

A STUDY OF SOME OF AMERICA'S  
NATIONAL SHRINES TO BE USED AS  
SUPPLEMENTARY READING IN THE  
ELEMENTARY GRADES

A THESIS

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EDUCATION AND THE GRADUATE COUNCIL OF THE KANSAS STATE  
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BY

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Margaret I. Madden.

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## Introduction

This year, 1932, finds the American Nation honoring the memory of one who served so loyally and gave so willingly of his time and strength that a new country might be born and that a rich heritage might be given to future generations. And throughout this country of ours one finds untold numbers of monuments, markers, statues, cemeteries, parks, hotels, and cities dedicated to the honor of some person or group of persons who have, in some heroic manner, given their devotion, even their lives, that this nation as a nation, may live. These shrines, places of respect and honor consecrated to the memory of our immortal heroes, have a glamorous and romantic appeal to every patriotic citizen.

Many times one has listened while children have told of the places they have visited and of the cities they have seen. What pride they take in relating the story of a statue, park, or city dedicated to some beloved hero! And how their bright eyes sparkled! Perhaps it came with surprise that certainly these children are thinking vital individuals.

Perhaps the questions have been asked, "Do these children know about our country's heroes? Are they interested in knowing of the shrines of these heroes?" It might have been asked, "Are there stories, written at the reading level of elementary school children, of these places or shrines that children may satisfy their curiosity concerning the facts pertaining to these shrines?" It was with these questions in mind that writer under-

took to write the following stories and to present them to a group of elementary school children.

### Purpose of the Study

This study has been made in an attempt to answer the above questions and do the things outlined below:

1. To make available for children in the elementary grades some of the outstanding facts concerning a few of America's National Shrines.
2. To make available some facts not commonly known.
3. To present these facts in a form interesting to children of the elementary grades.
4. To create in the children a desire to learn more concerning these shrines.
5. To arouse in the children a desire to visit these shrines.
6. To investigate the suitability of the story telling method as a means of teaching American history and social science in general, to the lower elementary grades.

### Method of Procedure

The data for these stories were obtained from Senate documents, histories, textbooks, magazines, stories told by persons interested in the shrines, actual visits to some of

the shrines, and by visits to museums where relics of the heroes of the stories were on display.

Thorndike's Word List was read and reread in order to keep the vocabularies of the stories within the limitation of the elementary reading level. Each story was checked against the word list to determine the suitability of the vocabulary used.

After writing the stories the writer placed copies of them in the hands of one hundred and thirty-seven children in the Training School of the State Teachers College, Johnson City, Tennessee. Two of the stories, "The Knife that Won the War" and "A Sight Seeing Trip" were presented to the second and third grades by having them read. These stories are too long for actual reading by the children of these grades. The other stories were presented in grades four, five, and six.

The stories, "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground", "Grandfather's Story," "A Sight Seeing Trip", and "Following Lee's Footsteps" were found to be more suitable to the reading levels of the sixth grade, while the other stories were more enthusiastically received in the fourth and fifth grades.

## THE KNIFE THAT WON THE WAR

It was snowing outside and Alice stood with her little nose pressed against the window busily engaged in watching the flakes flutter softly down. There were very few passers-by at this time as most people were sitting cozily by their cheery, blazing fire places. Alice enjoyed watching those few who did venture out blinking to keep the dancing snow flakes from their eyes. She would have liked very much to be feeling the snow on her tiny face, but, after all, it was cold out there and she was warm and safe in the big comfortable living room.

Father was sitting in his deep chair reading bits of news from the daily paper to Mother as she sat in her low rocker with some mending in her hands. Bobby was sprawled on the floor in the midst of gayly painted, tin soldier army. By his side was his most highly prized treasure, a pocket knife Grandfather had given him at Christmas. He had just returned from the basement where he had been laborously whittling bits of sticks with which he intended making some huts for his gay soldiers. They had had a busy day--so Bobby informed his parents and sister--and deserved warmer homes than mere tents. With the aid of the ever-present knife Bobby's row of "log" houses grew rapidly, though it is doubtful whether they would have furnished much warmth on such a snowy, wintry night.

"There," he exclaimed triumphantly, "that's done! See Alice there's not a soldier left out in the snow. I made lots of



houses 'cause I thought I might need them and I did too. They wont be cold now will they? I'm pretty good at making houses anyway. Of course," he explained to Alice in his best eight-year-old-going-on-nine manner, "I really couldn't have made them without my knife. You ought to be a boy so Grandfather would give you one, but you're a girl and girls never have any fun with knives."

Alice adored this big brether of hers and she had eagerly obeyed his call to look at his wonderful achievement. The snow wasn't half so interesting as Bobby's leg house and his shining new knife.

Father had folded his newspaper to watch his children and to listen to them as they marveled over the wooden camp and the fascinating tool that had aided Bobby in his undertaking.

"I wonder," he questioned his blue eyes twinkling, "if there is anyone who would like to hear a story about a knife that won a war?"

"Yes siri!" cried Bobby, "hastily snapping his precious knife shut and scrambling to his feet. "I like stories about knives; I like stories anyway."

"So do I Daddy. Let me hear it," Alice exclaimed running eagerly to Father's side and climbing up into his lap. "You like stories too don't you Mother, especially when Daddy tells them? I think he's about the best story-teller I know."

"Well, I think he can't tell any if we don't stop talking, that's what I think," said Bobby as he pulled a small chair in between Father's and Mother's larger ones and settled himself

comfortably to listen to Father's story.

"A long time ago," began Father settling himself and Alice comfortably in his big deep chair, "there were not so many people in our big country. Then it was not known as the United States nor did it have a president at Washington. In fact, there was no big city of Washington. These people over here, or a great many of them were still British subjects."

"What are British subjects Daddy?" inquired Alice with a perplexed look on her face.

"A British subject is one who obeys the English king, and one who looks to him and his soldiers for protection," Father explained to her.

"So you see these people expected to obey King George III, who had the throne at that time, and they expected him to protect them when it was necessary. They loved the country from which they had come.

"Before long, however, they began to feel as though they were not treated as well as those back in England. They thought that King George did not understand their problems when he was so far away across the ocean. King George, of course, considered these people over in this new country very rebellious and disobedient so he sent some soldiers to see that they obeyed him. Do you suppose these people liked to have the soldiers in their homes? No, you're right Bobby; they did not like it, still they loved their old home country.

"Some thought the king had gone too far to place his soldiers in their homes and to put taxes on their things. However, only

a few dared to dream of fighting the king and making a new government for themselves here in their new home.

"The time came, nevertheless, when these settlers had to fight. There were no states then, only colonies, and men came from all of these colonies to fight the British soldiers. Because England had manufactured their guns and firearms these men from the colonies had very little ammunition. They were brave, however, and they were fighting for their liberty and they did their very best.

"Who do you suppose had charge of this 'Continental Army' as these men were called? George Washington."

"Oh, I know George Washington!" exclaimed Alice eagerly. "He cut the cherry tree and he is very, very brave; as brave as you Daddy!"

Father smiled, "Yes, it was this very same, brave George Washington. It was strange, too, that he was commanding the army when long years ago he had really wanted to join the navy."

"Why didn't he join the navy then Daddy?" inquired Bobby who liked water himself--when it was not used to wash his ears.

"You see, Bobty," said Father, "his mother didn't want her son to join and go so far away from her. There were no big steamers such as we have today and it was extremely dangerous to be on the sea. Because young Washington did as his mother wished she ordered from England a beautiful pen-knife, that's what pocket knives were called in those days, and when it arrived she gave it to her son. When she gave it to him she said, 'Son, always obey your superiors,' You may be certain that

George Washington was pleased with his present and carried it with him always."

"Even into the army, didn't he Daddy?" Bobby inquired.

"Even into the army. Washington made a great soldier that is why he was given command of the entire army. His soldiers were not so well trained as the English men and often they were defeated in battle. Still Washington was brave."

"People across the ocean knew of this "Revolution" that was taking place here in America and some of them wanted to help the Americans fight. Others did not want the Americans to win so they told King George they would help him. King George was more able to take care of his army than the people of America."

"But Daddy, why couldn't the people in America take care of an army?" asked Bobby.

"Because Bobby," answered Father, "there was no country to take care of an army; there was no king or no president to help the people get more men, money, or food for the army."

"Then, too, since they were fighting England they did not consider themselves her colonies any longer, but states; and these states were selfish and thought only of their own freedom rather than that of the country as a whole. When they sent men to the army they seemed to think the men were fighting for their own state. Nevertheless, if there was no country or government to take care of the army, that did not keep some of the foreigners from coming over and aiding the Americans.

"One of the foreigners who came to help Washington was a young man named La Fayette. He was from France and was very

courageous and eager to fight with the Americans to help them win their freedom. He had heard much about his great general, Washington, and he was extremely interested in getting into his army. Actually there was no reason why this Frenchman should have aided this country; at home he was very wealthy, had a beautiful palace in which to live and many fine clothes to wear. However, he was willing to give these up to aid Washington. He dressed like an American soldier and ate no better food than the soldiers.

"Washington liked this young La Fayette very, very much and considered him almost like a son. He told La Fayette many secrets that he would not dare tell anyone else. He would ask his advice on matters of great importance and listen carefully to anything this young officer had to offer. La Fayette sympathized with him when he lost battles and encouraged him to keep right on. Don't you suppose Washington enjoyed talking to this young man and appreciated his kind friendship? Indeed he did Alice, because every one did not have this friendly attitude toward Washington; especially when he was being defeated so much, and after the English captured the city of Philadelphia"

"Philadelphia?" asked Alice sitting up straight. "Why that's where Aunt Alice was going when she left here Christmas! Isn't it Mother? And she said I could come to visit her someday."

"Perhaps," Mother nodded brightly, "we may all go to see Aunt Alice at Philadelphia, it's not so far away. There may be other places you'll want to go after Daddy finishes his story."

"Winter was coming on now, and the army had hardly enough to carry them through. Washington immediately began to think

of a place where he could take his men because he knew they could not fight in the cold snow without more guns, clothes to keep them warm, and food to keep them healthy. He thought that by spring they would be able to fight better and win more battles."

"I know I'd want something warm to wear if I had to fight out in the snow. I'd want good things to eat too," Bobby remarked thinking of the good, hot cocoa he had had for dinner that evening.

"But Bobby, you're not big enough to fight. Besides Mother wouldn't let you fight."

"Oh, I meant if I'd been with Washington. What did he do Daddy?"

"The brave general took his tired soldiers to Valley Forge to stay there for the winter. That was a little place only a short way from the city of Philadelphia. At the same time Washington was letting his soldiers rest he could send out a few of them to see what the English soldiers were doing at Philadelphia."

"There!" interrupted Bobby eagerly. "If Valley Forge is only a short way from Philadelphia we can go there too, when we go to see Aunt Alice." Bobby looked at Mother, who winked at him, then back to Father to listen to the story.

"These soldiers were not very gay nor happy as they began their long march to Valley Forge. They hadn't been winning any battles and had been in the field a long, long time."

"I don't know what that means Daddy. You'll have to tell me," and Alice looked expectantly up into her Father's face.

"In the field?" questioned Father. "That means the poor soldiers had been fighting most of the time and they were tired, too."

"Poor men, they were cold and hungry for provisions were scarce, and their clothing worn out. Indeed, there are stories told that some of these ragged soldiers had no shoes and their foot prints to Valley Forge could be traced in blood. It seems almost impossible to think that at the same time there was clothing of all kinds at different places along the roads in the woods being ruined because there was no way to get it to the camp. There were no teams to draw the wagon loads of clothing and no money with which to pay the men driving the teams. When the men arrived at Valley Forge they still had to brave the cold wintry weather in their tents."

"Alice, would you like to live in a tent this kind of weather?" asked Father. "I noticed you were watching the snow a few minutes ago."

"Oh, no! shivered Alice. "I couldn't have a nice warm fire in a tent and it would be too cold without one. I'd much rather be in the house, hadn't you Bobby?"

"Yes, especially on a snowy night like this one," answered Bobby looking at the windows where the sills were being piled high by the falling snow. "But Daddy why didn't Washington make some log houses like I made for my soldiers? Log houses are warmer than tents anyway."

"That's exactly what was done. Washington gave orders that trees were to be cut down in order to make the huts or houses.

"Many of the men were ill and had to be sheltered in farm houses in the surrounding neighborhood. Those who were not ill had to begin cutting down trees and constructing their log huts. The huts were not large but each one sheltered about twelve or fourteen men. However, an officer had a hut to himself. The cracks between the logs were filled in with clay to keep out the cold snow, rain and wind; there was a fire in each hut, and split logs made into planks furnished the roofing. When the houses were all completed the camp looked very much like a military village."

"Like my little village," cried Bobby looking proudly at his row of small log houses sheltering his gay army. "Go on Daddy," he begged.

Father continued; "General Washington's troubles did not end, though, even after the houses were completed. Many of his men were still ill and all of them needed blankets and shoes. Finally Washington offered a prize to the soldiers who could make the best pair of shoes out of untanned hides. So ragged and ill was his army, that the brave general had to report that most of his troops were unfit for duty.

"Now when war had first been declared the people of this country had to get together and find a way to help carry the war on. A congress was elected."

"We have a congress today, haven't we?" cried Bobby. "It's down at Washington because I heard Miss Randel talking about it."

"Yes we have a congress today," Father agreed, "and it was to the president of the first congress that Washington wrote for



assistance. Also, he wrote that more was expected of him than it was possible to perform. He was forced to hide the true condition of the army from the public."

"I guess he was afraid to let the British subjects know what kind of a condition his army was in," commented Alice.

"Exactly Alice," Father's eyes twinkled as he caught Mother's glance. "Therefore, when Washington asked for supplies the people didn't think it necessary to give him any.

"Congress gave him permission to go out into the villages about Valley Forge and take anything he could find. For these supplies he was to give the farmers certificates that Congress would exchange for money. Do you believe he liked to take things from the farmers? No, indeed, Washington was displeased when he realized that he was going to have to take things from these farm people. Notwithstanding his soldiers had to have something to eat.

"Many of the soldiers grew so ill and hungry besides being cold that they tried in every manner to get out of the army.

"Did they desert?" Bobby was horrified.

"Yes, Bobby, many of the soldiers did desert. General Washington even wrote to one general and said he was sorry that he was even considering leaving the army. The soldiers look up to the officers so you can see why Washington didn't want this general to leave. He realized that it might cause many of the soldiers to leave and the Americans didn't have any to lose.

"Some of the other commanders were jealous of General Washington and his friendship with La Fayette, therefore, they decid-

ed they would try to ruin Washington's reputation. One general especially had just won a great battle and the people began to feel that he was much more able to be commander-in-chief of the armies than General Washington. Consequently, he and some of his friends tried to turn the soldiers against their courageous General Washington. What do you suppose they did?"

"I don't know," two little voices said together.

"They told falsehoods, things that weren't true about him because they hoped to break down his influence with everyone. They even went so far as to try to get La Fayette into some of their evil plans. But do you think for one second that he was going to do anything wrong against Washington? No, because he was Washington's friend.

"About that time a congress gave the military affairs into the hands of some men whom it termed a "Board of War." It happened that this very same general who had tried to turn every one against Washington was placed in charge. It was decided that the only way to get La Fayette away from Washington was to send him up into Canada. La Fayette was pleased at first, naturally, and Washington told him to accept the invitation to lead a force into Canada.

"The general wrote to one of his friends telling him the news of Valley Forge. He told him how many men had been lost because of the cold and the lack of food and clothing. Washington also told this friend about the plot that had been made against him and also of the plan to send a force into Canada. Though he did not see any advantage in sending it he did not

intend to say anything against this new Board of War."

"Did La Fayette like leading the force Daddy?" inquired Bobby, "I'd like to have been with him!"

"No," Father answered, "La Fayette was not pleased because after he had been gone from Valley Forge for some time he wrote back to Washington that he was not pleased with the plan he was undertaking. La Fayette was trying to follow orders that would cause him to be laughed at later when he should return home. Neither did he think that the plan would benefit the country for which he was struggling so bravely. So what do you think he did? La Fayette knew that Washington had many friends in Congress so he asked him to please request that he be recalled to Valley Forge.

"When Washington received the message you may be sure that he did as La Fayette wished. It was not long before the young friend was back at Valley Forge with Washington."

"Washington must have been glad to see his friend, La Fayette. Don't you think he was glad Daddy?" insisted Alice.

"I certainly do," answered Father in his most convincing manner. "Washington needed something to make him glad too."

"I'd think he did need something to make him glad," put in Bobby. "Where was his knife Daddy? Are you going to tell about it pretty soon?"

"I'm coming to the knife right now. You'll see."

"It was small wonder that Washington felt discouraged when he heard how his former friends were acting toward him, and how poorly his army was equipped. What guns they had were very, very bad. Food was so scarce that for days the men had to go

without any meat to eat. Very few men had enough clothes to keep themselves warm. They had no blankets with which to cover so they had to huddle around the campfires to keep from freezing. Congress failed to send him any aid or even to suggest any way for him to get supplies."

"Poor Washington," murmured Alice.

"So discouraged had he become, that he went as far as to write out his resignation as Commander-in-chief of the army. When the council discovered what he had done one of the generals present said, 'Sir remember your pen-knife.'

"May I ask what that has to do with my resignation?" inquired Washington?

"Yes; when that pen-knife was presented to you you were told always to obey your superiors. You have been ordered to lead this army. As yet, no one has commanded you to stop leading it.'

"Washington stood still a moment then said, 'I will think it over.'

"Later after he had thought it over he tore to pieces the resignation he had written and kept command of the army. He lead them to victory too, though it was a long and hard fight. Washington had to live up to the trust that his Mother and all the country had in him didn't he? Today we still think of Washington at Valley Forge and how brave and faithful he was and how he encouraged his ragged, cold men to take heart and not to give up.

"In honor of these men and of the great general today,

Valley Forge is one of the most visited places in America. It has been turned into a beautiful park where people may go and see the place where those log huts were built so many years ago and where so many of the poor, cold men lost their lives. People feel as though the park is almost as sacred as a church. Indeed, there is now a church or, chapel as it may be called, to which many, many people go in remembrance of this general and his brave men who were willing to fight for freedom."

"Will we visit the chapel when we go to see Aunt Alice?" little Alice inquired eagerly.

"Yes, indeed," smiled Father. "You will see a beautiful chapel too. The entrance door is the one which especially honors Washington. Every thing about the chapel will remind you of all the brave men who fought in this big war. From some of the windows you will see the trees of the park; some of the trees were brought from Washington's home and are arranged in the form of a cross.

"In the beautiful chapel people remember, that the brave general was true to the trust placed in him and that he was always to obey his superiors."

Bobby looked up into Father's face, "Maybe we wouldn't have such a nice park and such a beautiful church if Washington hadn't remembered what his Mother told him when she gave him the pen-knife," he remarked seriously. "I'm glad she gave it to him."

(Arlington)

FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING GROUND

Jean wore the look of a worried little hostess. It was her turn to entertain the Y.C.C.'s and she had been busy for sometime helping Mother and Chucky get things in order. Of course, the Y.C.C.'s were only a few of the neighborhood boys and girls but still Jean did want the house to look its brightest and best.

Now that every thing was in place in the house, and low swings, easy chairs and gay, comfortable pillows made the long, wide porch inviting Jean couldn't see why the members of the club should be late.

"Oh, dear," she wailed impatiently, "why don't they come! It's two-forty now and the meeting should begin promptly at three o'clock. I should think they would be here an hour before hand; we have so many things to talk over. I'm so excited I think I shall--I don't know what I shall do!"

"Hello, Jean," said a voice at her elbow, "am I the first one here?"

"Oh, Beth I'm so glad you're here, I didn't know you were around. Yes, you're the first one so far, but I do hope the others will hurry." Jean moved over and Beth sat by her in one of the big, cozy swings.

"There they come at last," cried Jean jumping up from the swing and going to the steps as she noticed a group of girls and boys coming up the walk.

"Are we late Jean?" asked one of the boys. "I'm sorry. I tried to hurry Laura but she just wouldn't hurry."

"Why Thomas! You're the one who had to be hurried. You know we had to wait for you to get Dinty's collar on him, and you should have had Dinty in the back yard ages before we got ready to come over here," Laura flashed back at her teasing brother.

"Never mind Laura," laughed Jean. "We know Dinty's playful ways and for once I'm afraid we don't want any dogs at our party. Dinty's all right on picnics but not at an important club meeting. I'm glad you tied him up safely Thomas."

Turning to the other girls and boys she gayly greeted them and told them to find chairs or be seated wherever they would be most comfortable. Accordingly, a merry group of youngsters followed instruction and were soon chatting and laughing happily over the good fortune that had befallen them.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott intended making a trip to Washington with their two children, Thomas and Laura, and had thought it would be a good plan if this Y.C. Club could go also. When they had spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Hood about it and asked if they would go too, there had been only a moments hesitation--would the other parents allow their children to go. After a few calls had been made there was no further doubt--the Y.C. Club was going on a visit to the Nation's Capital.

The trip was set for the last week in May and that had set the Y.C.C's to thinking. They would be in Washington for Memorial Day. Surely that day should be spent at Arlington! To make the trip more interesting they had decided to learn all they could about Washington so they would be better able to under-

stand all the beautiful things they were to see.

"If we are going to spend Memorial Day at Arlington, why not see what we can find about it and have a meeting of the club and tell each other what we find?" Beth had suggested.

The suggestion had been enthusiastically followed and it had been agreed that they would meet at Jean's home to report their progress. That is the reason then, that this certain May day found the Y.C.C.'s meeting so gayly on Jean's pretty cool porch and all talking at once.

"This won't ever do," cried Jean taking charge of the situation. "We can't all talk at once and expect to hear what is being said."

"You're right, Jean," Chester said, "but I suppose we're all so full of things to tell we have to tell them. How shall we do?"

Every one thought hard for a minute. As Chester had said there were so many things they all knew and wanted to tell it was hard to find a good beginning.

"I'll tell you," Joe exclaimed, his brown eyes sparkling with interest. "Every one wants to know how Arlington came to be a national cemetery and where it got its name, why not let the one who knows tell about it? I'll have to admit that I don't know, so I can't tell that part."

"That's a good idea Joe," commended Jean. "Who knows this first part of our story?"

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Laura, "let me begin and when I get to a part some one else knows then he can tell it. I may



not know so very much of it any way."

"I know part of it too," said Chester. "You begin first then I'll tell my part."

"Arlington," began Laura, "first belonged to George Washington's stepson, John Parke Custis. He bought about 1100 acres of land from a Mr. Alexander and called it Arlington in honor of the Earl of Arlington. He didn't live there long though, because he joined George Washington's army to help fight the British soldiers."

"Why didn't he live there after he got out of the army, Laura?" questioned Joe.

"Because," answered Laura, "he didn't live to get out of the army. He died in a little town near Yorktown."

"What became of his property?" inquired Beth.

"He was married so his wife lived there. He had four small children and Washington adopted two of them and took them to Mount Vernon."

"They were George Washington Parke Custis and Nellie Custis, weren't they?" Jean inquired eagerly.

"Yes they were, only Nellie's real name was Eleanor. We'll get to see her room when we visit Mount Vernon because she grew up at the plantation."

"When Martha Washington died the Mount Vernon home was broken up so George Washington Parke Custis went to Arlington to live. Finding himself so immensely wealthy he began to build a big mansion on the hills facing the Potomac river."

"Why that's the Lee house Laura," Chester interrupted, "Isn't it?"

"Yes, I know, but I'll come to that in a minute," replied Laura.

"When Mr. Custis went into this large mansion of course he took many of the beautiful old things from Mount Vernon. Mr. Custis brought his bride to live there in this beautiful home and it was their daughter whom Robert E. Lee married. That's how it came to be known as the Lee mansion, Chester. You see, when Mr. Custis died Arlington became the home of the Lees."

"Yes, I understand now," answered Chester, "and they lived there until the Civil War, didn't they?"

"Robert E. Lee was related to Washington then, wasn't he?" Joe asked from his perch on the porch bannisters. "No wonder he was so brave when it came to fighting. We Virginians ought to be proud of him."

"How would that make him any braver than he was already?" asked Thomas. "Wasn't he related to Lighthorse Harry Lee? He had to be brave."

"Chester, suppose you tell your part of the story now." Laura suggested.

"Yes Chester, it's your turn," they all agreed.

"Lee was a soldier in the army," Chester began taking the pillow from behind his back and leaning forward in his chair, "consequently he was away from Arlington much of the time.

"The North and the South began having difficulties and they felt rather hostile toward each other."

"That was over slavery," Jean interrupted.

"Yes, over slavery," agreed Chester, "and each side thought it was right." Affairs became so bad that finally the South withdrew from the Union. That placed Lee in a peculiar position because he was in the United States Army and his own state had gone with the South. After some hard thinking Lee finally decided to go with his state."

"Mrs. Lee remained at Arlington I suppose?" inquired Jean.

"She remained there until the Union soldiers prepared to go into Virginia. Then they occupied the Arlington estate, and she had to move as many of the household furnishings as she could. She went to live with some relatives."

"After the first Battle of Bull Run many of the Union troops camped on the Arlington plantation. Many of them were wounded and ill and a large number died."

"And they were buried at Arlington, weren't they?" asked Beth.

"Not right at first," Chester responded, "it wasn't until about 1864, I think, that permission was given by President Lincoln to bury the soldiers at Arlington."

"Mrs. Lee had failed to pay the taxes on the plantation during the war time because she was back of the Confederate lines and couldn't get to Washington so the United States courts declared the plantation to be the property of the United States government. However, after the Civil War and after the death of Robert E. Lee and Mrs. Lee, their oldest son tried to get back the property."

"Did he?" they all wanted to know.

"Yes, a court decision declared the old tax bill void so the son, George Washington Curtis Lee, was in possession of Arlington."

"What about all the graves on the estate?" asked Beth.

"That was the problem," continued Chester. "The government was either going to be compelled to move all the graves or buy the property from Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee consented to sell the estate for \$150,000 and Congress gave the money with which to purchase it. Since then Congress has given money to keep Arlington a beautiful cemetery.

"I also found that there are more than 38,703 graves in Arlington. Of course the old Lee family graves are still there and now anyone the country wishes to honor may be buried there."

"Now that we know how Arlington became a National Cemetery, let me tell you what I found out about the building of the Memorial Amphitheater," Joe volunteered as though he might not get another chance to say anything. "You know that is one of the most important places in Arlington."

"Before you tell about the Memorial Amphitheater, Joe, let me tell about how we happen to observe Memorial Day," Beth pleaded. "That all leads up to the construction of the Amphitheater you know."

"All right, Beth, but don't encroach upon my topic please," Joe coughed impressively.

"Encroach?" they chorused.

"Yes, and it's a very good word that means trespass," Joe

explained carefully and proudly. "In other words, Beth, don't tell anything that I'm supposed to tell."

"I shall be most careful, you may be sure," and Beth proceeded with her story.

"One day a Mrs. Logan was out riding with some friends and visited some cemeteries where many of the soldiers had been buried--it was only a short time after the Civil War. In one of the churchyards Mrs. Logan and her friends noticed that the graves of the Confederate soldiers had been decorated with flowers and flags. Mrs. Logan told her husband about it when she returned home. General Logan was commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic (a fraternal organization made up of ex-union soldiers and sailors) at that time, and he said he was going to see that the graves of the Union soldiers were decorated too. It was decided that May 30 would probably be the best time of the year because flowers in all sections of the country would be blooming at that time. May 30 was then set aside as the day when the graves were to be decorated. That first Decoration Day was in 1868, and a ceremony of music and recitations was planned. The people who gathered to help celebrate gathered in front of the Robert E. Lee mansion at the Arlington Cemetery."

"Was it made a legal holiday then, Beth?" Thomas wanted to know.

"No, Thomas, it wasn't made a legal holiday until 1888. It was then declared a holiday by an act passed in Congress. It was to be a day in which the nation was to honor its dead heroes."

"A building was constructed at Arlington where these celebrations could be held but it soon became necessary to have a new one that would accommodate all the people. But I had better stop or I might 'encroach' upon Joe's story."

"I'm glad you found that story, Beth," Chester told her. "I didn't know before how it happened that we observed Memorial Day. It will make our visit to Arlington on Memorial Day more interesting, don't you think?"

They all agreed that it would and urged Joe to begin his story about the Memorial Amphitheater.

"As Beth told you," Joe began, "it became necessary to construct a new building that would accommodate the large number of people who attended the exercises at Arlington. However, nothing definite was done until about 1903. At that time it was suggested to the Secretary of War that a building be constructed. He approved of the suggestion and the man in charge of all the national cemeteries made an estimate to Congress and asked for \$5000 for plans for the new building."

"Did Congress give the money?" Jean asked.

"Not at that time, Jean. Nothing was done until about five years later when plans and an estimate were made for the new Amphitheater. The plans were approved about a year later, or early in 1909."

"When did they actually begin work on it, Joe?" Laura inquired.

"The actual work didn't begin until March 1915, but before the year was over the corner stone had been laid."

"But Joe," objected Jean, "you didn't tell us anything

about the Amphitheater itself, aren't you going to? Of course I've seen pictures of it but I'd like to know something more about it."

"Why yes, I can tell you something more about it," Joe answered.

"You know that it is built with a large platform at one end; under this section of the Amphitheater may be found a kitchen, lunchroom and pantry, to be used on special occasions. Above this part of the building is a space to be used as a museum. Under the large space where the columns are, are sections to be used for the burial of America's distinguished people."

"That's interesting, Joe," Jean told him. "I didn't expect to find any rooms there and I didn't know there were sections in it where people could be buried."

"The Amphitheater," Joe continued, "can comfortably seat about 5,000 people but there is room enough for many to stand about in the colonnades, or the place where the columns stand."

"Is the stage very large, Joe?" Thomas asked.

"Oh, several hundred people," answered Joe, "could be seated on it. There are about three hundred boys and girls in our school and I imagine the stage of the Amphitheater would hold them easily."

"That's certainly large enough," remarked Thomas. "When was the building completed?"

"It was completed in 1919, with the exception of some repainting. The grounds, also had to be finished as there was some paving and planting of shrubs and trees that had to be

done. However, it was ready for dedication in May 1920,"

"We'll get to see the tomb of the 'Unknown Soldier,' too, that is at the Amphitheater you know," Jean spoke up.

"Suppose you tell us about it, Jean, if Joe has finished," urged Beth. "I know you found something about it because you told me so over the phone this morning."

Joe said that he had finished his story and was eager to hear about the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier."

"It was decided," Jean began without further urging, "that one of the American heroes of the World War should be honored by the Nation by being buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

"When was that, Jean?" Thomas asked.

"It was in the fall of 1921," answered Jean. "The casket arrived November 9 and was taken to the capitol building where it stayed until November 11."

"Why, November 11 is Armistice Day," Chester broke in hastily.

"Yes, and it was just three years after the close of the war," Jean responded.

"The casket of the 'Unknown Soldier' was taken to the Memorial Amphitheater where services were held. There were many great men present and messages had been sent from many great men abroad. As the casket was lowered into the grave 'taps' was played and twenty-one cannons were fired in salute. The report of twenty-one cannons is the highest salute and is, as a rule, given only at the burial of presidents or royalty. The grave was covered with wreaths and flowers."



"Miss Collins told us that when her class visited Arlington it placed a wreath on the tomb," Laura spoke up quickly. "Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," answered Jean, "but there will be special services on Memorial Day so I don't suppose we will get to have one of our own."

"I suppose not," said Thomas, "but we certainly are going to attend the special services and see the grave decorated."

"I can hardly wait to go, I wish we were starting tomorrow," and Joe almost tumbled from the bannisters in his eagerness.

"There is a new bridge being built connecting Washington and Virginia, I learned," said Thomas walking over and offering himself as a support to keep Joe from having a serious accident.

"What has that to do with Arlington?" asked Joe, accepting the offer of Thomas' shoulder as a support.

"A good deal, I should say," answered Thomas. "It is being constructed from the Lincoln Memorial across to the Virginia side. The drive will lead from the bridge directly to the Lee Mansion and from there it will lead into the other drives through Arlington Cemetery."

"Is it being constructed now?" Beth wanted to know.

"Yes, it is under construction now, but of course it will take years to complete it."

It is thought that Andrew Jackson first suggested that a bridge should be constructed over the Potomac from Washington to Arlington but nothing was done until recently.

"The Memorial Bridge, as it will be called, is to represent the fact that the North and South have become a firmly established Union."

"What is the bridge to be made of, Thomas?" asked Chester.

"It's to be made of white granite; granite because it will wear better when in water, and white to get it as nearly as possible the color of the Lincoln Memorial."

"Then, too, Thomas," Jean spoke up, "all the public buildings of Washington are white, aren't they?"

"Yes, and so is the Memorial Amphitheater."

Just at that moment Jean's mother came out the door followed by Chucky who was pushing a tea wagon covered with good things to eat.

"Oh, Mother," cried Jean as she sprang from her chair to assist with the refreshments, "we have learned more things about Arlington this afternoon."

"We certainly have, Mrs. Hood," Thomas agreed, "and we'll be able to tell you anything you want to know."

"We'll act as official guides," Chester said and straightened himself importantly.

"I'm glad the Club has had such a beneficial meeting," smiled Mrs. Hood. "So you think Arlington will be a shrine well worth your while to see, do you?"

"Indeed we do," chorused the happy Y.C.C.'s.

## (Big Horn)

## PAT'S WAY OF PICKING PEACHES

It was a beautiful morning with the birds singing happily from tree to tree and the flowers nodding their heads in gay greetings to each other and to the whole sunny world. It was a day made for a person to do just as he pleased, one in which to be happy and lazy, as lazy as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. It was not a day for work as one person had decided very early in the morning.

As far as Aunt Mary was concerned this beautiful sunny day was merely another day. To her it was one in which the house had to be cleaned--and it was already spotless--the five pounds of butter had to be taken to Mrs. Morgan, and the peaches had to be picked from the trees in the south lot. There were pickers already at work in the orchard on the hill but they couldn't be expected to get the peaches from the south lot. Of all busy days for young Pat to go hiding himself this was the busiest!

Where was Pat? Aunt Mary was sure he had returned from taking the cows to the pasture. Yes, he had ridden over to the village for the mail after that, now where could he be? Had he gone swimming just after she had told him to stay away from that creek? No, Dean, the hired man, had come that way a few minutes ago and he would have brought Pat back with him. Dean knew the creek was no place for a boy to go swimming in. Aunt Mary knew he wasn't up in the

attic lost in the books piled away up there because that was the first place she had looked, besides he generally saved the attic for rainy days. Well, there was one thing she could do and that was call. Call she did. Even that was given up after several minutes because there was work to do and she certainly didn't intend calling until she made herself hoarse. Pat should be made to learn not to absent himself from the house on busy mornings; at least, he could stay within hearing distance. Aunt Mary went into the house all unconscious of the beautiful morning and thoroughly out of humor with her little nephew.

As to Pat, he had decided when he fed the chickens early in the morning that such a beautiful day shouldn't be wasted in work. Of course he had had to take the cows to pasture and go after the mail. But on the way to the pasture a tiny little plan had formed in the back of Pat's towheaded red head. "It's a good idea," Pat had told himself. "I think I can work it out just as soon as I come back with the mail. I just have to make it work; I don't want to pick peaches-- though I may pick two or three for my own special use. I'm not going to sell them; no siree, I'll eat them all myself."

So all the time Aunt Mary was searching and calling for her small nephew Pat was happily munching his peaches half a mile away from his Aunt's insistent calls. There in the "tree house" he had cleverly constructed for himself in the biggest tree he could find on the creek bank, Pat was stretched full length on his stomach, holding a juicy, golden

peach in one sticky hand and turning the pages of a book with the other sticky hand. So interested was Pat in his reading that he gave no thought to the fact that Aunt Mary might be wanting him. He had forgotten every one entirely.

"Oh," Pat cried, hastily throwing a seed into the creek beneath and selecting his fourth peach, "I wish there were Indians around here to fight. I'd fight every one of them!" He turned back eagerly to his book and continued his story.

"The Sioux Indians," Pat read, "were angry with the white men for coming into their land. But gold had been discovered in the Black Hills of South Dakota and the white men wanted it. Therefore, the Indians left their reservations and burned the homes of the white men in Wyoming and Montana and also stole their horses. The Indians were not getting the supplies they should have had from the Indian Agency because the men in charge of this duty wished to make some money; therefore, they bought poor food and little of it for as little as possible and kept the rest of the money for themselves. The Indians roved about in search of food and being angry with the white men did not hesitate to kill them wherever they found them.

"Sitting Bull, who acted as medicine man and advisor for a large part of the Sioux Indians, refused to move to a new reservation. Consequently, after a warning, a force of the army was sent up into Montana to bring these Indians to terms.

"General Custer was one of the men in charge of the

command sent against these Indians. He had had much experience in fighting the Indians and enjoyed the dangers which he encountered. He had fought them many times on the plains of Kansas and was always brave and fearless. His cheerfulness and kindness made for him many friends and his men loved him dearly and followed him wherever he led. The Indians knew "Long Hair," as they called him, as a fearless man and one who fought to a finish.

"General Custer and Major Reno were sent ahead of the army to locate the Indians and to force them down the Little Big Horn River to meet the advancing army. One June morning in 1876, Custer and Reno came upon the Sioux Indians' village. There, stretched out for a distance of some five miles on the left bank of the Little Big Horn River before them, lay the lodges and tepees of the Sioux Indians. Many different tribes made up this fierce Sioux nation. Custer told his force what had been discovered and that he knew that there were more Indians than men in his command and also, that the Indians were well armed. Nevertheless, he felt that his men could defeat this large army of Indians."

Pat shivered excitedly, "Now, we're going to have a fight," he said aloud. "I know it will be a good one. Let me see what happens next," and Pat turned the page of his book to continue his reading.

"Custer had tried dividing his force once before in a battle with some Indians and had been successful so when planning this battle he decided to try the same plan. Accord-

ingly. his men were sent in one command with Major Reno who was to attack the village on the left bank of the Little Big Horn, and in another with Colonel Benteen who was to go still farther to the left of the village to keep the Indians from escaping in that direction. Custer himself planned to attack the village from the right side and meet Reno's force in the center of the village.

"Reno took his men and advanced to the left of the Indian village. They surprised the Sioux who immediately rushed to their tepees and lodges. Here they took their guns and revolvers and began to fire into Reno's band. This sudden firing stopped Reno's advance and he didn't try to press into the center of the village, though he could have defeated the Indians and have joined Custer's band of men. When these men in Reno's force began to dismount from their horses the Indians began to get bolder and crept around the men. It began to look as though all were lost for the men, but at this time Colonel Benteen's force joined them and kept the Indians from defeating them. The battle was too strong, however, to allow the men to get to Custer's aid.

"By the time Custer led his men into the Indian force there were thousands of them shooting into his midst. Custer had expected many Indians to meet him but he had not expected so many. He had also expected to meet Reno's force but in this he was also disappointed. In battle it was a custom for the Indians to ride strapped and bare-backed on their ponies to keep from falling off when they shot at their enemies.

These Indians rushed their ponies straight into Custer's band. Yelling their fierce war cries and waving their arms above their heads they dashed into the midst of the helpless white men.

"I can hear them yelling right now," muttered Pat, holding his breath.

"They forced Custer and his men back to the bluffs and managed to surround him and his small band of some two hundred men. Armed with the best of rifles and revolvers they were better prepared for the battle than were Custer's men. Many of the Indians carried clubs and these they used when they were too close to use their rifles. Custer's men dismounted from their horses when these fierce, yelling savages came dashing into their midst. Every fourth man held the horses and these men the Indians killed first, then they waved their blankets in the faces of the poor, frightened horses and caused them to run away. The horses that did not get away were shot and were used by Custer and his men as a protection to hide behind from these mad, yelling, red men. Nothing was too terrible for these savages to try. Not content with shooting their victims they scalped them in true Indian fashion. Neither were they content to allow a single white man to die from his wounds, they shot all the wounded men lying helpless on the ground.

"Rain-in-the Face, one of the Indian chiefs, had made a vow that the next time he saw Tom Custer, General Custer's brother, he would cut his heart out and eat it. Tom Custer



had arrested Rain-in-the Face and put him in jail a year or two before. He was fighting in his brother's band and when Rain-in-the Face saw him he remembered his vow. Tom Custer remembered the vow also and did his best to keep the mad Indian from killing him. But the Indian was like a madman and was not going to let an old enemy get away from him. He rushed up to Custer yelling and laughing and showing that he was determined not to let him escape. When Rain-in-the-Face was near enough he took his revolver and shot Custer. He then jumped from his pony and cut the heart from Tom Custer and took a bite of it. By this time, however, he was growing tired of the fight and turned and left the place without scalping him.

"Custer and his men fought bravely but they were not strong enough to defeat their fierce and angry foe. The Indians were too angry to let a man escape and even after the warriors had killed every man the squaws and boys of the tribe went about the field shooting and robbing the dead men. The squaws cut the fingers off the men in order to get the rings they wore. They took all the money and watches they could find. The boys took great delight in shooting the dead men and scalping those who had escaped the eyes of the warriors. However, they did not find the body of General Custer so his scalp was not taken by any of the Indians.

"I wonder how it happened that they did not find Custer and get his scalp?" Pat asked himself. "Maybe he was covered with another body and the Indians couldn't see him."

"Sitting Bull did not take any part in the fight as so many have said. He was a great medicine man of the tribe and he was away at the time of the battle. Some of the chiefs were very angry with Sitting Bull because they did not think that he did any good making medicine when he was needed on the battle field. But Chiefs Crazy Horse, Gall, and Rain-in-the-Face with their men proved too many for the brave force which fought so gallantly and lost their lives so courageously.

"Camanche, the horse ridden by one of Custer's relatives, and an Indian scout were the only ones who survived this terrible battle. The scout put a Sioux blanket over his head early in the battle and made his escape while the others were fighting. The soldiers in Reno's band found Camanche, the horse, and took him back with them to the camp. He was sent to Fort Riley where he was cared for until he died many years later. His skin was stuffed and later sent to the museum of the Kansas University where anyone who visits there may see it.

"When the people of the United States heard about Custer and his brave men and how they had been killed they were very, very sorry."

Pat closed his book and sighed deeply. "I feel sorry for them too," he said, shaking his red head, "but I think that was a mighty brave way to die. I think Custer and his men were pretty brave. I wish I could be that brave. I believe I had rather fight Indians than pick peaches."

A SIGHT SEEING TRIP

A merry game of horse shoes was going on in the sixth grade. Four noisy, bright-eyed eager boys were eagerly shouting out as first one or the other had good fortune enough to throw a "ringer". "That's ten for us A.W." "Give us five for a ringer. Five and three make eight. You're just two ahead of us." And the game went merrily along as Miss Martin watched with interest.

"Good morning Miss Martin," said a soft voice close to her side.

"Why good morning, Dorothy." Miss Martin turned and shook hands with the smiling, brown-eyed child. "We are glad to have you back again. Did you have a good trip and see all the sights of the Nation's Capital?"

"Yes, I did," Dorothy replied. "And I've brought something to show the class at story period." Dorothy smiled as though she knew some great secret and hugged her coat closer to her.

The game of horse shoes had been neglected by the noisy little boys. The children gathered eagerly about their class mate, who was just returning from Washington, D. C., to give her a hearty welcome and to get a glimpse of the treasure she was so carefully guarding beneath her coat.

"Show it to us now."

"Let's have story period now."

Indeed, the children had no intention of waiting a couple of hours to hear Dorothy's secret and see the sacred treasure

she protected so well. But she was firm. Until the great moment came she was going to guard her possession and keep it from all inquisitive eyes. With a delighted laugh she broke away from the other children and ran to hide the secret in her locker, where it would be safe until the time for story period.

Story period was a long time coming and since Dorothy was not the only one in the room who had been a long distance from home, nor was she the only one who had visited the national capital, as little Anne was quick to make known, Miss Martin experienced some difficulty in holding her excited little charges in check.

"Miss Martin, last summer we drove to Washington and visited all the big buildings and we went to Mount Vernon too."

"So did I, Anne," Dorothy turned to her little friend, "and I saw the coach Washington used to ride in."

"I did too." Anne stood up ready to tell about her wonderful trip. "And I saw the funny little school house where Washington's little grandchildren went to school."

"Miss Martin," Dorothy spoke as she rose leisurely to her feet, "why don't we pretend to go to Washington, come back home and maybe tell another room about our trip. I can tell about everything I saw and I think it would be nice to let the others tell what they have seen."

"What do you think Mickey?," Miss Martin turned to hear what Mickey wished to say.

"I've been to Washington too, and I'd like to tell about going up in Washington's Monument. I'd like to tell about the zoo, too, or someone else could tell about it. We could tell

our stories at story period every day and if we had any souvenirs we could bring them too. Blair, my brother, has a letter opener with a picture of the Capitol on it. He'd let me bring it I am certain."

All of the children wanted to do as Dorothy suggested. But at story period when they saw the little jewelry box Dorothy had brought back with her, the "secret" she had been so jealously guarding, most of the children would willingly have started to Washington that very minute. All had some suggestions as to how they should make the trip and what they should see after they arrived.

For the rest of the day the children talked of nothing else but the magic city of Washington. They had decided to hunt at home for any stories of that wonderful city. Miss Martin promised to get books from the library for them. Many of them had promised to bring souvenirs that they had at home.

At last, after several days of reading and after a large table had been filled with pictures and souvenirs, the children decided they would invite the fifth grade in to hear about this wonderful trip they had taken, and see this display.

The invitation was gladly accepted and the sixth grade made their room attractive for their guests. The welcoming committee met the guests at the door and showed them to their places.

Anne Cass, the chairman, took her place.

"We are very glad to have you come in and hear about our trip. Some of the girls and boys are going to tell you about

the things they liked best when they were in Washington. Helen will now tell you how Washington was planned."

Helen began, "'How Washington Was Planned'. A long time ago there wasn't any large city of Washington. But the country needed a capital city. There was a Frenchman who knew much about drawing. He had been in Washington's army also, and Washington wished him to plan the city. He had an interesting name, Charles Pierre L'Enfant. His last name means 'child' in English. He said the city ought to be like a wheel, with all the streets running out from the capitol building as a central hub. It is one of a few cities in the world that was planned in detail before it was built. The Frenchman thought that the streets should be so wide that the sun could shine on the houses and so the people would need many trees down the sides of the streets, and parks to play in. Now, when you go to Washington you can see that the city is planned like a wheel and that there are many beautiful buildings and parks."

"I am sure you would like to hear something about some of the buildings, now and Welcker is going to tell you about the capitol," was the next statement made by the chairman.

"The reason I wanted to tell about the capitol is because I liked it best," said Welcker when he came to the front of the room. "To me it is one of the most interesting buildings of Washington. It's bigger than our school building and our library put together. The length of it is seven hundred and fifty-one feet and the widest part is three hundred and fifty feet. The dome rises almost three hundred feet into the air and has on top

of it a bronze statue of Freedom. This statue is almost twenty feet high. George Washington laid the corner stone of the building. This building is where Congress makes all the laws. At one end of the building is the Senate Chamber and at the other is the Hall of Representatives. In between there are many rooms used as offices, reception room, meeting rooms, and lunch rooms. When you go into this building, you look up into the dome part, the part that is higher than the rest of the building. There is a picture of Washington there and several pictures around him. One is a picture of a woman and that is supposed to be Freedom. Then down below the wall are pictures of the history of this continent. This is not finished and as important events take place, they are painted too. The first artist died and his son took his place, the son died later and since then no one has been able to carry out the work successfully. Though these pictures are painted they look as though they are of material that stands away from the wall.

"I like the room where all the statues are. This room is full of statues of famous men and there is only one woman in it -- Frances Willard. This hall was originally the meeting room of the representatives and some very famous men made speeches here. Some of them were Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. When you go to Washington I hope you like the capitol there, too."

Dorothea knew she was next and she took her place.

"You'll think it's funny that I took the library to tell about, I suppose, but it isn't so funny when you know how well I like to read. This is the largest library in the world. It

takes up two blocks and is probably the most beautiful building in North America. The large entrance hall is of Italian white marble and especially beautiful at night. The staircases are of different colored marble which make this one of the outstanding features of the building. You can find any book you want and can see some of the very first books and papers that were printed. There is also a copy of every book, pamphlet, circular, song, in fact everything copyrighted in the United States, is in the library. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are here, also. They are under glass plates; colored glass is used to keep them from fading. They are guarded at all times. One of our Presidents, Thomas Jefferson, had a large number of books, and these were bought and placed in this library. The national library of France, in Paris, is the only library in the world that has a larger printed book collection than this library. There are over four million printed books in our national library.

"I know you'll think this is very interesting" Dorothea said. "There is a reading room for the blind. You know they can read with their fingers, but I'm sure that I never could. The system is known as the Braille system.

"Another thing that I think is interesting is the little underground cars they have to carry books from one place to another. If a congressman in the capitol building wanted a book from the library, he could phone to the library and a librarian could put it in one of the cars and he could have his book in ten minutes.



"This building has some very famous as well as beautiful mosaics. Perhaps the most beautiful and best known is the one of Minerva at the head of the grand staircase. When you are in Washington, be sure you visit the Congressional Library, finished Dorothea.

"Mickey really visited Washington and she is going to tell you what she liked best," Anne Cass turned to Mickey.

"I liked everything so much," smiled Mickey, "that it was hard to decide what to tell, so I'm going to tell you about the Washington monument and the Zoo.

"I'll let you vote which one I shall tell about first. How many want Washington's monument?" Mickey counted those who voted. "Now, how many want me to tell about the zoo? I am sure it will get the most votes." Sure enough more votes were cast for the story of the zoo, so Mickey began.

"The way the zoo first started is very interesting, I think. The people at the National Museum who mounted animals and birds wanted real animals and birds for models. They were kept in a small garden back of the Smithsonian institution. When they were through with them, they either killed them or sent them to the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia. But people became interested in having a Zoological Garden in Washington, so Congress appropriated \$200,000 in 1888 and the land covering one hundred and seventy-six acres was bought. The zoo was opened in 1890. Mr. W. H. Blackburne, who had been with the Barnum Circus, became the keeper, and he has been head keeper there for forty-two years.

"Most of the buildings are old, but two new ones have been built. One is a new Bird House and it is one of the finest in America. This bird house has one hundred and fifty-five inside cages with modern means of heating and ventilating. The other is for reptiles, you know, like snakes, and insects, and is the largest in the world. It was constructed at a cost of \$220,000. The halls of this building are very comfortable at any time for people, even when the cages are quite warm for the reptiles. There are birds and snakes of all kinds. I saw one bird, a cockatoo that looked very much like a parrot, and he had a big comb on the top of his head. The keeper said that he is forty-six years old and was the first bird to come to the zoo. The bears I liked best of all. The blue bears are the only ones of their kind in any zoo in the United States. In the National Zoological Park there are more than three thousand splendid living specimens. It might be interesting to know that these birds, reptiles, and other forms of animal life eat forty thousand pounds of sweet potatoes, each year, thirty-seven thousand pounds of bread, condensed milk by the dozens of crates, and tons and tons of onions, hay, rice, lettuce, rock salt, and beets.

"Now I will tell you about the monument. In December 1799, it was decided by Congress that a marble monument should be erected by the United States in the capital city in honor of George Washington. Time went by and this monument was not constructed nor was enough money appropriated. In September 1833 a meeting of citizens was held and the Washington National Mon-

ument Society was organized and it is through the efforts of this society that we now have the great Washington Monument. It is five hundred and fifty-five feet high and that is about a block and a half long. It is much higher than any of our stores in town. It was begun in 1848 but was not finished until 1885. From 1848 until 1862 no work was done because of lack of funds. You can go to the tower in an elevator, or there are stairs that you can walk up. There are marble stones in the walls with the names of the states on them. There are forty states represented and about eleven foreign countries besides many cities and lodges from various parts of our country.

"When I got to the top I looked out of the windows. There are two on each side. The building site was especially selected that the monument would be seen from all parts of the city. From the windows on one side I saw the Lincoln Memorial. It looked very pretty with the reflecting pool in front of it. I saw the White House, far below me, from another side, and from another I saw the Capitol that Welcker told you about. One is so high in the air that he looks down on the capitol dome. From other windows I could see out over the river and it was such a clear day I could see miles and miles. Beaumont, my sister, took some pictures from the monument and I will show them to you now. There is a big one of the Lincoln Memorial you will get to see in a few minutes on the display table. At night there are great flood lights shining from the room at the top of the monument to warn airplanes of this high monument, and I have been told that during this bicentennial year for George Washington there are

flood lights shining on the monument every night."

While Mickey sent her pictures back through the audience, Thad got up to tell his story. When they had finished with the pictures, he was ready to begin.

"One of the buildings I liked best in Washington was the National Museum. The National Museum is under the Smithsonian Institution. An Englishman by the name of Smithson left \$50,000 to America to be used to spread knowledge throughout the world. Congress appropriated about the same amount to go with the legacy and the Smithsonian Institution was founded in the Englishman's honor. Here at the Smithsonian Institution you can see Lindbergh's airplane, the Spirit of St. Louis. It doesn't look very large, either, when you think he crossed the ocean in it. In this building are to be seen, also, some of the first airplanes, the Wright's planes, Curtis', and Langley's, as well as other first airplanes. There is also a place in the museum where there are skeletons and the animals that used to be in the world thousands of years ago.

"The girls will like the thing I am going to tell now," continued Thad smiling. "There is a room with figures of women in it and they have on the dresses that were worn by the wives of the presidents. They are funny dresses of a long time ago, and the way their hair is fixed is also very odd.

"I liked the visit to the White House next best, but Lucy is going to tell about it."

"The White House," said Lucy, "as you know is the home of the President. George Washington selected the place where it is built. Some people think he laid the cornerstone of this

building but he did not, as he was in Philadelphia at that time. He and Mrs. Washington saw it after it was finished but they did not get to live in the White House. When President and Mrs. Adams went there to live, it was not finished and Mrs. Adams used the room now called the East Room as a laundry.

"A few years later, in 1812, war broke out with England. The nation's capitol was set on fire and was left in ruins by the enemy and only the walls of the White House were left standing. After this war, however, the city was rebuilt and some years later the White House was finished.

"Every year at Easter, all the children of Washington gather on the lawn of the White House and have an egg rolling. Usually the President and his wife come out for a few minutes and speak to the children."

"Of course," said Anne Cass, "we couldn't visit Washington without a trip to Mount Vernon, so Anne Powell will tell you about our visit there."

"Mount Vernon," began Anne, "is located on a beautiful hill overlooking the Potomac. It is a long white building and has beautiful grounds all around it. I saw Martha Washington's flower garden and the servants' quarters. The school building where Washington's adopted children went to school, is small and not very far from the house. There is a picture of it on our Bulletin board. I saw Washington's old coach house and the coach he used to ride in.

"The inside of the house is kept as it was when Washington lived there. There is the harpsicord that Nellie Custis played and the bed she slept in. It is quite high and has steps to get

up into it. Of course I did not get to go all the way into the rooms, because there is a velvet cord that is stretched along to show people how far to go. Washington's tomb, the place where he is buried is just a short walk from the house. I saw both the old tomb and the new.

"I enjoyed very much my trip to the home of our First President and the visit to the Nation's Capitol which is named for this president."

"This ends our little program," said Anne Cass, to the audience. "We are very glad you came in. If you will pass around by the display table, Anita, Doris, Grover and Buddy will tell you about the things you will see there."

When the fifth grade left, they thanked the sixth grade people for their entertaining program and said they were now all eager to visit the Nation's Capitol which meant so much to all American citizens.

(Gettysburg)

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FOLLOWING LEE'S FOOTSTEPS

Gettysburg, Penna.,

June 25, 1929.

Dear Janst:

Without writing a diary I hardly know how I am going to tell you all the interesting things I do and see these days. I do wish you could be here with me to enjoy the beauties of this section of the country. No doubt you are enjoying the beauties of that section of the country also, and I look forward to your letters with such eagerness that I almost snatch them from the clerks at the hotel desks. Hugh says the first thing I say when I step into a hotel is, "Is there any mail for Louise Cameron? I was expecting a letter to be here when I arrived." But you know what teases big brothers are and Hugh certainly is no exception; in fact, I sometimes believe he is even worse than most brothers. However, Aunt Dee and Uncle Frank take my part and enjoy your letters almost as much as I.

Where shall I begin? There is so much to tell I hardly know where to start my story--though this may end by being a book which you may have to read by chapters.

I didn't mail you a letter in Baltimore as we were in such haste to see what we could in as short a time as possible. That is "truly American style" isn't it? But

Hugh was in a hurry to get here to see the Gettysburg battlefield, so we had to be "truly American." However, I can assure you we did not play that role when we rode about the field and park today. Hugh and Uncle Frank took turns driving and neither drove fast, and I'm sure I did not want them to when there were so many things to see on both sides of the car. It kept me busy watching and listening to the men review the battle which took place so many years ago. I was always poor in history and I could see that I shocked my relatives by the questions I asked. But how was I to learn if I didn't ask questions? And lean close while I whisper something in your ear; I think Hugh and Uncle Frank felt quite pleased with themselves to be able to satisfy my curiosity!

When I asked why this battle was so important Hugh told me that had Lee won, some very important cities would have been easily captured. Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York would have been taken, he said. It would have meant certain success for the Confederate cause. On the other hand, Meade's winning meant the end of the Confederacy because the road to the Southern capital, Richmond, would be open to any force that might have been sent to capture the city. With the Confederate capital in the hands of the enemy the Confederacy could not have hoped to live.

Perhaps I had better tell you something of the sit-



nation of the town and battlefield so you will be better able to follow the trip I took today. If I were an artist I would draw a picture of the town and ridges where the fighting took place so long ago. As I am not an artist, Janet, you will have to find a map of Gettysburg to aid you. Perhaps I can coax Hugh into giving me the one he bought today!

South of the town there are two hills, Round Top and Little Round Top--I'll tell you more about them later, as they are very important. From these two hills, extending toward Gettysburg, is a line of hills known as Cemetery Ridge. However, before it reaches the town it makes a turn east and ends in what is known as Culp's Hill. West of town is another ridge called Seminary Ridge which almost parallels Cemetery Ridge. Willoughby Run, a little creek, is just west of this ridge and played its part in the famous battle.

We have not yet visited the little towns north of Gettysburg where a part of Lee's forces first assembled and I'm not sure that we will get to visit them as we want to go on to Philadelphia. I'm quite eager to see the "Quaker" city but I must tell you about Gettysburg now.

Lee had planned to make Meade attack him at a little town north of Gettysburg but it seems that a part of his force needed some boots and the officer in charge of the force marched the men into Gettysburg after them. The

Federal forces were there and blocked the Confederates' way, of course. With the Federal forces firing into their midst there was nothing for the Confederates to do but defend themselves. After a hard struggle the Union soldiers retreated through the town to Cemetery Ridge while the Confederate soldiers took their stand opposite on Seminary Ridge. That first day's battle took place on the first day of July, 1863. I should have mentioned this before.

I asked Hugh about the second day's fighting and for answer he drove over to Culp's Hill. Ewell, one of the Confederate commanders, captured the hill and drove the Union soldiers south to Little Round Top. Uncle Frank said that both Lee and Meade, Meade was in command of the Federal Army you know, realized the value of Little Round Top and were determined to occupy it. As it happened Meade's forces were the ones to hold it but his army had lost many men as the fighting had been so fierce.

When Uncle Frank and Hugh both told the story of the third day's battle, Aunt Dee and I shuddered. You have heard "Into the Valley of Death rode the Six-Hundred" I know; that is what Aunt Dee said she was reminded of. It was horrible and I wish sometimes that Hugh hadn't described it so well. I'll not use all the adjectives in telling you the story that Hugh used in telling it to me.

After the battle of Culp's Hill, which, although it lasted some time, occupied only a very small part of both

armies, a silence fell on the field. The day was extremely hot and very clear. Though there was no fighting, Lee, on his side, was making preparations for a dangerous and desperate attack. He made the preparations against the wishes and advice of many of his commanders but he felt that his only hope lay in the success of this planned charge. General Pickett, a commander under Lee, was chosen to make the charge on the enemy. He realized that it meant certain death for most of his men, if not all of them, but not for one instant did he hesitate to follow his beloved leader's orders. General Longstreet had been against the plan from the very beginning but he was under orders from his superior officer and he had to obey.

The command had been given for the heavy guns and cannons to fire upon the enemy and the open space that lay between the armies. When the cannons began roaring and firing into the Union midst the noise was terrible. The air was filled with smoke and fire and the noise was like thunder. The Union force was not to be outdone, however, and began firing with equal energy. For almost an hour the terrible firing lasted and then the Union fire ceased.

Lee decided that when the guns on Seminary Ridge were firing their heaviest, Pickett's division should advance toward the Federal line. When Pickett began his march the guns and cannons had to stop firing in order not to strike any of the Confederate soldiers. You know they didn't

have guns that could be lifted and fired in front of the soldiers so they could have protection from the enemy into which they were advancing. Now, Hugh says, such a charge would be made behind a smoke screen and the men wouldn't be left without any protection.

Can you imagine anything more heroic than a band of soldiers forming a line in front of their own trenches and preparing to march firmly and steadily into their enemy's midst? This is just what the Confederate force did.

Pickett led his men from Seminary Ridge and began the fatal charge to Cemetery Ridge. The Union soldiers must have been surprised to have seen such a thing taking place before their very eyes. Uncle Frank said that for a few minutes they were so surprised that there was a deathly stillness on the battlefield. I imagine, too, that there were many of the Federal men who admired the courage and bravery shown by the Confederate enemy. But such courage could not be admired long and the Union forces opened their terrific cannon fire into the center of Pickett's division. However, this division had set out to reach the enemy's line and it was determined to reach it. As fast as a section of the line was mowed down (Hugh's expression) others in the file filled the gap. In the face of all the fire and danger the brave men kept their steady march and never for one second faltered. Not once from the time the charge began did the marching cease. Many of the division aiding Pickett were killed and wounded but those who were left joined Pickett's

group and marched gallantly into the enemy's line.

The Union soldiers had some men ready for the Confederates and when they reached their defence the struggle was terrible. The soldiers became confused and did not listen to the orders of their leaders and fought hand to hand. However, such confusion did not last very long, as one of the Union men fired a fatal shot from one of the large guns and General Pickett ordered his men to retreat. Had Longstreet sent his men into the charge to relieve Pickett and his brave men, the charge might have proved a success for the Confederate soldiers. As it was, Longstreet hesitated to send his men into certain death and his help was sent too late.

Hugh blamed Lee for not giving more definite orders to Longstreet as to the exact time he was to send his men in, Uncle Frank blamed Longstreet for not obeying Lee's orders and Aunt Dee and I listened to the entire Gettysburg battle again. I don't know what conclusions they finally reached because they were still arguing when I came up stairs to write to you. However, we know now that it could not have been other than it was, because such a powerful nation could not reach the heights of success divided as it would have been had the Confederate force been the victors.

I had no more than reached my room when Aunt Dee came in with a small book in her hand. She gave it to me and I found it to be a copy of The Perfect Tribute by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. We sat down and read again the beautiful

story of the writing of the Gettysburg Address and the tribute a young Confederate soldier paid to Abraham Lincoln. Of course it is only a story, but it is a beautiful one and Aunt Dee and I found it very interesting. You must read it when we both get back home.

It is told that Lincoln wrote the address on a scrap of brown paper while on the train going to Gettysburg to attend the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery. Edward Everett made the formal oration and it took him two hours to deliver it while it took Lincoln about two minutes to give his address. In it he said that people would not long remember what was said that day, but it seems as though his words will live forever.

Janet, I don't believe I will ever forget my trip today through one of the most famous National Parks in America. There are markers everywhere to tell exactly what took place so many years ago. Various states have monuments erected in honor of their dead heroes and these I found very interesting.

Aunt Dee says that she thinks it is one of the most outstanding shrines in America and Uncle Frank and Hugh have stopped their arguing long enough to agree with her.

If I have left anything out I will tell you about it when I get home.

Love,

Louise

P.S. Hugh said I could have the map, so I will mark the route we took and send it to you.

A SHRINE OF FREEDOM

Miss Lundin could distinctly hear the hum of voices from the 7A history room the moment she turned into the corridor. A quick smile spread over her pretty face as she hastened her steps toward the room. It was a pleasure to greet these children each morning and a joy to teach them. What a difference there was between this class and the one immediately following. It could not be said that these children were by any manner of means angelic but they really were dears.

Flashing a smiling good morning as she entered the room Miss Lundin passed on to her desk. Most of the children had answered the cheery greeting and ceased their conversations. However, all was not quiet in the 7A room. Back in the corner at the reference table sat three sturdy, happy youngsters talking eagerly on some engrossing subject. So interested were they in their own discussion that they had not noticed their beloved teacher come in nor had they noticed that the room was in comparative silence. The rest of the children cast amused glances toward the reference table and each other.

There was a lull in the conversation and Miss Lundin took advantage of it. "I believe," she smiled, "that there is something interesting going on at the reference table and I'm sure the class is exceedingly eager to learn what it is. When we see such a display of industry and interest we are always curious to know what is taking place, and if we are going to share in the discussion."

At the library table two children immediately assembled books, magazines and papers into a neat array while one answered his smiling teacher in an enthusiastic manner.

"Of course you're going to share in the discussion. But," hesitating, "I'm not so sure there is going to be much of a discussion after all. You see, Jack, Winston, and I decided we'd work our part of the lesson up together."

"We have all confidence in your plan Robert," assured Miss Lundin. "It was left with you as to how you would work it out. We are sure that you three boys have some interesting news for us, and I for one am quite eager to hear it. Are you going to take charge? If so I must turn the meeting over to you." Robert advanced to the front of the room head up and eyes shining. He was a bright looking little chap and one who commanded interest and attention. His class mates were looking at him expectantly. Whatever Robert had a hand in was sure to be all right according to these staunch friends of his and they were awaiting the coming recitation with interest.

"It is most appropriate, at this time of the year," Robert began in his best oratorical manner, "that all Texans, yes, and even all people of the United States, should pause a few minutes to worship at the shrine of some of her fallen heroes. It would be unworthy of us to let them lie forgotten. And now on the anniversary of that great sacrifice what could be more appropriate than to review the events leading up to the fall of the Alamo and to realize why it should be a shrine burning in the hearts of all true Americans."



"For this purpose the lesson has been worked out in three reports. Jack is to tell you a little concerning the early history of the city where the Alamo now stands, also, something concerning the Alamo itself. Winston will take you through the Alamo with its gallant defenders. Then you will actually hear the guns and cannons roaring about you and see scrambling over the walls coming toward you the fierce, wild-eyed Mexicans. I will then present to you the Alamo as we should view it today. Jack will you let us hear your story?"

The first speaker took his place at the front of the room and after addressing his chairman and classmates began without any of the customary "speakers preliminaries."

"Tradition tells us that it is to the Indians that credit should be given for the founding of the city of San Antonio. For, if we are to believe this tradition, a tribe of Indians known as the Tejas made their little wigwam village on the present site of San Antonio a long, long time before a permanent settlement was built there by the Spanish.

"However, it was not to be expected that the site should thus remain unknown. Early adventurers and travelers were beginning to be curious about a foreign country. A trail was made through this vast wilderness of Texas from Mexican outposts situated on the Rio Grande to Louisiana. It was then, not at all unusual that this small Tejas village should become a camping ground and resting place for these travelers.

"A village located in a beautiful district of hills and valleys, one that has many springs and a winding stream shaded by large trees, one whose beauty had been described and sung

by many traveler priests was not to be considered lightly by <sup>62</sup>  
the Spanish. They feared the coming Frenchmen might claim  
the land and capture this beautiful village so they determin-  
ed to settle there thus thwarting any plans the French might  
have. True to their determination they constructed there in  
1718, a building called the Royal Presidio of San Antonio de  
Bejas.

"At the same time the mission of San Antonio de Valero  
was established not far from the presidio. This mission was  
later known as the Alamo and used by the Franciscans for the  
conversions of the heathen Indians.

"These two buildings, the presidio and the mission, may  
be considered as the actual founding of the present city of  
San Antonio."

Jack paused a second, "I shall now tell you a little  
concerning the mission of San Antonio de Valero, or the Alamo  
as it is better known today."

"The friars or monks as they were often called, and their  
converts could not be guaranteed sufficient safety from the  
Spanish military post when they were suddenly raided; con-  
they began to enclose an oblong space, some two or three acres,  
in the midst of some cotton-wood or alamo trees. It is from  
these alamo trees that the mission came by its name. This in-  
closure was called the Mission Square and from north to south  
it was about a block and a half square.

"The wall stood about eight feet high, and almost a yard  
thick. The convent, a two story building of adobe or sun-dried

brick, 191 feet long and 13 feet wide, was along the east side of the enclosure. In front of the convent was a large yard also surrounded by a strong wall. The church, then, was in the southeast corner of the Mission Square and was built of hewn rocks. A large gateway was in the southern wall next a long though rather narrow prison. A ditch and a stockade outside the wall stretched from the corner of the church to the prison. Though this seems shelter enough from the fire of the Mexican's guns it was not enough from any attack that might cause a break in the outer walls. Nevertheless, even though a break might be made the Texans could retreat to within the various enclosures.

"With the Spanish domination the friars, or monks disappeared leaving the mission to be used for military purposes. The buildings were converted into soldiers' quarters and supply rooms. There was plenty of water in the Mission or Alamo, which was supplied from the town stream by means of water-ways passing under the walls. In order to make their position even stronger the Texans mounted fourteen guns at various parts of the walls. The heaviest guns were placed so that they faced from the church, north, south, and east. Two were for the stockade, two for the gateway, and two for the north and west walls which were more exposed."

"Now," continued Jack, "that we have a picture of the old city of San Antonio, and have constructed the Alamo we shall turn to Winston. To him we shall leave the honor of telling how bravely and gallantly it was defended."

Taking his position in front of the class Winston made ready to give his contribution to his classmates.

"When Mexico fought to free herself from Spanish control it seemed that Texas became a place of refuge for all those Mexicans opposed to the rule of the king. As a result of this San Antonio became a revolt center, and consequently was attacked frequently. The two contending parties were known as the Revolutionists and the Royalists and one after the other occupied the small town of San Antonio. Many white people from the United States had become interested in the Texan frontier life and had gone there to make their homes. Others interested in the warfare had gone there in search of adventure.

"Mexico won her independence and for a time the people of Texas enjoyed a period of peace. This peace time came in the year 1821. However, it was not to last long because the Texans and Mexicans soon came into conflict. San Antonio again became the center of strife and was stormed in 1835. General Cos, under direction of the President of Mexico, Santa Ana, was occupying the city at the time. In case he was hard pressed there was the Alamo to which he might withdraw.

"In December some of the Texans determined to take the Alamo and hold it as their own fortress. There were some among the number who wished to storm the Alamo first. This, however, was decided against and a plan of first taking the town was agreed upon. So under cover from house to house they managed successfully to take the town and forced the Mexican general from the Alamo. The Texans allowed him to cross the Rio Grande

on parole not dreaming that they would see him again under such different circumstances. With the going of General Cos went also the last of the Mexican soldiers.

"This did not stop the frequent skirmishes though, and it was not long before the Texans grew tired of constant warfare and determined to fight for their independence. Santa Ana wishing to crush these rebellious forces made ready to march against San Antonio; meeting General Cos he forced him to break his parole and return with his soldiers to fight against the city he had just lost.

"The Texan men, a small force, were in charge of Colonel Travis. There were other commanders there also but with all the men and their commanders there were only 192 to hold the city and fortress. These men were not the trained men they should have been to make such a show of courage against the opposing force of Santa Ana. Colonel Travis did not actually know the number of the force confronting him. He hurriedly withdrew his men into the Alamo which had been hurriedly filled with such provisions as could be found in the town.

"Santa Ana, for some reason, was afraid to attack until all his troops had arrived. Strange isn't it, that a general with several thousand men should hesitate to attack a force of only 192? It may be considered a compliment to this brave band of men who were filled with love of liberty and the determination to hold the Alamo.

"It has been told that Colonel Travis realized from the first he and his men were doomed. He had written for aid but General Houston had not been able to give any. Not wishing

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to take unfair advantage of his force he called them together and explained that any man who so desired had permission to take his chance for liberty.

"Men," announced Travis, I have explained our situation. It seems that we must die, but are we to die without causing our enemy to pay by taking a single life? Are we going to meet our enemy and advance to kill them even as they advance to kill us? Shall we not kill them as long as one of us remains to fire a shot? I make my choice; it is to remain here to fight as long as I draw breath, and to die for my country."

"Every man had his chance, to surrender and trust the Mexicans would prove kind; to attempt an escape; or remain in the fortress and fight until the last one fell. All but one scout chose to remain and fight. It is even reported that Colonel Bowie, who was too ill to leave his cot, asked that he be moved across the line that Colonel Travis had made in front of him. After that, other men had their cots moved and they were gallantly backing their leader. When Santa Ana sent a message asking if the force would surrender Travis had a cannon fired, indicating that he and his men would fight to the finish. General Santa Ana ordered his men to enter the fight and not to spare a single man within the fortress.

"Early on Sunday morning, March 6, the attack began. The Mexicans rushed from their positions at the sound of a bugle but were repulsed because of the cannons and rifles of the Alamo. After some confusion they successfully pushed to the foot of the walls and were met by the fire of the trapped Texans. Having only a limited supply of ammunition these Texans aimed with

care and precision; every shot counted and told. These men were accustomed to hunting and killing Indians and were used to frontier ways. But once within the Mission Square the Mexicans drove their victims from one shelter to another; fighting with firearms, clubs, and fists a terrible struggle ensued. The Texans were at last driven into the church and it was the last to fall. Outnumbered as they were they made a brave and desperate but hopeless defense. Colonel Bowie, to whom we owe the Bowie knife, ill as he was, kept his gun firing until he was killed. One of the last to fall was Colonel Crockett, one of the leaders who had brought with him to the Alamo about twelve followers. Crockett was also an Indian fighter and came from Tennessee.

"That such a slaughter could occur in such a short time seems almost preposterous; but in one short hour there was not a single brave soul of the 192 defenders of the Alamo left to see the fate of his companions. The only survivors left to spread the sad news were; two American women, two children, Mrs. Candelario who attended Colonel Bowie during his illness, and a colored slave boy.

"One of the women, a Mrs. Dickenson, was given a horse and sent by Santa Ana to tell the rebellious Texans they were commanded to surrender. When Mrs. Dickenson rode into General Houston's camp and told what had happened the general immediately set fire to the village lest it meet the same fate and retreated.

"When the people of San Antonio asked that they might bury their dead Santa Ana, in a savage manner, refused and gave

orders that all bodies were to be burned at once. The Texans and also the Mexicans of the city secretly gathered what bones remained and buried them later in one grave.

"When the horrible story of the Alamo reached the people of Texas they were very angry with the Mexicans and determined to fight with all possible strength. They did not want another tragedy to occur. The Texan men went into every battle with an image before them of how bravely the Alamo force had defended the fortress; how courageously they had fought, and how gallantly they had died. They remembered how the Mexicans with their large army had killed every man in the Alamo. They could never forget the horrors that had occurred in that fortress nor that the Mexicans had entered the fight with the orders not to spare a life. The cry of 'Remember the Alamo' became a battle cry that seemed to lend strength to the Texans. 'Remember the Alamo' was the cry that led them into all the battles afterward and aided them in successfully winning their independence."

Pausing a short time after he had finished speaking Winston turned and without another word walked quietly to his seat. After Winston had seated himself Robert waited long enough for his classmates to reflect upon what had been said before he rose from his chair and walked to the center of the room.

"Coming back from that tragic day in 1836," began Robert, "when a small force of brave men fought so courageously for a cause they failed to see realized, let us view this structure as it is today."

"There, in the very heart of the city of San Antonio, stands this peaceful, gray structure. Surrounded, as it is,



by the modern business buildings of today it seems to bridge the gap of time to typify the soul of its defenders. Some there are who seem to think this old, old building stands as with an air of apology to the modern buildings because of having stood so long. But, could this Alamo speak, no doubt it would tell how proudly and lovingly it remembers the by-gone days of heroic action, and not for all the finest styles of architecture would it surrender its identity.

"No longer is there a two-or-three-acre courtyard adjoining the building on the west, and the circular section of the plaza garden now stretches where the old south wall stood. Traffic, hurrying and unfeeling traffic passes on the pavement which now covers the old historic courtyard.

"This building stands as one of our shrines, one of our shrines of freedom. Those, who defended the building fought for their country, and died for the love of freedom, will always live in the hearts of every one. The heroes of the Alamo will always live if we, as Texans and Americans, make sacred this structure and cause it to live a Shrine of Freedom."

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(Vicksburg)

GRANDFATHER'S STORY

Through the gentle flutterings of leaves and the softly gathering dusk, Grandfather watched the last rays of the setting sun. Gradually the red rays were subdued into delicate purples which soon were blended and then quite lost in the heavenly blue and grey of the twilight hour. And still Grandfather sat quietly gazing into the patches of blue and grey. How peaceful was he here, folded in the soothing embrace of the tranquil twilight thinking of days that were gone.

So lost in thought, tranquility and happiness was he that he did not hear the soft footsteps stealthily creeping upon him. Not until a pair of soft arms were about his neck and ten playful fingers were running through his thick, white thatch of hair did he realize he was not alone. Catching the ten mischievous and wilful fingers he sternly bade his captive surrender and pulled a slight figure down to the arm of his chair.

With a merry, gay laugh and with a quick kiss which landed on the tip of Grandfather's ear, the little captive did as she was commanded. A little elfin creature was this sixteen year old Virginia Lee, returning Grandfather's gaze with one of love and requish mischief. By the manner in which she demanded what he had been dreaming about, an observer would never have thought her the captive and he the captor.

Seeing nothing amiss in this demand it did not take

Grandfather long to satisfy his little tormentor. He was thinking of how contented he was here with his family and how different this June everything was from the June evenings he had spent in "sixty-three".

Though Virginia Lee had heard the story (the ending always the same) countless of times she was always ready and eager to hear the story again. She knew every bit of it by heart; she could tell it as well as Grandfather and often did to her pet canary, though he was rude and interrupted her with his warblings. It was the ending of the story she particularly liked and it was never varied even by one little gesture or word.

She settled herself more comfortably on the spacious arm of the chair, threw one slender brown arm over the back where she would occasionally let her fingers run through Grandfather's hair.

"Now Grandfather, I'm all ready. Please begin."

"I was just a young lad when the war broke out but my country needed me so I enlisted. I was a lucky fellow and had some very narrow escapes and some mighty interesting adventures with those Yankee fighters. War isn't too easy nor too interesting when one thinks of the amusements to be found these days and it was even less interesting in the sixties. Times and conditions were hard for the Southerners. You see Lee didn't have the great number of fighting men that the Federal commanders had and it made it rather hard on him to keep men in the fields. But as I said before, we gave the Federals a stiff battle. Nevertheless it seemed that both sides

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had a fifty-fifty chance of winning until the Federals conceived the idea of capturing all our leading strongholds and cutting the Confederacy in two.

"The old Mississippi has played a very important part in the history of our country, my dear, and it certainly played its part then."

"Oh yes, Grandfather," nodded Virginia, "the South held some very important cities on the Mississippi, didn't it?"

"I did indeed," said the old man, "and Vicksburg was one not to be overlooked. Vicksburg, as well as Port Hudson, La., prevented free navigation for the North on the Mississippi. Not only did they prevent free navigation of the river but they held together the portions of the Confederacy east and west of the river. So it was only naturally that the main object of the Union forces should be to capture the strongholds.

"In the campaign to capture Vicksburg the Federal forces were under the command of General Grant. The Confederate forces were under General Pemberton. General Grant was most persistent in his efforts to capture territory around Vicksburg and to trap the Confederate forces within the walls of the city.

"Vicksburg is situated on high bluffs overlooking the Mississippi. These bluffs offered a wonderful protection against the firing of the Union forces as well as forming a magnificent site for the Rebel batteries. It didn't seem possible to Gen. Pemberton that his enemy would try to pass these batteries and attempt to reach the city."

"But the Federal navy was busy wasn't it?" interrupted Virginia Lee.

"Oh yes, Gen. Grant could hardly have accomplished his marvelous feat if it hadn't been for the assistance of this great fleet. Gen. Farragut's immense fleet was also near Vicksburg several times, but to Porter belongs the glory of running the batteries."

"And that's how Grant got the army from the western side out to the eastern side below Vicksburg." put in the little captive.

"Yes, Grant had his army on the Louisiana side and only by getting his transports below Vicksburg could he manage to get his army safely into Mississippi.

"It was a beautiful April night, let me see--yes it was the night of the 16th and a beautiful Southern moon made everything brilliant for miles around. It was almost too bright for anything so daring as was attempted and carried out that night."

"Don't you imagine even those brave sailors were afraid, Grandfather?"

"Yes, I suppose there was many a lad who had a great fear in his heart. No doubt those commanding officers also feared and doubted the wisdom of sailing by those powerful batteries. However, they bravely set out and accomplished the deed. The Southerners didn't remain inactive while this daring feat was going on. As soon as they realized what was taking place, their guns were busily sending messages of destruction down into the Federal midst. As shells

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burst, the positions of the various ships could more easily be seen and made them easy prey to more shells."

"But only one Federal steamer was lost, Grandfather," Virginia supplied.

"Only one," assented Grandfather, "and long before morning came the Federal men in the army and navy were exchanging greetings. What had seemed impossible to Pemberton had been made possible by Gen. Grant and you may be sure there was plenty to worry the Confederate General then.

"About a week later some more transports and barges again ran the batteries with only a small loss, and both Confederates and Federals realized that the Vicksburg batteries didn't stop boats from passing down the Mississippi.

"When Grant crossed the river with his army, Gen. Pemberton realized what he meant to do. Those were busy days for both commanders. Both sent out calls for reinforcements. A portion of troops under Gen. Sherman arrived in time to join Grant in his move toward Jackson.

"With the Confederates it was a harder matter to get reinforcements at any time. They were busily engaged in various parts of the country and in all parts the men were badly needed. The railroads were none too good, being very poorly equipped and the transportation of troops over them was a difficult matter. Things looked dark for General Pemberton. But he did his best to keep his troops centered about Vicksburg."

"There was quite a lot of fighting in cities near Vicksburg though, wasn't there, Grandfather? Jackson, Raymond and Edwards Depot all had their share you know."

"Yes, General Gregg put up a stubborn fight at Raymond, that's true. But he had only some 2,000 men in the attack, so he was forced to retreat.

"Then after Raymond was taken, Grant was soon in possession of Jackson. That was about May 17, 1863, and after that it was only a few days until the Federal army had won a victory at Champion Hills and succeeded in forcing Pemberton to withdraw his troops to the Big Black river and from there to the entrenchments within the city."

"But Grandfather, General Grant had a very important message in his possession and it's no wonder he knew just what to do," contended Virginia. Perhaps Vicksburg couldn't have been taken if one of the Confederate soldiers hadn't proved false."

"No one can dare predict anything, my dear, nor surmise what may have happened. It only remains that one of the three messengers sent out by Gen. Johnston did turn traitor. It was when Johnston arrived at Jackson and learned of Gregg's defeat at Raymond that he sent word to General Pemberton that several divisions of the Federal troops were at Clinton between Jackson and Pemberton's army."

"And," Virginia Lee took up, "when General Johnston sent the message to Pemberton telling him to attack General Sherman at once, one of the messengers took the word to General Grant."

"Exactly so, and because of that and the trusty Northern scouts, General Pemberton's moves were well known to his enemy."

"Then, too, Grandfather, the Federals had about 36,000



men to keep in the field while the Confederates had only about 18,000. I think they were very brave and fought well."

"The South never had more men than it could use but General Grant's part in that campaign was bold and he worked hard and well to carry it to a successful close and to force Pemberton's men to the entrenchments within Vicksburg."

"Even then General Grant didn't think that it would take long to capture the city, Grandfather."

"No, he thought that a severe attack would force Pemberton to surrender."

"But General Grant was wrong, Grandfather. General Pemberton had left two divisions within the city to protect it so that when all the men were forced back he was well prepared for the assault." Virginia's enthusiasm was too great to allow her to sit calmly and wait for Grandfather to carry on his story.

"Quite right, Pemberton was too smart for General Grant that time. But the men who came in from the fields were pretty well tired out. I can remember how I would have given most anything I possessed just to have been able to get one good night's sleep and one good meal.

"General Grant had so many men that it was not necessary to have them all on duty. They didn't have to eat, sleep, and fight in the trenches. There were enough that one division could relieve another. In our own trenches we didn't know what it meant to be relieved. We wouldn't have had much to eat anyway, but we might have enjoyed a more comfortable place in which to sleep. But we had no men to take

our places and those who were able stayed right in their places. But really most of our men weren't able to hold their places but half starved and sun-baked they doggedly fought on.

"The first attack on Vicksburg was a failure, but General Grant was a very determined general. He set to work making bigger preparations for another assault."

"But it didn't work, did it, Grandfather?" interrupted his granddaughter.

"No, the assault didn't work, though I've never seen or heard anything in my life to equal it."

"It was the grandest and most terrible scene you've ever witnessed-" Virginia readily supplied.

"Yes it was indeed the grandest, and at the same time the most terrible, scene I have ever witnessed," Grandfather went on. "Burning and bursting shells darted across the sky and shook the earth like erupting volcanoes. The air was ablaze with their brilliant lights. Good sized print could easily have been read by those glaring, bursting shell lights, only we didn't think much about reading just then."

"And you weren't very far from the enemies' line, were you?"

"No, we weren't very far from their line, but little damage was done by those bursting shells, strange as it may seem. The most damage would have been done had those shells been dropped from above or had they been fired directly along our breastworks."

"But the Federals were brave and determined, Grandfather," nodded Virginia Lee, "after all that firing."

"After the cannonade, yes," resumed Grandfather. The Federal lines moved toward ours; we waited until they were within easy rifle range and then with our few firearms we opened fire. Such bravery as those men did show! Enemies as they were, we couldn't overlook such courage. As one man went down there was another there to step up into his place. And on they came--those who survived--right up to our very breastworks. What a sight! Others realized the impossibility of this and didn't attempt to reach our line. But they didn't retreat to their own lines at all,-- Not they, they kept their places all that day and the next morning this front line was much nearer ours than it had been before."

Virginia Lee drew herself up closer to Grandfather and shuddered, as she knew what was coming and she rather liked to hurry over this part of the story.

"Oh, 'twas a terrible sight that met our eyes the next few days. Men fell on all sides--some instantly killed, others dying during the day. But they were not carried off the field as soon as they could be reached, nor later. There they lay, dead and stiff, out in the terrific heat of the sun. The Federaks made no attempt to bury their dead. It was General Pemberton who had to call a truce that the Federals might give a decent burial to those who had fallen. The scene was a horrible one." A slight pause told Virginia Lee that phase of the story was ended.

"After General Grant saw that those stubborn rebels weren't to be frightened so easily, he settled down to serious business," and Grandfather chuckled in spite of the serious-

ness of the occasion. "You see, we always felt that one Confederate was worth a dozen Federals so we weren't aiming to give up our stronghold without a struggle."

"It must have been a hard struggle, too, Grandfather," sympathized the little girl.

"Well, lassie, it was a hard struggle. Both sides were just as determined that the other shouldn't win as your pet canary is determined to sing every morning at five o'clock and wake every one in the house. Yes sir, both sides meant business. General Grant settled down to regular size operations then.

"The Southern women were no less courageous than the men. Reared as they had been to do no menial work, they showed unusual courage and cheerfulness. Many of these brave, gentle women worked tirelessly among the wounded and dying soldiers. It was true that they had little with which they could cheer the soldiers, but the little they had they used to the best advantage. Often it was sitting by a bed brightening some poor lad's last moments. Again it was finding the luxury of a piece of mule's meat for some starving creature."

"The women were all beautiful, too, weren't they, Grandfather?" queried Virginia, knowing the answer quite well.

"Angels themselves couldn't have looked more beautiful," said Grandfather. "In fact, those women were angels to us suffering as we were. Had there been an unattractive one among them, her kind deeds and sympathetic works would have made her beautiful. Yes," Grandfather continued softly,

"those women were beautiful, extremely beautiful."

"But there was one more beautiful than all the others, Grandfather. You know there was!" urged the impatient one, moving closer to Grandfather in the dusk.

"Indeed, lassie, one was so much more beautiful as to completely overshadow all the others. Right well do I remember when first I saw her face."

"Face, Grandfather?" prompted the child. It was her eyes you saw first, it always has been her eyes." Virginia was going to see that there was no straying from the original story.

"Oh, my dear, to be sure it was her eyes I saw first, and such eyes as I can never forget." Grandfather lapsed into silence.

"You had been taken into the hospital," Virginia Lee broke in softly. "What's that? Oh yes, I had been taken to the hospital. Yes that's one of the two ways a soldier got out of the trenches. The other was by getting too familiar with those shots and not recovering. I got too familiar with a shot all right, but I managed to recover."

"Managed to recover?" Virginia challenged. "You mean after one look into those eyes you couldn't do otherwise!"

"Your're too wise for your years, my dear! But to continue my story. I don't remember very much after that shell hit me until I became conscious of something moist and cool on my lips and forehead. For the first time in weeks I felt too comfortable to move. Nevertheless, that refreshing moisture on my lips and forehead gave me courage to open

my eyes. Surely anything so comforting couldn't be war, so open my eyes I did."

"And then you saw her!"

"Yes, then I saw her. That is after I had gazed and gazed into her eyes I noticed they belonged to a beautiful face. But then the beautiful face belonged to her. After that I don't remember anything very clearly. They said I was ready to go back to the ranks the first thing I knew, but it seems that all of me didn't go back."

"Well, at least ~~my~~ watch didn't go back, Grandfather."

"No, that's quite right, but that's not all. I went and got right into the thick of it again.

"It was a constant strain, listening to that cannon-ading night and day and seeing your companions show down by your side. No one knew when his time might come. No telling what might have happened if truces hadn't been called along the line some time during the evening.

"During those truces both sides met between the lines and had some very friendly gatherings. It seemed common all along the lines, too, not just in my line or where my division was placed. Sometimes we chatted about various subjects and often we exchanged our choicest conundrums. We always parted the best of friends and shook hands with our enemies and then the next day we were fighting and shooting at the heads of those very friendly enemies.

"But those days and nights couldn't last forever. Starvation was gradually doing its dire work. General Pemberton, too, hadn't been re-enforced as he had hoped and he was

forced to make terms with General Grant."

"How many men did both armies have when General Pemberton had to surrender, Grandfather?" inquired Virginia.

"It seems that when the city surrendered, General Grant's army numbered 75,648 men and General Pemberton surrendered 29,491. However, at no time did Pemberton have 19,500 men for real duty."

"It must have been a relief when the city surrendered."

"We were all weary, but well we knew that the fall of this important stronghold only hastened the end of all fighting. However, General Grant was most gracious to his captives and we were treated with the utmost care and respect."

"And you met Virginia Lee again," urged the soft voice close to Grandfather's ear.

"I met Virginia Lee again, Lassie," Grandfather's voice halted, "and we came to this very house to live. You are very much like your grandmother, my dear."

"How much she enjoyed the beautiful park that has been made of the old battle ground. Beautiful drives, markers and monuments now stand in the place of unsightly trenches and mounds. It is as she always said, a shrine to be proud of and one we should all visit and respect."

"It is a shrine of patriotism, love, and loyalty we should all do well to copy," Virginia remarked as Grandfather finished his story.

Conclusion

Having written the stories and having tried them out on elementary school children the writer believes that the following conclusions are entirely justifiable:

1. That children are more interested in stories of their own country and about real people than they are in fairy stories and legends.
2. By making the stories be national rather than sectional the writer believes that a broader national viewpoint is encouraged.
3. While the stories are rather difficult to write due to the ingenuity required in securing a variety of presentation and a careful checking of the vocabularies used, there is evidence to support the conclusion, that American history, free from jingoism yet thoroughly patriotic can be taught to children in the lower elementary grades thoroughly and effectively by the story method.



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