who had successfully replaced him on his last and greatest field?"

Chambersburg Raid

The Chambersburg raid is remembered as one of Stuart's great military achievements. "Fording the Potomac some fifteen miles above Williamsport, at dawn of the tenth, by dark Stuart reached Chambersburg, where he burned a machine-shop, many loaded cars, and a supply depot, paroled 285 sick and wounded Federals, and gathered about 500 horses. Next morning he moved to Emmittsburg, and thence below the mouth of the Monocacy, where he recrossed the Potomac on the afternoon of the 12th. The distance travelled had been 126 miles, of which the last eighty from Chambersburg were accomplished without a halt.'"

Referring to this raid, Captain Thomason, of the Marine Corps, author of a recent biography of Stuart, which has been pronounced "superb," says: "A well-mounted man may ride eighty miles in twenty-four hours, and think nothing particular of it, except that he has had a long ride. But to move a column of 1800 sabres, with four guns, a number of prisoners, and all of those led horses, eighty miles in a day and a night, and to have that column in spirit and condition to fight at the end of the ride, is something else again. I know of no equal exploit in the cavalry annals."

Stuart has received some criticism in connection with the Gettysburg campaign. However, Captain Thomason, whose splendid biography of Stuart has been mentioned, says that what Lee missed at Gettysburg was not

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Stuart's cavalry but Stuart himself. Other modern students of the war take the same view.

A Brief Summary

Briefly summing up some of the important incidents of Stuart's career, John Esten Cooke says:

"The incidents of his career from the spring of 1862 to May, 1864, would fill whole volumes. The ride around McClellan; the fights on the Rapidan; the night march to Catlett's, where he captured General Pope's coat and official papers; the advance to Manassas; the attack on Flint Hill; the hard rear-guard work at South Mountain; holding the left at Sharpsburg; the circuit of McClellan again in Maryland; the bitter conflicts near Upperville as Lee fell back; the fighting all along the slopes of the Blue Ridge; 'the crowd'ng 'em with artillery' on the night at Fredericksburg; the winter march upon Dumfries; the battle of Chancellorsville, where he commanded Jackson's corps; the advance thereafter, and the stubborn conflict at Fleetwood Hill, on the 9th of June; the hard, obstinate fighting once more to guard the flanks of Lee on his way to Gettysburg; the march across the Potomac; the advance to within sight of Washington, and the invasion of Pennsylvania, with the determined fights at Hanovertown, Carlisle, and Gettysburg, where he met and drove before him the crack cavalry of the Federal army; the retreat thereafter before an enraged enemy; the continuous combats of the moun-

tain passes, and in the vicinity of Boonsboro; the obstinate stand he made once more on the old ground around Upperville, as Lee again fell back; the heavy *petites guerres* of Culpeper; the repulse of Custer when he attacked Charlottesville; the expedition to the rear of General Meade when he came over to Mine Run; the bitter struggle in the Wilderness when General Grant advanced; the fighting all along the Po in Spotsylvania; the headlong gallop past the South Anna, and the bloody struggle near the Yellow Tavern, where the cavalier, who had passed through a hundred battles untouched, came to his end at last—these are a few of the pictures which rise up before the mind's eye at the words, 'the career of Stuart.'"

Yellow Tavern

Stuart received his mortal wound at Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, May 12, 1864, and died the following day. Except while fighting Indians in the West, during his early military career, he had never been wounded, though bullets had pierced his clothes, his hat, and even cut off a part of his mustache. He seemed strangely immune, and once remarked that he did not fear any bullet aimed at him—but stray shots were dangerous! Alas! it was a bullet aimed at him, only a few feet from his back, that gave him his mortal wound. When he was being taken from the field wounded, he saw some men retreating and said: "Go back! Go back! and do your duty as I have done mine and our country will be safe. Go

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back! Go back! I had rather die than be whipped." These were his last words on the battlefield, says H. B. McClellan, a member of his staff.

His Death

When President Davis visited him and asked, "General, how do you feel?" he replied: "Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty."

His pastor, Rev. Mr. Peterkin, visited him and the dying man requested that they sing "Rock of Ages." When informed that death was close at hand, he said: "I am resigned if it be God's will; but I would like to see my wife. But God's will be done." His last words were: "I am going fast now; God's will be done." His wife reached his bedside a few hours after he had passed away.

Writing from Spotsylvania Court House, May 16, 1864, General Lee said to his wife: "As I write I am expecting the sound of the guns every moment. I grieve the loss of our gallant officers and men, and miss their aid and sympathy. A more zealous, ardent, brave, and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have. Praise be to God for having sustained us so far."

Lee's Testimony

General Lee announced the death of Stuart from the Headquarters of his Army, as follows: "The commanding general announces to the army with heartfelt sorrow the death of Major-

General J. E. B. Stuart, late commander of the cavalry corps of the army of Northern Virginia. Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war, General Stuart was second to none in valor, in zeal, in unflinching devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and services will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order, and all the noble virtues of the soldier, he added the brighter graces of a pure life, sustained by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious hand of an all-wise God has removed him from the scene of usefulness and fame. His grateful country-men will mourn his loss and cherish his mem-ory. To his comrades in arms he left the proud recollection of his deeds, and the in-spiring influence of his example."

Fitz Lee says: "Lee was much attached to Stuart and greatly lamented his death; he had been a classmate and friend at West Point of his son Custis, and his whole family were fond of him. In his tent in the hours of the night, when he knew not what the morrow would bring forth, his thoughts constantly turned to the great cavalryman, whose sabre had been sheathed forever. Stuart's superb personal gallantry was conspicuous to the last. His death wound was received while from the back of his horse he was steadying dismounted men by words of encouragement, and firing his pistol over their heads at the Federal cav-alry in close proximity."

BURNING OF ATLANTA: *Rhett Butler and ... O'Hara (arrow) flee a first-class conflagration ... plete and true to history ... With the ...*

In Spotsylvania, after Stuart's fall, Lee ex-claimed: "If Stuart only were here! I can scarcely think of him without weeping."

Some Estimates of Stuart

The brief incidents mentioned in this brochure bear testimony to Stuart's military genius, but it may be well to record the views of several competent authorities who were in position to give an accurate estimate of his abilities as a cavalry leader.

General Joseph E. Johnston, after he was transferred to the West, wrote these words to Stuart: "How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?"

General Jubal Early said: "Stuart did as much towards saving the battle of First Ma-nassas as any subordinate who participated in it; and yet he has never received any credit for it, in the official reports or otherwise."

John Esten Cooke, speaking of Stuart's mental alertness, says:

"When Stuart took command, after Jackson received his mortal wound, Jackson said: 'Tell him to act upon his own judgment, and do what he thinks best: I have implicit con-fidence in him."

General Lee said of Stuart: "General Stuart was my ideal of a soldier. He was always cheerful under all circumstances, and always ready for any work, and always reliable. When he stopped for a night's rest, he could throw himself on the ground, and, with his saddle or a log for a pillow, he would fall fast asleep

almost immediately, and sleep as if in a bed. Then, if I sent an officer with an order, he was awake at the first call or touch. When his eyes opened his mind became fully awake. He did not have to yawn or stretch to get himself awake, but his mind and body seemed to awake at the same time and to become active and alert. Before any other officer that I ever had could get himself and his men awake, Stuart would be in the saddle, have his men in line and be ready to move."

Fitzhugh Lee's Testimony

Writing of Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, in his Life of General Lee, says: "This distinguished cavalryman was a native of Patrick County, Va., a graduate of West Point of the class of 1854, and a soldier from the feathers in his hat to the rowels of his spurs. He was twenty-nine years old when Lee ordered him to locate McClellan's right flank, and in the full vigor of a robust manhood. His brilliant courage, great activity, immense endurance, and devotion to his profession had already marked him as a cavalry commander of unquestioned merit. He had the fire, zeal, and capacity of Prince Rupert, but, like him, lacked caution; the dash of Murat, but was sometimes rash and imprudent; was as skillful and vigorous as Frederick the Great's celebrated cavalry leader, and like Seidlitz, was willing to break the necks of some of his men by charging over rough ground if he made bold horsemen of the rest and gained his object. He would have

gone as far as Cardigan, with 'cannon to right, cannon to left of him, cannon in front of him.' He was a Christian dragoon—an unusual combination. His Bible and tactics were his textbooks. He never drank liquor, having given a promise to his mother to that effect when a small boy, but when wet from the storm and wearied from the march he would drink, without cream or sugar, the contents of a tin quart cup of strong coffee. Duty was his guiding star. Once when on the eve of an expected battle he was telegraphed that his child was dying and urged to go to her, he replied: 'I shall have to leave my child in the hands of God; my duty requires me here.'"

Gamaliel Bradford says: "From the very beginning of the war Stuart maintained this fighting reputation. He would attack anything anywhere, and the men who served under him had to do the same; what is more, and marks the born leader, he made them wish to do the same."

Major Stiles says: "Stuart was a splendidly endowed cavalry leader, his only fault being a tendency to indulge too far his fondness for achievements that savored of the startling, the marvelous, and the romantic."

John Esten Cooke says: "His great merit as a commander was, that his conception of 'the situation' was as rapid and just as his nerve was steady. His execution was unfaltering, but the brain had devised clearly what was to be done before the arm was

raised to strike. It was this which distinguished Stuart from others—the promptness and accuracy of his brain work 'under pressure,' and at moments when delay was destruction. The faculty would have achieved great results in any department of arms; but in cavalry, the most 'sudden and dangerous' branch of the service, where everything is decided in a moment as it were, it made Stuart one of the first soldiers of his epoch."

Some Personal Traits

Peril only revealed his genius. Cooke says: "Peril brought out his strength. The heaviest clouds must obscure the landscape before his splendid buoyancy and 'heart of hope' were fully revealed. That stout heart seemed invincible, and impending ruin could not shake it. I have seen him strung, aroused, his eye flaming, his voice hoarse with the mingled joy and passion of battle; but have never seen him flurried or cast down, much less paralyzed by disaster. When not rejoicing like the hunter on the traces of the game, he was cool, resolute, and determined, evidently 'to do or die.'"

His Physical Endurance

His physical endurance was marvelous. "The man was a war machine which never flagged. Day or night he was ready to mount at the sound of the bugle. Other commanders, like Homer, drowsed at times, and nodded, suffering their zeal to droop; but Stuart was sleepless, and General Lee could count on him at any instant."

After his ride around McClellan, on the Chickahominy, Mosby says of Stuart: "Although he had been in the saddle two days and nights without sleep, he was as gay as a lark and showed no signs of weariness."

And think of this: "In the midst of rainstorms, when everybody was riding along grum and cowering beneath the flood pouring down, he would trot on, head up, and singing gaily."

His Indifference to Danger

He was utterly indifferent to danger. When warned of his danger once, he said: "If you don't like it, move away; suits me all right"—and just then a bullet cut off one end of his mustache. "On all the great battlefields of Virginia and Maryland and Pennsylvania, as well as in the close and bitter conflict of his cavalry—in these and a hundred other hotly contested actions, he was in the very thickest of the fight, cheering on the sharp-shooters, directing his artillery, or leading his column in the charge," but was never hurt until the fatal day at Yellow Tavern.

His Geniality

General Stuart was a very popular commander, and did not hold himself aloof from his men. Cooke says: "He was the most approachable of major-generals, and jested with the private soldiers of his command as jovially as though he had been one of themselves. The men were perfectly unconstrained in his presence, and treated him more like the chief

huntsman of a hunting party than as a major-general. His staff were greatly attached to him, for he sympathized in all their affairs as warmly as a brother, and was constantly doing them some 'good turn.' When with them off duty, he dropped every indication of rank, and was as much a boy as the youngest of them—playing marbles, quoits, or snowball, with perfect abandon and enjoyment." He would even decline invitations to entertainments if his staff "were not included."

Stuart was always gay and mirthful—"ready for a frolic or a fight"—as it has been said. He was fond of jests, and though he sometimes jested roughly, he was always fair, willing to "give and take." Stuart had a classmate at West Point by the name of Orlando Poe, who became a cavalry officer in the Union army. While in Fairfax County, Virginia, Stuart received a note from Poe as follows:

"Deat Beauty (Stuart's nickname at West Point): Come and see me sometime. I invite you to dine with me at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, next Saturday night. Meantime, keep the black horse off me, will you?"

As it happened, the very next day Stuart made a raid on Poe's camp, and the men, taken by surprise, were driven in every direction. When he sent in his report, Stuart enclosed Poe's note, and wrote on the back of it: "From the manner in which Captain Poe left here, he was going in to get that dinner without waiting for Saturday night."

It is said that Stuart furnished the classic

joke of the war. One day he cut the wire and had his operator intercept the messages from Washington to the Union forces. When he had secured what information he desired, he had his operator send a message to the Union quartermaster, Meigs, in which he complained that the "quality of the mules recently furnished to the army was so inferior as greatly to embarrass him in moving his captured wagons!"

His Domestic Life

Stuart married a daughter of Philip St. George Cooke, who cast his lot with the North Writing of his daughter's marriage, Cooke said: "Flora was married, rather suddenly, to Mr. Stuart, of Virginia. He is a remarkably fine, promising, pure young man, and has had so far extraordinary promotion. He is First Lieutenant, First Cavalry."

His domestic life was ideal. His biographer says: "Stuart was best loved by those who knew him best; and it may here be recorded that his devotion towards his young wife and children attracted the attention of every one. His happiest hours were spent in their society, and he never seemed so well satisfied as when they were in his tent. To lie upon his camp couch and play with one of his children, appeared to be the summit of felicity with him; and when, during the hard falling-back near Upperville, in the fall of 1862, the news came of the death of his little Flora, he seemed almost overcome Many months afterwards when

speaking of her, the tears gushed to his eyes, and he murmured in a broken voice, "I will never get over it—never."

Thomason pays this tribute to Stuart's domestic life: "She (Stuart's wife), was a superior woman, and though all the fine women, young and old, in the counties where he campaigned, lavished admiration upon him with notable unrestraint; she was the only woman in his life."

His Religious Life

General Stuart was a deeply religious man. It was shown in his daily conduct, and even in his official reports. When reporting some successful effort of his troops, he would often close with words such as these: "Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger and the crowning success attending it. I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory—."

He was strictly temperate in his habits, and it is recorded that on one occasion he made a temperance address. Cooke says:

"I need scarcely add that this uniform gaiety was never the result of the use of stimulants. Stuart never drank a single drop of any intoxicating liquid in his whole life, except when he touched to his lips the sacramental wine at the communion. He made that promise to his mother in his childhood, and never broke it. 'If ever I am wounded,' he said to me one day, 'don't let them give me any

whiskey or brandy.' His other habits were as exemplary. I never saw him touch a card, and he never dreamed of uttering an oath under any provocation—nor would he permit it at his quarters. He attended church whenever he could, and sometimes, though not often, had services at his headquarters. One day a thoughtless officer, who did not 'know his man,' sneered at preachers in his presence, and laughed at some one who had entered the ministry. Stuart's face flushed; he exhibited unmistakable displeasure, and said: 'I regard the calling of a clergyman as the noblest in which any human being can engage.' "

When one has read the several books dealing with the life of Jeb Stuart, it is easy to believe with McClellan, his aide, that "No stain of vice or immorality was ever found upon him."

Gamaliel Bradford says that Stuart's best epitaph has been written by a magnanimous opponent: "Deep in the hearts of all true cavalrymen, North and South, will ever burn a sentiment of admiration mingled with regret for this knightly soldier and generous man."

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A Post Script

Are we in danger of glorifying war, when we contemplate the life of a great military leader like J. E. B. Stuart? When the Federal hosts were driven back from the heights at Fredericksburg, an officer said to Lee: "Isn't it splendid?" Lee replied: "Yes. But it is well that war is so terrible, or we might become too fond of it."

If we calmly consider the horrors of war, and bear in mind that there is a better way to settle our differences than by armed conflict, we shall not be in danger of glorifying war. It is one thing to read of a battle—separated by time and distance—and quite another thing to experience the horrors of it. At Fredericksburg, on that wintry night, thousands of the wounded lay on the cold ground and perished in agony. "The whole plain beneath seemed to moan," are the pathetic words of one who attempted to describe that awful night. In Spotsylvania County, forest fires swept over the battlefields and many of the wounded were roasted alive. At Cold Harbor, more than 10,000 fell in a few minutes—and the wounded lay in the hot summer sun for two or three days until death relieved them of their agony. And what a picture is this of the wounded on their way from Gettysburg: "The wounded, a procession of agony, seventeen miles long, in springless wagons."

General Imboden gives a harrowing account of the movement of the wounded from Gettysburg:

"The column moved rapidly, considering the rough roads and the darkness, and from almost every wagon issued heart-rendering wails of agony. For four hours I hurried forward on my way to the front, and in all that time I was never out of hearing of the groans and cries of the wounded and dying. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid, owing to the demands on the hard-working

surgeons from still worse cases which had to be left behind. Many of the wounded in the wagons had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their torn and bloody clothing, matted and hardened, was rasping the tender, inflamed and still oozing wounds. Very few of the wagons had even a layer of straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky from the heavy washings of the preceding day. The jolting was enough to have killed some men if long exposed to it.

"From nearly every wagon as the teams trotted on, urged by whip and shout, came such cries and shrieks as these:

"'Oh, God, why can't I die!'

"'My God, will no one have mercy and kill me!'

"'Stop, Oh, for God's sake, stop just for one minute; take me out and leave me to die by the roadside.'

"No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On! On! We *must* move on. The storm continued, and the darkness was appalling. There was no time to fill even a canteen of water for a dying man, for except the drivers and the guards, all were wounded and utterly helpless in that vast procession of misery."

The Cost of War

In the War Between the States, it is estimated that 360,000 of the Federal troops, and 300,000 Confederates were killed The cost of the war has been estimated at $5,000,000,000 for the North, and $3,000,000,000 for the South.

In the World War the total death casualties of the American troops was 174,124. It is estimated that the cost of the World War to the United States, including interest on the war debt, the expense of the veteran's bureau, war-risk insurance, etc., will reach $60,000,000,000. The World War cost, it is estimated, $186,-233,637,097. The total death casualties are estimated at 8,538,315. But we cannot estimate the cost of war by mere figures.

As we review the lives of our great military heroes, like General Stuart, let us honor their memory and profit by the inspiration of their patriotism, courage, and devotion to duty; but work for that better day when war, with its long train of evils, shall be no more. We know, from the noble character of these men, that, were they with us today, they would heartily join in every good movement for world peace.

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NOTE

Requests for a character sketch of General Nathan B. Forrest have come to us from time to time, and when the proof-sheets of this pamphlet were received, it was found that there was space for a very brief sketch of this remarkable soldier. We believe that the readers of this brochure will be glad to have this short sketch included.

General Nathan B. Forrest: A Character Sketch

In every great crisis some notable genius comes to the front. Whether the occasion makes the man of genius, or only reveals him, is another matter. We do not know what kind of soldiers Lee, Jackson, and Johnston would have been had they been without military training, but we do know that Nathan Bedford Forrest, the son of a blacksmith, with almost no education and without military training, had a genius for making war hardly surpassed by that of any leader of his day. Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, said: "Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserves better of her; and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them, the name of this gallant general will be remembered with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry."

Wyeth, in his "Life of General Forrest," says: "No higher compliment could have been paid to any general of the Confederacy than that accorded to him [Forrest] by the famous commander of the Army of the Tennessee, General William T. Sherman, who early in 1864 deemed the death of Forrest so essential to the success of the Union cause that, as he wrote then, ten thousand lives and a limitless expenditure of means were as naught to its accomplishment. To him, the unlettered soldier stood the chief source of his anxiety, the most dreaded obstacle to his success. 'Keep Forrest away from me,' said Sherman, 'and I will attend to Johnston and cut the Confederacy in two.'"

Several years after the war, in a conversation with General Armstrong, a lieutenant

of Forrest, Sherman said: "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our Civil War produced on either side. To my mind he was the most remarkable in many ways. In the first place, he was uneducated, while Jackson and Sheridan and other brilliant leaders were soldiers by profession. He had never read a military book in his life, knew nothing about tactics, could not even drill a company, but he had a genius for strategy which was original, and to me incomprehensible. There was no theory or art of war by which I could calculate with any degree of certainty what Forrest was up to. He seemed always to know what I was doing or intended to do, while I am free to confess I could never tell or form any satisfactory idea of what he was trying to accimplish."

Of his personal appearance, Colonel Adair, of Georgia, an intimate friend of Forrest, says: "He was more than six feet high, well proportioned, with hands tapering like those of a woman, small feet and very high instep, exceedingly graceful in his movements, a swarthy complexion, and a look of the eye that indicated absolute fear of nothing. He was naturally left-handed, but by practice became ambidextrous." Major Anderson says: "His habits were strictly temperate. . . . He did not know whisky from brandy, but called everything liquor. He was often invited to take a drink, but always declined, and would at times, in refusing the invitation, remark with humorous suggestion and a mild reproof to his aides, 'My staff does all my drinking.' He never used tobacco, and while he would occasionally swear at my pipe, he never failed to get me a good pouch of tobacco if it came his way."

His biographer says: "His strict morality was evident in every particular, with this one exception of swearing, and to this weakness

he never gave way unless in the presence of great excitement. During these paroxysms of excitement or rage he had one very noticeable physical peculiarity. His complexion, which was naturally sallow, changed completely in color. The capillaries became so greatly engorged with blood that the skin of the face and neck took on almost a scarlet hue. The blood-vessels of the eye took on the same congestion, giving him an expression of savageness which could not be misunderstood. Everything that was suggestive of kindly feeling or tenderness seemed to vanish from his nature as thoroughly as if his heart had never throbbed with human sympathy. His voice, naturally soft, became harsh, husky, and metallic in tone, and loud enough to be heard above the roar of cannon, the crackling of small arms, or the wild yells of his men. Without the least affectation of piety, Forrest was by nature deeply reverent and religious, despite his terrible temper and violent language. In later years he heartily repented of these grievous faults, and won at last his greatest triumph in becoming victorious over himself. Obscene or vulgar words were entirely foreign to his conversation, and such was his detestation of these expressions that he would not under any circumstances permit a smutty story to be told or a vulgar expression used in his presence. In the family relation Forrest lived with the manly consistency which his strong character would indicate."

War is such an inhuman business that it brings out all the ferociousness of the combatants. It is a relief to discover the finer qualities often exhibited by soldiers in the other relations of life. Colonel Kelley gives another interesting glimpse of the character of Forrest: "His devotion to his wife was deep and sincere. She was a quiet, refined, Christian woman, and could control him with a

word even when his temper was at the highest. He had absolute confidence in the piety of his mother and his wife, was himself a thorough believer in Christianity, and was as fully persuaded of the efficacy of prayer in times of danger or in battles as Napoleon was a believer in fate. Throughout the war he always gave me the fullest opportunities for preaching in camp, courteously entertaining at his mess-table all preachers whom I might choose to invite. He was always present at such services when it was practicable."

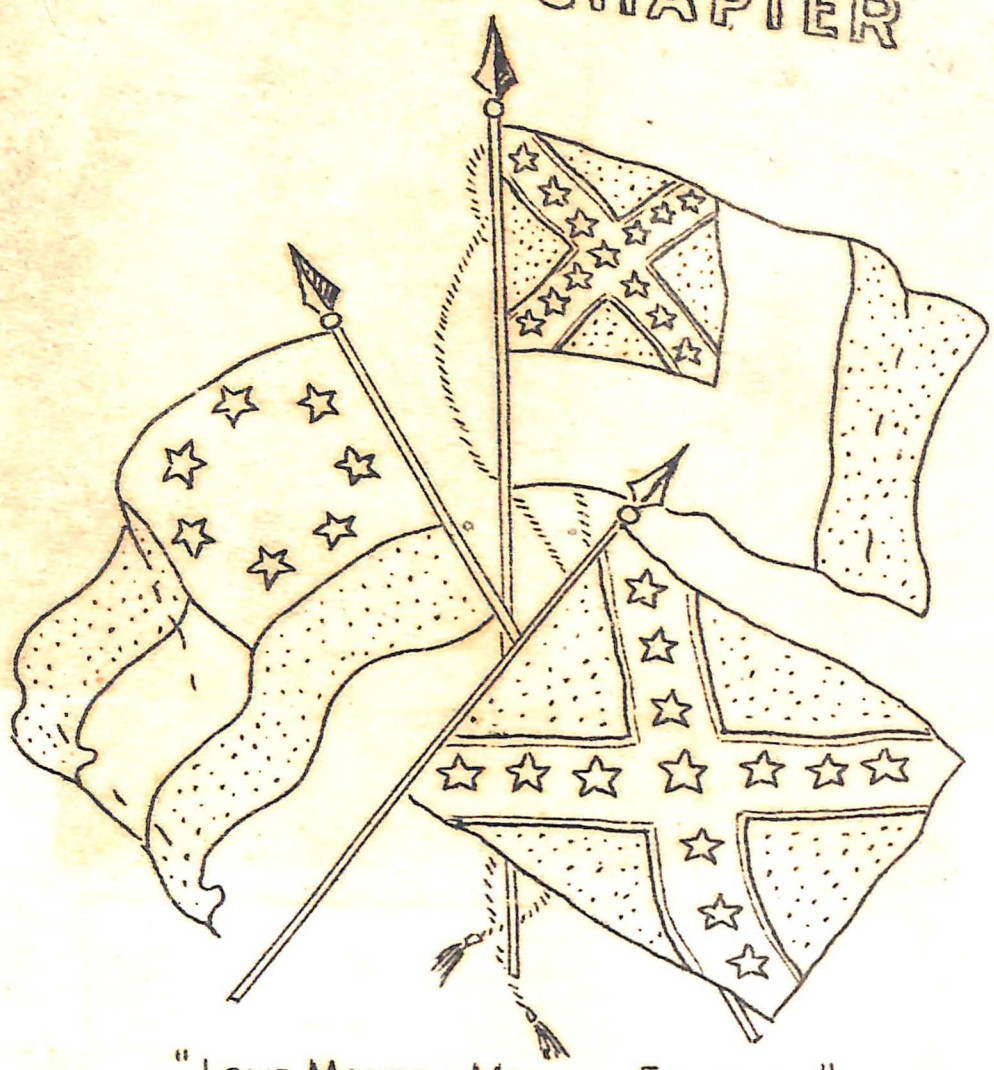
This mighty fighter, General Dabney H. Maury said, was noted for his chivalrous conduct toward women and his love for little children. "When resting in camp, and when some slight relaxation in his attention to duties as a commander was possible, he would absent himself to visit at the houses in the neighborhood where there were children, with whom he would play and frolic with as much activity and joy as if he were again a child. In the midst of the desperate fight near Okolona, while he was in one of his terrible tornado-like moods, when he seemed to be lost to every thought but to avenge his brother's death, in one of the charges as the troops passed through, he saw a woman who, seemingly stupefied with fright, with five or six children, was in direct range of the severe firing. Touched by her distress, Forrest turned aside from the savage business of war to order one of his staff to dismount and lead the terrified woman and her little ones to a place of safety.'

With failing health came a marked change in the great warrior. To his legal adviser, General Morgan, he said: "General, I am broken in health and in spirit, and have not long to live. My life has been a battle from the start. It was a fight to achieve a livelihood for those dependent upon me in my younger days, and an independence for myself when

I grew up to manhood, as well as in the terrible turmoil of the Civil War. I have seen too much of violence, and I want to close my last days at peace with all the world, as I am now at peace with my Maker." He became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. A few months before he died, he said to Major Anderson: "Major, I am not the same man you were with so long and knew so well. I hope I am a better man now than then. I have been and am trying to lead another kind of life. Mary has been praying for me night and day for all these years, and I feel now through her prayers my life has been spared and I have passed safely through so many dangers."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

ROANOKE CHAPTER



"LOVE MAKETH MEMORY ETERNAL"

1938-1939

IF any one European nation more than another owes honor to Woodrow Wilson, that nation is Poland. He stood for the restoration of this long-dismembered country, making its restoration one of his famous "fourteen points." Poland now plans to honor Mr. Wilson by unveiling on July 4 at Poznan a statue to the great war President and emancipator of small nations. The figure is of heroic proportions, standing twenty feet high and holding in its hand a scroll symbolizing the Treaty and Covenant. Its unveiling will be witnessed by Mrs. Wilson, the Polish patriot, Paderewski, General Pershing, Bernard Baruch, and Gutzon Borglum, who carved the statue. July 4 is fittingly selected as the date on which Poland pays its national tribute to the unflagging zeal of the American President whose sense of justice led him to struggle for "a united, independent, and autonomous Poland."

ROANOKE CHAPTER

U. D. C.

YEARBOOK

1938--1939

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the
Flag of the United States of
America, and to the Republic
for which it stands; one nation,
indivisible, with liberty and
justice to all.

SALUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

I salute the Confederate Flag
with affection, and undying rem-
embrance.

* * * * * * * *

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to Old Virginny,
That's where the cotton and the corn and
'taters grow,
That's where the birds warble sweet in the
springtime,
That's where this old darkey's heart am
long to go.
That's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
'taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am
long to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live till I wither and decay.
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will
pass away.
Massa and Missis have gone long before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden
shore.
Then we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never
part no more.

* * * * * * * * *

OFFICERS

President	Mrs. J. M. Raleigh
First Vice-President	Miss Mae Hoover
Second Vice-President	Mrs. S. F. Woody
Third Vice-President	Mrs. C. K. Lemon
Treasurer	Miss Myra Howard
Secretary	Mrs. F. J. Burt
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. Corbin Glass
Registrar	Mrs. P. B. Traylor
Historian	Miss Mary Pleasants
Custodian	Mrs. E. V. Gookin
Chaplain	Mrs. W. F. Genheimer

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Meetings: Second Monday of each month (except July and August) 4:00 to 5:00 p. m. One night meeting--date to be decided later.

Dues: The annual dues shall be $1.50.

Membership: Names presented for membership should be handed to the Membership Chairman, who will present them to the Committee for consideration.

* * * * * * * *

COMMITTEES

Hospitality: Mrs. W. L. Tinsley--Chairman, Mrs. I. E. Boone, Mrs. Corbin Glass, Mrs. W. K. Davis, Mrs. Clifton A. Woodrum

Ways and Means: Mrs. E. V. Gookin--Chairman, Mrs. B. G. Beard, Mrs. W. C. Lukens

Program: Miss Mary Pleasants--Chairman, Miss Mae Hoover, Mrs. F. J. Burt, Mrs. W. F. Genheimer

Membership: Mrs. S. F. Woody--Chairman, Mrs. P. B. Traylor, Mrs. F. H. Gregory

Publicity: Mrs. Corbin Glass--Chairman, Miss Janie Figgatt

Legislative: Mrs. J. W. Boswell--Chairman, Miss Sue Figgatt

Radio: Mrs. W. F. Genheimer--Chairman, Miss Lucile Dickerson

Music: Mrs. D. M. Dunwody--Chairman, Mrs. Lacy Edgerton, Mrs. F. J. Burt

Scholarships and Flags: Miss Conway Howard--Chairman, Miss Nell Thompson, Miss Margaret Sublett

Charity: Mrs. C. K. Lemon--Chairman, Mrs. W. C. Michael, Miss Myra Howard

Night Meeting: Mrs. P. B. Traylor--Chairman, Miss Maude Franklin, Mrs. Helen Taylor Shank

PROGRAM

September 12, 1938

Mrs. Etta V. Gookin.....Hostess
512 Campbell Ave., S. W.

October 10, 1938

Mrs. Basil G. Beard.....Hostess
Prospect Hills

November 14, 1938

Mrs. S. F. Woody.....Hostess
423 Allison Ave., S. W.
"Roanoke County Military Records 1861-1865"--Mr. Carl P. Lathan

December 12, 1938

Mrs. F. J. Burt.....Hostess
1205 Wasena Terrace
Musical Program--Mrs. D. M. Dunwody and Music Committee

* * * * * * * * *

January 9, 1939

Mrs. P. B. Traylor.....Hostess
372 Allison Ave., S. W.
"Stratford, The Great House of the Lees"--Mrs. Burt

February 13, 1939

Guest Meeting
Woman's Club--1501 Patterson Ave., S. W.
Hospitality Committee.....Hostesses
"Confederate Catechism Quizz"--conducted by Mr. G. A. Layman

March 3, 1939

Mrs. Corbin D. Glass.....Hostess
660 Northumberland Ave., Va. Hts.
"Stories of the South"--Mrs. Lucian Cocke

* * * * * * * * *

April 10, 1939

Mrs. I. E. Boone.....Hostess
309 Wycliffe Ave., South Roanoke
Mr. T. Gilbert Wood, Past Commander in Chief, S. C. V.--Speaker

May 8, 1939

Mrs. W. F. Genheimer.....Hostess
"Genhaven," South Roanoke
Mr. W. K. Davis--Speaker

June 12, 1939

Mrs. William C. Lukens.....Hostess
Williamson Road
Annual Meeting--Election of Officers

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

Avery, Mrs. H. S.
Boone, Mrs. I. E.
Beard, Mrs. Basil G.
Boswell, Mrs. J. W.
Brice, Mrs. R. M.
Burt, Mrs. J. W.
Crosby, Miss Margaret
Davis, Mrs. W. K.
Dawson, Mrs. W. R.
Dickerson, Miss Lucile
Dunwody, Mrs. D. M.
Edgerton, Mrs. Lacy G.
Figgatt, Miss Janie
Figgatt, Miss Sue
Fox, Mrs. C. D.
Franklin, Miss Maude
Genheimer, Mrs. W. F.
Glass, Mrs. Corbin
Gookin, Mrs. E. V.
Gregory, Mrs. F. H.
Hancock, Mrs. W. R.
Hoover, Miss Mae
Howard, Miss Conway
Howard, Miss Myra
Johnson, Mrs. M. A.
Kelly, Miss Byrd
Layne, Miss Carrie
Lemon, Mrs. C. K.
Lukens, Mrs. W. C.
Marsh, Mrs. J. R.
Michael, Mrs. W. C.
Penn, Mrs. Stella Stras
Pleasants, Miss Mary
Raleigh, Mrs. J. M.
Ring, Mrs. J. W.
Ross, Miss Lessie
Sanders, Mrs. C. W.
Shanks, Mrs. Helen T.
Speck, Mrs. Mary C.
Strickley, Miss Nan A.
Steele, Mrs. H. W.
Sublette, Miss Margaret
Tinsley, Mrs. W. L.
Thompson, Miss Nell
Traylor, Mrs. P. B.
Turner, Mrs. F. L.
Woody, Mrs. S. F.
Woodrum, Mrs. C. A.
Wood, Mrs. T. Gilbert
Woodson, Mrs. H. L.

* * * * * * * *

Days of Commemoration

The Birthdays of:

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America--June 3.

Robert Edward Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army--January 19

Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson--January 21.

Requirements of an A-1 Chapter

Salute both flags and sing Southern songs.

Give Historical Programs.

Place books, pictures, and flags in schools.

Address schools on Southern history.

Observe anniversaries of Great Confederates.

* * * * * * * * *

Former Roanoker Presides at Ceremony in Lansing

It was Virginia Day at Lansing, Michigan's capital, when the State of Michigan returned Confederate battleflags and captured sabres to eleven Southern States in elaborate ceremonies. Governor James H. Price of Virginia, left, was the principal speaker, while Ralph Thomas of Detroit, a native of Roanoke and a V. M. I. alumnus, presided as master of ceremonies. At the right is Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner of Michigan. Thomas, who came to Michigan 20 years ago immediately after graduation at Lexington, now is president of Speaker-Hines company of Detroit and also is president of Automobile Club of Michigan, the world's largest automobile club, with a membership of 175,000.

Confederate Home Without Occupants

1941

RICHMOND, Jan. 30 (AP).—Governor Price said today that his budget division was investigating the status of the Confederate veterans home here after the death yesterday of Colonel John Wesley Blizzard, the last veteran living there.

Eight employes are on the payroll at the home, and the 1940 Assembly appropriated $17,500 for the operation of the institution during the biennium.

Under an act of the Assembly the home, when no longer occupied by a Confederate veteran, is to become the "R. E. Lee camp Confederate memorial park."

Walter L. Hopkins, president of the board of visitors of R. E. Lee camp Co. 1, Confederate veterans, said he would call a meeting of his board early next week and confer with the governor.

The camp acquired the property many years ago and conveyed it to the State. The presidnet of the board of visitors will, by statute, occupy a place on the board of directors of the park.

Only 84 Vets Remaining On Pension Rolls

1941

RICHMOND, Jan. 4 (AP).—The state comptroller's office reported today 84 Confederate veterans on the pension rolls of Virginia—one less than the number listed on December 1.

Records of the office also showed 1,940 widows of Confederate veterans, 30 Confederate servants and 640 daughters of Confederate veterans.

Virginians in Limelight

Captured Confederate Flags Returned to Southern States

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 22.—Michigan's return of captured Confederate battle flags and sabres to eleven Southern States in elaborate ceremonies here in the State capital developed into a veritable Virginia Day when Governor James H. Price of Virginia was the principal speaker, Ralph Thomas, native of Roanoke and a VMI alumnus, presided as master of ceremonies and General Julius F. Howell of Bristol, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, literally stole the show when he deviated from his prepared talk, launched into reminiscences of the war and wound up with a rousing rebel yell. The ten other Southern States were well represented, what with governors and elaborately-uniformed staffs, but it was the Old Dominion's day in the sun.

Virginia stepped into the limelight a day ahead of the formal program when VMI alumni of Michigan entertained Governor Price, and then Thomas, Roanoke boy who came to Detroit 20 years ago to become head of a great printing concern and president of Automobile club of Michigan, world's largest motor club, took over as master of ceremonies. And Virginia drew two of the tattered banners, the flag of the 54th Virginia regiment, Mosby's company, and of the Taylor Grays of King William county. And Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner, presenting the flags, asserted that the orginial idea of the return of the banners came from a former Virginian, Duncan Moore, now news commentator with radio station WJR.

General Howell drew cheers when he mentioned Michigan's No. 1 hero, George Armstrong Custer, who died at the head of his detachment in the battle of the Little Big Horn. He said:

"A few minutes after I had been taken prisoner I saw a group of Union soldiers with our captured banners. One young officer I recognized as George Armstrong Custer."

Following the program here in Lansing, Governor Price motored to Detroit as guest of the Thomases for luncheon at Detroit club and then a tour of Detroit's defense industries.

War History Of Virginia To Be Printed Soon

RICHMOND, Dec. 2 (AP).—Preliminary editions of the state conservation commission's "war history of Virginia" will be ready for the printers next week and should be available for distribution among members of the general assembly and libraries soon after the first of the new year, William A. Wright, chairman of the commission, said today.

The paper-bound booklet will contain a foreword by Governor Darden. The history has been in preparation for nearly six months under direction of Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, director of the commission's division of history and archaeology. It will cover a period ranging from the organization of the state OCD in May, 1940, to August 1, 1943.

Some 3,000 copies will be printed and distributed, primarily to libraries and members of the legislature, Wright said.

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER

By GOODRIDGE WILSON

The passing of Colonel William Cecil Pendleton at the ripe old age of ninety-four removes from the Southwest Virginia scene a figure unique in these latter days, but of a type that was fairly common a generation or so ago. He was one of the last, if not the very last, representative of an era and a regime that has gone forever. He belonged to a stirring past through which he had lived vigorously, and found himself neither willing nor able to gear into the machinery of this present age. One of the most fascinating books that I have read for a long time is "The Vanishing Virginian," by Mrs. Rebecca Yancey Williams. The vanishing Virginian of that book is Mrs. Williams' father, the late Col. Bob Yancey, of Lynchburg. Colonel Pendleton was quite different from Captain Bob, though they had some traits in common, but he might just as aptly be described as a "vanishing Virginian," for his like will not be seen again.

Colonel Pendleton was the last living Confederate veteran with whom I was personally acquainted. It is hard for me to realize that among all my personal acquaintances there is not a single living Confederate veteran. When I was a boy about three out of four middle aged men whom I knew had been Confederate soldiers. In 1912 I dropped in on a banquet given at Lexington by the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy for the veterans of Rockbridge county. Around two hundred were present, and, with old Colonel Ross serving as toastmaster, they were having a glorious time. One of the first entertainments given in the dining room of the new Royal Oak Presbyterian church at Marion after it was finished in 1924 was a midday dinner served to the veterans of Smythe county by the Smyth county Daughters. Some forty or fifty were present, old men in their seventies and eighties but full of vigor and able to enjoy heartily the most excellent meal, as well as the most excellent address of the occasion, delivered by Mrs. Laura Lou Copenhaver. The last Confederate reunion which I attended is closely associated in my mind with Colonel Pendleton. It was in the spring of 1930, or perhaps 1929. The Tazewell chapter of the U. D. C.'s were entertaining the Tazewell veterans, and they invited me to come over and make a speech. Some twenty-five or thirty old soldiers were there. After the gathering dispersed I asked Colonel Pendleton if he would go with me in my car and show me places of historic interest in Tazewell county. He consented with enthusiasm and we put in a most interesting afternoon, going first to the old Captain William Peery place and viewing the big walnut tree under which tradition affirms that Thomas Dunn English wrote "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," then the site of William Wynne's Indian fort, then over in the Crab Orchard section to the site of the old Witten fort and the locations of several original Witten cabins, to the grave of John Witten, famous Revolutionary Indian scout, and a number of other places. He knew all about them, and eagerly told it to me, seemingly thoroughly enjoying it all himself and certainly giving high class entertainment.

Everybody called him Colonel. I do not know whether the title was ever officially bestowed upon him or whether his friends and neighbors just began calling him that as a sort of spontaneous tribute to his fighting spirit and military bearing. It was most likely conferred as a political honor, for he was secretary to Governor Cameron and was exceedingly active as a partisan editor and party worker in the political movements of his time. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of 17, in the spring of 1864, as a private in Company A of the 45th Virginia Battalion of Infantry, made up of men from the border countries of Virginia and West Virginia. At the battle of Piedmont in June of that year he was taken prisoner, and after a few days in prison was released on parole. In September of 1864 he entered V. M. I. and was one of the two hundred cadets who were sent to Richmond to take over the trenches there in the closing months of the war.

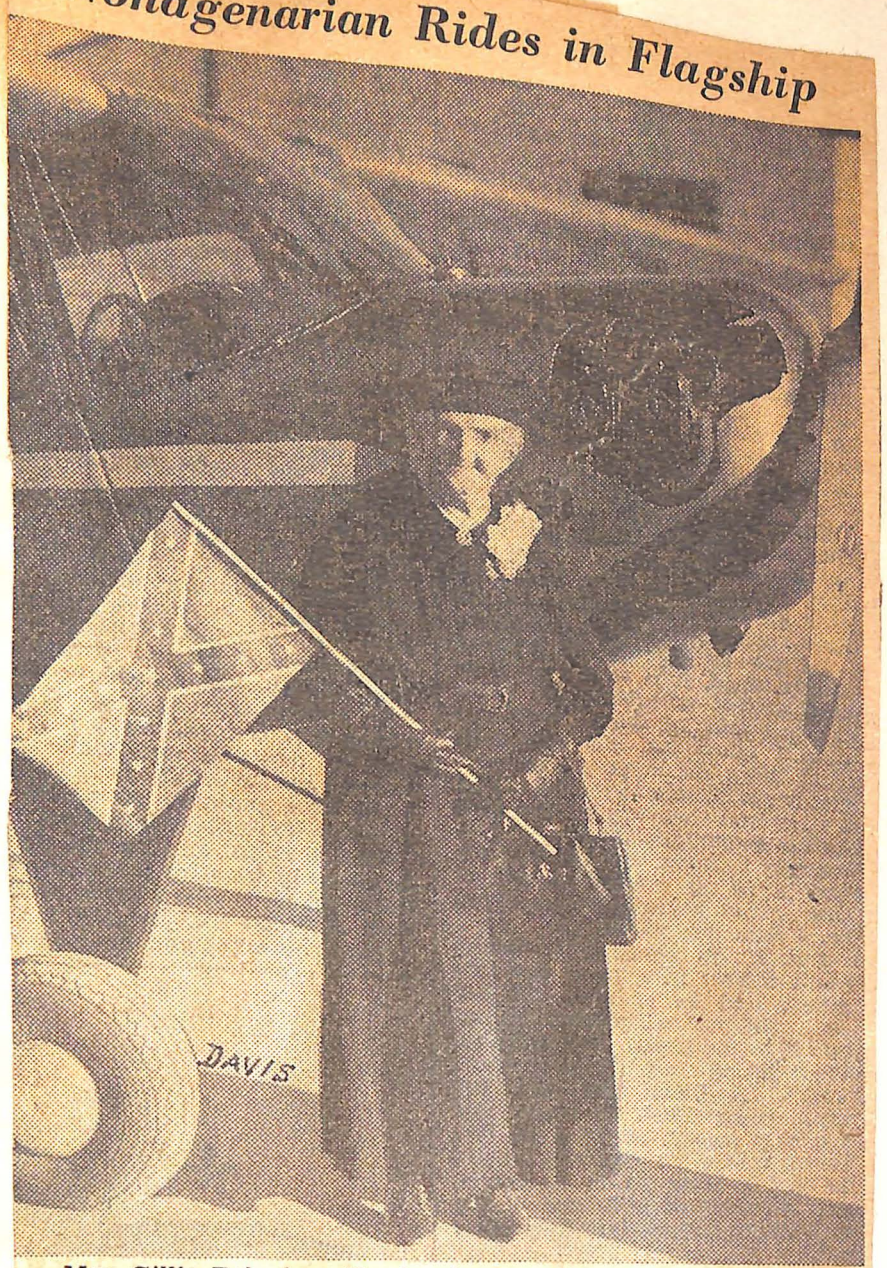
I knew Colonel Pendleton more or less intimately over a fifteen year period. I was genuinely fond of the old gentleman, and, although his views were diametrically opposed to mine on many subjects, I greatly enjoyed his conversation, even if his intense partisanship, often tinged with bitterness, was sometimes slightly irritating. He had opinions which he could and did express freely and well, and often with fervor.

His life had its roots deep and widely spread in Southwest Virginia soil, a region he passionately loved and in whose local lore he was deeply immersed. His mother, a daughter of Samuel Cecil of Tazewell county, was a great granddaughter of Elizabeth Cecil Witten, the first pioneer mother of Tazewell, and also of Elizabeth's brother, Samuel Cecil, pioneer settler of Pulaski county. His relatives lived in Giles, Smyth, Russell, and other counties. Among them was the Chapman family of Giles. He told me once that when a boy visiting in their home he went with Mr. Chapman one time to salt cattle on Salt Pond Mountain near Mountain Lake, and on that trip saw with his own eyes the trees with their branches still standing in the clear placid water of the lake, and Mr. Chapman told him that the lake began to fill in 1804. It would make him furious to advance arguments showing that a lake had been there in 1751, described by Christopher Gist in his journal of that year. He would never admit the possibility of the lake that Gist saw having drained, and refilled in 1804, allowing ample time for the trees that he saw in the water to have grown from seedlings.

His father was the first acting clerk of Smyth county. When the county was formed in 1832 his father, James F. Pendleton, was living in its bounds teaching school, but was legally a resident of Tazewell and had once served as deputy clerk of Tazewell. He wanted to be clerk of the new county, but not being legally a resident was not eligible for the office. His friend, Robert Beattie of Seven Mile Ford got himself elected clerk and appointed Mr. Pendleton as his deputy, turning all the duties and emoluments of the office over to him. He was elected for several succeeding terms. Mr. Pendleton bought the property just west of Marion that is now known as the Look Lot, and built his home there on a beautiful location. In the rear, running down to the river, was his garden and his apple orchard. In front ran the main road, the old Wilderness Trail, and between the house and the road was a little green meadow with a spring branch running from a bold spring, where he had a stone spring house. Across the road was a fine grove of maples, making his sugar orchard. Colonel Pendleton told me that in his boyhood bands of Cherokee Indians would frequently pass by on the road and they sometimes camped in his father's sugar orchard. Men would put up small coins as targets on the sugar trees and the Indians would shoot at them with their bows and arrows, keeping all the coins they would hit. They rarely missed. He said he saw the railroad being built through his father's apple orchard and the first macadam road through his sugar orchard.

Like most Southwest Virginians, Colonel Pendleton was a Democrat after the war. In the controversy over the settlement of the State debt he espoused the re-adjuster side of the argument and made his Marion paper, the Patriot and Herald, a partisan readjuster organ. After the passing of the readjustors he became a Republican and remained an ardent supporter of that party until his death.

Nonagenarian Rides in Flagship



Mrs. Gillie Robertson Harris, above, celebrated her 90th birthday today with a ride on the Flagship Roanoke, silver liner of the American Airlines, which will resume service here about November 1. Mrs. Harris is the widow of John Samuel Harris, who served with the Confederate army during the entire Civil war, and was with General Lee at Appomattox. She is the mother of 10 children, eight of whom are now living, 19 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. As the ship landed after its courtesy flight, Mrs. Harris said she'd like to up again "O. K."

She is pictured standing beside one of the train[illegible] airport. The flag is the Confdeerate flag.

Sherman Was Right About War, Carolina Correspondent Agrees

1940

Enemy Captures Reporters' Sandwiches; Reds Wipe Out Blue Army Parachutists

By GEORGE KIDD

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

WITH THE BLUE ARMY IN THE FIELD, Nov. 27 (AP).—Blue army parachlutists, 200 strong, had succeeded in cutting Red army communications and raising general havoc behind the enemy lines after a successful mass landing near Camden, S. C.

Sherman Was Right

Correspondents attached to the Red army agreed with Sherman on war, as they were forced to travel to Camden under umpire's flags to file their stories.

I in particular agreed with Sherman, after a day in the field disguised as a Blue buck private. It went something like this:

4 a. m.—Reveille. Wash in cold water (not recommended). Frost on the ground.

4:20 a. m.—Breakfast of oatmeal, eggs, coffee. Oatmeal gets cold quick. (Not as quick as I do.)

4:50 a. m.—Off to find the enemy. We 12 men in three scout cars.

7:30 a. m.—We found him. Both apparently startled. We de-trucked and took cover in the bushes. So did the enemy. Red umpire ruled our first car captured but all men safe. Six of us lost our bedrolls and lunch—one Bologna sandwich, one cheese sandwich, one orange.

9:45 a. m.—We attempt to recapture scout car advancing on foot under smoke screen. Enemy tanks come up, we retreat again. Fast.

11:50 a. m.—We buy three candy bars from boy on roadside as emergency rations. Boy doing rushing business, indicating Reds captured many lunches.

2:40 p. m.—Back at the fort again advancing on foot.

3:35 p. m.—Word received that enemy approaching. We deploy in corn field.

Tanks in Cornfield

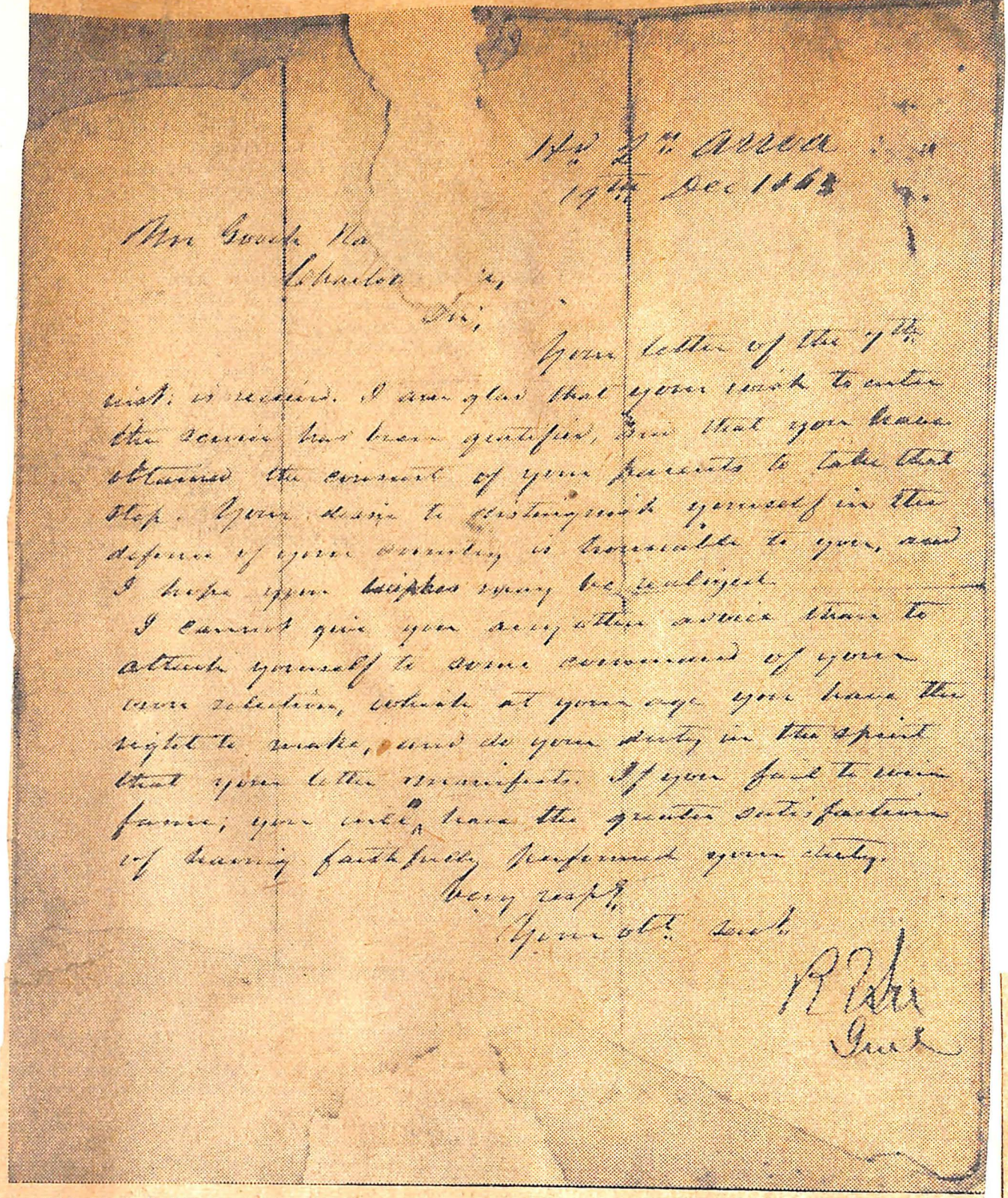
3:45 p. m.—Enemy invades corn field in tanks. Our three anti-tank guns open up—theoretically. The tanks keep on going. Our colonel complains to umpire that our fire was not given enough credit. Result same as any argument with umpire.

5:05 p. m.—Engagement over. We walk five miles to village which colonel said was our objective for the day.

7:05 p. m.—Mess. Boiled potatoes, ham, string beans, celery, lettuce, cocoa, bread and butter. Ah.

8:10 p. m.—We roll up in two blankets borrowed from a sergeant. Doze off after his kind promise to wake us for night patrol duty.

Letters of General Lee Among Roanoker's Possessions



Hd. Qrs. 2nd Army Va.
19th Dec 1863

Fleming Gooch Esq
Charlottesville
Va.

Sir,

Your letter of the 7th inst. is received. I am glad that your wish to enter the service has been gratified, & that you have obtained the consent of your parents to take that step. Your desire to distinguish yourself in the defence of your country is honorable to you, and I hope your wishes may be realized.

I cannot give you any other advice than to attach yourself to some command of your own selection, which at your age you have the right to make, and do your duty in the spirit that your letter manifests. If you fail to win fame, you will have the greater satisfaction of having faithfully performed your duty.

Very respt.
Your obt. servt.
R. E. Lee
Genl.

This is a photostatic copy of a letter written to Fleming Gooch Railey, father of Mrs. Duncan B Curry, of this city, in 1863 by General Robert E. Lee.

Lee's Birthday Has Special Significance to Mrs. Curry

Roanoker Possesses Two Letters Written by General to Her Father in 1863—Lad of 15 Wanted to Join Army—Parents Finally Agreed

By DOROTHY HANCOCK

Sunday, January 19, will be the 134th anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee. As any other date connected with the South's great leader, the day has a special significance for Mrs. Duncan B. Curry, 1156 Tillett Road, Grandin Court. For the general was a frequent visitor in the home of her grandfather, John W. Barclay, of Lexington, when her mother, Mrs. Sallie Barclay Railey, was a girl. And Mrs. Curry possesses two letters written by General Lee during the War Between the States to her father, Fleming Gooch Railey, of Charlottesville.

The originals of the letters, yellow and crumbling, are now sealed in metal and kept in a bank vault. Members of the family have photostatic copies of them—it is one of these copies which is reproduced here. How these letters came to be written by the busy commander-in-chief of a great army to a lad he had never seen is an interesting story.

Eager to Join Army

Fleming Gooch Railey was 15 years old in 1863, and he wanted, passionately, to join the Confederate army. However, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lilburn R. Railey, of Charlottesville, had seen four sons march off to battle, and they thought four enough. They told Gooch, 12th of their 13 children, to stay at home.

Gooch was loathe to run off to war, lest he be killed in battle as a righteous punishment for his disobedience. He sat down and wrote to General Lee, asking his advice. Back came this reply, written by the general himself. Replete with the abbreviations of the time, and brief, it did not advise the boy to go against his parents' wishes. But the closing sentence was a courteous reminder of duty—to the parents. Here is the letter.

Hdqrs. Army N. V. 25 Nov. '63

My dear Sir,

I have in hand your letter of the 13th Inst; and am gratified to find that you are imbued with the spirit that animates all our youth to defend their Country. I cannot however advise that you act contrary to the wishes of your parents. I can only say that the aid of everyone is necessary to defend the Country from the ravages of the enemy, that she requires the service of all her sons.

Very resp. your obtSrvt
R. E. Lee
Genl.

Mr. Gooch Raily
Charlottesville, Va.

Whether the boy used this reminder as a lever to budge Mr. and Mrs. Railey from their firm stand, or whether they were simply impressed by the general's taking time to write to an unknown lad, Mrs. Curry does not know. But they gave their consent to his becoming a soldier.

Whereupon Gooch sat down and wrote again to General Lee, no doubt to thank him for his diplomatic intercession. He also asked his advice as to enlisting! And back came a second letter from the general.

Hd. 2nd AmVa
19th Dec 1863

Mr. Gooch Ra....
Charlott....
Va.

Your letter of the 7th inst. is received. I am glad that your wish to enter the service has been gratified, and that you have obtained the consent of your parents to take that step. Your desire to distinguish yourself in the defence of your country is honorable to you and I hope your wishes may be realized.

I cannot give you any other advice than to attach yourself to some command of your own selection, which at your age you have the right to make, and do your duty in the spirit that your letter manifests. If you fail to win fame, you will have the greater satisfaction of having faithfully performed your duty.

Very respt.
Your obt. servt.
R. E. Lee
Genl.

Gooch joined Jeb Stuart's command, and served until the surrender at Appomattox. After the war he studied for the Presbyterian ministry, and in 1879, married Miss Sallie Barclay, of Lexington, where General Lee had served after the war as president of Washington college, later Washington and Lee university.

Often Visited Barclays

General Lee was often a visitor in the Barclay home, where he came to see Sallie's grandfather, Hugh Barclay, one of the college trustees. Often it was Sallie's privilege to escort the general to her grandfather's room, she has told her daughter.

A yellowed newspaper clipping which Mrs. Curry has relates that it was a "handsome suit of broadcloth" belonging to Hugh Barclay that Judge Brockenbrough, rector of Washington college, borrowed, when he rode to Cumberland county to wear to deliver the board's invitation to General Lee to become president of the college.

Among Mrs. Curry's treasures is a picture of Mrs. Lee which the general's wife gave to her mother. She also has in a quaint frame, chrysanthemum leaves labeled "from General Lee's bier," and clippings giving an account of the great soldier's death written by his physicians, and the resolutions, drafted by a committee on which her grandfather, J. W. Barclay, served, and passed by the citizens of Lexington on the death of General Lee.

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY, C. S. A.

Forty-Sixth Annual Convention

VIRGINIA DIVISION

United Daughters of the Confederacy

BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

☆

ANNE CARTER LEE and BRISTOL CHAPTERS

HOSTESSES

☆

Tuesday, October 7th, to Friday, October 10th, 1941

GENERAL JULIUS
FRANKLIN HOWELL

Commander-in-Chief

UNITED CONFEDERATE
VETERANS

BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

AUTUMN

With what glory comes and goes the year!

What a glory doth the world put on for those who, with fervent hearts, go forth under the bright and glorious sky, and look on duties well performed and days well spent. For them the wind and the yellow leaves shall have a voice of eloquent teachings. They shall so hear the solemn hymn that death hath lifted up for all, that they shall go to their long resting-place without a tear.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now, pouring new glory on the autumn woodlands and glistening streams. May all rejoice in the knowledge of the power and the love of a Supreme Being.

—*J. W.G.*

DEDICATION

It is most significant and appropriate that the life of Colonel John S. Mosby was chosen as the historical theme of this convention, for it was here, in Bristol that he first hung out his "shingle" to practice law at the tender age of 22.

His home was on Moore Street, and the property is familar to this generation as the "Bunting Home." From there he answered his call to the "colors." In his reminiscences of the war he said, the hardest battle of all was parting from his family.

John Singleton Mosby was born in Powhatan County, Virginia, educated at the University of Virginia and admitted to the bar in 1855. In the War Between the States he commanded the famous "Mosby's Partisan Rangers," having as comrade from Bristol Captain Joseph Owen, who served with distinction and whose family still resides here.

Some of the exploits were the capture of two generals, Sheridan's supply train at Berryville, and the destruction of a portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Mosby had everything so much his own way in Eastern Virginia that the section was called "MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY."

After the war he resumeed the practice of law, later was U. S. Consul at Hong Kong for seven years. On his return he was in the Department of Justice, practiced law in California and wrotoe war reminiscences.

Rally
ille, Va.
the boy used
to see Sam

VIRGINIA DIVISION
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

OFFICERS VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

President	Mrs. B. C. Baldwin, '41
First Vice-President	Mrs. W. G. Gwinn, '42
Second Vice-President	Mrs. F. L. Brauer, '42
Third Vice-President	Mrs. Elias Etheridge, '42
Recording Secretary	Mrs. C. B. Kearfott, '41
Treasurer	Mrs. Julia O'Mara, '42
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. S. W. West, '41
Registrar	Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, '42
Historian	Mrs. Wm. A. Coleman, '41
Recorder of Crosses	Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee, '41
Custodian	Mrs. Charles Fraley, '41

DISTRICT CHAIRMEN

First District	Mrs. E. L. Garrett
Second District	Mrs. James C. Brand
Third District	Mrs. T. F. Motley, Sr.
Fourth District	Mrs. McDuff Green
Fifth District	Mrs. W. C. Segar
Sixth District	Mrs. C. C. Devaney

GENERAL INFORMATION

Headquarters of Convention: Hotel Bristol.

Executive Board Meeting: 2:30 P. M. Tuesday, October 7th in Hotel Bristol. Lee Chapel Meeting and Mausoleum Committee will meet immediately after Meeting of the Executive Board. Report of same to be made at morning session on Thursday.

Credentials Committee meeting in the Parlor of Hotel Bristol, Tuesday Afternoon, October 7th.

All Meetings will be held at Hotel Bristol.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Tuesday, 10 P. M.—Reception in the Ball Room of Hotel Bristol.

Wednesday, 4:30 P. M.—College Teas at V. I. and Sullins.

Wednesday, 7:00 P. M.—Chapter Presidents' Dinner at Hotel Bristol.

Thursday, 4:30 P. M.—Tea at Martha Washington Inn, Abingdon. The Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Hostess.

PROGRAM

Tuesday, October 7th, 1941—8:30 P.M.

WELCOME EVENING

First Baptist Church

Mrs. John C. Gilmer, General Chairman, Presiding
Mrs. S. T. Copenhaver, Co-Chairman

Assembly .....

Processional March ..... Bugle Call

Processional:

Flag Bearers, Confederate Veterans escorted by Pages, Presidents of Hostess Chapters, President of local Chapter Children of Confederacy accompanying Virginia Division Director Children of the Confederacy, Chairman of all Convention Committees; Custodian of Lee Chapel and Mausoleum, Honorary and Past Presidents of Virginia Division, Distinguished Guests and Minister, Officers of the Virginia Division, attended by her Personal Pages, President-General, attended by her Personal Pages.

Song: "God Bless America" ..... Assembly

Invocation .. The Reverend J. Emerson Hicks, Pastor of the Church

Pledge of Allegiance to the United States Flag.

Salute to the Confederate Flag.

Organ Solo ..... Professor Samuel T. Schroetter

Greetings .... Mayor T. W. Preston, Bristol, Virginia, Mayor Fred Vance, Bristol, Tennessee, Presidents of Patriotic Societies.

Greetings ..... Mr. J. T. Cecil, President, Chamber of Commerce

Presentation of Patriotic Organizations.

Presentation of Distinguished Guests.

Presentation of President Virginia Division, U.D.C.....

Response ..... Mrs. John Gilmer

Introduction of Speaker ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President of Virginia Division U.D.C.

Address ..... Mrs. K. A. Grandstaff

Solo ..... General Julius Franklin Howell

Recessional ..... Mrs. J. Lyle Smith

Professor S. T. Schroetter, *Organist*

(The audience will please remain seated, until the Official party leaves the Church)

Reception, tendered by the Hostess Chapters in the Ball room of Hotel Bristol at 10:00 P.M. Delegates, Distinguished Guests and Members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are invited to attend.

Music by Virginia-Intermont Orchestra
Miss Claire Ordway, *Directing*

BUSINESS SESSION

Wednesday, October 8, 1941—9:30 A.M.

Hotel Bristol

Call to Order ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President

Invocation ..... Rev. Alfred E. Sanderson, Rector, Emanuel Episcopal Church

FLAG SALUTES

United States Flag Salute: "I pledge Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands —one Nation Indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for All."

Confederate Flag Salute: "I salute the Confederate Flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance."

RITUAL U. D. C.

(Prepared by Mrs. J. D. Beale, Montgomery, Ala., 1904)

President: "Daughters of the Confederacy, this day we are gathered together, in the sight of God to strengthen the bonds that unite in a common cause; to renew the vows of loyalty to our sacred principles; to do homage unto the memory of our gallant Confederate soldiers and to perpetuate the fame of their noble deeds unto the third and fourth generations. To this end we invoke the aid of our Lord."

President: "Hear my prayer, O God; attend unto my prayer."

Response by All Present: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

President: "For Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."

Response by All Present: "Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayers; and attend to the voice of my supplications."

R. E. Lee
Mr. Gooch Raily Genl.
Charlottesville, Va.
Whether the boy used this reminder as a lever to budge Mr. and Mrs. Railey from th

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Barclay, one of the college
Often it was Sallie's privilege

PRAYER

(Composed by Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina)

PRESIDENT: "Alimghty God, our Heavenly Father, we adore Thy love and Providence, in the history of our country, and especially would we thank Thee for our Confederate history."

We thank Thee for its pure record of virtue, valor and sacrifice; and for the inspiring reflection that, despite its bitter disappointments and sorrows, it proclaims for us, to all the world, that we came through its years of trial and struggle with our battered shields pure, our character as a patriotic and courageous people untarnished, and nothing to regret in our defense of the rights and honor of our Southland.

Give us grace, our Heavenly Father, faithfully to accept Thy will concerning us, and make us all to glorify Thee in a sincere obedience to Thy holy commandments, through the merits and meditation of Thy Son, our only Saviour, Jesus Christ."

RESPONSE BY ALL PRESENT: "Amen."

(The President says the Lord's Prayer, followed by all present.)

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever, Amen.

PRESIDENT: "And now, by the authority in me, vested as President of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I do hereby declare this convention open and ready for business."

Report of Credentials Committee.....Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, Chairman

Rules of the Convention ..... Mrs. Clarence B. Kearfott, Recording Secretary

Report of Program Committee .... Mrs. K. A. Grandstaff, Chairman

Roll Call of Officers and District Chairman... Recording Secretary

Roll Call of Chapters ..... Recording Secretary

Presentation of Flags to Hostess Chapter..... Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke

Acceptance of Flags ..... Mrs. John C. Gilmer, General Chairman

Presentation of Distinguished Guests.

Announcement of Recommendations and Resolutions Committees.

Report of the President.

Report of Vice Presidents in Order.

Reports of Recording and Corresponding Secretaries.

Report of the Treasurer.

Report of the Historian.

Report of the Registrar.

Report of the Recorder of Crosses.

Report of the Custodian.

Report of District Chairmen.

New Business

Reading of Greetings — Announcements.

Memorial Hour

Wednesday, October 8, 1941—Noon

MRS. FITZHUGH LEE BRAUER, *Presiding*

Music ..... Mrs. C. J. Crowell

Scripture Reading and Invocation... Rev. Donald McIver, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church.

Hymn: "Rock of Ages" ..... By the Assembly

Special Memorials:

Reading ..... Mrs. Martin Hassinger

Memorial Roll Call of Chapters:

Presentation of Wreath for the Confederate Monument:

Solo: "There is No Death" (O'Hara) ..Mrs. C. J. Crowell

Benediction ..... The Reverend Donald McIver

Taps

LUNCHEON 1 TO 2 P.M. HOTEL BRISTOL

Mr. Gooch Raily Genl.
Charlottesville, Va.
Whether the boy used this

Wednesday, October 8, 1941 — 2 P.M.

HOTEL BRISTOL

Call to Order ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President
Report of Executive Board ..... Recording Secretary
Report of:
Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Committee.... Mrs. James A. Scott
Custodian of Lee Chapel and Mausoleum .....
Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy
Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Endowment Fund .....
Mrs. William A. Roberts
Report of Recommendations Committee.
New Business.
Announcements.
Adjournment.

TEA AT SULLINS AND V. I. COLLEGES—4:30 P.M.

Wednesday, October 8, 1941 — 7:00 P.M.

CHAPTER PRESIDENT'S EVENING

HOTEL BRISTOL

Mrs. W. G. Gwinn, First Vice-President, *Presiding*

Incidental Music ..... Mrs. Joseph F. Thomas
Solo: "Il Bacio" by Arditti ..... Mrs. Homer Harris
"Coo-coo" by Lehman
Roll Call of Chapters in First and Second Districts.
Reading—
Roll Call of Chapters in Third and Fourth Districts.
Piano Solo ..... Mrs. Joseph F. Thomas
Roll Call of Chapters in Fifth and Sixth Districts.
Solo: "My Lindy Lou" by Lily Strickland
"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" ..... Mrs. Homer Harris
Award of Minnie C. Eller District Banner to Chairman whose District has accomplished the best general work during the year.

R. E. Lee
Genl.
Mr. Gooch Raily
Charlottesville, Va.
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Often it was Sallie's privilege to e
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Thursday, October 9, 1941 — 9:30 A.M.

HOTEL BRISTOL

Call to Order ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President
Invocation ..... Rev. J. Lester Link, Lutheran Church
Minutes ..... Mrs. Clarence B. Kearfott, Recording Secretary
Greetings.
Final Report of the Credentials Committee.....Mrs. C. C. Guthrie
Report of Standing Committees:
Blue Ridge and Catawba Cots .... Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke
Commemorative Meeting ..... Mrs. F. L. Brauer
Confederate Museum ..... Miss India Thomas
Education ..... Mrs. James B. Morgan
Finance ..... Mrs. W. O. Bickle
History and Literature ..... Mrs. William A. Coleman
Historical Evening ..... Mrs. William A. Coleman
Nominations ..... Mrs. J. M. Graham
Relief ..... Mrs. Wallace Saunders
Transportation ..... Mrs. Walter Allen
Report of Recommendations Committee.
New Business.
Announcements.

LUNCHEON 1 TO 2 P.M.—HOTEL BRISTOL

Thursday, October 9, 1941 — 2 P.M.

HOTEL BRISTOL

Call to Order ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President
Election of Officers.
Reports of Special Committees:
Confederate Grave Markers ..... Mrs. Charles M. Schaadt
Jefferson Davis Highway ..... Mrs. B. A. Blenner
Pensions ..... Mrs. A. S. J. Williams
Publicity ..... Mrs. Herbert A. Larrick
Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries ....
Mrs. C. C. Linkenhoker

Adjournment—4:00 P.M.

TEA AT MARTHA WASHINGTON INN, ABINGDON
Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, *Hostess*

HISTORICAL EVENING

Thursday, October 9, 1941 — 8:30 P.M.

First Baptist Church

Dedicated to the Memory of Colonel John S. Mosby and His Men

Mrs. William A. Coleman, Historian of Virginia Division, U.D.C., *presiding.*

Processional:

Color Bearers and Color Guards, Chapter Historians, Members of History and Literature Committees and Historical Evening Committee, Past Division Historians, Distinguished Guests, Speaker, Chaplain, Recipients of Crosses, Historian of Virginia Division, President of Virginia Division, President General.

Call to Order ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President

Invocation ..... Dr. T. P. Johnston

Bestowal of Crosses of Military Service ..... (Audience standing)
Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President
Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee, Recorder of Crosses.

Recipients of Crosses:
Brigadier General William H. Dear
Miss Wev, Nurse
Mr. George Edmondson Pyle

Solo: "Star-Spangled Banner" ..... Mrs. W. H. Hopson

Presentation of Division Historian by Division President.

Pledge of Allegiance to United States Flag.

Salute to Confederate Flag.

Presentation of Distinguished Guest .... Mrs. William A. Coleman

Recitation: "Mosby," by Beverly R. Tucker...Mrs. Ferguson Cary, (Life-Sponsor for MOSBY'S Men)

Solo: "Stephen Foster Songs" ..... Mrs. W. H. Hopson

Presentation of Speaker ..... Mrs. W. A. Coleman

Address: "Colonel John S. Mosby and his Men"..Mr. T. W. Preston

Solo: "Tales of the Vienna Woods" (Straus) ...Mrs. W. H. Hopson

Award of Prizes.

Medley: "Dixie" and "America" ..... Professor S. T. Schroetter

Recessional March ..... (Audience standing)

Retiring of Flags.

Color Bearers: Misses Jean and Betty Bibb, Peggy Copenhaver.

Color Guards: Bill Nickols, Charles Bray, Bill Repass.

Bugler—

Friday, October 10, 1941 — 9:30 A.M.

Hotel Bristol

Call to Order ..... Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, President

Invocation ..... Dr. J. Emerson Hicks

Minutes ..... Mrs. Clarence B. Kearfott, Recording Secretary

Report of Recommendations Committee.

Reports of Special Committees (continued):

Virginia-Tennessee Book Committee ....Mrs. George H. Slater

Radio ..... Mrs. E. C. Whitehurst

To Advance the Name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame.. Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary

Bulletin ..... Mrs. J. Lucken Bugg

Re-publication of the Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government ..... Mrs. Calvin P. Jones

Jefferson Davis Memorial Shrine at Beauvoir..Mrs. F. L. Brauer

To Promote the Sale of the History of the United Daughters of the Confederacy .... Mrs. William Freeman

Unfinished Business.

New Business.

Report of Resolutions Committee.

Installation of Officers.

Hymn: "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

When we at death must part
Not like the world's our pain;
But one in Christ and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

Adjournment.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

GENERAL CHAIRMAN, Mrs. John C. Gilmer
CO-CHAIRMAN, Mrs. S. T. Copenhaver

Convention Hall ..... Mrs. Will Rader
Information ..... Mrs. J. W. Wright
Hospitality ..... Mrs. O. E. Freeman
Credentials ..... Mrs. J. F. Howell
Historical Evening ..... Mrs. J. B. Thomas
Music ..... Mrs. Frank Goodpasture
Printing and Badges ..... Mrs. J. T. McIntyre
Program ..... Mrs. K. A. Grandstaff
Publicity ..... Mrs. W. L. Cash
Automobiles ..... Mrs. Carl McGhee
Decoration and Flowers ..... Mrs. J. C. Copenhaver
Memorial Hour ..... Mrs. T. B. Drinkard
President's Evening, Luncheon and Entertainment.. Mrs. C. E. Ball
Flags ..... Mrs. Paul Charles
Processional ..... Mrs. John C. Gilmer
Finance ..... Mrs. A. J. Wolfe, Mrs. J. F. Davis

PAGES TO THE STATE PRESIDENT

Nancy Wagner
Gloria Bachman

PAGES

Marianna Whittaker
Margaret Parks
Bettie Hutchinson
Dorothy Ould
Jane Moore
Mary Widener
Ruth Clay Jones
Linda Zimmerman
Mary Louise McChesney
June Garman
Jeanne Ewald
Janie Copenhaver
Geraldine Wells
Joan Thompson
Mary Ellen Huntsman
Betty Boggs
Dorothy Ball
Emma Hamrick
Betty Garman

R. E. Lee

Often Visited

Mar. 22, 1942

General Julius Howell, United Confederate Veterans Chief, "Growing Old Gracefully"

By CLARA HILL CARNER

MARION, March 21 (Special).—Unbowed by the weight of his 96 years, the commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, General Julius Franklin Howell, of Bristol, is truly "growing old gracefully."

Makes Western Trip

Distance or weather do not interfere with the goings and comings of this young man. One day last November, he and his wife hopped a plane in Bristol and the next morning they ate breakfast in Los Angeles, Calif. They say he went out there to kiss the movie stars at Hollywood and incidentally to attend the general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. At both places he was in the spotlight.

General Howell was born in Nansemond county, January 17, 1846. He says his father had high aspirations for him, therefore, named him after two noted men. Julius was for Julius Caesar. However, he did not dare to call him the full name, as Caesar was a favorite name among the Negroes then. Franklin was for Benjamin Franklin.

At the age of 16, General Howell enlisted in the Confederate army. He was a member of Company K, 24th Virginia Cavalry, in Gary's Brigade under General Robert E. Lee in northern Virginia. He also has served under Generals Longstreet, Beauregarde and Ewell. Some years after the war, General Howell was professor of history and pedagogy in the University of Arkansas.

Has Cross of Honor

On his immaculate uniform of Confederate gray he wears a Cross of Honor and other badges which are insignia of honor. He is a member of the Fulkerson Camp, No. 705, U. C. V., of Bristol.

With a twinkle in his keen eye and tinge of mischief in his voice, he tells of when he met his second wife who was Miss Maude Sharpe, of Columbia, S. C. To quote him, "after a cyclonic courtship," they were married.

In January, 1941, he had an attack of pneumonia. It was not until the following April that he was about his usual routine. He attributes his recovery to the watchful care of his "sweet little wife."

General Howell's voice is as steady as his hand. When a guest of the Holston chapter, U. D. C., recently he sang the lovely old song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," in a remarkably steady tenor voice. His handwriting is very flowing and beautifully legible.

Instead of sitting in the chimney corner at home as many nonagenarians do, General Howell is engaged in the fire insurance business, representing four different companies. He visits his office each day.

GEN. JULIUS F. HOWELL

How He Does It

The following explanations of the secret of General Howell's longevity will be of interest as given by him under date of August 1, 1940:

"Many times in recent years I have been asked the secret of my longevity; the query was intended to include vitality and activity; my reply in substance has been:

"1. I started in life with a robust father and a splendid mother. Of course, I had no concern with this combination; I simply mention it for its bearing on eugenics and the importance of physical well-being to posterity.

"2. I was brought up on a farm in eastern Virginia; hence had the benefit of pure rustic air and the plain substantial food common to the country. My father was a minister of the gospel, and hence wholesome discipline and Christian influence had a proper place in shaping my character.

"3. From early boyhood until after the breaking out of the War Between the States, I attended with little interruption the best schools then in vogue, spending much time and effort in memorizing Latin "irregulars," and "chewing upon Greek roots." As a condiment I was required to tackle the problems of mathematics. Possibly these activities had little direct effect on my longevity, but the training reacted in a beneficial way.

Praises U. D. C.

"4. I cannot see that my experience of three years as a Confederate soldier has had any special influence except possibly through my high appreciation of the many courtesies extended by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, thus causing me to feel that I am living to some purpose, if nothing more than to know that the memory of our efforts is kept green.

"5. At the age of 24 I won the hand and heart of the sweetest girl in all the countryside; and all along for sixty-three years we shared our joys and sorrows. We brought up and educated a family of seven, and their filial love and loyalty more than compensated for our efforts in their behalf.

"6. During my whole life I have been reasonably temperate, have been prudent in caring for my health and have suffered little illness. Even when a soldier I abstained from strong drink, in which many of my comrades and even higher officers sometimes intemperately indulged.

"7. I have always tried to be optimistic, avoiding pessimism as a decadent factor in the life of those yielding to its deteriorating influence. I have tried to enjoy the humorous side of life, as tending to brighten the view of surroundings. I have tried to avoid unfair criticism of the weak and unfortunate, and to sympathize with 'the forgotten man.'

Keeps Busy

"8. I try to avoid the rusting tendency of idleness by keeping employed in some useful occupation, looking forward rather than backward, and having in view the higher aims of life. Feeling the importance of maintaining a sound body as a suitable associate of a sound mind, I have always taken at least a moderate degree of physical exercise; and even now at the age of 94, I take my 'daily dozen.'

"9. During the past six years I have been blessed with the companionship of a congenial second wife of middle age, who cheerfully ministers to my needs and comforts.

"10. Probably the greatest element conducing to my longevity is my supreme appreciation of moral and spiritual values. I am trying to grow old gracefully; to love the true, the beautiful and the good; to exalt the ideals of Christianity and to love its eternal truths. My church being representative of these ideals, it is first with me. Its activities in worship, study of the holy scriptures, and deeds of beneficence appeal to me as most noble and worthwhile. I have no fear for the future, and am ready when the Father calls.

"11. Probably there are other elements that enter into the foundation of a long life, but the above practically cover the ground in my own experience."

LEADERS AT UDC CONVENTION

Some of the leaders of the Virginia Division UDC convention being held in Bristol are pictured here. Seated, Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin of Lynchburg, president. Standing, left to right, Mrs. W. Gwynn, first vice-president; Mrs. S. W. West of Lynchburg, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Berkley G. Calfee of Culpepper, custodian of crosses; Mrs. W. F. Brauer of Richmond, vice-president; Mrs. C. C. Guthrie of Emporia, registrar; Mrs. Clarence Kearfott of Bristol, recording secretary. Bottom right, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke of Norfolk, Virginia's oldest living member of the UDC. She is the widow of Dr. Frank Anthony Walke, who served as a surgeon in the army of the Confederacy throughout the war. She has been president of Hope-Maury chapter at Norfolk since its organization in 1904, and has attended all Virginia division conventions since the UDC was formed. How old is she? "I don't say. I've forgotten," she smilingly says.

Reception For U.D.C. Delegates

Oct. 9-1925

Last evening in the lobby of Hotel Bristol, Bristol chapters of the U.D.C. were hostesses to a reception for delegates, distinguished guests and members of the convention, which is being held this week.

In the receiving line were: Mrs. John Gilmer, chairman of the convention, Mrs. S. T. Copenhaver, local retiring president, Mrs. C. N. Bush, local president, Virginia division officers were: Mrs. B. C. Baldwin, president, Mrs. W. G. Gwinn, vice-president, Mrs. F. L. Brauer, second vice-president, Mrs. Elias Etheridge, third vice-president, and Junior director in the state, Mrs. C. B. Kearfott, recording secretary, Mrs. Julia O'Mara, treasurer, Mrs. S. W. West, corresponding secretary, Mrs. C. C. Guthrie, registrar, Mrs. Wm. A. Coleman, historian, Mrs. Berkeley G. Caflee, recorder of crosses, Mrs. Charles Fraley, custodian; District chairman, Mrs. E. L. Garrett, first district, Mrs. James C. Brand, second district. Mrs. T. F. Motley, Sr., third district, Mrs. McDuff Green, fourth district, Mrs. W. C. Segar, fifth district, Mrs. C. C. Devaney, sixth district. Others receiving were: Mrs. Cabbell Flournoy, custodian of Lee chapel and mausoleum, Mrs. C. A. Merchant, past president general, Mrs. Nathan D. Eller, past president, Mrs. Cabell Smith, past president. Mrs. James Scott, past president, Mrs. B. A. Blemmer, Honorary president of Virginia division, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Honorary State president, General and Mrs. Julius F. Howell, Mr. J. T. Cecil, president of Chamber of Commerce and Mrs. Cecil, Mayor T. W. Preston and Mayor Fred Vance.

Fruit punch and English tea cakes were served from a beautiful and artistically decorated table, with flowers of red roses, white gladoli, ageratum and ivy. The table was covered with a whiten linen cutwork cloth. Behind the table at each end were two huge wicker baskets of ivy, roses and white glads.

Presiding over the table were Mrs. O. J. Fields, Mrs. G. E. Turner, Mrs. C. J. Harkrader, Mrs. J. T. McIntyre, Mrs. C. E. Ball and Mrs. Earnest Akers.

Music was played throughout the evening by the Virginia Intermont Orchestra with Miss Claire Ordway, directing.

Program For Last Session Va. Division U. D. C. Conf.

The last session of the 46th annual convention of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held at 9:30 this morning in the crystal ballroom at Hotel Bristol. The following program will be carried out:

Call to order, Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, president.

Invocation, Dr. J. Emerson Hicks.

Minutes, Mrs. Clarence B. Kearfott, recording secretary.

Report of recommendations committee.

Reports of special committees (continued):

Virginia-Tennessee book committee, Mrs. George H. Slater.

Radio, Mrs. E. C. Whitehurst.

To advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame, Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary.

Bulletin, Mrs. J. Lucken Bugg.

Republication of the Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, Mrs. Calvin P. Jones.

Jefferson Davis Memorial Shrine at Beauvoir, Mrs. F. L. Brauer.

To promote the sale of the History of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. William Freeman.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Report of resolutions committee.

Installation of officers.

Hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

55 CHAPTERS REPRESENTED AT UDC MEET

Mrs. Oct. 8th

Reports of the state officers and an impressive memorial service in tribute to chapter members who have died during the past year, featured the opening session at Hotel Bristol this morning of the forty-sixth annual convention of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Fifty-five UDC chapters of the state were represented and more than 200 women were attending the convention at noon today.

Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin of Lynchburg, the division president, presided and her report was the first heard. Her outline of activities included a review of Virginia's participation at the general convention held at Montgomery, Ala.; on district conferences; addition of 202 members to division chapters, and the work of the division for national defense, including activities and contributions for the benefit of soldiers in the various camps.

Other reports were given by Mrs. W. G. Gwinn of Rich Creek, first vice-president; Mrs. F. L. Brauer of Richmond, second vice-president; Mrs. Elias Etheridge of Norfolk, third vice-president; Mrs. C. B. Kearfott of Bristol, recording secretary; Mrs. Julia O'Mara of Staunton, treasurer; Mrs. S. W. West of Lynchburg, corresponding secretary; Mrs. C. C. Guthrie of Emporia, registrar; Mrs. William A. Coleman of Alexandria, historian; Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee of Culpepper, recorder of crosses, and Mrs. Charles Fraley of Hampton, custodian.

Teas Scheduled This Afternoon

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Brauer presided over the memorial service, the program being: Scripture reading and invocation by Rev. Donald McIver, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Bristol; hymn, "Rock of Ages," by the assembly; special memorials; reading by Mrs. Martin Hassinger of Bristol; memorial roll call of chapters; presentation of wreath for the Confederate Monument; solo, "There is No Death" (O'Hara), by Mrs. C. J. Crowell; benediction by the Rev. McIver, and taps.

Reports of the executive board and of committee chairmen were given at the afternoon session at 2 o'clock. Teas will be held at Sullins and Virginia Intermont college at 4:30 p. m., and the evening session, "Chapter President's Evening," will begin at 7 p. m.

The descendants of Confederate heroes must now turn tehir attention, in part, at least, from the past to dangers facing civilization and our country today, General Julihs F. Howell, of Bristol, vigorous 95-year-old commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans told the Virginia division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the principal address at the opening session of their 46th annual convention here last night.

General Howell, whose address highlighted the "welcome evening," held in the auditorium of the First Baptist church, spoke in clear tones as he stood before the delegates and visitors dressed in his gray uniform.

500 Survivors of The War of the '60s

"I greet you on behalf of the 500 surviving veterans of the war of the '60s who served under General Lee and his lieutenants," said the commander-in-chief on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Lee in leading the now fast-dwindling Confederate soldiers, reminding his listeners that "my old comrades are passing rapidly away; twenty per cent of the Tennessee veterans died during the six months ending July 31, last."

"We appreciate fully your kind attitude toward us in keeping our memory green with your laudable and sympathetic activities," he said. "It seems but as yesterday to us nonagenarians when our Southland was overrun by a ruthless enemy, many of whom had little respect for the finer traits of our southern womanhood.

"It must be a source of pride to you when you call to mind the valiant deeds of these splendid women, whose records equal the heroic deeds of their men in combatting the foe; the difference in quality but makes their activities more brilliant in trying to help their men.

"During all these dark days our women modestly displayed a superb heroism never excelled in history; and when devastation followed hostile invasion so that even a crow flying over land could hardly find sustenance, starvation with his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks often stared them in the face and defied resistance; even in this direst extremity, did they yield, did they lose courage? No, indeed! But with renewed courage born of a noble spirit and a prayer for Heaven's protection and deliverance, they struggled on and survived.

"And when the long struggle was over, and our flags were furled at Appomattox and elsewhere, and our glorious Southern

55 CHAPTERS

sun had gone down in gloom, the Southern soldier turned his face homeward with mingled emotions of sadness and gladness; said, because his fondest hopes had vanished and a disheartening prospect loomed before him; and glad, that peace again reigned, and he could again enjoy life with loved ones."

Turning from these days, the General told the Confederate daughters that now their high moral force is needed in a new channel: "The world condition of today claims our supreme attention: all the dearest rights of civilization are threatened with extinction: slavery of the worst type dominates most of the nations of Europe.

"Human freedom has no place in that category; the United States is rapidly arming for defense and to aid the opponents of savagery and inhumanity," he said.

Calling for national unity, he said, "Our great country—the United States—no longer has any Yankees or Rebels in an opprobrious sense; no longer any North or South in a hostile sense."

He praised in this respect the recent return of Confederate flags by Michigan, in which, he said, "The two key-notes were a closely united country, and a firm determination to maintain our broadest freedom — freedom of speech, religion, press and opportunity."

Begging the U. D. C. to help in encouraging all efforts for national safety, he closed with the phrase, "God Bless America: let us join in thunder tones—love it, or leave it!"

General Howell was introduced by Mrs. K. A. Grandstaff, who paid tribute to him as a soldier, Christian, and educator. The audience arose and applauded when he came forward to speak.

Mrs. John C. Gilmer, general chairman, and president of the hostess Anne Carter Lee chapter of the U. D. C., presided along with Mrs. S. T. Copenhaver, co-chairman and president of the other hostess group, the Bristol chapter.

The session opened with a colorful processional led off by a bugle call, a color guard and color bearers who brought the United States, Virginia and Confederate flags to the platform. Distinguished guests and ranking U. D. C. members completed the processional party.

Following the invocation by the Rev. J. B. Thomas, and the pledge and salute to the flags, greetings were extended by Mayors T. W. Preston of Virginia Bristol and Fred Vance of Tennessee Bristol, J. T. Cecil, president of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, and Bristol U. D. C. officials.

Mrs. Hal Lewis presented heads of local patriotic organizations, and Mrs. Gilmer presented past U. D. C. presidents along with Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin, president of the Virginia division, who responded to the greetings.

Music was furnished by S. T. Schroetter, organist, and Mrs. J. Lyle Smith, contralto.

A reception in Hotel Bristol ball room followed the opening session.

NOMINATIONS ARE MADE FOR UDC OFFICES

Report of the nominating committee on a slate of new officers to which was expected to be added nominations from the floor and contests at the actual election this afternoon, and the report of the state historian and other chairmen were highlights of this morning's session of the forty-sixth annual convention of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in progress at Hotel Bristol the past two days.

The list of nominations submitted by the committee:

For president to succeed Mrs. B. C. Baldwin of Lynchburg—Mrs. J. L. Bugg of Farmville; for first vice-president, Mrs. W. G. Gwinn of Rich Creek, to succeed herself; for second vice-president, Mrs. F. L. Brauer of Richmond, to succeed herself; third vice-president, Mrs. Elias Etheridge of Norfolk, to succeed herself; recording secretary, Mrs. J. J. Nelms of Petersburg to succeed Mrs. C. B. Kearfott of Bristol; treasurer, Mrs. Julia O'Mara of Staunton, to succeed herself; registrar, Mrs. C. C. Guthrie of Emporia, to succeed herself; historian, Mrs. C. C. deVaney of Prince George chapter, Miss Anna Jones of Appomatox, and Mrs. Bruce Slonaker of Winchester, to succeed Mrs. William A. Coleman of Alexandria; recorder of crosses to succeed Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee of Culpepper, Mrs. Cecil Morris of Big Stone Gap, Mrs. T. B. Simpson of Newport News, and Mrs. J. Edward of Chester, and custodian to succeed Mrs. Charles Fraley of Hampton, Mrs. John R. Morris of Charlottesville, Miss Bessie Hester of Clarksville and Mrs. R. C. Pendleton of Clifton Forge.

The report was given by Mrs. J. M. Graham of Wytheville,

chairman. Other members of the committee were Mrs. E. L. Garrett, Mrs. James C. Brand, Mrs. T. F. Motley, Sr., Mrs. MacDuff Green, Mrs. W. C. Segar, and Mrs. C. C. Devaney, district chairmen.

Historian Protests Some Speeches

In her report as historian, Mrs. William A. Coleman of Alexandria protested against what she described as radio and platform speeches in the nation which "implied that these ancestors fought to destroy the Union and keep the black man in subjection.

"We all realize that national unity is imperative but we must not lose sight of our motto 'Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History,' and our object as stated in our constitution 'to teach all the coming generations the grandeur and honesty of those principles for which our fathers fought, and so instill in them a reverence and admiration for those defenders of State and sovereignty,'" she declared.

"How can this reverence and admiration be instilled when day after day on the radio and by public speakers, they hear it implied that these ancestors fought to destroy the Union and keep the black man in subjection.

"There is a tendency on the part of these speakers and writers, you have all heard it in one form or another, to compare these days with the Revolutionary period and that of '61-'65 when 'Democracy was threatened and liberty and the right of self-government were so ably defended by George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.'

1,165 School Essays Written During Year

"Letters have been written by members of your historical committee as individuals to several of the highest government officials who have thus distorted history, and to newspapers, reminding them that their analogy is all wrong, that the fight for liberty and self-govecrnment was waged by the South. If there was a Hitler in those times, the role was certainly not played by Jefferson Davis. Onc wonders if they can be so ignorant of history, and if a thing, however false, can finally become accepted as truth, if repeated often enough. Daughters, don't let such statements go unchallenged!"

Mrs. Coleman reported that during the past year in the state of Virginia a total of 1,165 essays on southern history were written by school students in contests sponsored by the UDC; that 89 scrapboks were completed by chapters; 958 books placed in schools and libraries; eight museums started; 37 chapters began citizenship work projects; 170 state and Confederate flags given; 62 pictures and 2 busts given, and that 1,172 historical meetings were held.

She presented blue ribbons to the following A-1 chapters who submitted the best history reports: Agnes Lee, Franklin; Anne Eliza Johns, Danville; Bethel, Newport News; Bristol; Elliot Grays, Richmond; Kirkwood Otey, Lynchburg; Lee Chapter, Richmond; Manassas; Mineral; Mildred Lee, Martinsville; Richmond; Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, Orange; Turney Ashby, Winchester; Warren Rifles, Front Royal, and Welby Carter, Upperville.

The morning program opened with invocation by the Rev. J. Lester Link, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer of Bristol. A special musical feature was a vocal rendition by Miss Linda Betts of the Turner Ashby U. D. C. chapter, Harrisonburg, former soloist with the famous Westminster Choir. Miss Betts, who sang "The Lord's Prayer (Albert Hay Malotte), was accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Joseph Thomas of Bristol.

More than 300 delegates and visitors were attending the convention today.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1941.

Elected Yesterday . . . .

Mrs. J. Lucken Bugg Heads Virginia UDC

New State President From Farmville; Mayor T. W. Preston Speaks on Colonel Mosby at Historical Evening; Mrs. John C. Gilmer New Custodian

Mrs. J. Lucken Bugg, of Farmville, was elected president of the Virginia division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy here yesterday in the climaxing business session of the forty-sixth annual Virginia U. D. C. convention at Hotel Bristol.

Mrs. Bugg, a former state vice-president of the organization, was elected without opposition, as were all but two of the officers chosen today.

Others elected were: first vice president, Mrs. W. G. Gwinn of Rich Creek, succeeding herself; second vice president, Mrs. F. L. Brauer of Richmond, incumbent; third vice president, Mrs. Elias Etheridge of Norfolk, incumbent;

Recording secretary, Mrs. John J. Nelms of Petersburg, succeeding Mrs. Clarence B. Kearfott of Bristol; treasurer, Mrs. Julia O'Mara of Staunton, incumbent; registrar, Mrs. C. C. Guthrie of Emporia, incumbent; historian, Mrs. Ferguson Cary of Alexandria, succeeding Mrs. William A. Coleman of Alexandria.

Recorder of crosses, Mrs. Cecil Morris of Big Stone Gap, succeeding Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee of Culpeper; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. W. Simmons of Farmville; and custodian, Mrs. John C. Gilmer of Bristol, succeeding Mrs. Charles Fraley of Hampton.

Mrs. James A. Scott, of Lynchburg, only living Virginia representative present at the founding of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Nashville, Tenn., was acclaimed honorary president of the Virginia division, to succeed Mrs. Bradley Johnson. Her name was placed in nomination for the position by Mrs. Cabell Smith of Rocky Mount.

Mrs. Scott is a daughter of Col. Kirkwood Otey of the 11th Virginia regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, who was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Mrs. Bugg, who succeeds Mrs. Bernard C. Baldwin of Lynchburg as president, was placed in nomination by Mrs. Charles B. Keesee of Martinsville, and the nomination was seconded by Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke of Norfolk and others.

Mrs. Keesee, in her nominating speech, praised Mrs. Bugg as a "woman whose talents have been demonstrated not in one field alone, but in many fields," and cited her record in the Cooperative Education association, the Episcopal church, the Daugnters of the American Revolution, and the U. D. C. Mrs. Bugg is a member of the Farmville Chapter No. 21.

The two contests centered around the offices of recorder of crosses and custodian. Mrs. Morris, nominated by Mrs. N. D. Eller of Lynchburg, defeated Mrs. David B. Simpson of the Bethel chapter, Newport News, named by Mrs. Charles Fraley of Hampton, by a vote of 162 to 101.

Mrs. Gilmer, president of the hostess Anne Carter Lee chapter of Bristol, was nominated from the floor and elected over Mrs. John R. Morris of Charlottesville by a vote of 128 to 114.

Mrs. Simmons was named to the office of corresponding secretary by the incoming president, and confirmed by vote.

Other activities of the afternoon session included a resolution approving the appointment by Governor Price of Lee Overton Miller as superintendent of the R. E. Lee camp soldier's home and memorial park. The endorsement followed a report by Mrs. Lee Miller on behalf of the board of trustees of the camp, in which she stated that the last surviving soldier had passed away during the year and that many of the buildings had been razed.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Baldwin, with Mrs. W. C. Merchant serving as parliamentarian.

The other highlight of yesterday's convention activities was the historical evening program, most widely attended of the convention, at the First Baptist church, featuring a talk by Mayor T. W. Preston of Bristol on "Col. John Mosby and His Men."

"I hope that some day we may be able to erect a monument to Mosby here in Bristol," Mayor Preston told the group. Mosby began practice in Bristol and answered the call to the Confederacy from this city.

"It would be more fitting, however, that his monument should be a solid monolith of stone located high on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking the beautiful farms of Loudon and Fauquier that were the scene of many of his activities," he added.

"Here on the mountain top the winds of heaven would blow about him—and the thunder and the lightning and the gale would be fitting company for his tempestuous spirit."

Preston paid tribute to Mosby, whose "dashing and romantic exploits made him one of the great heroes of the 'Lost Cause,'" he said.

The historical session was presided over by Mrs. W. A. Coleman, outgoing historian.

Following the invocation by Dr. H. H. Thompson, crosses for military service were awarded three World War heroes descended of Confederate lineage. Recipients were Mr. George Edmondson Pyl and Miss Katherine Lewis Wev, nurse of Newport, R. I., and Brig. Gen. William H. Dear, whose cross was received in his absence by Mrs. Coleman. Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee presented the medals.

Mrs. Ferguson Cary recited a poem, "Mosby," by Beverley Tucker. Music was furnished by Mrs. William Hopson, soprano, and S. T. Schroetter, organist.

Tea At Historic Inn Fetes Va. Division U. D. C.

Yesterday afternoon at historic Martha Washington Inn at Abingdon, the Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was hostess at a beautiful tea honoring the officers and delegates to the 46th annual convention Virginia Division UDC which has convened in Bristol this week and which closes its sessions this morning.

The Inn, which was the home of three governors' wives, is one of the most historic spots in this section, and its architecture is very beautiful. The entrance is one of the most beautiful in the South. The three lovely daughters of General Frances Preston, owner of the Inn, which was at that time his residence, each married a governor. One married Governor Wade Hampton of South Carolina, and the other two married Virginia governors, Governor James McDowell and Governor John D. Floyd.

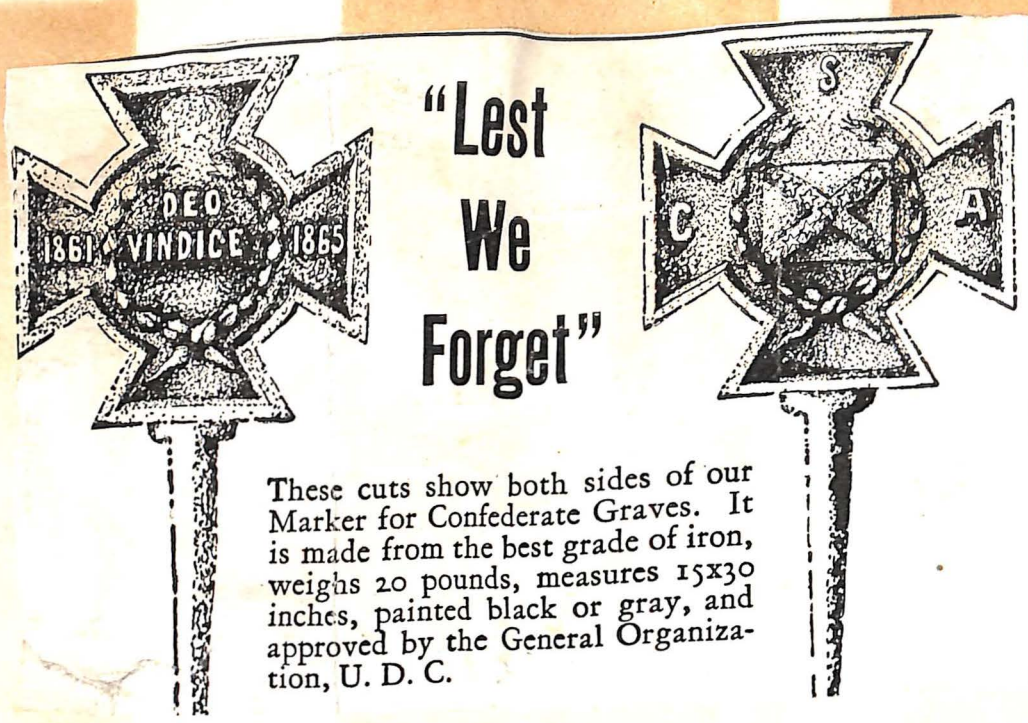
Yesterday the floral decorations were lovely and many Confederate flags and Virginia flags adorned the many rooms and halls, where Confederate gentlemen and ladies have often trod. Welcoming the guests were Mrs. D. A. Preston and Mrs. Charles Butt.

In the large drawing room the receiving line was composed of Mrs. W. C. Kreger, serving in place of Mrs. Henry, president, who was unable to attend, Mrs. W. C. Greear, state officers and district chairmen, General Julius F. Howell, Commander-in-Chief of the UCV and Mrs. Howell, and Mr. Wilson, the only Confederate soldier in Washington county.

The especial guests of honor were Mr. Wilson and General Howell.

The punch table was overlaid with lace and the florals were exquisite red roses in silver holders. White tapers burned in silver holders and silver trays of mints were arranged at intervals. Serving were Mrs. M. H. Honaker, Mrs. Sally Trigg, Mrs. John M. Kreger, Mrs. Mary Ballance, Mrs. Leon Cumbo.

Two hundred and fifty guests were entertained, including members of the Bristol hostess chapters.



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

True And Loyal Americans

The first act of 95-year-old General John M. Claypool after his election as commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans in Atlanta this week was to announce the adoption of a resolution supporting the Administration's foreign policy. In what may be their last official gesture, for it is not certain that they will ever hold another reunion, the old Confederate veterans have thus proclaimed to the world that the men who followed Lee and Jackson, Johnston and Longstreet, Beauregard and Hill, are as loyal today to the Government at Washington as they were to the Lost Cause when they fought so magnificently though unsuccessfully to establish a new Nation in the South.

The resolution, adopted unanimously by a rising vote, pledged the veterans' support in the event of war and denounced the spread of Naziism on the ground that it has "endangered America with its representative institutions, freedom of speech and personal liberty, the hardest won and dearest possessions of a civilized people".

No more impressive or moving tribute to the unity of the North and the South under the banner of Old Glory could be offered than this declaration of the old Confederate veterans of their loyalty to the Government and support of its policies in these troubled days.

The Wheelers, Nyes, Lindberghs and other leaders and associates of the so-called America First Committee may well feel ashamed of themselves as they contrast their own carping and critical attitude with that of these old heroes of the South whose dimming eyes see clearly the peril confronting the country and whose quavering voices are raised in assurance of their support of the Government.

If another Confederate reunion is never held, the fine old gentlemen who met at Atlanta this week can return to their homes and await the end of life, which cannot be far off for even the youngest among them, in the tranquil knowledge that their last official act was one that became them and stamped them as good and true Americans. They can be sure that from somewhere in the shades of the eternal their great commanders, Lee, Jackson and all the others, looked down and approved what they did. For they, too, were great Americans.

Confederates Open Meeting

J. W. Gwaltney Among 57 Attending Reunion at National Capital

1940

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9 (AP).—Delegates to the 50th annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans blissfully awakened today at—of all places—the place where Julia Ward Howe penned that Yankee tune, the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

The place is a hotel located at the intersection of historic Pennsylvania avenue and Fourteenth street, the thoroughfare that leads over the Potomac into the deep South.

And the hotel is headquarters for the reunion.

"It didn't seem to bother me any last night," said Gen. John M. Claypool, of St. Louis, when the plaque commemorating the author was pointed out at the hotel.

The reunion mustered only 57 grey-uniformed veteran. The youngest said he was 89, the oldest 125.

General Julius Franklin Howell, of Bristol, Va., their commander-in-chief, spare of frame, but still a fine figure of a man for all of his 94 years, was only a "little tired" after standing in line for 30 minutes at a reception yesterday during which he shook hands with scores of visitors.

Like most of his comrades of the sixties, General Howell hoped to live to see the downfall of Adolf Hitler.

H. L. Robertson, 96, of New Orleans, expressed belief Great Britain would win out in the end and advocated "every help possible for her, even to manpower."

General R. P. Scott, of Dallas, Texas, who calls himself "Uncle Bob," forgot his numerous wounds of the war long enough to express the hope there would be a place on the convention program for him to "dance a jig."

Frank Eli Powell, 103, another New Orleans veteran, told friends he learned to shoot at the age of 6, when his father gave him his first rifle.

J. W. Gwaltney, 95, of Roanoke, Va., who served with the Second Tennessee cavalry, has chewed tobacco since he was 14, and figures it hasn't hurt his health much.

Roke Times 1941

The Last Confederate

Roanoke's last surviving Confederate veteran, also believed to have been the Magic City's oldest citizen, passed away Friday afternoon.

James Washington Gwaltney, who celebrated his 96th birthday last June, fought at "bloody Chickamauga," where 38,000 soldiers were killed in a sanguinary battle that lasted three days, and served in the ranks of the Confederacy until the outfit to which he was attached was disbanded in North Carolina after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. He was a lad of 16 when he joined Ashby's cavalry at the outbreak of the War Between the States. Eighty years later he died, having been permitted by Providence to live to a ripe old age and attend many Confederate reunions to mingle and renew his friendships with the fine old gentlemen whose devotion to the Lost Cause never faltered or abated to the end of their days.

As a boy in knee trousers, Mr. Gwaltney, who was born in Bedford county, attended school at Gish's Mill, now the flourishing town of Vinton. He later lived in Tennessee but in 1866, the year after the close of the war, he came back to Virginia and established his home at Big Lick, "at that time just a way station on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad." Big Lick later became Roanoke and the Virginia & Tennessee became the Norfolk & Western.

A charter member of Greene Memorial Methodist Church, Mr. Gwaltney was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Baraca Bible class until last year and it is quite fitting and appropriate, therefore, that the members of that class should have been selected to serve as honorary pall bearers at his funeral this afternoon.

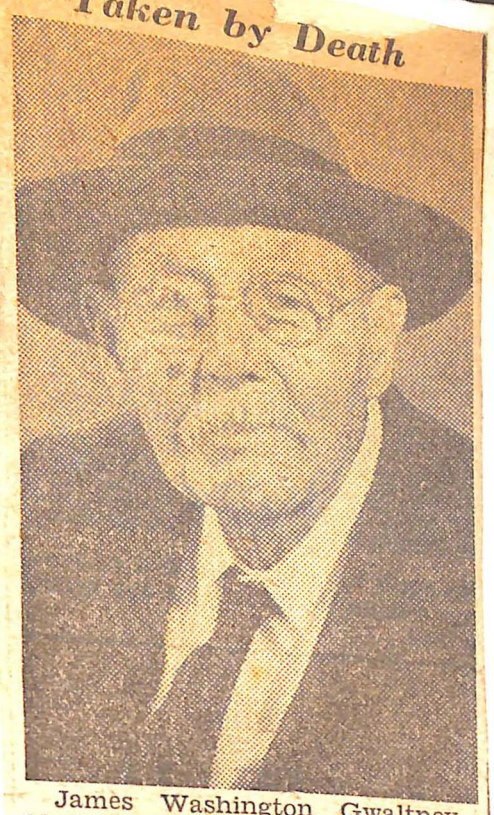
Such in brief is the life story of a soldier of the South, the last Confederate veteran in this community, one who will go to his grave today as Roanoke figuratively stands at salute to the memory of a brave and gallant gentleman. And as loving hands bear him tenderly to "the lone couch of his everlasting sleep," many of those present doubtless will be moved to recall Francis Miles Finch's words:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Last in Wythe

Harvey W. King (above), Wythe county's only surviving Confederate veteran. He celebrated his 96th birthday anniversary recently and was feted by the county U. D. C. chapter. Mr. King served in Company D of the First Virginia Cavalry.

Taken by Death



James Washington Gwaltney, 96, Roanoke's last surviving Confederate veteran, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 502 Virginia avenue, Virginia Heights.

Last Surviving Confederate Vet Of Roanoke Dies

(Continued from Page One)

Mrs. M. D. Barnett and Miss Mary Gwaltney, all of Roanoke; three grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

The funeral will be conducted at Oakey's chapel at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow by Dr. J. Manning Potts and Dr. J. William McCauley. Internment will be in Fairview. The body will remain at Oakey's pending the service.

Active pallbearers will be: Charles Bear, Alfred Pike, Irvin Brinkley, Blair J. Fishburn, W. C. Bringman and J. W. Brewbaker. Honorary pallbearers will be members of the Baraca class of Greene Memorial Methodist church.

* * *

He was a charter member of Greene Memorial Methodist church and began attending Sunday school when that church was located on High street, in 1869. He was a regular attendant in the Baraca class until about two months before his 95th birthday.

* * *

On September 7, 1876, he was married to Susan Virginia Haley, of Montgomery county, who preceded him in death on January 8, 1929.

Mr. Gwaltney left Tennessee and returned to Roanoke, then Big Lick, on June 16, 1866, when the railroad depot was an open box car.

"This was just a way station on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad," he frequently reminded friends. "I got on the train at Bristol at 10 a. m., and it was 3 o'clock the following morning when we arrived."

The railroad had been through "four years of war and was in bad condition. The rail joints were not so tight, and some rail ends would be an inch higher than the one it joined, so the train had to go slow."

Incidentally, the engine which pulled this train was of the wood-burner type.

For many years Mr. Gwaltney engaged in the tobacco and auction business, at one time selling tobacco on the site of the present Norfolk and Western freight station.

With the coming of the Shenandoah railroad, "people began to put their money in real estate. That sort of broke up the tobacco business," he frequently recalled.

Varied Business Career

For about four years he worked as a carpenter, and was a second-hand clothing auctioneer for about ten years. Then he closed out this business and moved to Starkey. Two years later he returned to Roanoke and worked for the Andrew Tinsley Coal company and the F. L. Hatcher Coal company. For about six years he was employed in the office of the late J. C. Wingfield, city constable. He retired about 25 years ago.

As a boy in knee trousers, Mr. Gwaltney attended school at Gish's Mill, now Vinton.

Last Confederate

J. W. Gwaltney, Resident Here 75 Years, Dead

Voted in National Election of 1868

(Picture on Page 2)

Roanoke's last surviving Confederate veteran, James Washington Gwaltney, died at 4:45 yesterday afternoon at his home, 502 Virginia avenue, Virginia Heights. One of the city's oldest residents, Mr. Gwaltney, who had been in failing health for two months, observed his 96th birthday on June 18.

He claimed the distinction of being the oldest voter in Roanoke having cast his first ballot for Horace Greeley for president in 1868.

A native of Bedford county, he moved to a farm near Johnson City, Tenn., with his family in 1858, and at the outbreak of the War Between the States he joined Col. Ashby's cavalry in Knoxville at the age of 16 and four months.

He escaped unwounded from the battle of Chickamauga, second bloodiest in the war, in which 38,000 soldiers supposedly lost their lives. He also took part in the Battle of Loundon, 18 miles from Knoxville.

* * *

When the war ended Mr. Gwaltney decided to return to Virginia. "When the Yankees took charge of Tennessee, they made all Confederates cut off their buttons," he often recalled. Once back in Virginia he never returned to the scene of the conflict in Tennessee.

* * *

Mr. Gwaltney attended many Confederate reunions, including that at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1938, on the 75th anniversary of that historic battle. The last reunion he attended was in Washington a year later.

Surviving are four sons and three daughters: W. W. Gwaltney, C. S. Gwaltney, B. L. Gwaltney and H. H. Gwaltney, Mrs. W. R. Hancock,

CAPTAIN ROBERT WRIGHT, PICTURESQUE VETERAN

Made Fourteen Trips Between Wilmington and Nassau in Blockade Service.

MEMBER OF CONFEDERATE NAVY

Following Fall of Fort Fisher Went to Liverpool, and Received $10,000 as His Share of Vessel's Cargo. Loves Richmond, Adopted Home.

After serving throughout the War Between the States as an engineer in the Confederates States navy, Captain Robert Wright went to England following the fall of Fort Fisher, and there sold his share of a cargo of cotton and quinine for $10,000 in gold. "A blooming Britisher told me that if I came back to America that the Yankees would take the money from me, so I didn't come back, just then," was the way Captain Wright explained why he did not return forthwith to the United States. Instead, he remained in Liverpool, bought out a small tobacco business and entered commercial life.

Captain Wright is one of the most picturesque figures in Richmond among the veterans of the Civil War. While the years have whitened his brow and added a droop to his shoulders, the passage of time has no whit dampened his enthusiasm nor his activity. At seventy-five he is hale and hearty, and he attributes his health to the days he spent as a sea dog.

Though Richmond is only his adopted city, he nevertheless feels a keen interest in its welfare. Born in Norfolk on April 16, 1840, Bob Wright entered a private school there at an early age. Completing his studies, he became a machinist's apprentice, which trade he followed for three years, after which he devoted himself to the task of being an apprentice to a marine engineer. He successfully passed the required examination, and obtained his license as a third assistant engineer. He entered the service of the Virginia Steamship Company, plying between Norfolk, New York and Richmond, and he was aboard the side-wheeler Jamestown when Virginia seceded from the Union.

FINDS HIMSELF MEMBER OF "VIRGINIA NAVY"

That vessel was promptly seized by the State, and then Captain Wright found himself a member of the "Virginia navy." He assisted in fitting out the Jamestown and Yorktown as ships of war, and then returned to Norfolk. There he assisted in fitting out the Merrimac, after which he entered the Confederate navy, and was sent to Richmond aboard a tug, which successfully ran the blockade being maintained at the mouth of the James River by the Cumberland and Congress. He was then given his commission in the Confederate navy as a third assistant engineer, and was ordered to Charleston, S. C., to do work at the torpedo station there.

In 1864 he saw his first submarine in Charleston harbor. His friend, Charles Hasker, was the first man to attempt to take her below the surface, and did so successfully, but the vessel became entangled in the torpedo net of a Federal man-o'-war and was captured. Hasker was held prisoner until the close of the war.

Captain Wright was then assigned to the blockade service, and made fourteen trips between Wilmington, N. C.; Nassau and Bermuda.

When Fort Fisher surrendered, his vessel went to Liverpool, carrying a cargo of quinine and cotton. As an officer of the vessel, he was entitled to the profits derived from the sale of the cargo, and received $10,000.

He remained in England for two years, believing that the Yankees would take his money if he returned to America. He claimed an Englishwoman as his bride, who later accompanied him back to Norfolk. They returned a few years later to Liverpool, where she died after losing her vision.

Well-Known Veteran of Confederate Navy

CAPTAIN ROBERT WRIGHT.

U. D. C. Units to Observe 39th Anniversary Sunday

Organized in Nashville in 1894 Under Direction of Mrs. Caroline M. Goodlett.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the United States will observe the thirty-ninth anniversary of the organization tomorrow. Chapters from coast to coast will celebrate Founders' Day at that time.

The U. D. C. was organized in Nashville, Tenn., in 1894, and was presided over by Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, of that city. Representatives from several Southern states were present and a call was issued to all Southern women's societies of the war between the states to unite at this time under one organization.

In Missouri, Texas, Georgia and Virginia chapters had been started, but they were not united until this time under the presidency of Mrs. Goodlett.

The first general convention of the organization was held in Nashville on March 30, 1895, and the name National Daughters of the Confederacy was chosen. This was changed in 1896, when the name United Daughters of the Confederacy was officially adopted and a badge designated by Mrs. Lucien H. Raines, of Savannah, first vice-president of the organization, was adopted.

Since that time the organization has been spread not only through the South, but his branches in almost every Northern and Southern state and numbers over 60,000 members.

It's work is wide in scope, including historical work in preserving original records of the South, in collecting dependable source material, correction of errors and misstatements regarding the war between the States, and the furthering of essays contests on Southern subjects for which prizes are offered; benevolent work in caring for survivors of the war and their descendants; educational work for descendents of Confederates, and the awarding of crosses of military service to descendents of veterans who served in subsequent wars.

Int he educational department alone $513,700 is invested in nearly 1,000 scholarships and endowments. Chapters of "Children of the Confederacy," which it is hoped will replenish the ranks of the older organization, have also been started.

REVENGE AT BOTTOM OF LINCOLN'S MURDER

Richmd Times Disp.

President Gave His Life as Penalty for Execution of Beall, Which He Ordered.

FROM PAPERS OF DR. FOOTE

John Wilkes Booth Fired Fatal Shot, Not Through Patriotism for South, but Because Death Sentence of Friend Had Been Carried Out.

The remarkable story below is copied from the scrap-book of Comrade Davis, an old Confederate soldier of Farmville, Va. It is a newspaper print and seems to have been clipped from the old Richmond Dispatch of about eighteen or maybe twenty years ago. It is headed: "Papers Left by Dr. George A. Foote Intimate That Lincoln's Refusal to Save Beall Led to the Assassination."

The story reads as follows:

"We were much interested in a short article in the April number of Wake Forest Student," says a writer in the Wilmington Messenger. "It was sent by George Anderson Foote, a son of the late Dr. George A. Foote, of Warrenton, N. C., an honored and highly reputable physician, lately deceased. He first gives an extract from Appleton's Cyclopedia of Biography of the hanging of that gallant and meritorious officer, Capt. John Yates Beall, a native of Virginia and born in 1835 and hanged on the 24th of February, 1865, as a spy. A sketch was found among Dr. Foote's papers, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army and was imprisoned in Fort Columbus, New York harbor. Dr. Foote's posthumous paper is both interesting and informing. He tells of the efforts made to save the life of Captain Beall, who was a regular commissioned Confederate officer, by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and others, but in vain. Dr. Foote's cell in which he was confined adjoined Captain Beall's. Beall and John Wilkes Booth had been room-mates at college and were dear friends. Booth tried every way to secure Beall's release from prison, but in vain. An effort to secure his escape was made, in which Dr. Foote was to be a party. In fact, two plans came to naught.

"The interesting point, really of historic interest, is to follow. Dr. Foote's private memorandum gives a statement that will surprise many, as it did us. The common idea is that President Lincoln was murdered by John Wilkes Booth because he was the head of the Northern States and was responsible for the war upon the South. In other words that Booth, being in intense sympathy with the South, and being somewhat daft, had assassinated the President on account of his course in the war!

"After the plans failed, Dr. Foote says, Booth hurried to Washington and on his knees implored President Lincoln to pardon or at least respite Beall. Lincoln promised to respite, but that night ordered his execution. Dr. Foote says: 'This order was executed, and Beall was hanged within thirty yards of my window and inside Fort Columbus, and not at Johnson's Island, as has been frequently reported.

"'Booth, for what he termed the perfidy of President Lincoln toward himself and friend Beall, at once swore to avenge his friend's death by killing both Lincoln and Seward. He did not intend to shoot Lincoln in the theater, but the contemplated opportunity did not offer itself elsewhere. But for the fact that Booth's spur caught in the curtain that fatal night, he would have escaped, at least for a time. The war had nothing to do with the assassination of the President. It was done simply and solely to revenge intensified by Booth's love and admiration for his friend.

"'Booth went to New York the morning of Beall's execution and, being so grievously disappointed at what had occurred, he became measurably an insane man. I had not the least idea of Booth's plan to assassinate the

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

ROANOKE CHAPTER

YEAR BOOK

1940 - 1941

"Yet there is one thing that shall never die
The memory of the dead for truth and liberty."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE
CONFEDERACY

ROANOKE CHAPTER

1939--1940

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

ROANOKE CHAPTER

YEAR BOOK

1940 - 1941

"Yet there is one thing that shall never die
The memory of the dead for truth and liberty."

ROANOKE CHAPTER

U. D. C.

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.

SALUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

I salute the Confederate Flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance.

(The general convention in Richmond, 1937, decided that the manner of saluting the Confederate Flag would be to place the right hand over the heart and hold it there until the last word of the salute is said.)

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness."

FLOWER: "The Rose"

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The first object of the society is Historical, "To honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate States: to protect, preserve, and mark places made historical by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material for a TRUTHFUL HISTORY of the War Between the States: to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle, and untiring efforts after the war during the Reconstruction of the South."

DAYS OF COMMEMORATION

The Birthdays of:

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America -- June 3.

Robert Edward Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army -- January 19.

Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson -- January 21.

- - -

Meetings: Second Monday of each month (except June, July, and August) 4 to 5 p.m.

Dues: The annual dues shall be $1.50.

OFFICERS

President.....Mrs. Eugene Harris
First Vice-President.....Mrs. D.H. Dunwody
Second Vice-President.....Mrs. Corbin D. Glass
Third Vice-President.....Mrs. W.F. Genheimer
Treasurer.....Miss Myra Howard
Recording Secretary.....Mrs. Lacy Edgerton
Corresponding Secretary.....Mrs. Basil G. Beard
Registrar.....Mrs. P. B. Traylor
Historian.....Miss Mae Hoover
Custodian.....Mrs. Etta V. Gookin
Chaplain.....Miss Mary Pleasants

COMMITTEES

Hospitality: Mrs. J. H. Raleigh, Chairman, Mrs. W. L. Tinsley, Mrs. W. C. Michael, Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Miss Mae Hoover.

Ways and Means: Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Chairman, Mrs. S. F. Moody, Miss Conway Howard.

Program: Miss Mae Hoover

Publicity: Mrs. Basil G. Beard

Parliamentarian: Mrs. J. W. Boswell

Music and Radio: Mrs. D. H. Dunwody

Membership: Mrs. P. B. Traylor, Chairman Mrs. F. J. Burt, Mrs. R. E. Petterson

COMMITTEE

Education: Mrs. W. F. Gerheimer, Chairman.
Miss Mae Hoover, Miss Nell Thompson

Charity: Mrs. C. K. Lemon, Chairman
Mrs. W. C. Michael, Miss Myra Howard

Credentials: Mrs. D. M. Dunwody, Chairman.
Mrs. C. C. Jacob, Mrs. S. F. Woody

Scrapbook: Mrs. F. J. Burt

- - -

PROGRAM

September 9, 1940

Opening Meeting.....Hotel Patrick Henry

October 14, 1940

Mrs. C. K. Lemon.....Hostess
109 McClanahan Place, South Roanoke

Montgomery, Alabama
"In the land where we were dreaming."
—Miss Mary Pleasants

November 11, 1940

Mrs. William C. Lukens .....Hostess
Williamson Road

Richmond, Virginia
"We laid the foundation of two large cities;
one at Shacco's, to be called Richmond."
—Byrd's History of the Dividing Line.

December 9, 1940

Mrs. W. C. Michael.....Hostess
411 Albermarle Avenue, S.W.

Atlanta, Georgia
"The Gate City—the only tribute she requires
of those who cross her boundaries is that they
stop long enough to partake of the hospitality
of her citizens."
—Miss Mae Hoover

January 13, 1941

Mrs. Helen Shanks
Miss Carrie Layne.....Hostesses
626 Wycliffe Avenue, South Roanoke

Robert E. Lee
"Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity inspired him in his adversity."

Stonewall Jackson

"Unawed by opinion,
Unseduced by flattery,
Undismayed by disaster."

February 10, 1941

Mrs. Corbin Glass.....Hostess
660 Northumberland Ave.

New Orleans, Louisiana
The Queen City

"The flags of France, of Spain, of the Union, and of the Confederacy have floated over this soil, where the stern Anglo-Saxon blood has been touched with the grace and genius of France."

Natchez, Mississippi

"As Nature made her beautiful, History has made her great."

—Miss Myra Howard

March 10, 1941

Mrs. J. M. Raleigh.....Hostess
505 Walnut Hill

Galveston, Texas
"They come transfigured back
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways:
Beautiful evermore and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of expectation."

—Mrs. J. W. Boswell

April 14, 1941

Mrs. W. F. Genheimer.....Hostess
"Genhaven," South Roanoke

Baltimore, Maryland
"The candles lit, the punch made and the pipes fairly set going, they applied themselves to pass some wholesome laws."

—Mrs. W. C. Michael

May 12, 1941

Mrs. E. V. Gookin.....Hostess
"Ettarest" (Picnic)

Benj. Hill

Hospitalization in a Southern City
from 1861 to 1865

Jno. B Gordon

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! "

—Mrs. F. J. Burt

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I - NAME

The name or title of this chapter shall be the Roanoke Chapter, Virginia Division, U. D. C.

ARTICLE II - OBJECTS

The objects of this chapter are historical, educational, memorial, and benevolent; to aid in collecting and preserving material for a truthful history of the War Between the States; to protect historic places of the Confederacy, and to record the part taken by Southern men and women during the reconstruction of the South; to aid in placing in all Southern schools impartial and accurate histories; to teach the coming generations the honesty of those principles for which their forefathers fought, and to dispense [redacted] charity to the [redacted] sons of veternas, wives and sisters of veterans, and loyal daughters of the Confederacy.

ARTICLE III - MEMBERSHIP

Those entitled to membership are the mothers, widows, sisters, nieces, grandnieces, daughters, granddaughters of veterans, who are eighteen (18) years of age or over, also descendants of southern women who can give proof of loyal aid to the Confederate cause.

ARTICLE IV - OFFICERS AND THEIR ELECTION

Section 1 The officers of the Roanoke Chapter shall be a president, three vice-presidents, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer Registrar, Historian, Custodian, and Chaplain; these officers shall be elected annually by the Chapter at the annual meeting, after being nominated as hereinafter provided. They shall enter upon their term of office on the day following their election, and shall hold office until their successors are elected. No officer shall serve more than two consecutive years, with the exception of Treasurer, Registrar, and Custodian.

Section 2 In case of a vacancy occurring in the office of President, the First Vice-President shall succeed to that office for the unexpired term. All other vacancies not otherwise provided for shall be filled by the Executive Committee, to be approved by the Chapter.

ARTICLE V - ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting, for the election of officers and annual reports, and any other important business to be transacted, shall be held the second Monday in May of each year, unless otherwise provided for.

ARTICLE VI - HOW TO AMEND

This constitution may be amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of members present and voting, provided notice has been previously given.

BY - LAWS

ARTICLE I - DUTIES OF OFFICERS

The President shall preside at all meetings, shall have general supervision of all work of the Chapter, and appoint all committees not otherwise provided for. She shall also be ex officio member of all committees.

The First Vice-President shall preside at all meetings in the absence of the President, and perform all other duties appertaining to that office.

The Second Vice-President shall be chairman of a committee to look after attendance and absentees who have missed three consecutive meetings.

The third Vice-President shall be chairman of a committee to look after the sick and afflicted.

The Recording Secretary shall have charge of, and keep a full record of all proceedings of the meetings. She shall take the minutes of all chapter and executive committee meetings. Chairmen of committees shall furnish the Recording Secretary with a short written report of their respective meetings.

The Corresponding Secretary shall have charge of and handle all correspondence of the Chapter, as directed by the President, and shall notify all members of their election into the chapter. She shall keep on file all correspondence, including a copy of all letters written. She shall have charge of all publicity of the chapter.

The Treasurer shall have charge of all money dealings, have them safely deposited in the bank, and make a monthly report of the condition of the treasury. All money shall pass through her office and she shall disperse by check only for amounts exceeding one dollar. She shall be the official roll keeper of the Chapter. She shall file her monthly report regularly with the Recording Secretary as a matter of record.

The Historian shall be the chairman of the program committee and arrange for the observance of the following birthdays:

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America — June 3rd.

Robert Edward Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army — January 19th.

Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson — January 21

The Registrar shall be Chairman of the Membership Committee, examine and have corrected and ready to sign all applications, before being presented to the Chapter for acceptance. She shall also keep a register of the names, dates of election, resignations, and death of members, and shall have the custody of all applications for membership.

The Custodian shall have charge of all the properties of the Chapter.

The Chaplain shall have charge of devotionals.

ARTICLE II - MEETINGS

Section 1 The Executive Committee shall be composed of all officers, chairmen of committees, and a member at large, who shall be the immediate past president. It shall meet at the call of the President.

Section 2 The regular monthly meetings shall be held the second Monday of each month, unless otherwise provided for, except June, July, and August. Time of the meeting to be decided on by the Executive Committee.

Section 3 There shall be a nominating committee consisting of three members, elected at the regular monthly meeting prior to the annual meeting. This committee shall present its slate at the annual meeting, at which time nominations may also be made from the floor.

Section 4 The voting shall be by ballot for any office where there is more than one nominee, and a majority of votes cast shall elect. In the case of only one nominee for any office, the voting shall be by acclamation.

ARTICLE III - DUES

The dues shall be $1.50 per year, payable at the beginning of the Chapter year. New members are required to pay an initiation fee of $1.50 in addition to their dues.

ARTICLE IV - QUORUM

Seven members constitute a quorum for a regular meeting. Five members constitute a quorum for an Executive Committee meeting or a called meeting. Ten members constitute a quorum for an annual meeting.

ARTICLE V - PARLIAMENTARY AUTHORITY

Robert's Rules of Order, Revised, shall be authority on all points not covered in this Constitution and By-Laws.

ARTICLE VI - AMENDMENTS

Amendments may be made to these By-Laws at any regular meeting, by a two-third vote of the members present and voting.

* * * * * * * * *

CHAPTER MEMBERS

Mrs. B. G. Beard.....6884
Mrs. I. E. Boone 4558
Mrs. J. W. Boswell.....2-41[illegible]
Mrs. R. M. Brice.....2-12[illegible]
Mrs. F. J. Burt.....2-6114
Mrs. W. K. Davis.....2-5417
Mrs. D. M. Dunwody.....2-2844
Mrs. Lacy G. Edgerton 6468
Miss Janie Figgat, Miss Sue Figgat.2-5761
Mrs. C. D. Fox.....2-4176
Miss Maude Franklin..... 5397
Mrs. W. F. Genheimer.....2-4004
Mrs. Crobin Glass.....2-0816
Mrs. E. V. Gookin.....2-2687
Mrs. E. H2 Gregory.....2-1907
Mrs. E. J. Harris..... 5928
Miss Mae Hoover 9002
Miss Conway Howard, Miss Myra Howard 3-0441
Mrs. M. A. Johnson..... 9198
Mrs. C. C. Jacob..... 8904
Miss Carrie Layne..... 5082
Mrs. C. K. Lemon ..... -5356
Mrs. W. C. Lukens.....2-6885
Mrs. J. R. Marsh.....2-4433
Mrs. W. C. Michael.....2-5490
Mrs. R. E. Petterson 2-4301
Mrs. J. H. Raleigh 2-0893
Mrs. C. W. Sanders 2-1523
Mrs. Helen Taylor Shanks.....2-4805
Mrs. Mary Cordon Speck..... 8309
Miss Margaret Sublett..... 4558
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley.....2-4962
Miss Nell Thompson.....2-2687
Mrs. P. B. Traylor.....2-2973
Mrs. S. F. Woody.....2-1846
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum 2-4343
Mrs. T. G. Wood.....2-4133

Mrs. A. T. Horine, Miss Mary Pleasants, Miss Lessie Ross, Mrs. J. J. Zirkle

ARTICLE

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

ROANOKE CHAPTER

1939--1940

ROANOKE CHAPTER
U. D. C.

"The test of greatness
is the page of history."

YEARBOOK
1939--1940

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth
of Confederate History."

Keyword: Preparedness

Flower: The Rose

The United Daughters of the Confederacy

The first object of the society is Historical, "To honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect, preserve, and mark places made historical by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material for a TRUTHFUL HISTORY of the War Between the States: to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle, and untiring efforts after the war during the Reconstruction of the South.

Pledge to the Flag

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Salute to the Confederate Flag

I salute the Confederate Flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance.

(The general convention in Richmond, 1937, decided that the manner of saluting the Confederate Flag would be to place the right hand over the heart and hold it there until the last word of the salute is said.)

.....

OFFICERS

President.....Mrs. J. M. Raleigh
First V-Pres.....Miss Mae Hoover
Second V-Pres.....Mrs. Basil G. Board
Third V-Pres.....Mrs. C. K. Lemon
Treasurer.....Miss Myra Howard
Secretary.....Mrs. F. J. Burt
Corres. Sec'y.....Mrs. Corbin D. Glass
Registrar.....Mrs. P. B. Traylor
Historian.....Mrs. L. G. Edgerton
Custodian.....Mrs. E. V. Gookin
Chaplain.....Miss Mary Pleasants

Meetings

Second Monday of each month (except July and August) 4:00 to 5:00 p. m.

Dues

The annual dues shall be $1.50.

****

COMMITTEES

Hospitality: Mrs. W. L. Tinsley, Chairman, Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Mrs. C. A. Woodrum, Mrs. C. D. Glass, Mrs. W. F. Gonheimer.

Ways and Means: Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Chairman, Mrs. S. F. Woody, Mrs. P. B. Traylor

Program: Mrs. Lacy G. Edgerton.

Membership: Mrs. B. G. Board, Mrs. F. J. Burt.

Publicity: Mrs. Corbin D. Glass.

Legislative: Mrs. J. W. Boswell, Miss Janie Figgatt.

Music: Mrs. D. M. Dunwody.

Scholarships and Flags: Miss Mae Hoover, Miss Nell Thompson.

Charity: Mrs. C. K. Lemon, Chairman, Mrs. W. C. Michael, Miss Myra Howard.

Card Party: Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Chairman, and members of Hospitality Committee.

September 11th

Mrs. Lacy G. Edgerton.....Hostess
102 Avenham Ave., S. R.

Founders' Day

"The South speaks no investive,
And she writes no word of blame;
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame."

.....Mrs. Raleigh

October 9th

Mrs. C. K. Lemon.....Hostess
109 McClanahan Place, S. R.

Wilmington, North Carolina

"And the fame of the Dane revive
again, ye Vikings of the South."

.....Mrs. Genheimer

****

November 13th

Mrs. W. C. Michael.....Hostess
411 Albermarle Ave., S. W.

Norfolk, Virginia

"The History of Norfolk is much
more than a series of anecdotes of in-
teresting events and people; it is an
important chapter in the story of the
rise of the American Nation."

.....Mrs. Boswell

December 11th

Mrs. C. A. Woodrum.....Hostess
407 Stanley Ave., S. R.

Chattanooga
The Battle of Chikamauga

"There is true glory and a true
honor; the glory of duty done, the
honor of the integrity of principle."

.....Miss Hoover
Miss Howard

January 8, 1940

Mrs. F. H. Gregory.....Hostess
506 Allison Ave., S. W.

The Lee-Jackson Anniversary

"And we--we weep him not, whose task is ended,
Whose glorious failure outshines all success;
Though on his grave a whole world's tears descended.
We could not love him more--nor mourn him less."

February 12th

Mrs. D. M. Dunwody.....Hostess
376 Allison Ave., S. W.

Musical Program

.....Mrs. Dunwody

March 11th

Mrs. J. W. Boswell.....Hostess
439 Virginia Ave., S. R.

Charleston, South Carolina

"Calmly beside her tropic strand,
An empress, brave and loyal,
I see the watchful city stand,
With aspect sternly royal."

.....Mrs. Glass

April 8th

Misses Janie & Sue Figgatt....Hostesses
109 Walnut Ave., S. W.

Vicksburg, Mississippi
The Key to the Mississippi River

"Where Southern gentlemen, lying in vermin infested trenches, subsisting upon a handful of peas and a portion of mule meat yet maintained their integrity."

.....

May 13th

Mrs. S. F. Woody.....Hostess
423 Allison Ave., S. W.

Savannah, Georgia

"Sing it as you will, it never can be sung
Tell it as you may, it never can be told
All the glory of the story
Of the men who wore the gray."

.....

June 10th

Mrs. E. V. Gookin.....Hostess
"Ettarest" (picnic)

Jefferson Davis

Thomas Carlyle remarked that whatever the jury might say, the Grand Jury of Mankind had declared Mr. Davis not guilty.

Annual Meeting - Election of Officers

Days of Commeration

The Birthdays of:

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America--June 3.

Robert Edward Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army--January 19.

Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson--January 21.

CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP

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Miss Mae Hoover
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Mrs. J. R. Marsh
Mrs. W. C. Michael
Miss Mary Pleasants
Mrs. J. M. Raleigh
Miss Lessie Ross
Mrs. C. W. Sanders
Mrs. Helen T. Shanks
Miss Margaret Sublette
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley
Miss Nell Thompson
Mrs. P. B. Traylor
Mrs. S. F. Woody
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum
Mrs. T. Gilbert Wood

Confederate Gray.

By MRS. FRANCES DOWNING.

This poem, which is taken from "The Land We Love," was written at Charlotte, N. C., September 24, 1866, by Mrs. Downing, a gifted and beloved poetess of the war.

You're like your master, worn and old,
And scarred with wounds, my suit of gray;
I'll smooth you free of crease and fold,
And lay you tenderly away.

But ere I hide you from my sight—
Forgetting all that's lost and gone—
Let me recall the visions bright
I saw when first I drew you on.

I saw a nation spring to breath,
I saw a people proud and grand
Do battle to the very death
For freedom and their native land.

I saw a cause pure of all harm,
Thrice noble, and without one stain.
I gave for it my good right arm;
I'd gladly give it o'er again.

I saw across a stormy sky
The bow of glorious promise gleam;
And, as its splendor blazed on high,
Fade like the fancies of a dream.

Then darkness, such as might be felt,
Came down upon our hapless land;
And yet we know our woe was dealt
In wisdom by a Father's hand.

Gray clothes, you fill my heart with tears,
Though to my eyes they may not spring,
Recalling our four glorious years
And all the memories they bring.

Our cause is lost, our hopes are fled,
The land we love sits sore bereft,
Lamenting for her mighty dead—
You are the only vestige left.

For all we hoped and planned and thought,
And all we suffered and achieved,
In our Confederate gray was wrought—
Well may it be with laurel wreathed.

Old suit! once more you will be worn,
When I am in my coffin laid.
Upon the resurrection morn
I wish to stand in you arrayed.

When with hosannahs loud and sweet,
Beatified with bliss intense,
Our Southern soldiery shall meet,
Confederate in the highest sense.

Gray suit! I look on you with pride—
Such pride as manly hearts may take—
As with our cause identified,
And doubly precious for his sake,

My martyred general; for he wore
Such clothes about the kingliest soul
That God from his eternal store
Enshrined within a human mould.

I know he wears the garments now
That moth and rust can ne'er assail,
A diadem upon his brow
To which earth's brightest crowns are pale.

I know that in him angels trace
Such glory as on Moses shone,
Reflected from his Master's face,
As close he stands beside the throne.

Yet still I love, by memory's ray,
To see him as he used to be,
Clad in his well-worn suit of gray,
The synonyme of victory.

The greatest victory he wrought
Was when, at heaven's supreme behest —
The faith well kept, the good fight fought—
He went triumphant to his rest.

Across death's river, dark and fleet,
And storming in tumultuous strife,
Forever left earth's noontide heat,
And rested by the tree of life.

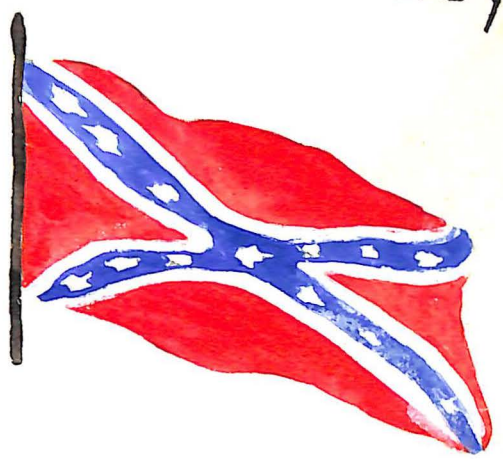
There's little left to live for now,
Old suit! for such as you and I;
And, but to Heaven's decrees I bow,
I'd gladly, like my general, die.

But long as God may choose to give
The simplest duty as my task,
I'm willing in His strength to live,
And try to do it. All I ask,

Is when my pilgrimage is made,
And I am numbered with the dead,
To join in heaven the old brigade,
With Stonewall Jackson at its head.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.

United Daughters of the Confederacy



Roanoke Chapter

1941 - 1942

From the painting by Elder

J. E. B. STUART

[illegible] Chapter
U. D. C.

"The test of greatness
is the page of history"

Y [illegible].00K-1941-1942

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth
of Confederate History"

Keyword: Preparedness

Flower: The Rose

The United Daughters of
the Confederacy

The first object of the society is HISTORICAL, to honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect, preserve, and mark places made historical by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material for a TRUTHFUL HISTORY of the War Between the States; to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle and untiring efforts after the war during the reconstruction of the South.

"Ancestry and History are worthwhile when posterity profits by them."

ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

SALUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

I salute the Confederate flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance.

(The General convention in Richmond, 1937, decided that the manner of saluting the Confederate Flag would be to place the right hand over the heart and hold it there until the last word of the salute is said)

* *** *****

Hospitality: Mrs. J. L. Raleigh, Chm.
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley, Mrs. J. C. Michael
Mrs. S. V. Gookin, Miss Lae Hoover

Days and Means:
Mrs. S. V. Gookin, Chairman
Mrs. S. F. Moody, Miss Conway Howard

Program: Miss Lae Hoover

Publicity: Mrs. Basil G. Beard

Parliamentarian: Mrs. J. W. Boswell

Music and Radio: Mrs. D. L. Dunwody

Membership:
Mrs. R. E. Petterson, Chairman
Mrs. P. B. Traylor, Mrs. F. J. Burt

Education:
Mrs. J. F. Oppenheimer, Chairman
Miss Lae Hoover, Miss Nell Thompson

Charity:
Mrs. C. K. Lemon, Chairman
Mrs. J. C. Michael, Miss Lyra Howard

OFFICERS

President----------Mrs. Eugene Harris
First Vice-President-Mrs. D. M. Dunwody
Second vicepres. Mrs. Corbin D. Glass
Third Vice-Pres--Mrs. W. F. Genheimer
Treasurer----------Miss Myra Howard
Recording Sec.-----Mrs. Lacy Edgerton
Corresponding Sec. Mrs. Basil G. Beard
Registrar--------Mrs. R. E. Petterson
Historian-------Miss H. Mae Hoover
Custodian------- Mrs. Etta V. Gookin
Chaplain----------Miss Mary Pleasants

MEETINGS

Second Monday of each month
(except July and August) 4:00
to 5:00 P. M.

DUES

The annual dues shall be $1.50

Hospitality: Mrs. J. M. Raleigh, Chmn.
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley, Mrs. W. C. Michael
Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Miss Mae Hoover

Ways and Means:
Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Chairman
Mrs. S. F. Woody, Miss Conway Howard

Program: Miss Mae Hoover

Publicity: Mrs. Basil G. Beard

Parliamentarian: Mrs. J. W. Boswell

Music and Radio: Mrs. D. M. Dunwody

Membership:
Mrs. R. E. Petterson, Chairman
Mrs. P. B. Traylor, Mrs. F. J. Burt

Education:
Mrs. W. F. Genheimer, Chairman
Miss Mae Hoover, Miss Nell Thompson

Charity:
Mrs. C. K. Lemon, Chairman
Mrs. W. C. Michael. Miss Myra Howard

Mrs. Lacy [illegible]erton -----[illegible]
Forest Road
Arkansas' Citizen-Leaders-
Albert Pike
Augustus H. Garland
--------Mrs. J. W. Boswell
*****

November 10th
Mrs. R. E. Peterson -----Hostess
134 Second St. ,S. R.

North Carolina's Citizen-Leaders-
Zeb Vance
William L. Saunders
-----Mrs. W. F. Genheimer
***** *****

December 8th
Mrs S. F. Woody---------HOstess
423 Allison Ave. S. W.

Tennessee's Citizen-Leaders-
Nathan Bedford Forrest
John C. Brown
-----Mrs. J. L. Raleigh

****

[illegible] 1th
Le[illegible]---Patrick Henry
[illegible] 'clock

[illegible]--Mrs. Dunwody and
Mrs. Peterson

Speaker to be announced.
February 9th
Mrs. Helen [illegible]-------Hostesses
Miss Carrie Layne
[illegible] Ave., S. R.

******

March 9th

Mrs. C. C. Jacob-------Hostesses
Mrs. Percy B. Traylor
[illegible] Allison Ave., S. W.

****

[illegible]
Mrs [illegible]

------ [illegible]
41[illegible]lbemarle
[illegible]e., [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
Mrs. [illegible] V. Gookin -------Hostess
"Ettarest"--Picnic

Annual Meeting and Election of
Officers

****

"It is not wisdom to be only wise;
And on the inward vision to close
the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the
heart"

****

[illegible]

Mrs. [illegible] G. [illegible]----------6884
Mrs. [illegible] [illegible]---------- 4[illegible]8
Mrs. [illegible]----------2-4163
Mrs. [illegible]----------2-1[illegible]
Mrs. [illegible]----------2-5417
Mrs. [illegible]---------- 2-5417
Mrs. [illegible]----------[illegible]
Mrs. [illegible]erton------6468
Miss Janie [illegible]----------2-57[illegible]1
Miss [illegible]
Miss [illegible]---------- 5397
Mrs. [illegible] Gemmeimer------2-4004
Mrs. [illegible]orbin [illegible]---------- 2-0816
Mrs. [illegible] V. Gookin---------2-2687
Mrs. F. [illegible] Gregory--------2-1907
Mrs. [illegible] Harris----------5928
Miss Mae Hoover---------- 9002
Mrs. [illegible] T. [illegible]
Mrs. [illegible] Lowe----------24649
Miss Mary [illegible] ---------2-6041

Miss Conway Howard----------
Miss Lyra Howard ----------
Mrs. E. A. Johnson----------
Mrs. C. C. Jacob----------3504
Miss Carrie Lyne----------508.
Mrs. C. K. Leron----------2-5356
Mrs. W. C. Lukens----------2-6385
Mrs. J. R. Marsh----------2-4433
Mrs. W. C. Nichuol----------2-5490
Mrs. R. E. Peterson----------2430.
Miss Mary Pleasants----------2-2687
Mrs. J. P. Raleigh----------2-6393
Miss Lossie Ross
Mrs. C. W. Sanders----------2-1523
Mrs. Heken Taylor Shank----------2-4305
Mrs. Lary Gordon Speck----------8309
Miss Margaret Sublett----------4553
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley----------2-4962
Miss Nell Thompson----------2-2687
Mrs. P. B. Traylor----------2-2973
Mrs. S. F. Woody----------2-1846
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum----------24343
Mrs. G. T. Wood----------2-4133
Mrs. J.J. Wirkle

A NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

Lee Highway is being developed not only as a main trunk-line of the National System, but also as a memorial to one of the greatest and noblest men America has produced, General Robert E. Lee. It is the Southern counterpart of the Lincoln Highway in the North.

It seems that in America the really great things are found in pairs, each the counterpart of the other.

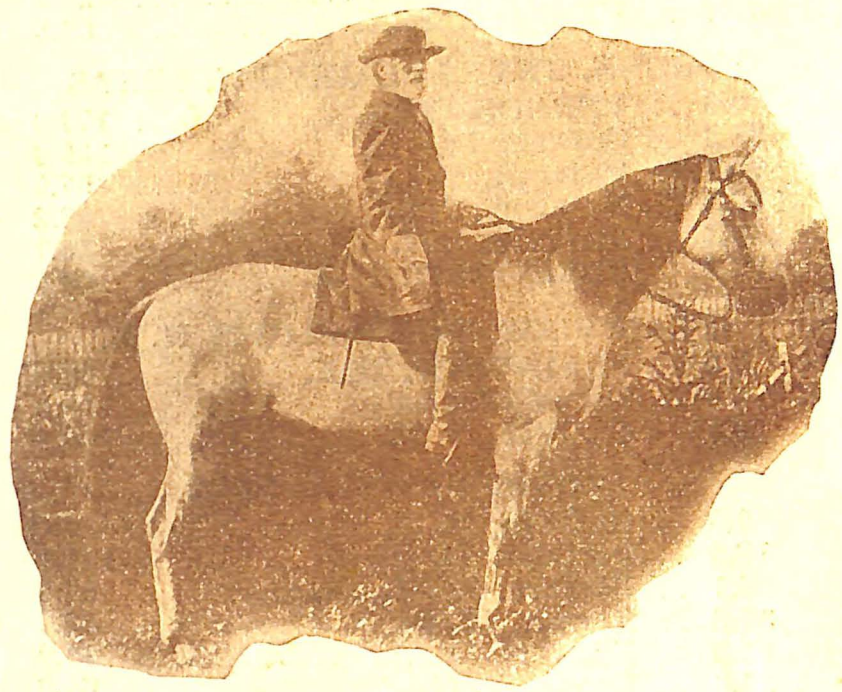
There are two great oceans that bound the national domain.

There are two great mountain ranges that form the chief topographical features of our country, the Appalachian in the east and the Rocky in the west.

There are two great names that epitomize the history of an important era in our national life, Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee.

It is fitting, therefore, that there should be two monuments, two national highways, that, together, should transmit to generations yet unborn the names, the fame, and the inspiration of these two great Americans, both beginning at New York, coming together at San Francisco, the one through the land of Lincoln, the other through the land of Lee; the two constituting a grand circular thoroughfare, the bond of an indissoluble Union.

The military genius and the strength and nobility of character of Lee have long been rightly appraised, but only now is it entering into the general consciousness that the greatest Lee was Lee the civilian, Lee of Lexington.



Lee on Traveler

In the Autumn of 1865, General Lee removed to Lexington and assumed the Presidency of Washington and Lee University. From that day to the end, he devoted an almost superhuman power of leadership to the lofty task of restoring the Union. To a mother he said, "Recollect that we form One Country now, lay aside bitterness and make your sons Americans." By his example and counsel he set the South on the course that led straight to the results shown in the Spanish and in the World wars, a splendid contribution to the national unity. In this spirit Lee Highway was conceived and in this spirit the Association conducts its work.

A Tribute to

JEFFERSON DAVIS

as Ex-President of the Confederate States of

North America

oldest member
82 years old-

By Mary M. Pleasants
Roanoke Chapter
United Daughters of the Confederacy
Roanoke, Virginia
March 10, 1941

Thank God for a Christian, gentleman, scholar, statesman, soldier and patriot combined in Jefferson Davis! There are characters in nations, whose light will shine as long as time endures. Among them we, truthfully, include that martyr to the Southern Confederacy and our sweet cause, Hon. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, President of the Southern Confederacy.

It would be pleasant to sketch the whole life of Jefferson Davis, but time available limits our view to his noble character and life after the fratricidal War between the States (not recognized by us as The Civil War!)

It is said of that great thinker Goethe that no subject escaped his intelligent consideration and, similarly, there seems no phase of a great, human character wanting to the life of the chief victim of our "loved and lost" cause. Of course, I know that like most useful people, Jefferson Davis did not escape the poison darts of envious inferiors, whose opinions are ignored by the wiser people like us.

Before secession of Southern States, Davis held prominent offices in the United States Government. Specially, he was Secretary of War before the fratricidal conflict between the States of North America, or United States as now known. It is not my purpose to review our leader during the momentous four

years of brave Southern defence of homes and loved ones, but to express once more our admiration for his life from 1865 to 1889, when adversity seemed to illumine his days at Beauvoir, Mississippi with Christian resignation and peace. When did the grace of God to a sincere believer shine more clearly? And how remarkably did the fallen chief of South succeed in preparing that wonderful literary work of truth The Rise and Fall of The Confederate Government! (Incidentally, I gave to our Chapter my father's two volumes of this priceless record of Southern valor and misfortune, which is ready for members to read, now in the custody of Mrs. E. V. Gookin.)

Try to picture Jefferson Davis - the chief victim of our lost cause - seized by hostile, revengeful hands of North, see him existing for a time in a dark cell in the wall of Fortress Monroe, as if a felon, with no relief of darkness at night to rest his weary eyes, and with ill health and almost death oppressing him! Gladly we turn from the sad sight to see him released and returned to his home Beauvoir, Mississippi, because enemies could find no U. S. law to try him for treason. And here - mostly until 1889 - when he died- he spent his days preparing for posterity the valuable History of the Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. Men die but their works do follow them! Would that every Southerner living or dead possessed as noble a record as Jefferson Davis! I doubt not that if there had been no law of U. S. to prevent Davis from punishment from rabid enemies in the North, he would have been tried and condemned to all possible extent.

Oh that we would read the true record of The War between the States, wonder that our people could have "carried on" under such privations, and try to follow such examples of fortitude and patience under difficulties of every kind. (It seems from the actions of English people now that our origin as a nation may explain the wonderful endurance of 1860 - 5 on part of our forbears!)

And oh that it might be sounded abroad those noblest words of Jefferson Davis in reply to question why he should perpetuate these bitter memories in the records of the War between the States, he replied in these words, "I speak in no bitter spirit of vengeance, with no desire for vain glory, with no wish for sectional exaltation, but that the posterity of war such as I have described may rise equal to their parents - higher if possible - and that the South may exhibit for all time to come the noble qualities which her sons have hitherto manifested." In same address, speaking of Southern soldiers, he said, "Throughout the war, I never went into the army without finding their camp engaged in prayer.". To a teacher in a Southern College, asking him to give him a sentiment for a public function, he sent the following: "Be ye slow to anger, swift to forgive, and hold fast that charity that reaches the lowly with the self-respect that stoops not to the haughty.".

To the Boston Globe, asking Davis to prepare a criticism on the dying Ulysses Grant, he replied; First, General Grant is dying. Secondly, Though he invaded our country, it was with an open hand and, so far as I know, he abetted neither arms, nor pillage, and has, since the war, I believe, shown no malice seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours I would, if it was in my power- contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body."

to Confederates, either of military or civil service. Therefore, instead of

After the fires of war died down, the broad minded Northerners desired to see and know Jefferson Davis. Witness a few of them as told in "Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality", as recorded by a Northern writer ~~&~~ Morris Schaff - in his fair book Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality.

J. Q. Adams of Mass. who says truly, "Davis, by the way, impressed me that winter more agreeably than any Southern man whom I met in Congress."

In 1885 I called on Jefferson Davis at his home Beauvoir at Mississippi City Beach, this person a member of Roanoke Chapter. I do not give a eulogy, but you must know its compliment to Jefferson Davis.

Many reporters of the War between the States were not in position of knowledge to do justice to their superior Jefferson Davis. From a wealth of sources about the last years of Jefferson Davis, I choose selections from a Northern book purposely" for in the mouth of many witnesses a thing is proved;" specially from existing enemies, I think.

It is pleasant to know that our great leader of the Confederacy did not endure a long illness before his death. Returning from a visit to his plantation Bryerfield, Miss., the last of November 1889, he was suddenly stricken with acute bronchitis and from the boat at New Orleans was carried to the home of Mrs. Justice C. E. Fenner and on the afternoon of December 6, he was stricken with a congestive chill and began to sink rapidly. To Mrs. Davis, urging him to take a remedy, he with usual courtesy and gentleness said, " Please excuse me, I cannot take it." And before midnight his eyes that ever met his fellowmen with respect and courage closed for the last time. Born June 3, 1808. Died December 6, 1889, age 81 years.

In closing this loving tribute to the character of Jefferson Davis, I feel obliged to commend the tributes paid to a slave owner by many ex-slaves of a beloved master. Such tributes are not only beautiful, but strong answers to Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin.

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:-: PROGRAM :-:

First District Annual Conference

VIRGINIA DIVISION

United Daughters of the Confederacy

WYTHEVILLE, VA., MAY 12, 1942

Wythe Grey Chapter—Hostess

SAINT PAUL'S METHODIST CHURCH

9:15 A. M.—Registration ..... Mrs. E. A. Carlisle, Chairman of Registration
10:00 A. M.—Call to Order ... Mrs. H. G. Robinson, President Wythe Grey Chapter
Invocation ..... Rev. W. M. Seymour, Pastor, St. Paul's Methodist Church
Salute to Flags and U. D. C. Ritual ..... Assembly
Welcome from Hostess Chapter ..... Mrs. Lucy P. Bell
Address of Welcome ..... Honorable T. Barclay Allison, Mayor of Wytheville
Response to Welcome ..... Mrs. Francis J. Brooke, Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter
Introduction of District Chairman, Mrs. E. L. Garrett .... By Mrs. H. G. Robinson
Presentation of Virginia Division President, Mrs. J. L. Bugg ... by Mrs. E. L. Garrett
Presentation of Virginia Division Officers and Committee Chairmen.
Presentation of Distinguished Guests.
Song—"Dixie."
Chapter Reports:
Roll Call of Chapters ..... By Conference Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Spence, Jr.
Music—Vocal Selection ..... Directed by Mrs. Everett Hankla
Address ..... Mrs. J. Luckin Bugg, Virginia Division President
Appointments:
Courtesy Committee
Recommendations Committee.
Place of 1942 Meeting.
Music—Vocal Selection ..... Directed by Mrs. Everett Hankla
1:00 P. M.—Luncheon ..... Served by Helen Trinkle Music Club
Wytheville Presbyterian Church.

2:00 P. M.—Call to Order .
Music ..... Furnished by Mrs. Everett Hankla
Presentation of Work of Virginia Divisicn.
Lee Chapel and Mausoleum ..... Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy
Crosses of Military Service ..... Mrs. Cecil Morris
Minnie C. Eller District Barner ..... Mrs. W. G. Gwinn
Historical Work ..... Mrs. B. Ferguson Cary
Educational Work ..... Mrs. Robert Gray
Junior Work ..... Mrs. Elias Etheridge
Custodian ..... Mrs. John C. Gilmer
Radio ..... Mrs. E. C. Whitehurst
Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries ..... Mrs. James M. Graham
Civilian Defense ..... Miss Annie V. Mann
Sidney Lanier ..... Mrs. Lucy P. Bell
Lee Chapel Endowment Fund ..... Mrs. Cecil Morris
Work of Division Registrar ..... Mrs. C. C. Guthrie
Other Virginia Division Reports in Brief.
Report of Recommendations Committee.
Business.
Report of Courtesy Committee.
Song: "America."

PAGES:

Miss Peggy Shores
Miss Preston Kabrich
Miss Betty Moore
Miss Mary Frances Stephens
Miss Billie Martin
Miss Doris Lindamood
Miss Sarah Helen Crowgey
Miss Carolyn Crowgey

Southern Interpreters

vo books* written by Southern men have recently from the press and are attracting rare atten- They express the minds of leading Christian kers in the South. One of these books is written a minister, Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon; the other y one of the most eminent educators in the coun- , Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University. ere is nothing sectional or provincial in these dis- ssions. Both authors use their Southern culture d Southern vanta... as eminences from hich to eval... of the na- on, the ... e oth... Mo...

...ints the most important group ...ters connected with public edu- ... The presi-

ints an epoch. One cannot forget La er struggling so gallantly against ill ealth, the lover of music who at ollege would play himself into a long rance with his violin, his passion for music denied a technical training, his changes of vocation, his manly part in the economic and social troubls of the South, his adoration of nature in its Southern forms. When will Brunswick or the world forget "The Marshes of Glynn?" These growing posthumous honors honor the South even more than the poet.

In less than fifty years after is death a great material prosperity has been followed by a corresponding advance in education and culture. In State after State a new and original literature rather than a renaissance has arisen. The rather than elsewhere the new planets looked for. The intellectual "drought and famine" which Lanier complaint of have long passed:

How dark, how dark soever the race
that must needs be run,
am lit with the sun."

...rial in the New York's, Feb-

...quad of soldiers ... the Valley of ... duty (?), which ... harass the citi- ... situated on an ex- ... and adorned by beau- ... in councils of state, ... in iron furnaces also ... eat help to the Con- ... e coming", servants and ... and the proud owner, ... ns in the vicinity, for ... him also. On the evening ... who had lived in luxury, ... lly and in her conviction ... ied.

...deeds, and other papers, gathered out of cellars and attics of the Washington and related families?

I did, more than three years ago. I brought my facts to the attention of everybody who was anybody in the national administration. But apparently tradition and red tape outweighed evidence. Hadn't that spot on Pope's Creek been held to be the birthplace for lo, these many years? Hadn't George Washington Parke Custis, adopted grandson of the general, placed a stone there in 1815 to mark the site? *And* wouldn't Congress balk at appropriating money for a birthplace if a brand-new one at Bridge's Creek were to be picked for the bicentennial?

So nothing was done.

Where Washington was born has not ... torily settled. The Washington ... date and hour but not ... believed, he ... Three ...

As to my documents, for twenty years I have been, with one objective or another, on the Washington trail. One day I asked William Wilson, the son of John E. and Elizabeth Washington Wilson, if he could aid me in the use of an original survey of Wakefield that I had.

"I have the original deed to which that survey belongs," he said, and brought a box of yellowed papers.

The deed was in the handwriting of George Corbin Washington, grandson of George Washington's half brother, who inherit... ancestral homelands. It was dated Octob... recorded the sale of 1,300 ac... to John Gray. At the end ... on wrote:

...ying ground at the Great ... of ground on which the ...ashington was born."

...ere was high authority. ...just where the 'Great ... Wilson.

...'s Creek section. We ...nily burying ground, ... Two foundations ...f a great man. ... which one ...is the ...

...made ... tion, ready now to carry on in the large adventures of a land and an age whose controlling thought has the undergirding of great purpose and fair promise.

...biographical ... biography.

Next week "Young Woman of 1914," Arnold Zweigs first novel since "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," will be re... by Malcolm MacLeod. These ... borrowed from the Exten... Virginia.

...biographical ... prologue implanting exactly ... viewpoint which he follows ... "Tragedy works in shadow, ... a borderland of dark ... nor law- ... pening.

I call it long. I'm a Whoopee!

Pa, you're disgracing everybody. Come on back and get some of this sun.

36

Southern Interpreters

Two books* written by Southern men have recently come from the press and are attracting rare attention. They express the minds of leading Christian thinkers in the South. One of these books is written by a minister, Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon; the other is by one of the most eminent educators in the country, Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University. There is nothing sectional or provincial in these discussions. Both authors use their Southern culture and Southern vantage [illegible] as eminences from which to evalu[illegible] of the nation, the [illegible] the oth[illegible] Mou[illegible] la[illegible] the most important group [illegible]tors connected with public edu[illegible]tors. The presi-

paints an epoch. One cannot forget La nier struggling so gallantly against ill health, the lover of music who at college would play himself into a long trance with his violin, his passion for music denied a technical training, his changes of vocation, his manly part in the economic and social troubls of the South, his adoration of natue in its Southern forms. When will Junswick or the world forget "The Mshes of Glynn?" These growing pthumous honors honor the South even ore than the poet.

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---

prologue implanting exa[illegible] follows pretive viewpoint which he throughout: "Tragedy works in shadow, often dealing with a borderland of dark fate where neither the doctors nor lawyers can tell just what is happening. Violence, money cares, tongues of malice, minds gone wrong, death on death —this is the stuff of tragedy." Such is his theme—Mary Lincoln's hidden biography.

Next week "Young Woman of 1914," Arnold Zweigs first novel since "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," will be reviewed by Malcolm MacLeod. These books may be borrowed from the Extension Division, University, Virginia.

[illegible] ...ad of soldiers

[illegible] ...he Valley of

[illegible] ...uty (?), which

[illegible] ...harass the citi-

[illegible] ...tuated on an emi-

[illegible] ...nd adorned by beau-

[illegible] ...in councils of state,

[illegible] ...in iron furnaces also

[illegible] ...at help to the Con-

[illegible] ...e coming", servants and

[illegible] ...and the proud owner,

[illegible] ...ns in the vicinity, for

[illegible] ...him also. On the evening

[illegible] ...who had lived in luxury,

[illegible] ...ly and in her conviction

[illegible] ...ed.

I call it
long. I'm a
Whoopee!
Pa, you're disgracing
everybody. Come on
and get some of this sun.
36

War History Of Virginia To Be Printed Soon

RICHMOND, Dec. 2 (AP).—Preliminary editions of the state conservation commission's "war history of Virginia" will be ready for the printers next week and should be available for distribution among members of the general assembly and libraries soon after the first of the new year, William A. Wright, chairman of the commission, said today.

The paper-bound booklet will contain a foreword by Governor Darden. The history has been in preparation for nearly six months under direction of Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, director of the commission's division of history and archaeology. It will cover a period ranging from the organization of the state OCD in May, 1940, to August 1, 1943.

Some 3,000 copies will be printed and distributed, primarily to libraries and members of the legislature, Wright said.

SIDNEY LANIER

To-DAY, the eighty-third anniversary of Sidney Lanier's birth, at Macon, Ga., a bust by Gutzon Borglum, said to be worthy of the sculptor and the subject, will be unveiled in the Washington Memorial Library. Another bust will soon be set up in San Antonio, where Lanier, whose earliest and life-long love was music, had one of his finest moments when trained German musicians and music lovers shouted their applause at him for his flute playing. The people of his native place have also placed a boulder and a tablet commemorating him at Fletcher, N. C., where what may be called a Southern Hall of Fame is growing up. Johns Hopkins University, where he lectured, is raising a fund for a Sidney Lanier Professorship of American Literature and a Sidney Lanier Fellowship in American Literature.

Lanier's chief critical work, "Science of English Verse," was written in Baltimore. It is an extraordinary book in view of the pre-psychological darkness in which rhythm then lay. It was his misfortune that he sought to compel in a single formula the multitudinous sources and senses of rythm. Yet if his dicta on the "laws" of poetry and music have not been accepted, he was a fruitful precursor and gives illuminating glimpses of the connection of the two arts. His "The English Novel" suffers from whim, imperfect knowledge, a sometimes amusing "Puritanism," and he is often too "literary"; but when the devil's advocate has said all, you feel the idealist, the worshiper of beauty, the groper after a sound criticism, the man with the instinct for scholarship who in these more fortunate days would have been a great scholar.

It is peculiarly fitting that there be established at Johns Hopkins a foundation to further that deep research, that independent and unsectional criticism which, amid many obstacles and hardship, he was striving toward. For his spirit was broad. He was a nationalist, when few Southern men had the heart to be, in a cruel and ruinous time. It is by the best of his poetry that he will be best remembered. After a period of neglect there comes the natural reaction in the tendency to overpraise. We leave our readers to make their way in and form their own judgment of his one book of poetry, taking as their guide the impartial and discriminating opinions of Professor Trent. We content ourselves with one golden specimen:

"O, what if a sound should be made!
O, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty
and silence a-spring,
To the bend of beauty the bow or the
hold of silence the string!"

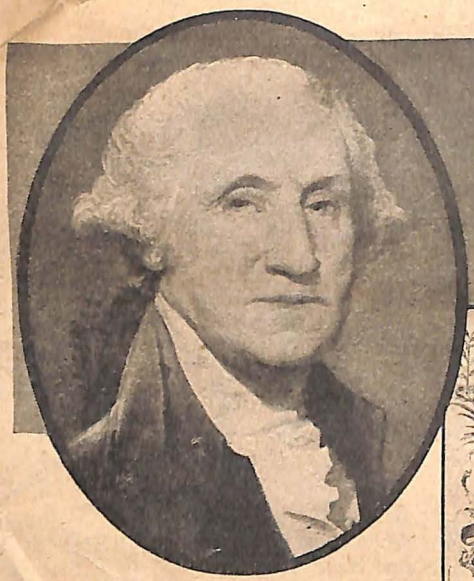
"With us of the younger generation in the South since the war," Lanier wrote to Bayard Taylor, "pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying." That paints an epoch. One cannot forget Lanier struggling so gallantly against ill health, the lover of music who at college would play himself into a long trance with his violin, his passion for music denied a technical training, his changes of vocation, his manly part in the economic and social troubles of the South, his adoration of nature in its Southern forms. When will Brunswick or the world forget "The Marshes of Glynn?" These growing posthumous honors honor the South even more than the poet.

In less than fifty years after his death a great material prosperity has been followed by a corresponding advance in education and culture. In State after State a new and original literature rather than a renaissance has arisen. The rather than elsewhere the new planets looked for. The intellectual "drought and famine" which Lanier complained of have long passed:

"How dark, how dark soever race
that must needs be run,
I am lit with the sun."

—*Editorial in the New York Times, February 3.*

Chr. Adv. 1928



WHERE WAS WASHINGTON BORN?

Should His Official Memorial Be Moved to Another Site?

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

By HENRY WOODHOUSE

WHEN the United States government received into its custody "the birthplace of George Washington" last year and Secretary of the Interior Wilbur made a speech at the dedication of a reconstructed Wakefield built "on the foundations of the original house" in which the Father of His Country was born, at Pope's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, I wonder if anyone realized that all present or concerned were taking part in a monumental untruth.

For in all probability, from new and startling evidence unearthed in my recent acquisition of more than 5,000 documents of Washingtoniana, the immortal George was born neither on that site nor in a house of that type. Rather, it appears, he was born a mile or more away, at Bridge's Creek, and in a house of different proportions.

Why didn't I make known the contents of my old letters, deeds, and other papers, gathered out of cellars and attics of the Washington and related families?

I did, more than three years ago. I brought my facts to the attention of everybody who was anybody in the national administration. But apparently tradition and red tape outweighed evidence. Hadn't that spot on Pope's Creek been held to be the birthplace for lo, these many years? Hadn't George Washington Parke Custis, adopted grandson of the general, placed a stone there in 1815 to mark the site? *And* wouldn't Congress balk at appropriating money for a birthplace if a brand-new one at Bridge's Creek were to be picked for the bicentennial?

So nothing was done.

Where Washington was born has never been satisfactorily settled. The Washington family Bible gives the date and hour but not the place. If all authorities are believed, he was born in no fewer than eight places. Three are on the ancestral estate, now known as Wakefield, a fourth in King George County, a fifth at Chotank. The others are the banks of the Rappahannock, Mount Vernon itself, and—England! Much of the confusion is due to his father having held property at or near the colonial localities. Of about 200 biographers of Washington, over 60 per cent give support to Bridge's Creek and 30 per cent to Pope's Creek; the rest are for the other places mentioned.

Most of the biographies hark back to two sources, "Parson" Weems and Chief Justice Marshall. Weems is no longer taken seriously, but toward Marshall the critical attitude is altogether different. In his biography, which he wrote in collaboration with Judge Bushrod Washington, the nephew of George Washington who inherited Mount Vernon, it is stated that George "was born in Virginia, at Bridge's Creek, in the county of Westmoreland."

It is natural to infer that Marshall and Washington had data of primary importance, and their statement is corroborated by the documents in my possession.

Custis made a special trip to the "birthplace," and the stone that he placed is the clinching link in the official chain of evidence. But in a letter he wrote thirty-six years later he says he "reached the mouth of Pope's or Bridge's creek." He didn't know which creek he was on! However, an overseer escorted him to "the spot where a few scattered bricks marked the birthplace."

How did the overseer know? From my documents it is clear that there was a wide difference of opinion. In all likelihood the overseer did pick the Pope's Creek site. But by 1879 the Custis marking stone had disappeared.

As to my documents, for twenty years I have been, with one objective or another, on the Washington trail. One day I asked William Wilson, the son of John E. and Elizabeth Washington Wilson, if he could aid me in the use of an original survey of Wakefield that I had.

"I have the original deed to which that survey belongs," he said, and brought a box of yellowed papers.

The deed was in the handwriting of George Corbin Washington, grandson of George Washington's half brother, who inherited the ancestral homelands. It was dated October 30, 1813, and recorded the sale of 1,300 acres between the two creeks to John Gray. At the end of it George Corbin Washington wrote:

"But reserves the family burying ground at the Great Quarters, also sixty feet square of ground on which the house stood in which General Washington was born."

My excitement was intense. Here was high authority.

"Can you mark on the map just where the 'Great Quarters' were?" I asked Mr. Wilson.

He did so, indicating the Bridge's Creek section. We motored over and explored the family burying ground, and the foundations of several houses. Two foundations struck us as ideal sites for the birthplace of a great man.

If the claims of Bridge's Creek are genuine, which one of these two outstanding sites is the birthplace? The answer lies in my thousands of Washington documents plus all other evidence, and the day must come when the issue will be met and decided for all time.

Meanwhile this "reconstructed Wakefield" has been completed at Pope's Creek, right or wrong, at an expense of $65,000, the money being that of the American taxpayer.

THE END

Which is the birthplace? A is the officially chosen site, B the Bridge's Creek locality, C the family burying ground at the Great Quarters.

Southern Interpreters

Two books* written by Southern men have recently come from the press and are attracting rare attention. They express the minds of leading Christian thinkers in the South. One of these books is written by a minister, Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon; the other is by one of the most eminent educators in the country, Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University. There is nothing sectional or provincial in these discussions. Both authors use their Southern culture and Southern vantage ground as eminences from which to evaluate the thought movements of the nation, the one especially in the realm of religion and the other in the full-tide life of the country. Bishop Mouzon, speaking at Yale, in clear and commanding language proclaimed the present existence and the everlasting fact of authority—the authority of the Bible, the authority of history, the authority of the cross, the authority with which the Church and its ministry declare the mind of God, our Saviour. The chapter on "The Basis of Authority In Experience" is a masterful and eloquent presentation of one of the most precious doctrines of Methodism. This course of "Yale Lectures on Preaching" nobly strengthens the bulwarks of Christian faith and accomplishes this result by uttering the mind of scholarship through the lips of a flaming prophet. The book is a molten stream of Christian truth and is as readily appreciated by the layman as by the preacher.

Dr. Mims has taken as successfully a survey of the vast range of thought in America to-day and has sought to discover its major forces and tendencies. His book is a tonic for any drooping spirit. There is a bouyancy and confidence sweeping through it

*"Preaching With Authority." By Edwin DuBose Mouzon. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Company. Price, $2.

"Adventurous America." By Edwin Mims. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.50.

Ch. Adv. Nov 15 1929

which shames the fears of superficial observers and timid functionaries. With swift blows he hammers at the pessimists and the cynics. His chapter, "The Other Side of Main Street," reveals the beauty and predominance of those community characteristics which the *American Mercury* and Sinclair Lewis have no eye to find. Instead of throwing gibes at business men he uncovers their better heart of human interest. In his discussion of the prevailing scientific spirit he rejects the views of Harry Elmer Barnes and John B. Watson, who are gross materialists, and declares, "We all know that there is a region of the human spirit untrammeled by the world of physics." The motif of the book reaches its culmination in the final chapter, which properly is called, "Toward the New Reformation." Dr. Mims is guided by an evangelical faith. He believes the progressive thinkers are bringing in a better, fuller day of religion. The liberalism of which he speaks is far from radicalism. From first to last the argument moves on to the establishment of confidence in the happy outcome of the life and culture of our country, which in the title is fittingly styled "Adventurous America." Every statement is buttressed with evidences from the most eminent of present-day writers, the book being so full of priceless quotations as to make it a valuable treasure of reference. Only the herculean toil of a brilliant and trained investigator could marshal and evaluate so immense a quantity of literature—economic, historical, scientific, artistic and religious—as has been traversed here. At the last page the reader feels that Dr. Mims has made his case and he takes a deep breath of satisfaction, ready now to carry on in the large adventures of a land and an age whose controlling thought has the undergirding of great purpose and fair promise.

MARY LINCOLN: Wife and Widow. By Carl Sandburg and Paul M. Angle. Harcourt, Brace. 350pp. $3.00. A Review by Everard Meade, University of Virginia.

Ask Grandmother what she thinks of Mary Todd Lincoln and you will understand why this new biography has long been needed for the sake of justive. Throughout the land (the Southland especially) there have been so many false rumors of her eccentricities, vagaries and indescretions, that truth has long ago been submerged in legend: Did she once throw a bucket of water on Mr. Lincoln as he entered the door? Did she chase him from home with a broom? (Why not? some have said.) Did she shout, "God, no!" and such words, when excited? Did she have affairs in the White House? Was she an unspeakable tyrant, thrusting her hand into matters of State, bullying her troubled husband, drawing his tired nerves to the snapping point? Did she, on leaving the executive mansion, carry away things that did not belong to her? These questions and a thousand others Carl Sandburg answers in "Mary Lincoln: Wife and Widow."

When he wrote "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Pears," in 1926 Mr. Sandburg must have felt the dramatic potentialities of Lincoln's strange wife; he must have felt that, deep in her mysterious personality, lay secrets of prime importance to the comprehension of Lincoln't destiny-shaping forces. For six years these potentialities must have insistently recurred, drawing him towards a fuller exploration of their intricacies. Today his further studies of Lincolniana have borne fruit in this new study of Mary Lincoln, which brings her from comparative obscurity and presents her, with kindly insight, as a strong-willed, courageous woman driven to unfortunate exhibitions by insanity. Substantiating the narrative, Paul M. Angle has edited a compilation of contemporary letters and newspaper clippings containing sidelights on Mrs Lincoln's character. He also includes three of her letters hitherto unpublished.

Mr. Sandburg's part of the book is the more interesting. He recreates Mrs. Lincoln as he recreated her husband, building up character high-points with a poetic verve peculiarly effective in biographical writing. He begins with a prologue implanting exactly the interpretive viewpoint which he follows throughout: "Tragedy works in shadow, often dealing with a borderland of dark fate where neither the doctors nor lawyers can tell just what is happening. Violence, money cares, tongues of malice, minds gone wrong, death on death —this is the stuff of tragedy." Such is his theme—Mary Lincoln's hidden tragedy, working insidiously within the folds of a sick brain, forcing her through life a misunderstood figure.

In his presentation of her younger days he follows the story of W. H. Townsend ("Lincoln, and His Wife's Home Town") and Katherine Helm ("Mary, Wife of Lincoln"). As is generally known, she came of gentle stock, was reared carefully in old Kentucky, and looked upon Lincoln in his courting days as pretty much of a plebeian. When he first married her she hurt him repeatedly with a tongue that never learned self-control. She would fly into fits of temper, and Lincoln, growing yearly more disciplined and magnanimous, would continually soothe her with a vast inward resourcefulness.

There were happy hours, of course, when her wit and charm kept sunshine in the house. Her children softened her nature temporarily; and Lincoln's eternal gentleness occasionally wrung deep affection from her. But as their lives became caught in the political whirl she grew gentle less often. Filled as she was with burning ambition, she would brook no failure on Lincoln's part. Whenever he wavered she drove him on, cajoling him, helping him, loving him until they reached the heights. Pride then took hold of her —insane, domineering pride that made her rule Washington like an empress. As the four year term weighed more and more heavily upon her husband, so did it press into her brain, accelerating the dread forces there, straining her nervous temperament to a tension which Mr. Lincoln's violent death finally severed. The downhill days of her life were filled with increasing pathos withheld in this account from melodrama by the author's delicate touch.

To me the "Documents," edited by Mr. Angle, fall in interest because their meatiest portions have already been presented by Mr. Sandburg. They are, of course, significant in their portrayal of character bits, but one looks through them in vain for gems of self-expression. They will be of greater interest to the history student who cares to pore over them for hours tracing down pertinent phrases. The average reader may find them rather dull, even though his enthusiasm for the Lincolns has been whetted by Mr. Sandburg's splendid biography.

Next week "Young Woman of 1914," Arnold Zweigs first novel since "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," will be reviewed by Malcolm MacLeod. These books may be borrowed from the Extension Division, University, Virginia.

Dec. 1943

WORLD-NEWS, ROANOKE, VA.,

Another Viewpoint

By David Lawrence

WASHINGTON—Every now and then there are appraisals of the home front—how is America standing the war? On the surface, the war is won, the end is being discounted already, and many people who thought Germany would collapse by Christmas are saying that perhaps just after the first of the year the end will come.

But this is a strange veneer. The inside situation is not so bright. The job ahead is bigger than officials like to admit. There is still a timidity here about letting the people know the horrors of war. There will in time be a change. The fighting, for instance, in Bougainville and in the Gilbert islands has been bloody and costly. The big invasion of the European continent may prove even more expensive in human life to our side.

* * *

As the casualty lists come in and the notifications go out to the unhappy families where losses are sustained, the news brings a tragic end for many people whose hopes for their sons have been suddenly dashed to nothing. Because these sorrows are borne in quiet, the rest of the populace know little about them. In fact, with all the news that has come from overseas through the dramatically written dispatches of the heroic correspondents at the front, there is still an inadequate picture on this side of the tremendous sacrifices that are being made by American boys abroad.

The complaints on the home front are sometimes justified because of stupidity or arrogance in government bureaus but, allowing for these mistakes and for the incompetence which creeps into any big task in wartime, it still is doubtful whether the war has been brought home to the American people—that is, whether they have the faintest idea of how insignificant are their troubles compared to what the boys at the front are suffering in the fight for those who remain at home.

* * *

There comes to hand today a poem recently published by the Chestnut Street Association in Philadelphia. It is worth reading and posting everywhere. The author is unknown, but he is one of the boys now overseas. He writes:

"So you're sick of the way the country is run
And you're sick of the way rationing is done,
And you're sick of standing around in line
You're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.

"Yes, I'm sick of the sun and the heat
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies
And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive.
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive
And I'm sick of the roar and noise and din
And I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin
And I'm sick of slaughter—I'm sick to my soul.
I'm sick of playing a killer's role,
And I'm sick of blood and death and smell
And I'm even sick of myself as well.

"But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule
And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool.
And I'm cured damn quick, when I think of the day,
When all this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain
And the lights of the world will blaze again;
And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more,
And the Axis flag will be dipped and furled
And God looks down on a peaceful world."

Press Comments

The Improvident Jefferson

Ever so often we are reminded that the master of Monticello was improvident. Banks, insurance companies and investors' syndicates will perhaps always be reviving the letter Thomas Jefferson wrote to Craven Peyton during his first term in the White House, asking that his note for $558.14 "be either postponed awhile or paid by monthly portions," because it is a natural advertisement for the easy-payment plans provided by modern banks in their personal loan departments. Printers have put the finest touches of their art into reproductions of copies of this letter, and it is not surprising that the Richmond woman who apparently came across one in a pile of old letters the other day thought it was the original note. These masters of the printing trade are too expert for the average eye.

Could any small loan have put Mr. Jefferson on financial terra firma when he penned the letter to Mr. Peyton on November 27, 1803? We have our serious doubts about this, for the hand that had penned the Declaration of Independence had been that of one of the most amiable hosts in the nation. Mr. Jefferson, as one historian remarked, had been "eaten up alive" before he went to the White House. The guests who made their way to his mountain were numerous and they brought their hearty appetites with them. Some of them were perhaps as much in search of free meals and lodging as of wisdom. If the guest was distinguished, like the Chevalier De Chastellux, and able to hold up his end of the conversation, Jefferson was likely to sit around the punch bowl with him until far into the night. Keeping the bowl flowing was a heavy strain upon his slender purse.

Jefferson was in the public service for most of his life, and the pay was small. He was a lawyer preoccupied with politics (the politics that founded the nation) in his early years and his fees were neglible. When he went to the White House for his two terms Monticello was loaded with debt.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

1943

Roosevelt Dedicates Wilson Birthplace As Shrine of Freedom and Democracy

STAUNTON, May 5 (AP).—Following is the text of President Roosevelt's address here Sunday dedicating the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson as a shrine:

We are meeting here today to dedicate a new shrine of freedom. By this action we are bearing true witness to the faith that is in us—simple faith in the freedom of democracy in the world.

It is the kind of faith for which we have fought before, for the existence of which we are ever ready to fight again.

I can think of no more fitting place in all the land for Americans to pledge anew their faith in the democratic way of life than at the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. In this quiet Presbyterian manse first saw the light of day one whose whole active life was dedicated to the cause of freedom, to the conquest of fear and to the liberation of the eternal spirit of man from every thraldom imposed by force.

Woodrow Wilson was fortunate in his birthplace and favored in his parentage and environment. This was a home of plain living and high thinking and wherever the family moved in the migrations incident to the religious calling of the father they carried with them ideals which put faith in spiritual values above every material consideration.

Spiritual Values

In the tragic conflict which the world witnesses today and which threatens everything we have most loved as a free people, we see more clearly than ever before the unyielding strength of things of the spirit. All of recorded history bears witness that the human race has made true advancement only as it has appreciated spiritual values. Those unhappy peoples who have placed their sole reliance on the sword have inevitably perished by the sword in the end.

Physical strength can never permanently withstand the impact of spiritual force.

Woodrow Wilson's whole career was a triumph of the spiritual over the sordid forces of brute strength. Under his leadership this country made great spiritual progress.

Of Woodrow Wilson this can be said, that in a time when world councils were dominated by material considerations of greed and gain and revenge he beheld the vision splendid. That selfish men could not share his vision of a world emancipated from the shackles of force and the arbitrament of the sword in nowise detracts from its splendor. Rather does the indifference of hostile contemporaries enhance the beauty of the vision which he saw and enlarge the glory of the world he sought to rebuild.

He will be held in everlasting remembrance as a statesman, who, when other men sought revenge and material gain, strove to bring nearer the day which should see the emancipation of conscience from power and the substitution of freedom for force in the government of the world.

It is good for America that this house in which Woodrow Wilson was born will be preserved for us and for many future generations. In this valley of Virginia it will remind America that his ideals of freedom were wide enough to support democracy in all the world. He taught that democracy could not survive in isolation. We applaud his judgment and his faith.

An Incident of the Civil War

By Ann Godwin Figgat
Roanoke Chapter
United Daughters of the Confederacy
Roanoke, Virginia

It was a beautiful summer's day in the year 1864 when a squad of soldiers from Hunter's command, then encamped in a small village far up the Valley of Virginia on the banks of the James, was sent out to perform a duty (?), which the Federal authorities had adopted as a part of their plan to harass the citizens by burning the homes of their prominent men.

One of these fine old homes was Mt. Joy, beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking the river, surrounded by grand old oaks, and adorned by beautiful flowers and shrubbery.

The owner, an elderly man, prominent at the bar and in councils of state, could overlook his broad acres, while his large interests in iron furnaces also brought him a large income, and at the same time gave great help to the Confederacy.

The alarm having been given that "the Yankees were coming", servants and valuables were sent off into the mountains for safety, and the proud owner, on his faithful horse, also took refuge in the mountains in the vicinity, for it would have been a great pleasure to have captured him also. On the evening above mentioned, the house was occupied by the wife who had lived in luxury, with but little physical strength, but strong mentally and in her conviction of right, and able to rise to the occasion when tried.

A dear female friend was with her, and a trusty servant, when from every side of the hill the soldiers appeared; the Captain dismounting, met Mrs. A. at the door and doffing his hat bowed and, calling the lady by name, asked if she recognized him, as he had once spent a night in her very hospitable home. "No", she said, as her eyes flashed, "I could not expect that one who had once been my guest would be in such company."

He then told her his name and said, "Gen. Hunter issued an order for the burning of this house and I asked as a favor that I might command the squad, so that I might protect you in what way I might." Then turning to his men, he ordered, "Fire the attic first, then go to work and get out the furniture and put it out of danger." Ere the grand old mansion had been reduced to ruins the squad was well on its way to complete its work by destroying one of the furnaces belonging to her husband, which was situated about seven miles nearer the mountain in a peaceful vale where it had never been supposed wars' alarms would ever come.

Ere the smoke of the house had cleared away the mistress, equal to the occasion, had summoned what assistance she could and had her remaining goods removed to a house not fifty yards off, once the miller's house, now vacant, and commenced to make a new home for herself and broken-hearted husband.

At the end of the third day afterward, all danger being over, when broken in spirit, having heard that a traitor slave had crossed the mountain and, joining the enemy, had informed them where the treasure, horses and servants were hidden and led them to the hiding place, the owner returned. (To the honor of the other faithful servants be it said, they all returned to "master and mistress" save this one ingrate.)

When he rode up to the gate of the humble home in tears, the brave wife looked out of the porch and with a bright smile said, "Why I am not quite ready for you - I was just going to put up the curtains." Of such material were the women of the Southland made!

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Personal Recollections of the Visit of
Hunter's Soldiers to Fincastle. (By Ann Godwin Figgat)

On the same afternoon that Mt. Joy was burned these same soldiers, hearing that the County-town was only a few miles farther, concluded they would extend their ride and see what they could see. Some negroes in the suburbs were interviewed and rushed into town much excited, with the cry "The Yankees are coming". Of course there was consternation among the towns-folk. The negroes flocked to the soldiers, but they were out neither for darkies or booty, and only rode around the town and bought tobacco, etc. The negroes were much flattered by being noticed, one boy in particular, about twenty years of age, who had always been very fond of the military and had frecuently begged during the war that he might be permitted to go and wait on one of his young masters, of whom there four in the army. He had been born and raised in his master's home, was the age and playfellow of the youngest son and a pet with all the family.

As he stood on the street gazing in wild wonder, one of the soldiers who was leading a fine horse said, "Don't you want to take a ride?" Jack, nothing loath, sprang up and sat on the horse a few yards away from the house. The whole family were in the greatest excitement, thinking of course he was going off with the soldiers. His mistress advancing to

the edge of the porch and with courage neither "Yankee" nor slave could quell, said, "Jack, what are you doing there?" ", I thought I'd take a ride", in an insolent tone, he replied. "What will become of your poor mother?", she then asked. His mother was in very poor health and very feeble, but dragged herself into the house to see what the excitement was about. Her mistress called her to come to the front door and pointed to her son: she gave a cry and fell to the floor as if dead, but after a while summoned strength to return to her room, groaning piteously.

When asked what would become of her if he went off with the soldiers, with eyes uplifted and finger pointed heavenward, in a tragic manner, he replied, "I'll meet her in that bright world above." Meanwhile, some of the negroes had told him and the soldier of his mother's condition, and they were seen coming through the back yard. The soldier said, "If they are going to make all this fuss about it you can stay." Very crestfallen and miserable he looked as he sat and listened to his mother's groans, when his mistress still excited to the highest pitch rushed out and standing before him, shaking her finger almost in his face, said, "Jack, of course we can't keep you from going, but if you ever meet your young masters in battle, don't you dare lift your hand against them." With tears in his eyes and in a flattering voice, he said, "Miss Marthy, that's - that's the reason I ain't gwine." Then he got down off the horse and all the excitement was over, and he remained til the close of the war.

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Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar
A Sketch

It seems a happy coincidence that you asked a Letter lover to sketch the life of Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, for it means inspiration to pay tribute to both the character and the name of our friend.

I am taking points from the able address of Honorable Levin Smith lately before the U. D. C. Chapter of Parkersburg W. Va. and feels, personally, indebted to him for his noble tribute to this great Southern man.

The Lamars of the U.S. are of Huguenot blood, "and blood will tell". In 1649 Thomas and Peter Lamoire were invited by Lord Baltimore along with other French and German people, to come to Maryland, and were given a certificate of nationality and located on Calvert County on the Patuxent river. Both left large estates to heirs. In 1755, three brothers—Robert, Thomas and John—moved to Birch Island on Georgia side of Savannah river. John was grandfather of Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar who later had home in Pulnam Co near Eatonton, and in 1810 built the Lamar Homestead which still remains

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John died in 1833, leaving two sons
Mirabeau, writer, soldier, lawyer and
diplomat, who founded the educational
system of Texas. The other son was Lucius
Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, father of one
honored namesake and more distinguished
bearer of the name.
The subject of this feeble tribute was
born in Putnam County Ga. Sep 17 1825.
Note the salient points of his career.
[1] In 1845 at age of sixteen Lamar entered
Emory College.
[2] In 1850, he was made assistant professor
of Mathematics, and later of Ethics and
Metaphysics in University of Miss at Oxford.
[3] In 1856, he was elected to Congress
of U.S. and served two terms.
[4] In 1860, he was a delegate to the
Charleston Convention for Secession.
[5] In 1861 he was a member of Mississippi
Convention, and reported for Committee the
Ordinance of Secession. At once, he entered
the Confederate army for service, but was
compelled by ill health to retire from duty.
[6] In 1863, he was appointed Minister
to Russia, but on account of unexpected
developments remained in Paris and England
but returned before the surrender at Appomattox.

(7) In 1865, he practiced law and was teacher in the University of Mississippi at Oxford.

(8) In 1870, he gave up teaching and became active in law and the affairs of his state. There could not be a sadder view of the prostrate South than his "The country is in a deplorable state, and the people with all their "sacred note words convictions scattered to the winds" are absorbed in the prosaic details of making a living. Our public men have become bewildered in the wreck of all which they considered permanent and true, and know not what to do or advise .... We feel that the fate of our section is not in our hands; that nothing which we could do or say would affect the results!"

But there was something to be done and Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar did it. "At the time of the surrender at Appomatox, no one would have ever dreamed that Grant would have united with (despicable) Thaddeus Stevens and his crowd to harass, plunder and oppress the Southern people as was done during the days of reconstruction — or so-called reconstruction. It seems certain that during

those days (I refer to the days of the carpet-bagger and negro domination) there was no reconstruction, but on the other hand, plunder, theft, misrule and continual retrogression until conditions became so bad that even the better class of Republicans in the South white and negros, were compelled to abandon the Republican party and join with the Democrats to bring about better conditions. It was such a combination that just enabled the people of Mississippi to elect L. Q. C. Lamar to the House of Representatives in 1872 — seven years after the surrender. It is heart-rending to read the official records, portraying the conditions in the Carolinas, in Louisiana & Mississippi at this time". But a political Moses arises! In spite of this he was often despondent about the country, for, as late as 1874 he wrote "I think that the future of Mississippi is very dark — God help us". And his prayers and work combined brought good results, in time. Through the years until 1885, he used all his talents and powers for amelioration of political and social conditions in the South, while have to hold any convictions of d

In 1885 Lamar was appointed as Secretary of the Interior, taking an appointed seat of politics.
In 1888, Cleveland selected him as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals, when that Court was a brilliant collation of Matchford, Harlan, Miller, Gray Mathews, Field and Bradley, Chief Justice Fuller said of him, after his death, that, while he rendered few decisions, he was invaluable in consultation and that not one of us has failed to draw inspiration from this inexhaustible source. Truth to L. Q. C. Lamar was the highest prize. Integrity & purpose was bred in his bone. Having discerned the honorable course under given circumstances, no apparent good or potential advantage could swerve him from the shining golden highway of what he considered the way of truth and personal integrity. This is illustrated in his vote in the Senate on the question of the free coinage of silver. Justice Lamar died on the 23rd of January 1893 at the home of his friend Judge in Macon Ga. His passing was very generally mourned by all classes of people in the country even by his own enemies who, though opposed to him politically and who fought his

confirmation as a member of the Supreme Court of the U.S. recognized and respected his ability. In the South, he was universally beloved. He was eulogized in the hall of Congress and either praised or criticized by the influential newspapers of the country. Among the eulogies was the address of Dr Candler—now Bishop Candler—of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Among other he said some things very worthy of memory, among which was the following

"Very profound are the words of Jesus and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. There is no freedom under the sun, which is not freedom by the truth, and for them who seek and find truth, and love, the truth of freedom, there is nothing of fear of bondage"

Mary M. Pleasants

EXTRACTS FROM "CHRIST IN THE CAMP"

By J. W. JONES, D.D.

To Be Used In Arranging Programs for 1937

Prepared by The Historian-General,

Mrs. Walter D. Lamar

I.

"Christ in the Camp"

Jesus was in our camps with wonderful power, and no army in all history—not even Cromwell's "Roundheads"—had in it as much of real, evangelical religion and devout piety as the Army of Northern Virgina.

* * * *

Scarcely a company moved without some public religious service, and it was considered a most important part of each man's equipment that he should carry in his knapsack a copy of God's word.

* * * *

I.

"Extracts from Christ in the Camp"

Cut off from Church and Sunday-school, often having no day of sacred rest and little communion of saints, they feared the Lord and thought upon His name. On every march they carried the well-thumbed Bible, and the hard ground on which they lay without pillow, bed or tent, often to them a Bethel. The lonely vigils of sentinels and picket were hallowed and cheered by sweet meditations of God. Patience had her perfect work amid the long privations and discomforts of their lot. They were kind, sympathetic and generous to their comrades in arms; and these were the only persons with whom, as a rule, they came in contact. They delighted in devotional meetings, and were not ashamed to witness for Christ. Not recklessly, but with thoughtful and prayerful solemnity, they went into fierce battle; yet the peace of God which passeth all understanding kept their hearts against alarm; and if a ball shivered a limb, or entered the body, a smile of resignation lit up the rugged faces as they were borne off to the hospital and surgeon, or with words of victory they on the field yielded up their spirit to the God in whom they trusted. To God be all the glory!

* * * *

But there came, soon after the first battle of Manassas, and during the long inactivity which followed it, a period of demoralization which was unequalled by any witnessed during the war.

Our people generally thought that this great victory had virtually ended the war—that before the spring England and France would recognize the Confederacy, and the North be forced to acknowledge our independence. Many people at home quit praying and went to speculating in the necessaries of life, coining money out of the sufferings of soldiers and people, and the demoralization soon extended to the army. The vices common to most armies ran riot through our camps. Drunkenness became so common as to scarcely excite remark, and many who were temperate, and some who were even total abstinence leaders at home, fell into the delusion that drinking was excusable, if not necessary, in the army.

The Confederate disasters of the early part of 1862 brought our people once more to their knees, and the active campaign which followed very decidedly improved the religious tone of the army. As men stood amid the leaden and iron hail of battle, saw comrades fall thick and fast around them and were made to feel, "There is but a step between me and death," they were brought to serious reflection and solemn resolve. Earnest men and noble women were untiring in the hospitals in pointing the sick and wounded to the Great Physician, and God richly blessed their efforts.

When we came back from Sharpsburg to rest for a season amid the green fields and beautiful groves, and beside the clear streams of the lower Valley of Virginia, there began that series of revivals which went graciously and gloriously on until there had been over fifteen thousand professions of conversion in Lee's Army, and there had been wrought a moral and religious revolution which those who did not witness it can scarcely appreciate.

* * * *

THE LEADERS

JEFFERSON DAVIS

"In many of the regiments much of this kindly influence is due to the pure and elevated character of the officers. Wherever they are found, you invariably also find a neat, well-disciplined, orderly, quiet command, as prompt in the camp as they are brave upon the field. Now and then you may hear a taunt about "our praying captain," or 'colonel'; but even these thoughtless expressions come from men who venerate their officers and would follow them to the death. As you know, some of our ablest generals are men who have dropped the gown of the Christian for the apparel of the soldier. Polk was a bishop, Pendleton, a clergyman, D. H. Hill, a religious author, Jackson, a dignitary of the Church, while scores of others occupying subordinate positions, are equally well known for their devotion at the shrine of Christianity.

The first Confederate Bible printed, so far as I can ascertain, was from the presses of the South-western Publishing House, at Nashville, 1861. A copy of this edition was sent to President Davis, who replied: "The Bible is a beautiful specimen of Southern workmanship, and if I live to be inaugurated the first President of the Confederacy, on the 22d of February, my lips shall press the sacred volume which your kindness has bestowed upon me."

"Again do I call the people of the Confederacy—a pepole who believe that the Lord reigneth, and that His overruling Providence ordereth all things—to unite in prayer and humble submission under his chastening hand, and to beseech His favor on our suffering country. It is meet that when trials and reverses befall us, we should seek to take home to our hearts and consciences the lessons which they teach, and profit by the self-examination for which they prepare us. Had not our successes on land and sea made us self-confident and forgetful of our reliance on Him? Had not the love of lucre eaten like a gangrene into the very heart of the land, converting too many among us into worshippers of gain and rendering them unmindful of their duty to their country, to their fellow-men, and to their God? Who then will presume to complain that we have been chastened or to despair of our just cause and the protection of our Heavenly Father? Let us rather receive in humble thankfulness the lesson which He has taught in our recent reverses, devoutly acknowledging that to Him, and not to our feeble arms, are due the honor and the glory of victory; that from Him in His paternal providence, comes the anguish of defeat, and that, whether in victory or defeat, our humble supplications are due at His footstool."—J.D.

"To the People of the Confederate States: The termination of the Provisional Government offers a fitting occasion again to present ourselves in humiliation, prayer and thanksgiving before that God who has safely conducted us through our first year of national existence. We have been enabled to lay anew the foundations of free government, and to repeal the efforts of enemies to destroy us. Law has everywhere

reigned supreme, and throughout our wide-spread limits personal liberty and private right have been duly honored. A tone of earnest piety has pervaded our people, and the victories which we have obtained over our enemies have justly been ascribed to Him who ruleth the universe.

"Once more upon the plains of Manassas have our armies been blessed by the Lord of Hosts with a triumph over our enemies. It is my privilege to invite you once more to His footstool; not now in the garb of fasting and sorrow, but with joy and gladness, to render thanks for the great mercies received at His hands.

" 'That the battle is not to the strong, but to whomsoever He willeth to exalt'."—Jefferson Davis, Pres., C.S.A.

II.

ROBERT E. LEE

The Christian Soldier

The simple truths of the Gospel had no more attentive listener than General Lee; and his eye would kindle and his face glow under the more tender doctrines of grace. He used frequently to attend preaching at Jackson's headquarters; and it was a scene which a master-hand might have delighted to paint—those two great warriors, surrounded by hundreds of their officers and men, bowed in humble worship before the God and Saviour in whom they trusted.

General Lee always took the deepest interest in the work of his chaplains and the spiritual welfare of his men. He was a frequent visitor at the chaplains' meetings, and a deeply interested observer of their proceedings; and the faithful chaplain, who stuck to his post and his duty, could be always assured of a warm friend at headquarters.

While the Army of Northern Virginia confronted General Meade at Mine Run, near the end of November, 1863, and a battle was momentarily expected, General Lee, with a number of general and staff officers, was riding down his line of battle, when, just in rear of General A. P. Hill's position, the cavalcade suddenly came upon a party of soldiers engaged in one of those prayer-meetings which they so often held on the eve of battle. An attack from the enemy seemed imminent—already the sharp-shooting along the skirmish-line had begun—the artillery was belching forth its hoarse thunder, and the mind and heart of the great chieftain were full of the expected combat. Yet, as he saw those ragged veterans bowed in prayer, he instantly dismounted, uncovered his head and devoutedly joined in the simple worship.

It is related that as his army was crossing the James, in 1864, and hurrying on to the defence of Petersburg, General Lee turned aside from the road and kneeling in the dust, devoutly joined a minister present in earnest prayer that God would give him wisdom and grace in the new stage of the campaign upon which he was then entering.

General Lee asked me if I ever had calls for prayer-books among the soldiers. I told him that I frequently had, and he replied: "Well you would greatly oblige me if you would call at my quarters and get and distribute a few which I have. I bought a new one when in Richmond the other day, and upon my saying that I would give my old one, which I had carried through the Mexican war and had kept ever since, to some soldier, the bookseller offered to give me a dozen new prayer-books for the old one. I, of course, accepted so good an offer; and now I have a dozen to give away instead of one."

In his order assuming the chief command of all of the Confederate forces he said: . . . . "Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibility of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the army, sustained by the patriotism and fairness of the people, confident that their united efforts under the blessing of Heaven will secure peace and independence."

College President

He was a most regular attendant upon all of the services of his own church, his seat in the college chapel was never vacant unless he was kept away by sickness, and if there was a union prayer-meeting, or a service of general interest in any of the churches of Lexington, General Lee was sure to be among the most devout attendants.

His pew in his own church was immediately in front of the chancel, his seat in the chapel was the second from the pulpit, and he seemed always to prefer a seat near the preacher's stand. He always devoutly knelt during prayer, and his attitude during the entire service was that of an interested listener or a reverential participant.

And he always mainfested the liveliest interest in giving to others the precious Bible. During the war he was an active promoter of Bible distribution among his soldiers, and soon after coming to Lexington he accepted the presidency of the Rockbridge Bible Society, and continued to discharge its duties up to the time of his death.

He was always the active friend and helper of his chaplains, and did everything in his power to promote the spiritual welfare of his men.

Read from R. E. Lee by Douglas.

S. Freeman—Specialty the closing chapter "The Pattern of a Life".

General D. H. Hill, and General Ewell, after his profession of conversion, and others of our higher officers, were equally as pronounced, and just as ready to "stand up for Jesus."

III.

STONEWALL JACKSON

The piety of Stonewall Jackson has become as historic as his wonderful military career.

A colporter (good brother C. F. Fry) had sent me word that he desired permission to enter our lines to distribute Bibles and tracts. Stating to General Jackson my mission, he at once replied in pleasant tones and with a smile of peculiar sweetness: "Certainly, sir; it will give me great pleasure to grant all such permits. I am glad that you came to me, and I shall be glad to be introduced to the colporter."

Jackson was equally scrupulous in attending to all his religious duties. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" seemed the motto of his life. Regular in meeting all of his religious obligations, he walked straight along the path of duty, doing with his might whatsoever his hands found to do. In the army his piety, despite all obstacles, seemed to brighten as the pure gold is refined by the furnace. His old bodyservant said that he "could always tell when a battle was near at hand by seeing the general get up a great many times in the night to pray." He was frequently observed in the beginning and in the midst of the battle to lift up his hands towards heaven, and those near could hear his ejaculatory prayers. Just before the battle of Fredericksburg he rode out in front of his line of battle and offered earnest prayer for the success of his army that day. The morning of the opening of the campaign of Chancellorsville, he spent a long time in prayer before mounting to ride to the field.

"I find that it greatly helps me in fixing my mind and quickening my devotions to give articulate utterance to my prayers, and hence I am in the habit of going off into the woods, where I can be alone and speak audibly to myself the prayers I would pour out to my God. I was at first annoyed that I was compelled to keep my eyes open to avoid running against the trees and stumps; but upon investigating the matter, I do not find that the Scriptures require us to close our eyes in prayer, and the exercise has proven to me very delightful and profitable."—Stonewall Jackson.

A chaplain relates that on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg he saw an officer wrapped in his overcoat, so that his marks could not be seen, lying just in the rear of a battery quietly reading his Bible. He approached and entered into conversation on the prospects of the impending battle, but the officer soon changed the conversation to religious topics, and the chaplain was led to ask, "What regiment are you chaplain of?" What was his astonishment to find that the quiet Bible-reader and fluent talker upon religious subjects was none other than the famous "Stonewall" Jackson.

Let us go some bright Sabbath morning to that cluster of tents in the grove across the Massaponax, not far from Hamilton's Crossing. Seated on the rude logs, or on the ground, may be seen fifteen hundred or two thousand men, with upturned faces, eagerly drinking in the truths of the Gospel. That reverent worshipper that kneels in the dust during prayer, or listens with sharpened attention and moist eyes as the preacher delivers his message, is our loved Commander-in-chief, General R. E. Lee; that devout worshipper who sits at his side, gives his personal attention to the seating of the multitude, looks so supremely happy as he sees the soldiers thronging to hear the Gospel, and listens so attentively to the preaching, is "Stonewall" Jackson; those "wreaths and stars" which cluster around are worn by some of the most illustrious generals of that army; and all through the congregation the "stars" and "bars" mingle with the rough garb of the "unknown heroes" of the rank and file who never quail amid the leaden and iron hail of battle, but are not ashamed to "trumble" under the power of God's truth. I need not say that this is Jackson's headquarters, and the scene I have pictured one of frequent occurrence.

At a council of war, one night, Jackson had listened very attentively to the views of his subordinates, and asked until the next morning to present his own. As they came away, A. P. Hill laughingly said to Ewell, "Well! I suppose Jackson wants time to pray over it." Having occasion to return to his quarters again a short time after, Ewell found Jackson on his knees and heard his ejaculatory prayers for God's guidance in the perplexing movements then before him. The sturdy veteran Ewell was so deeply impressed by this incident and by Jackson's general religious character, that he said: "If that is religion, I must have it;" and in making a profession of faith not long afterwards he attributed his conviction to the influence of Jackson's piety.

In fine, Jackson took Jesus as his Saviour, his Guide, his great Exemplar, "the Captain of his Salvation," whom he followed with the unquestioning obedience of the true soldier. And having thus lived, it is not surprising that he died the glorious death which has been described. Nay, it was not death; the weary, worn, battle-scarred veteran only received an "honorable discharge." He had won the victory, he only went to wear the "crown of rejoicing;"

"That crown with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust."

"After a battle has been fought, the same rigid remembrance of Divine Power is observed. The army is drawn up in line, the general dismounts from his horse, and there in the presence of his rough, bronzed-face troops, with heads uncovered and bent awe-stricken to the ground, the voice of the good man, which but a few hours before was ringing out in quick and fiery intonations, is now heard. subdued and calm, as if overcome by the presence of the Supreme Being, in holy appeal to 'the sapphire throne.' Few such spectacles have been witnessed in modern times, and it is needless to add that few such examples have ever told with more wondrous power upon the hearts of men. Are you surprised, after this recital, that 'Stonewall' Jackson is invincible, and that he can lead his army to certain victory whenever God's blessings precede the act?"

IV.

SOME OTHER CHRISTIAN OFFICERS

Rev. G. T. Gray, chaplain of a regiment stationed in western Virginia, writes to the Bristol Advocate that, several Sabbaths since, "the sacrament was administered to all the field officers and staff except one, and to eight captains, and to upwards of one hundred other officers and privates. "I doubt," he adds, "if the annals of war ever witnessed such another solemn scene."

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, Chief of Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, has been called "the flower of cavaliers," the "Prince Rupert" of the Confederacy and "Harry of Navarre," and he has been described as a gay, rolicksome, laughing soldier, "always ready for a dance or a fight." And yet Stuart was an humble, earnest Christian, who took Christ as his personal Saviour, lived a stainless life, and died a triumphant death.

He fell in battle at Yellow Tavern, in a heroic and successful effort to save Richmond from Sheridan's raid in May, 1864, and in the full tide of a brilliant career. But though thus cut down when full of life and hope, he said, when the surgeon expressed the belief that he would ultimately recover: "Well, I don't know how this will turn out; but if it is God's will that I shall die, I am ready."

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, of Georgia (now governor of that grand old Commonwealth), who rose from the captaincy of a company to command the remnant of the old "Stonewall" corps, and to win a reputation as one of the most brilliant soldiers which the war produced, was one of the most active of our Christian workers, and exerted a fine influence in the army.

He was accustomed to lead prayer-meetings in his command, and during seasons of special revival I have heard him, with eloquent words and tearful eyes, make powerful appeals to his men to come to Christ, and have seen him go off into the woods with his arms about some ragged private, that he might point him to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

"The officers, especially Generals Jackson and Early, have modified military rules for the accommodation of our evangelists. I have just learned that General A. P. Hill's Division enjoys as rich a dispensation of God's Spirit as General Early's. In Gen. Pickett's Division, also, there are said to be revivals of religion."

RELIGION IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

An officer in the army of the Rappahannock, writes from Camp Anderson (Carolina): "I am happy to state that we hold prayer-meetings every night, when the weather permits; and that the sweet incense of prayer and the voice of praise rise up to the Father of spirits and wielder of nations' destinies. It is particularly soul-cheering to me, in the midst of the profanity and blasphemy of the camp, to find so many fervent Christians, whose faith, hope, and charity, being tested, are more fully developed. There are, perhaps, a dozen officers out of about thirty who have named the name of Jesus; and they and hundreds of the men bow down together at the same altar and cry unto our common Father."

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier (Ky.) writes from Virginia: "Today the Second Brigade to which we are attached, was mustered for Divine service. The occasion reminded me more of a Baptist Association gathering than anything I have seen for a long time. A rustic pulpit was erected beneath the shade of the forest trees, and about the clergyman was gathered a force of over three thousand men. The good old songs of Zion caused the leaves to quiver with a poetic tremulousness, and the very air was redolent with heartfelt prayer and praise. Our fighting chaplain, Rev. H. A. Tupper, of the Ninth Georgia, a chaplain in the Confederate army and a Baptist minister at home, a lover and defender of civil and religious liberty everywhere, preached us a very able discourse from the advice of Eli to Joshua; 'Be ye men of good courage.' It was no war phillippic, but an earnest, heartfelt, Christian discourse."

A prominent officer came to Mr. C—, and said: "I feel it my duty to say that the good influence exerted upon the minds and actions of our men by the Bibles books and tracts you have sent us, is incalculable; and to my knowledge, they have been blessed of God in producing a spirit of religious inquiry with many of a most encouraging character. I trust you and Christian friends at home will continue to supply all our soldiers with this means of grace, which is so adapted to our spiritual wants, and can be diffused among us as perhaps no other can so effectually."

"A soldier," he says, "came to express his thanks for the saving influence of the tracts he had received since being in camp. He believes they were sent to him in answer to a pious mother's prayers. He stated that before leaving home he felt but little interest in religion, but now it is his delight and comfort."

"Another soldier, in a Mississippi regiment, writes that the tract, 'Come to Jesus,' has been the means of leading him to Christ, since being in Virginia."

V.

Prayer and Praise

Every night the voice of prayer and praise is heard in one or more of the tents, and on the Sabbath mornings and evenings, and on Wednesday nights, sermons are preached in a church in the immediate vicinity of the camp by the chaplain, the Rev. P. Slaughter, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Griffin. The interest of these services was much enhanced on last Sunday by the celebration of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and by the admission of three officers to their first communion. Many hearty prayers were offered that they may manfully fight under the banner of the Cross, and continue Christ's faithful soldiers until their lives end. It is en-

couraging to see the disposition of those in command to furnish facilities for public worship, and the alacrity of the men in responding to every call, marching to church sometimes in double-quick time, lest they should fail to get seats.

A protracted meeting is in progress in Colonel Cary's regiment, and Rev. Andrew Broadus, of Carolina, is officiating. We hear of another revival in which twelve soldiers professed conversion, five of whom united with the Methodists, four with the Baptists, and the remainder with the Presbyterians. The religious community of the Confederate States ought to feel encouraged by these tokens of the Divine power to put forth still greater efforts in behalf of the spiritual welfare of our army. Fully one-third of the soldiers are destitute of a copy of the New Testament, and of all other religious reading."

A few days since, a chaplain at Gordonsville said to Brother J. C. Clopton: "One hundred of the men in my regiment have professed conversion since we have been in the service, and the greater number spoke of your tracts as having been instrumental in leading them to Christ."

"It is not strange, therefore, as you go through various camps, even on a week day, that your ears are here and there saluted with the melody of a choir of voices, rich, round and full, sung with all the seriousness and earnestness of true devotion; or, that before the lights are out in the evening, manly tones are heard in Thanksgiving for the blessings of the day; or, that the Bible and prayer-book are common books upon the mess-table; or, that when Sunday comes, the little stand from which the chaplain is wont to discourse, is the centre of a cluster of interested and pious listeners.

The great body of the soldiers in some of the regiments meet for prayer and exhortation every night, exhibit the deepest solemnity, and present themselves numerously for the prayers of the chaplains and the church. Quite a number express hope in Christ. In all other portions of Early's Division a similar religious sensibility prevails.

"The audiences and the interest have grown to glorious dimensions. It would rejoice you deeply to glance for one instant on our night-meeting in the wildwoods, under a full moon, aided by the light of our side-stands. You would behold a mass of men seated on the earth all around you (I was going to say for the space of half an acre), fringed in all its circumferences by a line of standing officers and soldiers—two or three deep—all exhibiting the most solemn and respectful earnestness that a Christian assembly ever displayed. An officer said to me, last night, on returning from worship, he never had witnessed such a scene, though a Presbyterian elder; especially such an abiding solemnity and delight in the services as prevented all whisperings in the outskirts, leaving of the congregation, or restless change of position.

"I suppose at the close of the service we had about sixty or seventy men and officers come forward and publicly solicit an interest in our prayers, and there may have been as many more who, from the press, could not reach the stand. I have already conversed with quite a number, who seem to give pleasant evidence of return to God, and all things seem to be rapidly developing for the best.

VI.

Chapel Building

The chapel-building reached its climax along the Rapidan in the winter of 1863-64, and along the Richmond and Petersburg lines in the winter of 1864-65.

The great revival which swept through our camps on the return of the army from the Gettysburg campaign, and which resulted in the professed conversion of thousands and the quickened zeal of Christians generally, naturally produced a desire to have houses of worship during the winter. As soon as we went into winter-quarters, the cry was raised in well-nigh every command: "We must have a chapel." No sooner said than done. The men did not wait to finish their own quarters before they went to work on "the church." They did not take months, weeks, days, or even hours, to discuss "plans and specifications." They held no "fairs" or "feasts"—a scanty feast their leaders would have afforded—and they sent out no agents to collect money from "friends at a distance." Better than all this, they divided into suitable parties, and with strong arms and glad hearts, they went to work themselves. Their axes rang through the woods—some cut logs for the body of the building—others "rove" slabs, some provided "ridge poles," and "weight poles,"—and there were parties to do the hauling, put up the house and undertake "the finer work." Never since the days of Nehemiah have men had a better "mind to work" on the walls of Zion, and in from two to six days the chapel was finished, and the men were worshipping God in a temple dedicated to his name.

" 'Millions of pages of tracts have been put in circulation, and thousands of sermons delivered by the sixty missionaries whom we have sent to our brave armies. Hundreds and thousands, we verliy believe, have in this way obtained the Christian's hope, and are now occupying some place in the great vineyard of the Lord, or have gone up from the strife and sorrow of earth to the peaceful enjoyments of the heavenly home."

In that long line of nearly forty miles of entrenchments extending from north and west of Richmond to Hatcher's Run and Five Forks below Petersburg, the opportunities for preaching and other religious services were varied. Some parts of the line were subjected to almost constant fire from the enemy, and the men could never assemble outside of the "bomb-proofs"—but other parts were sufficiently distant from the enemy's lines to allow the men to assemble even ouside of the trenches. A large number of comfortable chapels were erected—more would have been built but for the scarcity of timber—and where the men could not assemble in crowds there were precious seasons of prayer and praise and worship in the "bomb-proofs."

Religious Literature

"The number of religious tracts and books distributed by the colporters, chaplains, and missionaries in the army, we can never know. But as all the churches were engaged in the work of printing and circulating, it is not an overestimate to say that hundreds of millions of pages were sent out by the different societies. And, considering the facilities for printing in the South during the war, we may safely assert that never were the soldiers of a Christian nation better supplied with such reading as maketh wise unto salvation; and certainly, never amidst circumstances so unpropitious to human view, did fruits so ripe, so rich, so abundant, spring up so quickly from the labors of God's servants.

The Crest of War

Modern history presents no example of armies so nearly converted into churches as the armies of Southern defence. On the crest of this flood of war, rides a pure Christianity; the Gospel of the grace of God shines through the smoke of battle with the light that leads

to heaven; and the camp becomes a school of Christ. From the very first day of the unhappy contest to the present time, religious influences have been spreading among the soldiers, until now, in camp and hospital, throughout every portion of the army, revivals display their precious saving power. In one of these revivals over three hundred are known as having professed conversion, while, doubtless, there are hundreds of others equally blessed whose names are unrecorded here.

There is a general demand in the army for small Bibles. I have daily applications from soldiers so eager to get them that they frequently say they will give several months' wages for one.

The men were accustomed to form "reading clubs," not to read the light literature of the day, but to read God's word, and not unfrequently have I seen groups of twenty-five or thirty gather around some good reader, who for several hours would read with clear voice selected portions of the Scriptures.

I have never seen more diligent Bible-readers than we had in the Army of Northern Virginia.

"On application by Rev. Levi Thorne, of North Carolina, approved by Governor Vance, 100,000 Bibles and Testaments, principally for North Carolina troops in the Confederate service, were granted by the American Bible Society, New York, at its meeting in December. For the South-west 50,000 were granted at the same time.

Rev. W. R. Gaultney writes to the Biblical Recorder, that, during the battle of Fredericksburg, he saw a large number of soldiers reading their Testaments with the deepest interest, while lying in the entrenchments awaiting orders. He witnesses the same every day in camp.

EXTRACTS VII

Curry, J. L. M.—Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States, pp. 175-180

Not infrequently the warrior spirit was awakened and chaplains forgot themselves and seized a musket to repel, or make successful, a charge. Churches gave up their pastors and theological seminaries suspended their work that students might go to the front. One famous Richmond preacher found pulpit on a caisson or in the end of a wagon, and was not regarded as heterodox when, on the invitation of a clerical brother, he took his place within the chancel, minus a clerical gown and even in his shirt sleeves. It was a camp rumor, too much in keeping with their piety to be denied, that Generals Jackson and Gordon held torches so that the preacher might read the Scriptures.

When in winter quarters the soldiers would construct wooden tents in which worship was conducted sometimes for weeks, and the best preachers of the States were glad to officiate. Revivals were frequent and the different denominations had their membership much enlarged by faithful converts. Dr. Jones estimates conversions at 15,000 in Lee's army; Dr. Bennett puts the number in all the Confederate armies at 50,000. The names of the preachers and colporteurs not holding official appointments are legion, but I recall Bishop Early, Quintard, McFerrin, Marvin, Pierce, and Doggett, Palmer, the Hoges, Jeter, Burrows, the Rylands, Cobb, Broadus, Minnigerode, Edwards, Duncan, Renfroe, Father Ryan, Tichenor, Haygood, Dickinson, Slaughter, the Taylors, Pritchard, and scores more.

The pulpit furnished some of the best officers. The most conspicuous was Bishop Polk, who became a lieutenant-general, and not far from whom I was standing when he was killed. Several generals were on

the brow of a hill making observations when they attracted the fire of the enemy. All withdrew a few paces except the Bishop and he, lingering, received a fatal wound, which threw the army in North Georgia into deepest sorrow. From the ministry came also such officers as Lowry, Evans, Pendleton Capers, Mell, Talbird, Smith, Shoup, Dabney, Harrison Willis, Peterkin, Chapman, Kelly, Hiden, and others. Hundreds of preachers were in the ranks."

Pg. 294 (Staunton, Va. Oct. 28, F. McCarthy, Chaplain 7th Va. Reg.) A correspondent of one of our exchanges says: "I have never heard tenderer, more fervent or more importunate prayers, than in the tent, or rough bivouac, or in the woods."—J. W. Jones.

Elder A. B. Campbell, chaplain of the Ninth Georgia Regiment, writes from camp near Orange Court House, Virginia, November 10, to his parents: "From the time we left the Peninsula until now, we have never suffered an opportunity to hold meetings to pass unimproved. Many souls have been converted, and Christians in the army have been greatly revived, and many who had fearfuly backsliden have been reclaimed.

Pg. 301 (From the Religious Herald, March 1863).

I remember that the night before the enemy crossed the river, bringing on the battles of Second Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, I preached to a packed house, appealing to the men to accept Christ as their personal Saviour then and there.

Pg. 302 (Religion In the Army by J. W. Jones):

"In my late visit, it was my high privilege to preach six times to crowds of men eager to hear the Gospel. Five of these sermons were to the Stonewall Brigade; the first, Saturday night. The camp was muddy, the air harsh, the night dark—just the night to chill the preacher with forebodings of empty seats and cheerless services. But as I made my way through the streets of the tented city to the substantial church erected by this enterprising brigade, I was suddenly greeted by a burst of sacred song which lifted my heart. It sounded over the camp like a bell. A prayer-meeting had been appointed for the half hour before public worship, and the house was already full: so full that it was not without difficulty that I made my way to the pulpit; so full that when General Jackson and General Paxton came to the door, they modestly retired, lest they should displace some already within; and so full that one of the men aptly compared the close packing to that of 'herrings in a barrel.'

"One could not sit in that pulpit and meet the concentrated gaze of those men, without deep emotion. I remembered that they were veterans of many a bloody field. The eyes which looked into mine, waiting for the Gospel of peace, had looked as steadfastly into eyes which burned with daedly hate, and upon whatever is terrible in war. The voices which now poured out their strength in singing the songs of 'Zion' had shouted in the charge and the victory. I thought of their privations and their perils, of the cause for which they had suffered, of the service they had rendered the country, the Church of God, and whatever I hold personally dear, and what could I do but honor them, love them, and count it all joy to serve them in the Gospel?"

Pg. 303 (Same as above).

"While preaching to these men, their earnestness of aspect constantly impressed me; the absence of that rather comfortable and well-satisfied air which often pervades our congregations, as if mere custom or prospect of entertainment had assembled us. These men looked as if they had come on business, and a very important business; and the preacher could scarcely do other wise than feel that he too, had business of moment there!

VIII.

The Great Revival Along the Rapidan

Pg. 308 (Head-quarters, Forty-Fourth Va. Reg. Apr. 15)

"The soldiers are anxious to hear preaching. They are not—as some think—impervious to moral impressions. Their moral sensibility is not so stupefied that the Cross of Christ will not convice them, move them, and save them. During the last week twelve young men in my regiment have professed a saving faith in Christ, and are candidates for admission into the different branches of the Christian Church. Most of them have asked for baptism by immersion, and want to join the Baptist church. Those that wish to join other Churches I have turned over to chaplains representing the several denominations of Christians in the army. There are scores concerned, and anxiously inquiring the way of life. Other regiments in the brigades are also blessed with God's presence. In my next communication I will give a full account of the interesting work of grace going on in this brigade. My tent was besieged the most of last week by men anxiously inquiring, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

A large number of our most efficient chaplains felt it to be their duty to remain with our wounded at Gettysburg, and were (contrary to the 'cartel' and the usage of civilized warfare) thrown into prison, thus depriving their men of their services at a most important juncture. But the different denominations sent to the army a number of missionaries and colporters, many of the pastors came on visits to the camp, the chaplains present were stirred up to double diligence by the circumstances which surrounded us, and invaluable co-workers were found among Christian officers and man.

At Winchester, as the army was returning from the Gettysburg campaign, my regiment acted as provost-guard and I had opportunity, in the hospitals and in some special services which we held in several of the churches, of coming in contact with representatives of nearly every brigade, and of learning that there was a very decidedly hopeful religious feeling throughout the army.

Pg. 313. (Winchester, Va., July 21):

There is no mistake about it that a large proportion of these soldiers are deeply interested in the subject of religion. Any experienced preacher would see it, from the way they listen to preaching; and in private not only are all respectful, but many cordially welcome religious conversation, and avow, without slightest hesitation, their desire to be Christians.

Rev. John J. Hyman writes from Orange: "We are holding a protracted meeting of very great interest in Thomas's Brigade. Large numbers are seeking the Saviour, and there are many who are asking for tracts and hymn books. If you can spare an army missionary to us, he would be gladly welcomed. We would say to such an one, 'Come over and help us'."

Rev. J. H. Harris writes, from Mercer county, Virginia: "I feel much encouraged by the anxiety which is manifested by the troops for the printed page. They press around me so eagerly as soon as the benediction is pronounced and beg for tracts and Testaments.

Pg. 325:

"We met first, since the battle of Gettysburg, in the Baptist Church at Orange Court House, on Tuesday, August 11, 1863. Rev. B. T. Lacy preached from 2 Cor. iv:14: 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' Rev. A. M. Marshall, of the Baptist Church and chaplain of the Twelfth Georgia Infantry, was chosen chairman. After receiving new members,

we had a free conversation about the state of religion in our army. A wonderful change had passed over the army from the quiet and regular meetings at Hamilton's Crossing to the bustle and activity of an invasive campaign. The chaplains had been diligent in holding services with their regiments. Some had prayed with and exhorted them while lying in the trenches in line of battle. And though some had feared the results of this campaign upon the moral and spiritual welfare of the soldiers, and there were some excesses to be deeply regretted, yet there were many conversations on the march or in the tumult of battle. Now that we are quiet in camp an intense interest in spiritual things is found to pervade the army. Perhaps there is a more hopeful and blessed reviving of God's work here now than ever before. In Ramseur's Dole's, Smith's, Gordon's, Wright's, Thomas's, Posey's and Scales's Brigades God is working wonderfully. In some, officers and men were together bowed under the heavy burden of their sins; in all, many were earnestly seeking their soul's salvation, and many were rejoicing in hope of reconciliation to God through His Son Jesus.

Never in my life have I seen men so eager to hear and be profited by the word spoken. Though I have preached nine times I have not seen one listless hearer among all the hundreds who have been in attendance. Not a word has been spoken during the services, and, so far as I could see, every man has seemed profoundly impressed with the solemnity and importance of the occasion. It is impossible to say how many have asked to be prayed for. On several nights not less than from 150 to 200 made this request of us. Many have professed conversion. While our meeting has been going on so pleasantly, just on the opposite hill, about a hundred yards distant, in the same brigade, is another of equal interest. It is being conducted by a Baptist minister, a lieutenant and a Methodist chaplain. Fifty have prfoessed conversion.

IX.

The Power of the Spirit

"Dear Brethren Editors: Grant me a small space to report what the Lord has done and is doing for us in Mahone's Brigade. This brigade has five Virginia regiments (2,000 men), and there is not a chaplain in it. The men tell me, that until recently, they had not heard a sermon for six months. Although deprived of this privilege, they forsook not the assembling of themselves for prayer. And God, who ever hears the earnest prayers of His chosen, is now pouring out upon them His gracious Spirit. For the last two weeks they have been supplied with preaching twice a day, morning and night.

Pg. 335, Richmond Christian Advocate, Sept. 1863, Rev. J. C. Granberry.—"The last four weeks I have been preaching daily, and sometimes twice a day, in the brigades of Pickett's Division. I have never before witnessed such a widespread and powerful religious interest among the soldiers. They crowd eagerly to hear the Gospel, and listen with profound attention. Many hearts have been opened to receive the word of the Lord in every brigade. It would delight your heart to mark the seriousness, order, and deep feeling which characterize all our meetings."

Pg. 337, Richmond Christian Advocate:

"Not for years has such a revival prevailed in the Confederate States. Its records gladden the columns of every religious journal. Its progress in the army is a spectacle of moral sublimity over which men and angels can rejoice. Such camp-meetings were never seen be-

fore in America. The bivouac of the soldier never witnessed such nights of glory and days of splendor. The Pentecostal fire lights the camp, and the hosts of armed men sleep beneath the wings of angels rejoicing over many sinners that have repented. . . . The letters from the converted soldiers were often the means, under God, of awakening an interest in the Churches at home. And back to the army went letters telling how hearts were touched and made truly penitent by reason of the tidings sent from the boys in the tents and trenches. Soldiers were converted by thousands every week."

Pg. 340, Rev. J. O. A. Cook:

"It would do your heart good to witness our camp-services, to see the immense throngs that crowd our rude chapels, to listen to the soul-stirring music, as with one voice and one heart they unite in singing the sweet songs of Zion, and to note the deep interest and solemn earnestness with which they listen to the preaching of the word. I have never seen anything like it. I can but believe that the blessing of God is upon us, and that He is preparing us for a speedy and glorious peace.

Pg. 350:

"There is a good degree of religious interest felt in Beckham's Battalion of Artillery, of which I am a member. We have no chaplain, but the brethren of the different denominations keep up a prayer-meeting and Sabbath-school. There have been some twenty-five who have professed conversion in the battalion this fall."

The revival in Hay's Brigade was one of very great power and happiest results, and originated under circumstances of peculiar interest. A youth of the Ninth Louisiana Regiment named Bledsoe professed conversion in hospital at Charlottesville, under the instructions of Post Chaplain J. C. Hiden, and returned to his brigade; with the burning zeal of the young convert determined to do something for the spiritual good of his comrades.

X.

Progress of the Work in 1864-65

There were some peculiar difficulties in the way of our work during this period. The severe weather of the winter and early spring made outdoor services rarely possible, and the skies had scarcely begun to smile upon us when General Grant crossed the Rapidan. Lee at once advanced and attacked him, and there ensued the death-grapple from "The Wilderness" to Petersburg, when we marched or fought, or were busy entrenching nearly every day. And then followed the siege of Petersburg and defence of Richmond, when our little army (reduced at last to 33,000 men to guard forty miles of entrenchments) was on starvation rations, and was yet forced to do an amount of marching, fighting, digging and watching that would have exhausted much sooner any other troops of which history gives any account, and all of which was very decidedly unfavorable to religious services, or any evangelical work among the soldiers.

And yet the good work went graciously on, there were precious seasons along the line of the Rapidan up to the very opening of the campaign. Many were converted on the march, in the trenches, on the battlefield, in the hospital—and the Richmond and Petersburg, lines, despite their scenes of carnage and blood, were made glorious by the presence of Christ in the trenches.

A revival was reported as in progress in Davis's Mississippi Brigade, in which nine had professed conversions, and seventy were inquiring

the way of life. There is also an interesting state of things in Kirkland's North Carolina Brigade, and in the First North Carolina Regiment. The good work commenced in Wilcox's (old) Brigade last summer seems to be reviving. In one of the regiments there I have heard of men going out in the snow barefooted to attend the nightly prayer-meeting, which was held out of doors for want of a chapel.

Pg. 384.

The religious interest in the army is on the increase, and only an opportunity for regular and uninterrupted services and more faithful laborers are wanted, that the glorious scenes witnessed on the Rapidan may be re-enacted here. Even amid the adverse circumstances which surround us, the revival spirit is kept alive and many souls are being "born again" in the trenches. It is of nightly occurrence to see a large crowd assembled in the trenches for preaching, and I have not within the past two months seen an invitation for inquirers to come forward for prayer, that there were not at least a few and often large numbers to avail themselves of it.

XI.

Colportage

The world's history has never presented a wider field of usefulness to the humble colporter who tries to do his duty than the camps and hospitals of the Confederate armies, and rarely have Christian workers more fully improved their golden opportunities. (J.W.J.)

One soldier said to me: "If I am spared to return to my home, I shall ever love the colportage cause, since it has done so much for me."

Last Sabbath evening, at the First Baptist Church of this city, an unusually enthusiastic meeting was held, in behalf of army colportage. Every seat was occupied, while many went away unable to find admission. Atfer singing and prayer, Rev. A. E. Dickinson made some statements giving an account of what had been effected by colportage labors among the soldiers.

The same may be said of Dr. Bennett and others who had charge of army colportage.

The number of religious tracts and books distributed by the colporters, chaplains, and missionaries in the army, we can never know. But as all of the churches were engaged in the work of printing and circulating, it is not an overestimate to say that hundred of millions of pages were set out by the different societies. And, considering the facilities for printing in the South during the war, we may safely assert that never were the soldiers of a Christian nation better supplied with such reading as maketh wise unto salvation; and certainly, never amidst circumstances so unpropitious to human view, did fruit so ripe, so rich, so abundant, spring up so quickly from the labors of God's servants.

Rev. W. J. W. Crowder gives the following statement concerning his work: "I hope that a few facts about colportage among the soldiers will not be unacceptable to your readers. Though I have been acting as agent for the American Tract Society in Norfolk, Portsmouth and the vicinity seven years, my labors have necer been so blessed as from the 19th of April to the present time."

Rev. C. F. Fry said: "I found many truly devoted Christians, who seemed rejoiced to have a colporter come among them. They are eager to secure reading matter. An officer remarked to me that he believed that the men would read more of a religious character now than during all their former lives, from the fact that they cannot obtain any other reading than that which the colporter carries them."

Millions of pages of tracts have been put in circulation, and thousands of sermons delivered by the sixty missionaries whom we have sent to our brave armies. If it could be known by us here and now how many souls have been saved by this agency, doubtless the announcement would fill us with surprise and rejoicing. Hundreds and thousands, we verily believe, have in this way obtained the Christian's hope, and are now occupying some place in the great vineyard of the Lord, or have gone up from strife and sorrow of earth to the peaceful enjoyments of the heavenly home.

The Evangelical Tract Society, organized in the city of Petersburg, Virginia, in July, 1861, by Christians of the different denominations, was a most efficient auxiliary in the great work of saving souls. It was ably offered, and worked with great success in the publication and circulation of some of the best tract-reading that appeared during the war. More than a hundred different tracts were issued; and in less than one year after the organization of the society, it had sent among the soldiers more than a million pages of these messengers of truth.

XII.

Baptisms

Pg. 386.

The following is an extract from a letter of an officer of the 18th Va. Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade. It refers to the fight of General Imboden, before the main battle near New Market: "Before the charge, and while we were in line, the command to dismount was given, when our noble chaplain sang a hymn and then prayed, the whole regiment kneeling.

Pg. 386, Richmond, Va., Jan .1, 1865.

We are receiving some very refreshing accounts of the work of grace in the army from our missionaries.

Rev. T. Hume, of Petersburg, writes as follows: I have baptized here, and in adjacent parts, during the past six months, fifty-four, mostly young men of great promise. Some now are awaiting baptism, and not a few scattered about in the trenches and hospitals are earnest seekers after salvation.

Pg. 392.

There is no doubt that many of the professions of religion in the army were spurious. This has been true in every revival—from the days of Judas Iscariot to Simon Magus—and it was not to be expected that our army work would prove an exception.

And yet I do not hesitate to affirm—and think that I can abundantly prove—that the revivals in our camps were as genuine works of grace as any that occur in our churches at home—that as large a proportion of the converts proved the reality of their professions as in any revivals which the world ever saw. I content myself with this calm statement, though I believe that the facts would jutify my putting it much more strongly.

Pg. 371.

An entire congregation in Scales' (North Carolina) Brigade promptly knelt, a short while since, on an invitation for all Christians, and all who desired the special prayers of God's people to kneel."

Pg. 374 Orange Court House, Tues., Apr. 19.

Let it suffice to be known that in more than one-half of our brigades a mighty moral new organization is going on. Multitudes flock to the ministrations of the sanctuary.

Pg. 381.

Despite unfavorable surroundings the men do not neglect their little prayer-meetings, and thus the good work goes on. On a large part of the line, however, we have regular preaching, and a good deal of interest is manifested in the services.

Pg. 464.

In living over again the days when the dark clouds of war were illumined with the sunshine of the Redeemer's smile—then I shall be more than satisfied.

And surely Christian men of every section and of every creed will unite in thanking God that Christ was in the camps of Lee's army with such wonderful power to save, and that out of that terrible war God brought such rich blessings.

Application for Leave of Absence for Rev. Kennedy

Capt. G. B. Johnston,
A. A. Gen.

Sir:-

Respectfully apply for a leave of ebsence for five (5) days for Rev. F. Milton Kennedy, Chaplain 28th N. C. Regt., to proceed to Richmond for the purpose of providing himself with Tracts, Hymn Books and also to procure Bounty money due members of the Regiment, and to attend to any other Regimental business that may be entrusted to him.

Very respectfully,

W. H. A. Speer
Maj. Comdg (this may be Maj. G. Comdg. Too faded to be certain about.)

On front fold appears
W. H. A. Speer—Major
Comdg. 28th N. C. Regt.
Camp Gregg—March 3-63

Asknig leave of absence for five (5) days for Chaplain Rev. F. M. Kennedy of the 28th N. C. to visit Richmond and return.

* * * * *

Hd. krs. Lane's Brigade
March 3rd-63

Appd. and respectfully forwarded

Will M. Baebone,
Col. Commdg. Brigade

* * * * *

Hd-Qr-A. P. Hill
Light Division
March 4-63.

Appd. for 5 days and respectfully forwarded.

A. P. Hill,
Maj.-Genl.

Hd. Qr. 2nd Army Corp.
March 4th-63

Respy. forwarded and approved

T. J. Jackson
Lt.-Genl.

* * * * *

Head. Quarters
6 March 1863

Respectfully returned
Approved

By order of Genl. Lee

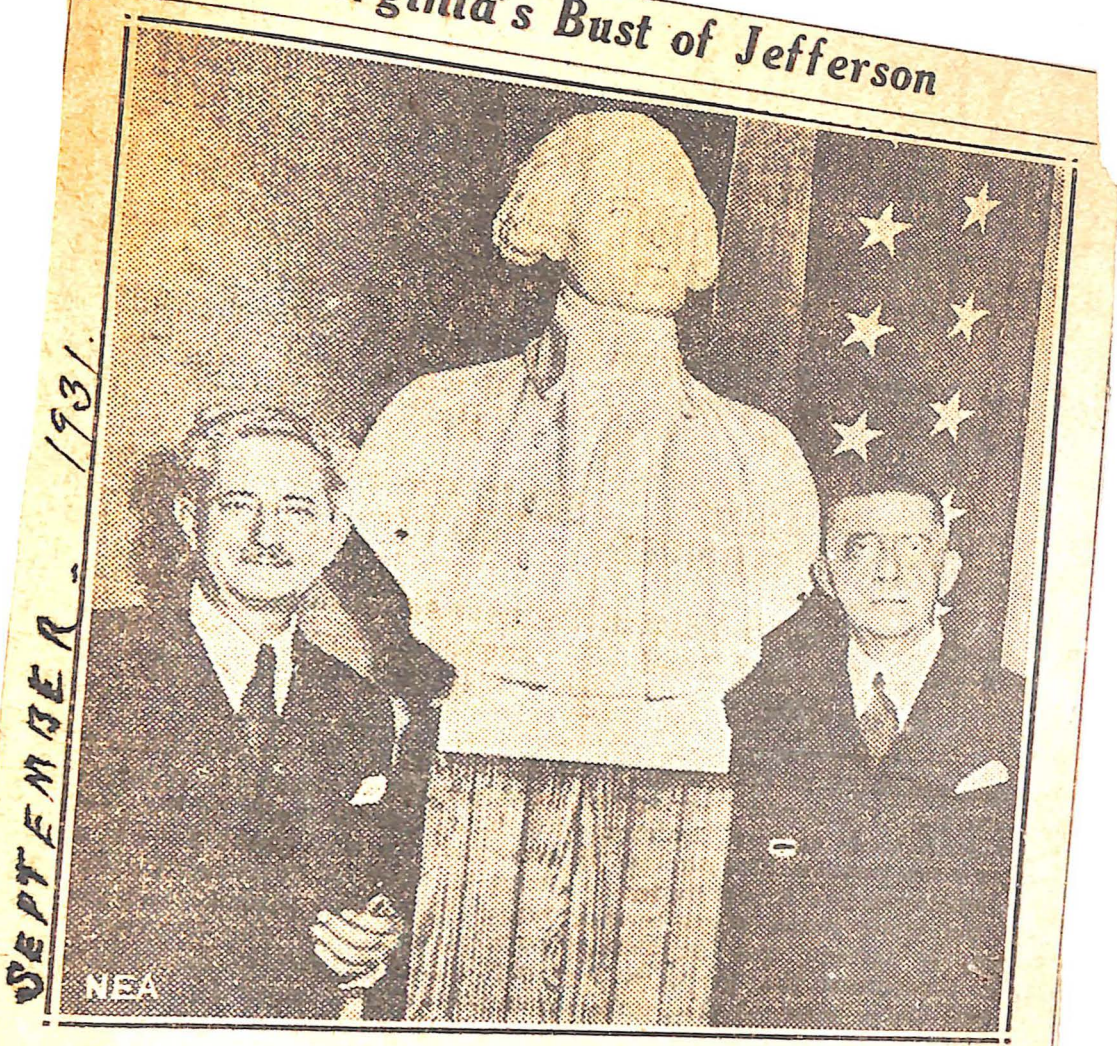
W. W. Taylor
A.A.G.

* * * * *

This document available through the courtesy of May Kennedy Hall (Mrs. J. E. Hall) Macon, Ga.

AUGUST
"UNITED WE STAND"

Virginia's Bust of Jefferson

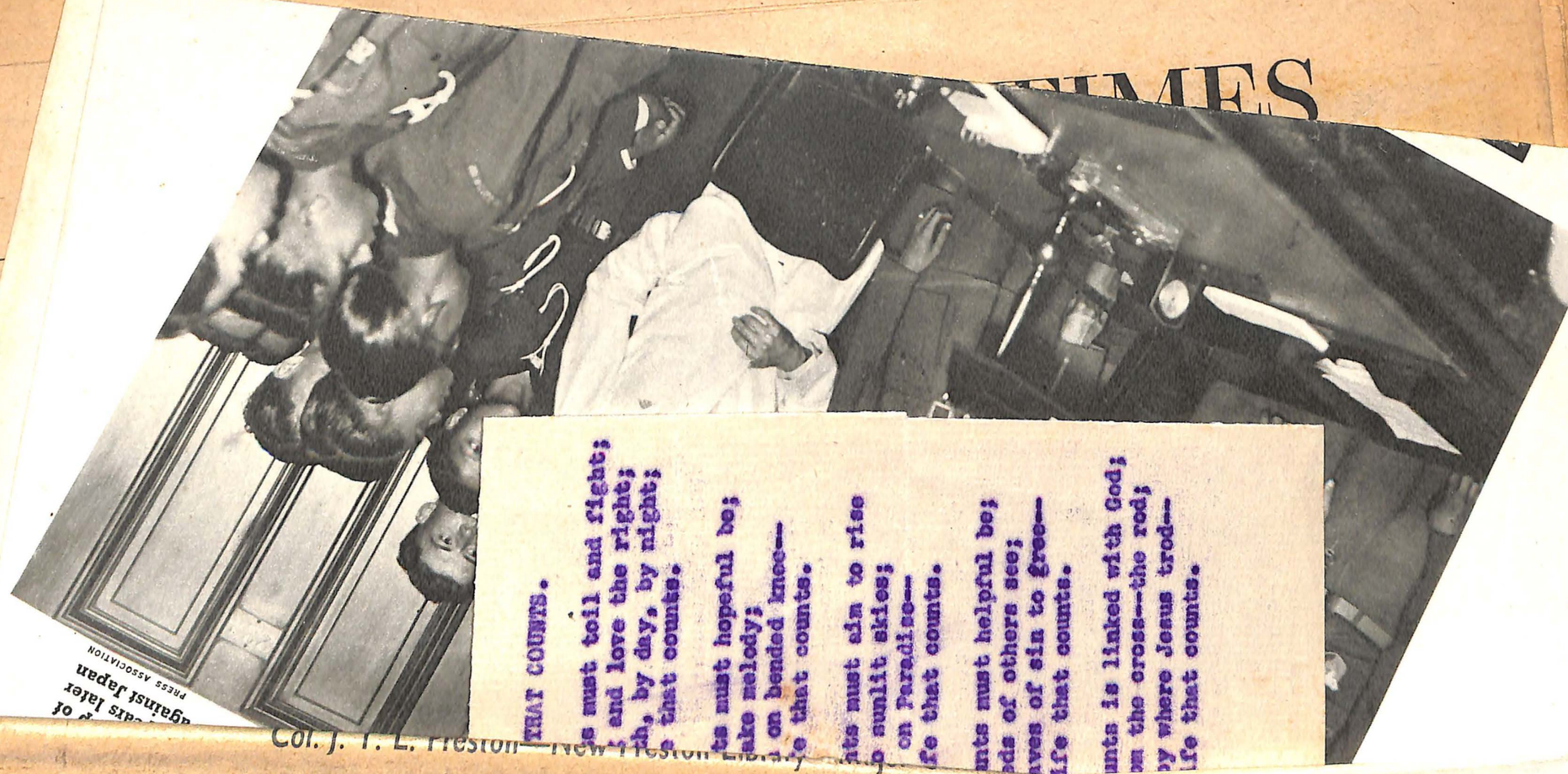


1931.

SEPTEMBER

—NEA, New York Bureau.

This marble bust of Thomas Jefferson, copied from the one by Houdon which is among the priceless treasures of the New York Historical Society, is to be installed in the rotunda of the Virginia state capitol at Richmond. At the left is Attillio Piccirelli, famed sculptor, who reproduced the bust, and at the right, Stuart G. Gibboney, president of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, photographed at a pre-view of the portrait in a New York hotel.



Col. J. T. L. Preston—New Preston Library

COL. J. T. L. PRESTON, ORIGINAL SPIRIT OF V. M. I.

Virginia Honors Memory On 100th Anniversary Of Institute

VIRGINIA Military Institute is not essentially a fighting school, no more than was the man who fathered it a fighting man. It is and was an educational institution first and

THE HEALTHFVL AND PLEASANT ABODE OF A CROWD OF HONORABLE YOVTHS PRESSING VP THE HILL OF SCIENCE WITH NOBLE EMVLATION

name it bears today upon the request of James McDowell, a legislator at the time who later became governor of the state.

Weis No. 105
PATENTED

Message from Historian General

No better way to stimulate interest in historical subjects has been devised than essay contests, whether among students or adults. Essay subjects, with the list of money prizes to be awarded at the General Convention, are already in the hands of every Chapter president, sent out by the Historian-General in the Program and Prize List. Chapters might encourage the writing of these essays among Chapter members by offering these Davis medals in addition, locally. To encourage the study of Confederate history among high school students, U. D. C. Chapters are urged to offer these medals for essays, using some of these subjects.

While our soldiers wear with pride medals won for valor in battle, our students and Chapter members would display with equal pride these medals won in intellectual combat.

Mary Callaway Jones
(Mrs. Frank F.)

Suggested Essay Subjects for Schools

Grammar Grades :
- My Flag and Its Meaning
- My State Flag and Seal
- Sketch of Robert E. Lee

Junior High School :
- Sidney Lanier, Poet, Musician, Soldier
- Robert Toombs, First Secretary of State

Senior High School :
- The True Meaning of State's Rights as offered to all the States since 1787 - 1788
- John C. Calhoun, Apostle of State's Rights
- Sketch of some Outstanding Man of my State during '61 - '65 and the Reconstruction Period

Davis Medal

For Use of

United Daughters of the Confederacy

Description of Medal

Etched on the band of white enamel above the Maltese Cross bearing the U. D. C. Monogram are the two words of historical significance, "Stand Fast" —the words that turned the tide at Buena Vista, and made Jefferson Davis a hero of the Mexican War, the words that might well be said to have been his motto throughout his entire life. Order one or more of these medals. You will be more than pleased with the combination of beautiful red and white enamel on the precious metals.

Order Medals
from
Mrs. M. T. Maxwell
1st Vice President General
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

MEDAL PRICES

Gold on Sterling	$4.40 Each
Sterling Silver	2.75 Each

(Government tax included in the above prices)

Ways of Offering the Davis Medal

This medal was designed to meet the need of a reasonably priced medal so as to make it possible for individuals and Chapters to offer them for Class competition in essay writing, historical research work, and declamation contests in the schools. They are also offered for the best pageant, play, or for any other points of high attainments in keeping with the U. D. C.'s worthy purposes either to members or to our youth, our citizens in the making.

School Essay Plan

Visit your school authorities and ask for the privilege of holding an essay contest. Ask for only one class period of time. The explanation to the teachers should be that your U. D. C. Chapter wishes to insure renewed interest in the study of outstanding Southern characters and that you want the pupils to recognize the best in the Old South for its stabilizing influence on their lives today. Be sure to choose a subject that has research material available to the pupils, for in the smaller towns where there are no public libraries the pupils become discouraged if they can't thoroughly familiarize themselves with the subject.

At the appointed time all books and notes are laid aside and the pupils write essays within the given time and without help.

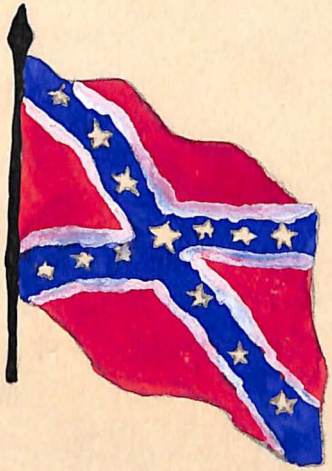
Each teacher grades the essays of her class, giving each pupil class credit for his work. Only a few of the best essays from each class are given to the U. D. C. Committee from which to select the winner. Use numbers instead of names. Essays should be between five hundred and a thousand words in length.

Declamation Plan for Davis Medal

Contact your schools and ask for the privilege of holding an oratorical contest on some auspicious or memorial occasion. Invite citizens and members to the contest at the school and, as a climax to the program, the Davis Medal will be awarded. This could well be an annual affair in your community.

Contestants may choose their own subjects, provided they always weave in something from the best of the Old South as an outstanding feature of the declamation.

United Daughters of the Confederacy



Roanoke Chapter

1941 - 1942

Roanoke Chapter
U.D. C.

"The test of greatness
is the page of history"

YEARBOOK-1941-1942

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth
of Confederate History"

Keyword: Preparedness

Flower: The Rose

The United Daughters of the Confederacy

The first object of the society is HISTORICAL, 'to honor the memory of those who fellin the service of the Confederate Stsstes; to protect,preserve,and mark places made historical by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve the material foz a TRUTHFUL HISTORY of the War Between the States: to record the part taken by Southern women in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle and untiring efforts after the war during the reconstruction of the South.

"Ancestry and History are worthwhile when posterity profits by them"

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

SALUTE TO THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

I salute the Confederate flag with affection, reverence, and undying remembrance.

(The general convention in Richmond,1937, decided that the manner of saluting the Confederate Flag would be to place the right hand over the heart and hold it there until the last word of the salute is said)

***** *****

OFFICERS

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Second vicePres. Mrs. Corbin D.Glass
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Custodian------ Mrs. Etta V. Gookin
Chaplain---------Miss Mary Pleasants

MEETINGS

Second Monday of each month (except July and August) 4:00 to 5:00 P. M.

DUES

The annual dues shall be $1.00

Traylor

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Glass

Hospitality: Mrs. ~~J. M. Raleigh~~, Chmn.
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley, Mrs. W. C.Michael
Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Miss Mae Hoover

Ways and Means: Carrie Layne
Mrs. E. V. Gookin, Chairman Lykens
Mrs. S. F. Woody, ~~Miss Conway Howard~~

Program: Miss Mae Hoover- Miss C Howard

Publicity: Mrs. ~~Basil G. Beard~~ Dunwody

Parliamentarian: Mrs. J. M. Boswell

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Mrs. D. L. Dunwody, Chairman
Mrs. C. C. Jacob. Mrs. S. F. Hoody
Defense
Mrs Glass-Chairman, Hoover, Harris
Scrapbook: Mrs. ~~F. J. Burt~~,

****

Americanization - N. Thompson
Raleigh - [illegible] - M Harvard

DAYS OF COMMEMORATION

June3
Jefferson Davis
President of the Confederate
States of America

****

January19
Robert Edward Lee
Commander-in-Chief of the
Confederate Army

****

January 21
Thomas J. (Stonewall)Jackson

"Biography, especially of the great and good, who have risen by their own exertions to eminence and usefulness, is an inspiring and ennobling study. Its direct tendency is to reproduce the excellence it records."
-J.Lunn

****

STUDIES OF CITIZEN-LEADERS
OFTHE RECONSTRUCTION
PERIOD

September8th

Mrs. D. L. Dunwody-----Hostess
201 Rosalind Ave.S. E.

Virginia's Citizen-Leaders-
Alexander Hugh Holmes Stuart
---------Miss Mae Hoover

October 13th

Mrs. Lacy Edgerton -----Hostess
Forest Road
Arkansas'Citizen-Leaders-
Albert Pike
Augustus H. Garland
--------Mrs. J. W. Boswell
*****

November 10th

Mrs. R. E. Peterson -----Hostess
134 Second St. ,S. R.

North Carolina's Citizen-Leaders-
Zeb Vance
William L. Saunders
-----Mrs. W. F. Genheimer
****

December 8th

Mrs. S. F. Woody--------HOstess
423 Allison Ave. S. W.

Tennessee's Citizen-Leaders-
Nathan Bedford Forrest
John C. Brown
-----Mrs. J. M. Raleigh

****

January 12th

Lee-Jackson Program----Patrick Henry Hotel at 8 clock

Musical program--Mrs. Dunwody and Mrs. Peterson

Speaker to be announced.

February 9 th

Mrs. Helen Shanks-------Hostesses
Miss Carrie Layne
625 Wycliffe Ave., S. R.

******

March9th

Mrs. C. C. Jacob-------Hostesses
Mrs. Percy B. Traylor
368 Allison Ave., S. W.

****

April 13th
Mrs. W. C. Michael
-------Hostess
41 Albemarle
A,e. , S. W.

****

May 11th
Mrs. E. V. Gookin --------Hostess
"Ettarest"--Picnic

Annual Meeting and Election of Officers

****

"It is not wisdom to be only wise;
And on the inward vision to close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart"

****

CHAPTER MEMBERS

Mrs. B. G. Beard----------6884
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Mrs. J. W. Brice---------2-1243
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MissSue Figgat
Miss Maude Franklin------ 5397
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Mrs. P. B. Traylor----------2-2973
Mrs. S. F. Woody----------2-1846
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum----------24343
Mrs. G. T. Wood----------2-4133
Mrs. J. J. Zirkle

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS.

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night;
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee--
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise--
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free--
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross--the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod--
This is the life that counts.

Outstanding in General MacArthur's relationship with Filipinos was the trust and confidence they accorded him; an important morale factor during past weeks. In 1935, he posed with this group of Filipino Boy Scouts—boys who seven years later were to help him in his heroic stand against Japan

PRESS ASSOCIATION

THIS MAN MACARTHUR

The Japs got their first ominous foretaste of how Americans fight against overwhelming odds in General Douglas MacArthur's magnificent stand in the Philippines. Meet the man who has become the newest symbol of American determination

By Royal Arch Gunnison
RADIOED FROM MANILA

General MacArthur and President Manuel Quezon together shaped the Filipino Army. Minor political differences between the two leaders disappeared with the war

WIDE WORLD

WHEN I was a very young officer," he said, "I was given a stiff oral examination by a hardboiled colonel and an equally unbending examining board."

General Douglas MacArthur, Commander in Chief of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, leaned back in the squeaky office chair his father had used as military governor of the Philippines at the turn of the century. The young MacArthur—there are still troops in the Philippines who served under the old General Arthur MacArthur and who call Douglas "the Young MacArthur"—was telling the story on himself.

It was just a week before the outbreak of war. We were discussing the subject that has been nearest the General's heart since he was a junior officer sent on his first overseas tour of duty to the Philippines. We were discussing the defenses of these islands.

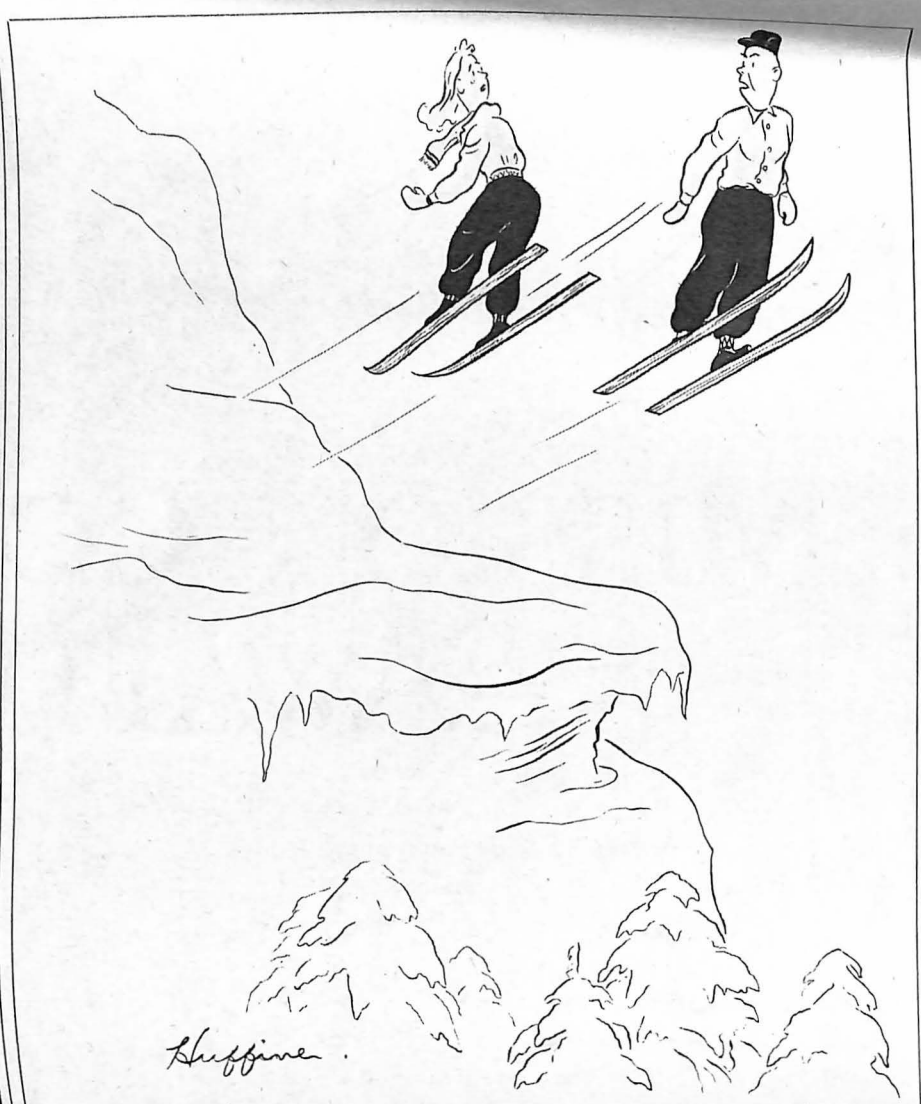
Douglas MacArthur likes to tell stories on himself to illustrate a point. After a thoughtful puff on his long Manila cigar he continued:

"This examination board gave me the stiffest problem imaginable. They gave me a large harbor defense for which I was responsible. Not only that; they gave me some troops to deploy for the strong defense of a large region around this harbor. I was asked to tell the board how I would defend this area. As a young officer full of book learning and theory, I let myself go. I gave the board everything in the book and more!

"After I finished outlining my plan to these stone-faced gentlemen they slowly began to toss overwhelming but hypothetical forces at me. When I would say I'd utilize troops in one place to strengthen another, the colonel would say, 'Sorry, MacArthur, but headquarters has withdrawn those troops for other purposes.' Before I knew it these officers had stripped me of nearly every bit of defense I had so ambitiously built up."

It was their purpose to see the reactions of a young officer placed in a situation where he did not have at his beck and call every facility to carry out his mission. In other words, what would the young officer do in a pinch? After they'd taken an hour to beat down his arguments, the colonel looked through his bushy gray eyebrows and snorted, "Now, MacArthur, you've just a few hours before the enemy comes over the ridges, and the enemy fleet steams in through the mouth of your harbor. What will you do?"

General MacArthur, *(Continued on page 46)*



"Now don't get excited, dear—just turn slowly around"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING IS THE CLOSEST THING TO STORE DISPLAY

He's been walking on air ever since he started drinking Borden's HEMO . . . the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!

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This Man MacArthur

Continued from page 13

then Second Lieutenant MacArthur, continued: "I was mad by this time. Colonel or no colonel, I said, 'Well, sir, there are two things I'd do: The first would be to have all the sign painters in the community paint me a tremendous sign and float it out to the mouth of the harbor. The sign would read: BEWARE THE MOUTH TO THIS HARBOR: ENTIRE HARBOR IS MINED. The second thing I'd do would be to get down on my knees and pray. Then I'd go out and fight like hell.' "

General MacArthur laughed at the situation in which that examining board had put him. When he told me that story we were sitting in his ornately decorated office, formerly headquarters of the Philippine Army, then headquarters of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, of which he had only recently been placed in command. Prior to this, for five years, his job had been the preparation of the Philippine Army for "What might come."

A few days after he told me this story this tall deep-voiced general, former United States Chief of Staff—now sixty-one but looking younger—was leading the desperate fight for the Philippines.

General MacArthur has behind him the tradition of his father, General Arthur MacArthur, the last military governor of the Philippines. He has the faith and confidence of the Filipino population. He has a deep, ingrained love of the Philippines as part of his homeland. It isn't as though he were fighting on foreign soil. It isn't as though he merely looked at the Philippines as a military outpost to defend. The Philippines are a part of this officer whose father served here, who served here himself when a junior officer as his father's aide.

What's more, after talking with General MacArthur as much as I have over the past two years, you would realize as I do his utmost reliance in the Filipino as a fighter; as a brave man; as an obedient soldier; as a fierce defender of his own homeland.

MacArthur has always enjoyed regaling his visitors with story after story of instances of the bravery and the instinctive intelligence of the Filipinos as fighters and trained soldiers.

Two Reasons for Defense

It was MacArthur's love for the Philippines and his belief that the 7,000-odd islands should be defended for as long as possible that brought him out here after he ended his tour of duty as Chief of Staff of the United States Army at Washington. His first reason was that the United States needed a strong outpost in the Far East. Second, MacArthur believed the United States would eventually agree to a full independence status for the Filipinos. When such a moment might come, he foresaw Japan, a strong and aggressive nation to the north, gradually moving in with threats and cajolery, placing the Filipino people under a type of serfdom the like of which they'd never conceived —even when they cried loudest under the pinpricks of American regulation.

MacArthur saw that if the United States should turn the Philippines loose and keep no hawsers tied to the United States fleet or the United States Army

and Air Corps, the Japanese would have an open season on Filipino trade and Filipino livelihood, and finally just swallow up the islands regardless of any unorganized resistance that might be put up at the last minute. He saw the Far East falling under total Japanese aggression. Thus he sold the idea of a strong Filipino defense force to his friend President Manuel Quezon in 1935. Whatever Quezon ordered before the war was carried out by his political organizers and naturally by the people themselves.

Thus was born the Philippine Army. The Philippine Force was to reach a number between 300,000 and 400,000 trained fighting men over a ten-year period. Unfortunately the ten-year training period had just begun to function properly when war broke out. The plan was to train between 30,000 and 40,000 Filipino soldiers each year. (There had been some political tiffs between Quezon and MacArthur when Quezon thought MacArthur was not on President Roosevelt's favored list and held up appropriations. But that's all changed today.)

However, enough Filipino soldiers had been trained to form the nucleus of a fast, hard-hitting Filipino force. This is the outfit which took nearly all the advance action against the Japanese invading forces.

It was a Filipino division that met and defeated the first Japanese force when they were trying to get a toehold on the beach at northern Lingayen Gulf during the first week of war. The official Army statement reported that Filipino troops mopped up the Japanese. MacArthur told me a few hours after this report that "the Filipino Division behaved magnificently." And from what I learned from soldiers and civilians, later, during a trip up toward Lingayen before the second drive hit its stride, the success of this first Filipino mop-up on the Japanese gave the original boost to the morale of the Filipino troops and made possible their splendid fight.

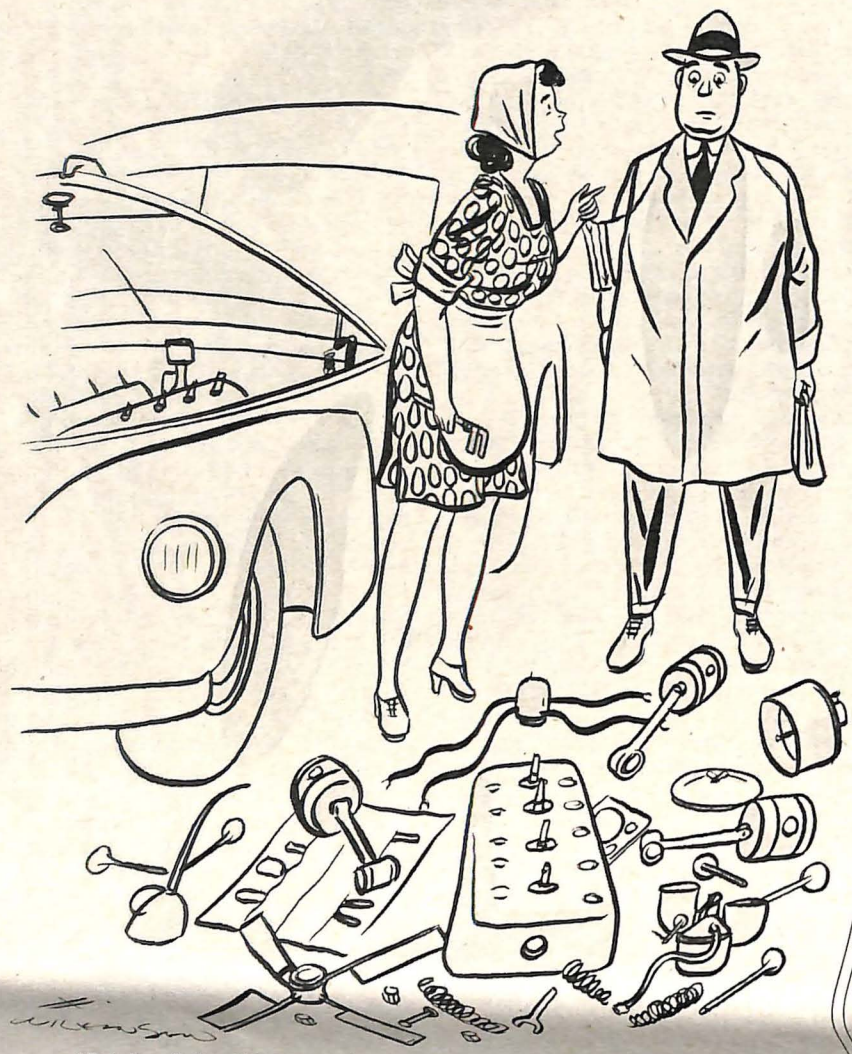
Once the Filipinos—the well-trained Filipino scouts, the constabulary, the regular Filipino Army, and the young R.O.T.C. and newer volunteers—learned of this success; once they knew from their own people that the Japanese soldier was not as good a fighter, man for man, tank for tank, or plane for plane, there was no more apprehension.

Some Things to Be Remembered

Until MacArthur left his Manila headquarters within the old walled city to go with the forward echelon of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, I had full opportunity to watch him work at close quarters. I attended his press conferences. I talked with him off the record in his orientally decorated office. I watched his military cards being played. I went out from Manila into the provinces where his troops and planes were deployed and striking at the Japanese. Naturally there is much I cannot say.

However, I can say this: With the material at his command, MacArthur accomplished miracles. Despite the loss of Manila, and regardless of what follows it, here are some things to be remembered:

First, MacArthur was not surprised at the Japanese attack nor by the outcome of the Judas mission of Saburu Kurusu to Washington. Frankly, MacArthur didn't expect the Japanese to strike at the United States as early nor in the manner in which they did at Hawaii, but he expected the attack. He had planned for the attack. He used every piece of material at his disposal



"I joined the Women's Motor Corps as you suggested, dear. Next week I learn how to put it back together!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

While the slow seasons
come and go,
Briggs' choice golden tobaccos
sleep undisturbed in fragrant
oaken casks . . . until time
removes all harshness and tongue-bite.
Briggs is Cask-Mellowed for years . . .
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The Solovox is the wonderful new musical instrument that attaches to *any* piano. You play it with your right hand, blending its brilliant "solo" tones with your own left-hand piano accompaniment. It's a thrilling NEW kind of music—rich . . . colorful . . . almost limitless in its variety! And it's EASY! At a finger's touch you bring in any one of a marvelous array of vivid instrumental effects—as of violin, trumpet, flute, English horn, bassoon, saxophone, and many more.

Easily attached, the Solovox does not affect your piano's normal use or tone . . . operates from an electric outlet. Hear the Solovox . . . PLAY it . . . at your nearest piano dealer's. For information, write: Hammond Instrument Co., 2971 N. Western Avenue, Chicago.

Phone your piano dealer for a FREE demonstration on your own piano . . . TONIGHT!

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$209 complete with tone cabinet, f. o. b. Chicago
(Price subject to change without notice)

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carefully for the greatest effectiveness.

Second, MacArthur didn't permit himself and his Filipino-American forces to be sucked in nor drawn out and weakened by the Japanese landings and forays designed to pull him out and cut off his forces.

Third, by maintaining his forces in readiness, by keeping strong Filipino and American patrols out in front in every sector, MacArthur kept the Japanese in complete wonderment as to the exact number of men and planes at his disposal. Despite widespread espionage and fifth-column activity during the first two weeks of war, MacArthur, through prearranged communication systems and vigorous counterespionage, was able to keep information leaks down to a minimum.

Over at Army and Air headquarters no one wrote anything of vital importance down on paper. He just remembered it. No one talked on the phone about anything important. It was done in person. MacArthur's G-2 (Army Intelligence) had every one of any odd background pegged the minute he landed in the Philippines. They and the constabulary had the names and numbers of most of the pro-Japanese leaders among the Filipino groups.

When war broke out, there was a four-day spy clean-up that showed the minute planning. MacArthur left nothing to imagination or to the moment. He is an able combination of a man who looks and plans ahead and yet a man who understands the exact workings of detail and the value of this detail to the proper unfoldment of the whole program.

Four, MacArthur always visualized *the defense of the Philippines as but a part—an important part, mind you—of the entire Far East war whenever it might come.*

Voices in the Wilderness

In visualizing the Philippines as but a part, a vital part of the great Far Eastern war arena, and this as still but a part of the entire World War battleground, MacArthur has held over the years that the Philippines had to be defended. For this he was laughed at by men whose names are supposed to ring the gong of military and naval aristocracy.

MacArthur never claimed for a moment to be an aristocrat. He is a fighter. He cares little, for theory. He is a practical soldier. He had asked time and again for a speed-up of supplies for air, ground and artillery forces. Some of these things he had received. But until the past six months many quarters looked upon the Philippines as a degenerate stepchild ready to be cut off ex-Uncle Sam's coattail at the earliest possible moment, 1946 being too far away for many.

A few voices cried in the wilderness. They were men like former High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, General MacArthur, Admiral Yarnell, Admiral Thomas C. Hart and Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn, author of the famous Hepburn Report which several years ago urged fuller defenses for the Pacific islands against just such a contingency as we have now come to face.

When the Japs landed, the troops, the general staff and the population dug their toes and heels into the jungles of the rice paddies; they took positions in trees; new guerrilla fighters went into the enemy camps with hand grenades and sticks of dynamite; thousands of young Filipinos volunteered for service *—and were accepted. The President of the United States had said that he was counting on "every Filipino—man, woman and child—to do his duty."*

Believe me, they did it!

They took a pasting. The Japanese bombed the declared open city of Manila. The Japanese strafed bamboo villages, killing noncombatants. There were many stories of atrocities. The Japanese tried to give the Filipino a shot of this big brother business. Yet none of these things frightened or enticed the average Filipino into welcoming the Japanese. Nor at any time did the Filipino soldier quit and give up to *the Japanese.*

No matter what happens in the Philippines, MacArthur has the population in his pocket. They trust him.

He told me he did not try to give them the typical propaganda approach. I discussed this with him at some length not long before he left for his new position with the first echelon. He had just announced that it was being considered that Manila might be declared an open city. There had been unsuccessful reports from several fronts for about two days. That was on December 24th—the day before Christmas. Manila was getting bombed at least twice each day and once during the nights. The population of Manila was jittery.

"Why tell them this discouraging news and then say that you are considering declaring Manila an open city?" I asked. "Doesn't that create a feeling of helplessness?"

This tall, expressionless general—the only modern American Army officer ever to hold the post of a full four-star general twice in one career—this usually affable, now slow-spoken officer, took a long draw at his cigar.

"This is what I want to do," he said. "I want to be perfectly honest with these people. I want them to know nearly everything I know. I'm confident they can take it and come back for more. They realize I'll fight to the last. They realize I'll not take a run-out powder on them. If I give them the bad news along with the good, when it comes, then they'll know I've never tried to trick them." He paused in thought a moment.

"I don't believe in feeding the population of any country false information. If you build false confidence and you are not successful, you lose their trust forever. If you give him the truth, the average civilian can take a lot more *than these propaganda artists tell you is possible. And then when you tell the public you are holding or you are doing better it gives them something to hang on to."*

He said a lot more, but this will give you an idea of the man who, knowing that President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth had already left Manila and that United States High Commissioner Sayre was leaving that afternoon, was still willing to go on telling the population of the Philippines that things didn't look so good.

If the news of Quezon's and Sayre's leaving had got out that afternoon, along with the statement of the consideration of Manila as an open city, I *don't know* what would have happened. *But MacArthur trusted the press. He trusted us as individuals and as a group. His trust, I'm happy to say, was properly placed.* The public spirit hit bottom and then gradually rose a few days after Christmas due to its own grim determination to fight to the very end.

"Yes, we complained about a leak in the radiator this morning, but it's all right now!" FRED BALK

They Did Their Best

Americans and Filipinos have taken a terrific toll of Japanese lives despite their numerical inferiority. When I say the Japs had numerical superiority I don't just mean three or four to one.

MacArthur made good use of every bit of geological advantage this island of Luzon offered for his defense and his counterattacks. This is no military secret. Anyone with a geography book can see where the plain from Lingayen Gulf sweeps down toward Manila. On the southern Manila front, the "MacArthur line"—not to be confused with any of the mechanized European-type lines—had only the natural terrain of mountains and rivers, all of which he utilized to the utmost.

If I've mentioned Filipino troops more than Americans in this, it's because the Filipinos had to do the first heavy outside fighting. On the ground, the Americans manned artillery and tanks. The American infantry units gave the Japanese an awful handling. But obviously I can't tell you the percentages of American and Filipino troops.

Newton D. Baker, former United States Secretary of War, called General MacArthur "the greatest front-line general of the first World War." And he's with the first echelon of World War II as this is being written.

His reputation precedes him. His qualities as a fighter are known and proved here. The people of the Philippines have placed their full trust in General MacArthur and in the pledge of eventual victory they've received from President Franklin D. Roosevelt in Washington, D. C.

THE ROANOKE TIMES

SECTION FIVE — ROANOKE, VA., NOVEMBER 5, 1939 — 16 PAGES

V. M. I. CENTENNIAL SECTION

1839 1939

Col. J. T. L. Preston—New Preston Library—Major General Charles E. Kilbourne

COL. J. T. L. PRESTON, ORIGINAL SPIRIT OF V. M. I.

Virginia Honors Memory On 100th Anniversary Of Institute

THE HEALTHFVL AND PLEASANT ABODE OF A CROWD OF HONORABLE YOVTHS PRESSING VP THE HILL OF SCIENCE WITH NOBLE EMVLATION A GRATIFYING SPECTACLE AN HONOR TO OVR COVNTRY AND OVR STATE OBJECTS OF HONEST PRIDE TO THEIR INSTRVCTORS AND FAR PROVD OF HER FAME AND READY IN EVERY TIME OF DEEPEST PERIL TO VINDICATE HER HONOR OR DEFEND HER RIGHTS

COL J·T·L PRESTON

VIRGINIA Military Institute is not essentially a fighting school, no more than was the man who ered it a fighting man. It is and an educational institution first and an who founded it was an edu- nd educational man first, also. t be added hastily, before some grand old alumni, that the Virginia Military Institute can and will fight, when it is called upon. It has fought, gallantly and courageously, and a revered portion of American history hallows its heroes.

The same thing can be said of its originator, Col. John Thomas Lewis Preston. Making war was not this man of paradoxical nature's business but when the step seemed the most intelligent for him to take, he took it resolutely with never a backward or regretful glance, regardless of the cost which, more often than not, was heavy, quite heavy.

The actual occasion of the founding of this school which is celebrating its 100th year of service to the state of Virginia in both an educational and military way, is well known to a great number of persons.

It is an excellent story but quite as excellent, quite as touching and much more tender is the life of this man who breathed into the gaunt stone and mortar of the Institute something which gave it life, something which today still remains and makes it peculiarly fitting that a library, a house of literature, should be dedicated to him as the school passes its first century of existence.

Next Saturday Virginia's first citizen —Governor Price—will pay due honor to this man behind V. M. I. by delivering the Centennial address which will dedicate the new library to Preston.

Under an act of the General Assembly of Virginia, February 8, 1816, an arsenal was established in Lexington. To guard it, a company of 28 soldiers was encamped on the site and almost from the beginning they proved both an unpopular and rowdy addition to the otherwise staid and solid respectability of the Rockbridge county community. Their actions led many of the more respectable members of the village of some thousand persons to bitterly resent the location of the munitions depot within their midst.

Within Lexington there was an organization known as the Franklin Literary Society (no longer in existence), a body of influential citizens who more or less established the policy of the community along political, moral, scientific and social lines. The art of debate, a dying phase of community life, decided a great many questions which provoked and interested the citizens then.

Feeling quite strongly that something should be done about the arsenal and its unpopular company of soldiers, this society in December, 1834, debated at length on the subject: "Would it be politic for the state to establish a military school at the arsenal, near Lexington, in connection with Washington college (now Washington and Lee), on the plan of the West Point Academy?"

History is obscure on the point of who it was who originated this argument, but J. L. T. Preston, a man of considerable stature in the community, got behind it from the start. His excellent, intelligent and judicial mind, his consuming energy, and his sense of the value of education and abhorrence of elements represented by the soldiers guarding the arsenal, were the moving forces which brought V. M. I. into existence.

Preston held the affirmative side of this debate with such poise, such intelligent argument that the society, when the debate was concluded, was unanimous in favor of the idea.

To give the idea a practical base, Preston wrote three articles under the pen name "Civis" (Latin for "citizen"). They were published first in the Lexington Gazette and later Preston consolidated them into a single memorial to the idea the society conceived.

Their subject: "Whether it be practicable to organize the Lexington arsenal, that it shall preserve its present charter and uses as a military establishment, and be, at the same time, a Literary Institution for the education of youths."

Following their combination into a single, excellent argument for the project, Preston saw to it himself that they were brought before the General Assembly, distributing a copy on the desk of every legislator.

Preston further engraved himself into the school's history by giving it the name it bears today upon the request of James McDowell, a legislator at the time who later became governor of the state.

"Virginia—a state institution, neither sectional nor denominational.

"Military its character[illegible]

An act in 1836 set up the Institute as a military school, making it a part and branch of Washington college. A subsequent act set up the board of four visitors, Preston becoming one of the first, and, in 1839, a third act repealed the 1836 act and established V. M. I. on an independent basis. In 1846 all connection with Washington college was terminated.

In Preston's own words, the school was to be set up in this fashion:

"The object is to supply the place of the present guard, by another, composed of young men, from seventeen to twenty-four years, to perform the necessary duties of a guard, who would receive no pay, but, in lieu, have afforded to them the opportunities of a liberal education.

"For instruction let there be:

"1. A Tutor to teach the classics, and the higher branches of an English education.

"2. A Professor to teach sciences generally.

"3. A Captain to discharge his present duties as an officer, and, in addition, those of an instructor in the Military Art.

"The first class would be principally engaged in military exercises, and upon these, with the second, would the duties of the guard mainly devolve. The third class would be more occupied in study, and the fourth, as far as practicable, released from military duty, and under the present liberal provisions of the Trustees of Washington college, might attend lectures there."

(Continued On Page 14)

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY 1943-44
ROANOKE CHAPTER

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan	Mar	Apr
Mrs. B. G. Beard--	/	/	a	/	/
Mrs. I. E. Boone -4358	0	0	0	a	a
Mrs. J. W. Boswell -------2-4163	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. J. W. Brice- - ---2-I243	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. F. J. Burt --- --2- 6II4	/	/	a	/	/
Mrs. W. K. Davis -- --- 2-5417	/	a	a	/	a
Mrs. D. M. Dunwody ------ 2-2844	a	/	a	/	a
Mrs. Lacy G. Edgerton					
Miss Janie Figgat -- ---2-576I	/	a	a	a	a
Miss Sue Figgat "	/	/	a	a	a
Miss Maude Franklin-- --5397	a	a	a	/	a
Mrs. W. F. Gehheimer-- --2-4004	/	/	a	/	/
Mrs. Corbin Glass -- -- - 2-08I6	a	/	/	a	/
Mrs. E. V, Gookin- -- -2- 2687	/	/		/	a
Mrs. F. H. Gregory -- ---2-I907	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. E. J. Harris -- - -5928	/	/	/	/	a
Miss Mae Hoover-- -- -- 9002	/	/	/	/	/
Miss Mary Altizer -- ----2-6041	a	a	a	a	a
Miss Conway Howard-- ----3-044I	/	/	/	a	/
Miss Myra Howard "2"	/	/	/	a	/
Mrs. M. A. Johnson -- --	a	a	a	a	a
Miss Carrie Layne -- ---5082	a	a	a	/	a
Mrs. C. K. Lemon -- ---2-5356	a	/	a	/	a
Mrs. W. C. Lukens -- ---2-6885	a	a	a	/	a
Mrs. W. C. Michael- ----2-5490	a	/	/	a	/
Mrs. R. E. Petterson--2-430I	/	a	/	a	/
Miss Mary Pleasants	/	a	a	a	a
Mrs. J. M. Raleigh -- --2-0893	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. Helen Taylor Shank --2-4805	a	a	a	/	a
Miss Margaret Sublett -- 4558	a	/	—	—	—
Mrs. W. L. Tinsley -- ----2-4962	a	a			a
Miss Nell Thompson -- -- -2-2687	/	a	a	/	a
Mrs. P. B. Traylor --- ---2-2973	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. S. F. Woody -- ----2-I846	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. C. A. Woodrum --- -2-4343	a	a	a	a	a
Mrs. C. R. Moir	a	a	a	a	/
Mrs. E. F. Moore	a	/	/	/	/
Miss Louise Dyer - --- ---2-096I	/	/	/	/	/
Mrs. A. C. Elder --- --- 2-6I46				/	a

cochran /
Loyd /

PRIZES OFFERED IN SCHOOLS

1944

VIRGINIA DIVISION
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

To Seniors in High Schools: For the best essay on - THE MARINES IN WORLD WAR II.

This subject is chosen in honor of the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, Lieutenant-General Thomas Holcomb, who is a son of the South; decorated by the Daughters of the Confederacy for gallant service in World War I; and grandson of Commander Joseph N. Barney of the Confederate States Navy.

First Prize, Ten Dollars
Second Prize, Five Dollars

To Juniors in High Schools: For the best essay on - MY FAVORITE SOUTHERN HERO IN WORLD WAR II.

Writers in this contest have a long list from which to choose. The subject could be General Douglas McArthur, whose mother was a Confederate woman, or others of wide fame. The subject could also be the writer's own father, brother, relative, or neighbor who has a record of gallant service, even though he may not be widely known.

First Prize, Ten Dollars.
Second Prize, Five Dollars

To Seventh Grade Pupils: For the best story on - WOMEN IN UNIFORM IN WORLD WAR II.

These papers should cover the women in service who went from the community in which the writer lives.

First Prize, Five Dollars
Second Prize, Three Dollars

Prizes will be paid in War Stamps

RULES FOR ESSAYS - Papers must not contain over 2,000 words, number to be stated at top of each page. 2. Must be typed, double spaced, and signed with fictitious name. Real name, name of school, and address of writer to be enclosed in sealed envelop and clipped to the essay. 3. Papers must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than May 1.

Mrs. Ferguson Cary, Historian
Virginia Division United Daughters
of the Confederacy
703 King Street Road
Alexandria, Virginia

Virginia Division
United Daughters of the Confederacy

❖ ❖ ❖

MRS. J. L. BUGG
President
707 High St., Farmville, Va.

COMMITTEE OF EDUCATION

1 9 4 2

MRS. ROBERT GRAY
Chairman Committee of Education
814 Moore St., Bristol, Va.

MRS. A. C. FORD
Clifton Forge, Va.

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT
Chatham, Va.

MRS. JAMES B. MORGAN
Roanoke, Va.

MRS. R. SIDNEY COX
Smithfield, Va.

VIRGINIA DIVISION UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY SCHOLARSHIPS

The following scholarships are available through the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

It is the earnest desire of the Committee to fill all scholarships for the session 1942-1943. To this end, we ask that you comply with the rules and do all in your power to promote the educational work of the Virginia Division.

PART I

TUITION AND PART TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS

1. Averett College ..... Value $100.00
   Danville, Va.
2. Blackstone College for Girls ..... Value $100.00
   Blackstone, Va.
3. Elon College ..... Value $ 75.00
   Elon, N. C. (Open for boarding pupils only, Freshman preferred.)
4. Fairfax Hall ..... Value $100.00
   Waynesboro, Va. (For girl prepared for High School or Junior College work.)
5. Fork Union Military Academy ..... Value $200.00
   Fork Union, Va. (Freshman preferred.)
6. Hampden-Sydney College ..... Value $ 50.00
   Hampden-Sydney, Va.
7. King College ..... Value $ 50.00
   Bristol, Va. (For new student, Freshman preferred.)
8. Randolph-Macon College ..... Value $ 75.00
   Ashland, Va.
9. Randolph-Macon Woman's College ..... Value $100.00
   Lynchburg, Va.

10. Roanoke National Business College ..... Value $ .25.00
Roanoke, Va. (Open to a girl.)

11. Roanoke National Business College ..... Value $ 25.00
Roanoke, Va. (Open to a boy.)

12. Shenandoah College ..... Value $ 50.00
Dayton, Va.

13. Southern Seminary and Junior College ... Value $ 80.00
Buena Vista, Va. (For boarding student, Freshman only.)

14. Virginia Intermont College ..... Value $ 50.00
Bristol, Va.

15. Washington and Lee University ..... Value $100.00
Lexington, Va. (For Freshman only.)

16. Augusta Military Academy ..... Value $300.00
Fort Defiance, Va.

Most of these Colleges require, or prefer, a Freshman.

Numbers 3, 4, and 14 will accept students in other classes.

All Tuition and Part Tuition Scholarships are Gifts from the Schools and Colleges. The Virginia Division does not pay for them, but has the privilege of selecting a descendant of a Confederate Veteran to use each Tuition Scholarship listed here.

PART II

VIRGINIA DIVISION "GIFT" SCHOLARSHIPS

1. Janet Weaver Randolph "Gift" Scholarship
Value $250.00
This scholarship is for girls ONLY, in the Junior or Senior Class, and is to be used at the William and Mary College, in Williamsburg, Va.

2. Stonewall Jackson Memorial "Gift" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This scholarship is to be used at "V. M. I.", Lexington, Va., by a descendant of a Confederate Veteran, and preferably by a descendant of a former V. M. I. Cadet.

3. Catherine Custis Taylor Goffigon "Gift" Scholarship ..... Value $150.00
For Boys. This scholarship is "transferable."

4. Fitzhugh Lee Memorial "Gift" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This scholarship is paid by "V. M. I." Lexington, Va., from an endowment fund of $5,000.00 given to it by the Virginia Division. It is to be used at "V. M. I." by a descendant of a Confederate Veteran, and preferably by a descendant of a former V. M. I. Cadet.

5. Howard Stiles Nuckols "Gift" Scholarship
Value $ 50.00
This is a gift of the "Children of the Confederacy," offered, preferably, to one of their members who has done good work for them, and is transferable.

6. Marrow Memorial "Gift" Scholarship ..... Value $500.00
This gift is paid by the College, from a $10,000.00 Endowment Fund. It can be used either at University of Richmond, Richmond, Va., or at Westhampton College, Richmond, Va.

7. Mary Custis Lee Memorial "Gift" Scholarship
Value $150.00
For girls. This scholarship is "transferable."

VIRGINIA DIVISION "LOAN" FUNDS

1. Matthew Fontaine Maury "Loan" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship is to be used at Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Va., for Fourth District (Va. Div., U. D. C.) applicants until July 1st, of each year. If no eligible applicant of the Fourth District has applied before that date, this "loan" scholarship has been voted available to applicants from the other five Districts of the Division.

2. Matthew Fontaine Maury "Loan" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship is to be used at Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Va., for Fifth District (Va. Div., U. D. C.) applicants until July 1st, of each year. If no eligible applicant of the Fifth District has applied before that date, this "loan" scholarship has been voted available to applicants from the other five Districts of the Division.

3. Jennie Gunn Ball "Loan" Scholarship ..... Value $100.00
This "loan" scholarship, for boy or girl, is "transferable."

4. Rives Cosby Ford "Loan" Scholarship ..... Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship, for boy or girl, is "transferable."

5. Fannie Martin Tate "Loan" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship is to be used at Radford State Teachers College, Radford, Va.

6. Kate Mason Rowland "Loan" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship is to be used at Madison College, Harrisonburg, Va.

7. Kate Noland Garnett "Loan" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship is to be used at Farmville State Teachers College, Farmville, Va.

8. Nannie Seddon Barney "Loan" Scholarship
Value $150.00
This "loan" scholarship is to be used at Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Va.

NO LOANS ARE MADE TO FRESHMAN STUDENTS by the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

LOANS 5, 6, 7, 8, are made ONLY to Sophomore, Junior, or Senior students.

LOANS 3 and 4 are transferable loans, and are made ONLY to Junior or Senior students.

LOANS 1 and 2 are open to Junior or Senior students of the Fourth and Fifth Districts, respectively, until July 1st of each year. If no eligible applicant of the Fourth and Fifth Districts has applied before that date, these "loan" scholarships have been voted available to applicants of the other five Districts of the Virginia Division.

RULES GOVERNING AWARDS

1. Applicants must apply for scholarship in due form upon the blank furnished for that purpose; must state age, residence, parentage, Confederate Ancestry, school preparation, name of school last attended, and the scholarship preferred. They must also write a personal letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Education pledging themselves to abide by all rules and requirements of the institution which they may select to enter, and to make the best possible use of the opportunity offered.

2. Applicants must present letters from not less than two members of the Daughters of the Confederacy as proof of their eligibility as a lineal descendant of a worthy Confederate Soldier, accompanied by a CERTIFIED CERTIFICATE of Confederate Ancestor's Record, which may be secured from the Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va., or the Adjutant General's Office, War Department, Washington, D. C.

3. Applicants must present physician's health endorsement, and testimonials from their ministers, recent teachers, Daughters of the Confederacy, an OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT of their grades for the previous year, and must file, with their application, letters from at least four responsible persons of their community as proof of their inability to pay for their education.

4. Applications for scholarships and loans must be submitted to the Committee of Education PRIOR TO JULY 1st. If there are no applicants for any one scholarship before that time, the appointment of that scholarship will remain open until suitable application is received.

5. No application blank will be issued for any scholarship UNTIL AFTER MARCH 1st of the year in which the scholarship is to be awarded. No application blank for GENERAL U. D. C. Scholarship, where there is to be a contest, will be issued AFTER MAY 1st. No application blank for Virginia Division Scholarships or Loans, where there is to be a contest, will be issued AFTER JUNE 1st.

6. A student desiring re-appointment for the coming year shall make application to the Chairman NOT LATER THAN FEBRUARY 1st of the current session, with a letter submitted from the school or college, recommending re-appointment, and an Official Transcript of Grades for the present session. Such applications not having been received by the Chairman prior to February 15th, the scholarship will be listed as open to other applicants for the following session.

7. That no girl or boy be appointed to a scholarship in a school where they have been enrolled as a student, unless there be extenuating circumstances.

RULES GOVERNING STUDENTS LOAN FUNDS OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

1. It is the aim of the Loan Funds to assist as many students as possible; therefore no large loans are granted. Loans range from $50.00 to $150.00.

2. Each student borrowing from the Loan Fund shall give note for the amount borrowed, such note being en-

dorsed by three persons of sufficient financial responsibility (no two of whom shall in any way be related to the applicant) to be satisfactory to the Chairman Committee of Education.

3. Payments on all loans shall begin six months from date of graduation or termination of college course, unless there are circumstances satisfactory to the committee, in monthly payments of not less than Ten Dollars ($10.00) each, until the loan shall have been redeemed. When repayments are not made as specified in the note, interest at 2 percent will be charged.

4. A student marrying during his college course shall forfeit his award from the date of his marriage.

5. All checks for repayment shall be made payable to "Treasurer, Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy," but must be sent to the Chairman Committee of Education.

6. Applicants must notify Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Chairman Committee of Education, THIRTY days before opening of school of definite acceptance of scholarship. The amount allotted to a student for a year is sent to the college in two installments: one in September, the other in January.

7. A student desiring renewal of loan for the coming year shall make application to the chairman NOT LATER THAN FEBRUARY 1st of the current session, with a letter submitted from the school or college recommending re-appointment and an Official Transcript of Grades for the present session. Such applications not having been received by the chairman prior to February 15th, the scholarship will be listed as open to other applicants for the following session.

8. Loans will be awarded, according to the number of deserving candidates and their needs, to students in the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Classes. LOANS ARE NOT MADE TO FRESHMAN STUDENTS.

An official letter of recommendation from the Virginia Division, U. D. C., will be given a student who, having completed his college course satisfactorily, makes all payments on his loan as each falls due.

Two copies of these rules are sent each student, one for reference, the other to be signed and returned to the Chairman of the Committee of Education as soon thereafter as possible.

All applications for the Virginia Division Gift or Loan Scholarships should be sent, PRIOR TO JULY 1st to:

MRS. ROBERT GRAY,
Chairman Committee of Education, Va. Div., U. D. C.
814 Moore St., Bristol, Va.

Information in regard to the General U. D. C. Scholarships and General U. D. C. Loans may be secured from the President of your local U. D. C. chapter, or from the Division Chairman, Committee of Education, above.

THE KING PRINTING CO., BRISTOL, TENN.

CIRCULAR No. 33

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. ROBERT D. WRIGHT
President-General
Newberry, S. C.

Committee on Education

1942

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Second Vice-President General
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Mrs. John C. Abernathy,
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Quitman, Ga.

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1942

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College Campus,
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Oregon
Oregon Chapter
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814 Moore St.,
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1225 North G. St.,
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West Virginia
Mrs. T. B. Leith,
56 Campus Drive,
Morgantown.

Wyoming
Mrs. W. R. Stevenson,
Casper.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY SCHOLARSHIPS

The following scholarships are available through the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Those not awarded are to be filled by the General and Division Committees on Education prior to September 1st, 1942.

It is the earnest desire of the Committee on Education to fill all of the scholarships for the session of 1942-1943. To this end we ask that you comply with the rules and do everything within your power to promote the educational work in your Division and in the General Organization.

PART I
Vacancies 1942-1943
TUITION AND PART TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS

1-2. Central College, Fayette, Mo. Value $ 50.00 ea.
(Freshman students only)

3. Central Missouri State Teachers College, Warrensburg, Mo. Value $ 54.00
(Freshman students only)

4. Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va. Value $300.00

5-16. Chillicothe Business College, Chillicothe, Mo. Value $ 50.00 ea.
(One to each of following States)

Alabama	Kentucky	Missouri
Arkansas	Louisiana	Oklahoma
Colorado	New Mexico	Tennessee
Kansas	Mississippi	Texas

17-18. Christian College, Columbia, Mo. Value $ 75.00 ea.
(Freshman students only)

19. Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, Tenn. Value $150.00

20. Culver-Stockton College, Canton, Mo. Value $100.00
(Freshman students only)

21. Culver-Stockton College, Canton, Mo. Value $ 50.00
(Freshman students only)

22. Fassifern School, Hendersonville, N. C. Value $100.00

23. Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky. Value $ 50.00

24-37. Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport, Miss. Value $100.00 ea.

(One to each of following States):

Alabama	Louisiana	Tennessee
Arkansas	Mississippi	Texas
Florida	Missouri	Virginia
Georgia	North Carolina	West Virginia
Kentucky	South Carolina	

38-74. Hargrave Military Academy, Chatham, Va. Value $ 75.00 ea.

(One to each of following States)

Alabama	Maryland	Oregon
Arizona	Massachusetts	Paris, France
Arkansas	Michigan	Pennsylvania
California	Minnesota	Rhode Island
Colorado	Mississippi	South Carolina
Connecticut	Missouri	Tennessee
District of Columbia	New Jersey	Texas
Florida	New Mexico	Utah
Georgia	New York	Washington
Illinois	North Carolina	West Virginia
Indiana	North Dakota	Wyoming
Kentucky	Ohio	
Louisiana	Oklahoma	

75. H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, New Orleans, La. Value $100.00

76. Kentucky Military Institute, Lyndon, Ky. Value $100.00

77-79. Marion Military Institute, Marion, Ala. Value $200.00 ea.

80. Maryland College for Women, Lutherville, Md. Value $250.00

81. Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn. (Self-aid) Value $ 50.00

82. Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Mo. Value $250.00

83. Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C. Value $ 50.00

84. Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va. Value $100.00

85. Sayre School, Lexington, Ky. (High-school Dept.) Value $ 75.00

86. Southern Bros. Fugazzi School of Business, Lexington, Ky. Value $ 42.50

87. Southern College, Petersburg, Va. (Boarding Freshman) Value $ 75.00

88. Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette, La. Value $ 14.00

89. Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. Value $100.00

90. Stephens College, Columbia, Mo. (Self-aid) Value $350.00

91. Sullins College, Bristol, Va. Value $100.00

92-94. Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky. Value $ 60.00 ea.

95. University of Alabama, University, Ala. Value $ 75.00

96. University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. Value $100.00

97. University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Value $ 75.00

98. Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va. Value $ 50.00

99-136. Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Value $100.00 ea.

(One to each of following States)
Entering students only

Alabama	Georgia	Minnesota
Arizona	Illinois	Mississippi
Arkansas	Indiana	Missouri
California	Kentucky	New Jersey
Colorado	Louisiana	New Mexico
Connecticut	Maryland	New York
District of Columbia	Masachusetts	North Carolina
Florida	Michigan	North Dakota

Ohio	Rhode Island	Virginia
Oklahoma	South Carolina	Washington
Oregon	Tennessee	West Virginia
Paris, France	Texas	Wyoming
Pennsylvania	Utah	

The American University, Washington, D. C. (Not open to D. C. students) Value $200.00

University of Virginia, University, Va.

The University of Virginia will consider for special scholarships a limited number of applications endorsed by the U. D. C. Education Committee. A student desiring to apply for one of these must secure the proper blank from the University, not later than May first.

Each Chapter President is requested to publish the list of vacant Gift and Tuition Scholarships in her local newspapers.

PART I (Continued)
TUITION AND PART TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS FILLED
1941-1942

137. Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala. Value $ 60.00
AWARDED Loyd Jerome Vickers, Miami, Fla.
(Sophomore)

138. Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga. Value $150.00
RE-AWARDED Patricia Mauney, Asheville, N. C. (Junior)

139. Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va. Value $300.00
RE-AWARDED Mary Booth Taylor, Nanking, China (Senior)

140. College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C. Value $ 70.00
AWARDED Anne Pickens Fishbourne, Charleston, S. C. (Junior)

141. Erskine College, Due West, S. C. Value $ 60.00
AWARDED Margaret Dusenberry, Due West, S. C. (Junior)

142. H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, New Orleans, La. Value $100.00
RE-AWARDED Ruth Albrecht, New Orleans, La. (Senior)

143. Lander College, Greenwood, S. C. Value $ 50.00
AWARDED Roberta Clayton, Dorchester, S. C. (Freshman)

144. Louisiana College, Pineville, La. Value $ 67.50
RE-AWARDED Julia Katherine Caylor, Shreveport, La. (Senior)

145. Marion Military Institute, Marion, Ala. Value $200.00
RE-AWARDED Spencer Eaddy, Florence, S. C. (Senior)

146. Murray State Teachers College, Murray, Ky. Value $ 80.00
RE-AWARDED Vergie Anderson, Kevil, Ky. (Junior)

147. Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C. Value $ 50.00
RE-AWARDED D. E. Boland, Clinton, S. C. (Senior)

148. Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va. Value $235.00
AWARDED Lorena Best Terry, Memphis, Tenn. (Sophomore)

149. University of Alabama, University, Ala. Value $ 75.00
RE-AWARDED Cora Louise Hatcher, Memphis, Tenn. (Junior)

150. University of Alabama, University, Ala. Value $ 75.00
RE-AWARDED Rachel Cabaniss, Roanoke, Va. (Senior)

151. University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. Value $100.00
RE-AWARDED Edward Napier Bonner, Macon, Ga. (Senior)

152. University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. Value $ 54.00
AWARDED Carol Jennings Spurr, Lexington, Ky. (Sophomore)

153. University of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla. Value $100.00
RE-AWARDED Hazel Lee Burnside, Miami, Fla (Sophomore)

154. University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. Value $100.00
RE-AWARDED John P. Fort, 3rd., Lookout Mountain, Tenn. (Sophomore)

155. Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. Value $ 70.00
RE-AWARDED Stanley Jolly, Union, S. C. (Junior)

PART II

GIFT SCHOLARSHIPS

Vacancies 1942-1943

156. Cornelia Branch Stone Scholarship Value $175.00
(Transferable, for a girl)

157. John B. Gordon Memorial Scholarship Value $100.00
(Hector W. Church Estate—Transferable for a girl)

158. Robert E. Lee Memorial Scholarship Value $100.00
(Hector W. Church Estate—Transferable for a boy)

159. Children of the Confederacy Scholarship Value $100.00
(Transferable for a boy or a girl)

160. Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship Value $420.00
School of Law, University of Virginia, University, Va.

PART II (Continued)

GIFT SCHOLARSHIP FILLED

1941-1942

161. Mary B. Poppenheim Scholarship Value $1200.00
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
AWARDED Mary Caroline Eliot, Washington, D. C. (Freshman)

162. Washington and Lee Memorial Scholarship Value $ 500.00
Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
RE-AWARDED Calhoun Bond, Baltimore, Md. (Junior)

163. Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship Value $ 420.00
School of Law, University of Virginia, University, Va.
AWARDED John D. Epperly, Martinsville, Va. (Freshman)

164. S. A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Value $ 175.00
George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.
RE-AWARDED Helen Higginson, Morganfield, Ky. (Junior)

165. Cornelia Branch Stone Scholarship Value $ 175.00
RE-AWARDED Grace Vasco Bail, Jacksonville, Fla. (Senior)
Attending Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee, Fla.

166. Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship Value $ 400.00
AWARDED Jim Lumpkin Jones, Nashville, Tenn. (Freshman)
Attending Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

167. Hector W. Church Memorial Scholarship Value $ 100.00
(Transferable for a boy or a girl)
RE-AWARDED Betty Joe Clyde, Marshall, Mo. (Sophomore)
Attending Central Mo. State Teachers College, Warrensburg, Mo.

168. Jubal A. Early Memorial Scholarship Value $ 100.00
(Hector W. Church Estate—Transferable for a boy)
AWARDED Frank Morgan Allen, Central, S. C. (Freshman)
Attending Clemson College, Clemson, S. C.

169. John B. Gordon Memorial Scholarship Value $ 100.00
(Hector W. Church Estate—Transferable for a girl)
RE-AWARDED Margaret Jackson Cooke, Aulander, N. C. (Senior)
Attending Woman's College University of N. C., Greensboro, N. C.

170. Jefferson Davis Memorial Scholarship Value $ 100.00
(Hector W. Church Estate—Transferable for a girl)
AWARDED Helen Frances Walker, Drakesboro, Ky. (Freshman)
Attending Middle Tenn. State Teachers College, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

171. Robert E. Lee Memorial Scholarship Value $ 100.00
(Hector W. Church Estate—Transferable for a boy)
RE-AWARDED Donald Armstrong Bourne, Portland, Oregon (Senior)
Attending Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon.

172. Children of the Confederacy Scholarship Value $ 100.00
(Transferable for a boy or a girl)
RE-AWARDED Kate Parker, Memphis, Tenn. (Senior)
Attending University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss.

PART III

LOAN FUNDS

Loans from the Hero Fund, the May Roy McKinney Fund and the Winnie Davis Fund may be awarded, according to the number of deserving candidates and their needs, to students in the Sophomore, Junior or Senior classes.

Loans from the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Fund will be made for one year to a Senior student doing graduate, vocational work.

Applicants for loans must sign the notes furnished by the Committee on Education and must have the endorsement of three reputable persons of their community, whose integrity is vouched for by the Chairman of Education and President of the Division in which applicant lives. "SAID DIVISION TO STAND SECURITY FOR THE DEBT INCURRED BY THE STATE STUDENT AND TO TAKE UP THE NOTE WHEN PAYMENTS HAVE LAPSED FOR ONE YEAR."

No loans may be granted without the knowledge and consent of the President-General and the approval of the Chairman and one member of the Committee on Education.

RULES GOVERNING AWARDS

TENURE: All scholarships listed in Parts I and II of the Education Folder are available for four years or until the student completes the course or fails to make the proper grades, except those specified.

CANDIDATES: Each Division, and Chapters in States where there are no Divisions, may present any number of candidates for the vacant scholarships, provided that not more than one candidate is presented for any one scholarship.

QUALIFICATIONS: All applicants must be LINEAL descendants of Confederate Veterans.

Must be endorsed by the President of the Division and the Division Chairman of Education.

Must make application upon the official blanks furnished by the Division Chairman.

Applications must contain the following information:
Name of scholarship for which application is made.
Name and address of applicant, age, health.
Endorsement of Physician.
School preparation, including name of school last attended and grades for the past year.
Financial condition.
PROOF of Confederate record of ancestor, with COMPANY and REGIMENT IN WHICH HE SERVED.
Local Chapter and other endorsements.

Applicants must be prepared to pass the entrance examinations of the colleges which they wish to attend and must file, with their applications, letters from four responsible persons of their community, as proof of their inability to pay for their education, and a personal letter pledging themselves to make the best possible use of the opportunity afforded through the scholarship.

For entrance requirements, cost of board and lodging and all other details, applicants should write direct to the college for catalogue before applying for the scholarship.

All scholarships in Part II and all loans may be used to supplement tuition scholarships offered in Part I, or at other institutions approved by the Committee on Education, except those definitely assigned.

Applications for scholarships listed in Parts II and III must furnish this additional information:
Name and address of institution to be attended.
Course to be pursued.
Cost of tuition, board, lodging and other expenses of the course.

Applications for scholarships listed in Parts II and III must be submitted to the General Chairman, through the Division Chairman, prior to July 1st of each year.

All students holding U.D.C. scholarships must report by letter to the General Chairman on Education on October 1st, February 1st and July 1st of each year if they wish to be considered for a re-award.

Students holding SELF-AID scholarships are expected to render a designated service to the college in return for this assistance.

DIVISION CHAIRMEN: Must file all applications, with endorsements, with the General Chairman on Education before July 1st, 1942.
A copy of this circular will be sent to every beneficiary, with a request that all rules and all matter given as information be carefully noted and given attention as required.

An official form, "List of Candidates for U.D.C. Scholarships", signed by the Division Chairman and Division President, and containing the information asked for in said form, as to all applicants from the Division, must be filed with the General Chairman by July 1st.

PUBLICITY: Division Presidents and Chairmen on Education are requested to ask Chapters to publish the list of vacant scholarships, with qualifications, in their local press and to give all possible publicity to the educational program.

RULES GOVERNING STUDENT LOAN FUNDS

1. It is the aim of the Loan Funds to assist as many students as possible; therefore, no large loans are granted. Loans range from $50.00 to $200.00. No loans are made to Freshmen.

2. Each student borrowing from the Loan Funds shall give note for the amount borrowed, such note being endorsed by three persons of sufficient financial responsibility to be satisfactory to the Chairman on Education. No two of the endorsers shall be in any way related to the applicant.

3. Payments on all loans shall begin six months from the date of graduation or termination of college course, unless there are circumstances satisfactory to the committee, in monthly payments of TEN DOLLARS ($10.00) each, until the loan shall have been redeemed. When re-payments are not made as specified in the note, interest at 2 per cent shall be charged.

4. A student marrying during his college course shall forfeit his award from the date of his marriage.

5. Payments on loans should be made by Post Office Money Order, payable to "Treasurer-General, U.D.C.," but should be sent to the Second Vice-President-General, who is also General Chairman on Education.

6. A student desiring re-appointment for the coming year shall make application to the Division Chairman not later than February 1st of the current session, with a letter submitted from the school or college recommending re-appointment.

7. Applicants must notify General U.D.C. Chairman THIRTY Days before opening of school of definite acceptance of scholarship. The amount allotted to a student for a year is sent to the college in two installments: one in September, the other in January.
An official letter of recommendation from the U.D.C. will be given to a student who, having completed his college course satisfactorily, makes all payments on his loan as each falls due.
Two copies of these rules are sent to each student, one for reference, the other to be signed and returned to the General Chairman on Education.

United Daughters of the Confederacy
MRS. JAMES EDWIN WOODARD
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL
2 WOODARD CIRCLE
WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA

PROGRAM

FIRST DISTRICT ANNUAL CONFERENCE

VIRGINIA DIVISION

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

CHRISTIANSBURG, VA., May 6, 1943.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON D. WADE CHAPTER - HOSTESS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

9:15 A.M. Registration
10: A.M. Call to Order - -Mrs.J.Gordon Smith, Chapter President
Invocation - - - - - - - - - -Dr. Robert L. Kinnaird, Pastor, Presbyterian Church
U.D.C.Ritual and Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag - - - Assembly
America - Assembly
Welcome from Hostess Chapter - - - - - - - -Mrs.R.L.Kinnaird
Address of Welcome - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mayor T.C.Ragan
Response to Welcome - - - - - - - - - - - - Pulaski Chapter
Introduction of District Chairman,
Mrs. H.C.Graybeal - - - - - - - - - - -Mrs. J. Gordon Smith
Presentation of Virginia Division President,
Mrs. J.L. Bugg - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. H.C.Graybeal
Presentation of Virginia Officers and Committee Chairmen
Presentation of Distinguished Guests
Roll Call of Chapters - - -Conference Secretary, Mrs. Atkins
Chapter Reports
Address -Mrs. James Luckin Bugg, President,Virginia Division

Appointments:
Courtesy Committee
Recommendations Committee
Place of Meeting

Music - - - - - - - -High School Glee Club, Mrs. Leslie Payne,Director

1:00 P.M. - - - - - - - - - - - -Luncheon , Hostess Chapter

2:00 P.M. Call to Order
Music - - - - - - - -America the Beautiful
Cross of Military Service - - - - - - - -Mrs. Cecil Morris, Recorder of Crosses
Presentation of Cross to Mr. Green Mabry - - - - - - Mrs. Morris
Educational Work - - - - - - - - - - - - -Mrs. Robert Grey
Lee Chapel and Mausoleum - - - - - - - - Mrs. E. L. Garrett
Solo: Carry Me Back to Old Virginia - -Miss Kathleen Dickey
Memorial -Mrs.R.I.Roop
Backward Look - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Mrs. Olivia Moris Orr
Looking Forward - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Mrs. Frank Taylor
Report of Recommendations Committee.
Business
Report of Courtesy Committee
Song: God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again

Pages

Julia Massie
Jane Allen Crush
Ann Harless
Frances Dickey
Kathryn Dickey
Frances Rhudy
Pauline Dunbar
Frances Shufflebarger
Betty Hart
Rosalee Stuart
Betty Dickey
Dorothy Lester
Ann Foster
Mrs. Jack Atkinson
Joan Topper

Virginia Division
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
MRS. J. L. BUGG, ~~*President*~~
707 HIGH STREET
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Mrs. J. J. Burt,
1205 Wasena Terrace,
Roanoke, Va,

Virginia Division
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
MRS. J. L. BUGG, ~~President~~
707 HIGH STREET
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Armistice Day
Nov. 11th 1943

My dear Dorothy Burt:

am almost ashamed to date this letter but know you'll understand, when I tell you - how desperately ill Luckin Sr. has been since our convention - He had pneumonia on top of his operation for punctured ulcer, and for three days we despaired of his life, but am deeply grateful God spared him to us. His recovery has been a hard pull and he still is only getting a very slight diet - milk every two hours is his standby + I give him cream of wheat, or strained oat meal, 1 coddled egg a day and soft batter bread - hope Sunday Dr. Crawford will let me add a little more, for variety, as the menu is getting monotonous.

Please let me thank you for all your kindness to me - in taking me for the night, in giving me

the lovely pictures of Confederate flags - in helping me out with such out standing Publicity - no convention ever had better and in helping me with Credentials for General Convention - for all your many kindnesses I'm deeply grateful.

We've been working our committee trying to help Mrs. Coleman - there we are to get the minutes out in November can you believe it? This is what the Printer says.

Please express to your Capitol my appreciation for their part in the lovely corsage which I wore with great pleasure.

Again thanking you for everything you did + did so well -

I hope Mr. Burt is well. remember me to him please.

With love for you,

Yours Sincerely,

Clair Woodruff Bragg.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS

TO BY-LAWS OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, NOVEMBER, 1942

Proponent—Mrs. Charles E. Bolling.

1: Amend—ARTICLE V, SECTION 9 (line 8) by omitting the sentence "These programs shall be limited to two hours of Confederate history and music," and by adding the following to the preceding sentence—"programs of history and music arranged therefor to be limited to two and one-half hours."

The sentence to read as follows: "The Historian-General shall have complete charge and preside over Historical Evening at each annual convention, programs of history and music arranged therefor to be limited to two and one-half hours."

2: Amend—ARTICLE XIII, SECTION 1, by substituting after the words "Divisions of 1000 or less," the word "four" in place of "three."

3: Amend—ARTICLE XIV, SECTION 5 (line 9) after the words "and the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C." by omitting "and to all Home and Foreign Libraries and institutions to which the United Daughters of the Confederacy contribute literature," and substituting therefor the following—"and to such libraries and institutions as may be selected by the Chairman, Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries and approved by the President-General."

And further to amend SECTION 5 (line 12) by making a new sentence omitting the word "these" and beginning with "Copies *for libraries and institutions to bear the bookplate,*" etc.

Proponent—Mrs. J. P. Higgins.

1: Amend—ARTICLE VI, SECTION 8, page 327—by striking out after "members" third line—"This service shall be held the first hour of the afternoon session of the opening day of the Annual Convention," and insert—"This service shall be held on Sunday Evening preceding the first day of each Annual Convention."

2: Amend—ARTICLE VI, SECTION 11, page 328, paragraph 1, line 20, by adding after the word "TEN" the word "working" so that this sentence shall read—"This committee shall not recognize credentials received later than ten working days prior to the date of the Convention."

Proponent—Mrs. Belmont Dennis.

1: Amend—ARTICLE VII, SECTION 2, by striking out the words "twenty cents" and inserting the words "thirty-five cents," so that the section shall read—"Each chapter shall, on or before the first day of March, pay into the General Treasury, through the Division Treasurer, the amount per capita fee of thirty-five cents for every registered member, together with a typed list, etc."

Further amend by striking out the words "twenty cents" and inserting "thirty-five cents" per capita fee wherever the amount of the fee is designated in these By-Laws.

Reason: The exigency of war conditions has made it necessary for the United Daughters of the Confederacy to develop a vast Defense program. To fully carry on the splendid work outlined by the Chairman, the Bulletin becomes a necessity to every registered member of the organization. This amendment will make it possible to print the Bulletin every month in the year, and will enable the organization to send the Bulletin to every registered member.

Proponent—Mrs. John Collinson.

1: Amend—ARTICLE V, SECTION 6 (line 16, page 320), by substituting the word "three" in place of "four," the sentence then to read—"The Recording Secretary-General shall secure bids from at least three responsible printing houses," etc.

Reason: The difficulty now encountered in securing bids, many printers declining to submit estimates.

2: To conform to ARTICLE V, SECTION 6, amend ARTICLE XIV, SECTION 3 (line 2, page 334) by substituting the word "three" in place of "four."

Proponent—Mrs. R. D. Wright.

Amend—ARTICLE VII, SECTION 5—USE OF ROSTERS—by substituting the following: "Furnishing the roster of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of a Division, or of a Chapter to another organization or to an individual to be used for the purpose of creating interest in, or soliciting funds for other work than that of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is positively prohibited.

Amendment proposed.

Amend—ARTICLE I—Membership (paragraph 1, line 1) by substituting the word "sixteen" in place of the word "eighteen." Also further amend (last line) by omitting everything after ARE, and substituting the following—"are correctly registered." This paragraph to read: "Those women not less than sixteen years of age, who are eligible to membership are the women who are widows, wives, sisters, nieces, grandnieces and lineal descendants of such men as served honorably in the Confederate Army, Navy, or Civil Service, or of those men unfit for active duty who loyally gave aid to the Cause, and such women who are lineal descendants of those members whose papers are correctly registered."

Reasons: Many girls desire to join the organization before they are eighteen and still do not care to join the Children of the Confederacy, after they reach the age of sixteen (in some places a children's chapter does not exist) and we lose such persons.

For last change: Prior to 1930 proof of service was not required, and present-day requirements demand proof of service. No by-law is retroactive and it seems useless to have the applicant obtain proof of service and have it attached to application of a person who joined when rules were not in effect. It seems better to have the proof of service attached to application of the member of today instead. The person's application being proved would depend on whether or not the mother (or grandmother) is correctly registered, and proof of service would be attached to her application, according to rules in effect now.

Virginia Division
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
MRS. J. L. BUGG, *President*
707 HIGH STREET
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

August 20, 1943.

MY DEAR CHAPTER PRESIDENTS AND MEMBERS OF VIRGINIA DIVISION,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY:

When this letter reaches you we hope that many of you will have all plans made for our State Convention at Hotel Roanoke, Roanoke, Va., October 5-7.

At your September meeting have a careful survey made of all your accomplishments during the past year, as well as your contributions to the objectives and obligations of the Division. May I urge you to send in a full report of your war work. If all chapters will do this the report for our National Convention will be most impressive.

Report total sale of stamps and war bonds by your chapter members; what your members have done to conserve our resources; how much scrap you have collected, tin as well as iron; how many pounds of fat you have saved; how many cookies you have made for boys in the service; Red Cross work and anything else that you have done towards helping the war effort. There are so many things you can report through your Patriotic Activities and Civilian Defense Committee. We must all help and it is this united effort that will win victory and bring PEACE and Security to our harassed country. It is our duty to do all we can—then do a little more. We must think of what the Southern women did in the War Between the States and show that we are worthy of our heritage. Our War Work has been a real service of love and sacrifice and I am sure each chapter in the Division has much to report for our P.A.C.D. Committee, besides carrying on their regular U.D.C. activities, which have in no degree waned but in many cases advanced, a fact for which I congratulate and thank you.

Each chapter was asked at the State Convention in Richmond to compile a roster of the men in their communities who had entered the service. This list is wanted by Dr. Eckenrode for a history of the State in World War II, also by the Historian of Virginia Division for the files of the Division. We, therefore, want a complete list and in addition we would like those of Confederate ancestry. If this task has been assigned to a large committee the work hasn't been so heavy, and in the years that lie ahead will prove a most valuable piece of work. Data needed is Name—Home Address; Regt., Co., and Rank at time of Roster, and Confederate Ancestor. This list should be complete and should contain all branches of the service including the WACS, WAVES and SPARS. Many chapters are keeping this list and I hope many more will start, if they have not already done so.

I wish to again call your attention to the special objective of this administration—the Nursing Fund. Those chapters who have not already contributed to this worthy objective, won't you send a contribution to the State Treasurer before October? Mark it for "Nursing Fund" and state which District to credit the amount, then drop your District Chairman a card telling her you have done this. We should like to have 100 per cent chapters contributing to this fund and, as we have almost reached this goal, we shall endeavor to do so before October, 1943. We now have ten nurses in training and money in hand for our eleventh one. A splendid record you have made and we are deeply grateful for your cooperation.

Please send in to the Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. J. Nelms, 209 North Jefferson St., Petersburg, Va., a typed copy of your report not later than September 24th, and send all contributions to the Treasurer, Mrs. Janet Freeman, Stony Creek, Va., not later than September 14th, after which date her books are closed and no funds can be credited to any account for the current year.

In closing my last official letter to you, may I suggest that in our Country's greatest hour of need, when our American boys and our Allies are fighting bravely throughout the world to preserve the same ideals which inspired and sustained the Confederate soldier, there is no better way to prepare ourselves for the tasks, the sacrifices and the heartaches that await us in a global war than by keeping constantly before us the brave deeds, courageous spirit and high ideals of our men who wore the gray. May we, as Daughters of the Confederacy, prove worthy of them!

I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing you in Roanoke in October.

In the bonds of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(MRS. J. L.) CLAIR WOODRUFF BUGG,

President, Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

List of Chapters in Virginia Division U.D.C.

Agnes Lee Chapter
Albermarle
Alleghany
Amelia
Anne Eliza Joh ns
Anna Stonewall Jackson
~~Anne Carter Lee~~
Appomattox
Arlington
Armistead-Goode
Bethel
Big Stone Gap
Black Horse
Blackstone
Blue Ridge
Boydton
Berockenridge
Bristol
Brunswick
~~Buckingham~~
Buckingham
Capt. Sally Tompkins
Capt. HamiltonDE Wade
Centerville Ridge
Chesterfield
City Point
Clarksville
Confederate States
Craig
Culpeper
Dr. Harvey Black
Elliot G. Fishburne
Elliot Grys
Eighth Virginia Regiment
Fairfax
Farmville
Fredericksburg
Goochland
Gweensville
H.A.Carrington
Halifax
Hampton
~~Hanover~~
Harrison-Harwood
Henry A. Wise
Highland
Holston
~~Hope - Maury~~
Isle of Wight
James A. Crawford
Janet Randolph
J.E.B. Stuart
Jefferson Davis
Joseph W. Anderson
Jubal A. Early
Julia Jackson
Kirkwood-Otey
Lancaster
Lee- Purcellville
Lee - Richmond
Lee- Jackson
Light Horse Harry L
Loudoun
Louisa
Lunenburg
Manassas
Mary Custis Lee
Mary Custis Lee-17h Va. Regt
McComas
Middleburg
Middlesex
Mildred Lee
Mineral
Mount Jackson
New River Grays
Nottaway
Old Dominion
Old Dominion Dragoons
Petersburg
Piedmont
Pickett- Buchannan
Portsmouth
Prince George

Pulaski

Radford

Rawley Martin

~~Richmond~~

Roanoke

Robert E.Lee- Belle Mabven

Robert E.Lee- Falls Church

Sally Tompkins

Saltville- Preston

Salyer-Lee
Scottsville

Shenandoah

Simeon T.Walton

Southern Cross

Stafford

~~Stonewall~~

Stonewall

Stonewall- Jackson

Stover Camp

Stuart- Ashby- Jackson

Suffolk

Sussex

Tazewell

13th. Virginia Regiment

Turner- Ashby Harrisonburg

~~Turner- Ashby- Winchester, Va.~~

Warren Rifles

Welby Carter

West Point

William E.Terry

Williamsburg

William Watts

~~Wythe Grey~~

Winnie Davis

Ye Old Arlington.

you are 2 thought of you
before I left Roanoke but
failed to get this note to you

C.

Mrs. T. J. Burt
Chm. of Publicity.

VIRGINIA DIVISION

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

MRS. J. L. BUGG, PRESIDENT

707 HIGH STREET FARMVILLE, VA.

My dear Dorothy Burt:

How lovely of you to give me the beautiful picture of "our plays". I shall treasure the same always.

Wish to thank you also for your splendid work as publicity chairman

No one has ever done a finer job.

Enjoyed so much being in your dear home & meeting your husband. Here's hoping our paths will cross again some day soon. Again I thank you. Sincerely yours,

Clark W Bugg.

Given to Woodrow Wilson Hospital - Staunton. Va.

Three Vols. "This is Your America" -

Compiled by Gordon Simmons & Ralph L. Meyer -

"Compilation of inspired newspaper feature articles written by --- men & women who spend greater part of their lives in literary anonymity & whose genius & originality + - "

practically unknown

This Is Your America Vol. I

1. Life with Father-in-Law -
Oliver P. Rice

2. In the Ice Business - Sonya Henie as a Career Girl -
Phil Koury

3. Corner Back Stone
(from N. Y. Times)

* Woods To The West
- Kenneth E. Kaufman

5. Bathing Beauty
Johnston A. Kerkhoff

6. Once Again - To the Shores of Tripoli
- Edw. Doherty

This Is Your America Vol. II

1. How Grandma Learned To Read.
— Paul Howens

2. Lou Gehrig Was My Friend -
- Stanley Frank

3. Irving Berlin - Uncle Sam's Chief Song Writer.
— Donald B Willard

4 The Good Old Days Back Home
— Walter F. Fuller

5 A Stroll With Anne
— Jerry Wrenn

6. ~~He~~ Saw Amer. First
(Raleigh N. + Obs.) - Dr. Frank Thone

7. What War Has Done to the Amer. Men.
— Bill Cunningham

I Hear Amer Singing

— Old Black Joe 20

Massa's In Cold Grd 18

Carry Me Back to Old Va — 112

The Golden Book

Carry Me B to Ole Va 32

Massa's In Cold G — 30

Old Blk Joe 25

This is your America Vol. II

1. "Rhymes of a Radio Commercial
- Frank Colby

2. "Private Papers of a Buck Private
- Pittsburg Press

3. Navy Slang - (from Wichita Eagle)
- Harry La Ferte

3. Umbrellas Past + Present
- from Dayton Journal-Herald

4. "Custer's Last Stand" is still a Popular painting
- Stanton G. Mockler

5. How We Beggars our 1st U Boat
(from New Haven Registers)

6. Jonah's Whale Ride Was Just a Lark -
Martin Sheridan