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This Week

MAGAZINE...SPECIAL RECREATION EDITION

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

KEEPSAKE ISSUE

WHERE AMERICAN HISTORY LIVES

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, as it was that glorious summer morning 188 years ago. *See Page 10*

Six shining moments in our past you can visit and vividly recall. Plus—Secrets of the White House—George Washington's "Good Luck Poem"—other regular features

BY THOMAS J. FLEMING

Illustrated by Leslie Saalburg

WHERE OUR

About this issue: *One of the great myths of our time is the assertion that Americans have no interest in history. We have supposedly always been so busy rushing into the future that we have had little or no interest in looking back. Nothing could be more untrue. The pages you are about to read are the best possible proof that Americans are not only fascinated by their own history — they are prepared to spend long hours and millions of dollars to rescue it from neglect and decay and restore it to vivid, meaningful life.*

These pages give you only the highlights of a vast nationwide effort which has been going on since World War II. Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia, Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, Shiloh battlefield in Tennessee, Montezuma Castle in Arizona, Fort Sumter in South Carolina, these and a dozen other places are visited by growing numbers of Americans each year.

The desire to feel, to touch, to breathe the very atmosphere of the past is peculiarly American. The European grows up with the past all around him. But America is so vast and the pace of transformation has been so rapid, we must make a special effort to recapture our history. Perhaps, too, every American feels that with freedom threatened by worldwide despotism it was never more important to discover the pride, the purpose and the vitality of the American experience. That is the reason for this special issue devoted to the greatest landmarks of America's living history. — THE EDITORS

1. Lexington, Mass.

The best time to visit Lexington Common is around twilight, or dawn, when shadows mask the nearby houses, and it is easy to imagine the dim chilly April morning in 1775 when an uneasy line of American farmers filed across the wet grass to the beat of 16-year-old William Diamond's drum. The Common is still the same green two-acre triangle dividing the road to Concord, five miles to the west. Buckman tavern, where the Minutemen drank and conferred for hours before the drum called them to historic duty, still stands a few yards away.

So do other houses — the small home of Minuteman Jonathan Harrington — the Hancock-Clarke house, where patriot leaders John Hancock and Samuel Adams had slept until Paul Revere and other alarm riders jolted them out of their beds with warning shouts about the imminent arrival of 700 picked British soldiers.

A few hundred yards down the road, a vanguard of 200 British light infantry, too, were alerted and their commanding officer, marine Major John Pitcairn, ordered them to halt and load their guns. Then they surged forward again, in a nasty mood after a long cold night's march. Months of galling garrison duty in Boston, where almost every citizen made it obvious that they were unwelcome, added fuel to their tempers.

Reports from scouts had led the British to expect between 500 and 1,000 Americans ready to mow them down. In the dawning light it was easy enough to exaggerate the pitifully small line of Minutemen drawn up on the grass, especially if the uneasy soldiers included the hundred or so spectators scattered along the edges of the Common and milling around Buckman tavern and the town meeting house. Some thirty or forty of these were tardy Minutemen, not yet ready for battle, who were hurrying to get guns or ammunition.

The Americans ranged in age from 65-year-old Moses Harrington to a dozen teen-agers. In the ranks was Prince Estabrook, a Negro slave; no less than eight fathers stood shoulder to shoulder with sons. They were commanded by Captain John Parker, a 45-year-old veteran of Rogers' Rangers in the French and Indian Wars. Parker had no intention of shooting it out with the British. He knew he had no more than 70 or 80 men in the vicinity of the Common, and it would have been suicide to commit them against 700 regulars. Especially ridiculous, if he intended to fight, would have been his parade ground formation.

Parker, on the advice of Samuel Adams, was probably seeking instead to confront the British with token defiance, in the hope that they would back down and return to Boston. A similar confrontation had taken place at Salem previously, and the Americans had won.

But the British had specific orders to capture American arms and gunpowder stored at Concord, and they were not going to let a detachment of Minutemen stop them on Lexington green. Swiftly Major Pitcairn rode to the head of his column and ordered his men not to fire, but to surround and disarm the Americans. Parker, at almost the same moment, ordered his men to disperse and not to fire. Witnesses on both sides confirm that these were the only two orders given by the opposing commanders.

Words To Live By

DUTY-HONOR-COUNTRY

"To build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn . . ."

— DOUGLAS MACARTHUR *to the Cadet Corps, West Point, May 12, 1962*

The National Sunday Magazine

May 17, 1964

This Week

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HISTORY LIVES

Some Americans started to disperse, others stubbornly stood their ground, while the British light infantry moved to the right to surround them. Pitcairn called on the Americans to lay down their arms but they ignored him. Suddenly a shot rang out. No one knows who fired it. Each side accused the other at the time.

In another second the Common exploded. The British troops went completely out of control and began firing recklessly on the Americans at point-blank range. Pitcairn drove his horse among them, striking his sword downward to signal to stop firing. Other officers joined him. But the troops ignored him, and swept down on the Americans with the bayonet. Others unleashed a volley at Buckman tavern, where a few Americans fired back. The bullets can still be seen in the door.

Four Americans were killed as they stood in line. One, Jonas Parker, the cousin of the captain, was hit in the first volley and died of a bayonet thrust as he tried to reload his gun. He had sworn he would never retreat. Another, Jonathan Harrington, crawled across the grass to die on his own doorstep, while his horrified wife and eight-year-old son watched.

Two other men were killed as they left the Common. When the British officers finally got their frenzied men under control, eight Minutemen were dead and nine were wounded. One British soldier was pinked in the leg.

The British marched on to Concord, where they destroyed some gun carriages, entrenching tools, flour and a liberty pole. But news of the slaughter at Lexington had raced through the countryside, and Minutemen poured in to revenge the American dead. At Concord's North Bridge, they attacked and routed a platoon of redcoats and the British hastily began their withdrawal to Boston.

Some 4,000 Americans poured bullets at them from every wall and tree, and by (TO PAGE 5)

The order, on both sides was "Hold your fire!" — but someone ignored it and the American Revolution began, on a cold April morning on Lexington Common between 75 farmers and 200 British infantrymen


THE ALAMO SALOON

(FROM PAGE 3) the time they reached Lexington Common again at 2:30 p.m. His Majesty's picked troops were a gasping hysterical mob of fugitives, in imminent danger of annihilation.

To their immense relief, they found 1,200 fresh troops waiting for them around Munroe's Tavern (still standing, only a short walk from Lexington Common). Flopping behind field artillery, the battered British gulped food and rum and rested for half an hour before fighting the rest of their way back to Boston.

The furious Americans continued to attack them. The men of Lexington, including several wounded that morning, were in the thick of the action all the way. By nightfall on April 19, the King's Men had 73 killed, 174 wounded, 26 missing — and the American Revolution had begun.

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2. Jefferson's Monticello

No house in America reflects the personality not only of a man but of a nation more perfectly than Thomas Jefferson's Monticello. Serene on its hilltop, it soars above the Virginia countryside as the words of its creator still soar above the minds of men in the Declaration of Independence. Exuding classic repose (it was inspired by a Renaissance palace which in turn was inspired by a Roman temple) it is crowded with the builder's unique furniture and ingenious gadgets which are typical of the American passion for do-it-yourself creativity.

Everyone knows Jefferson wrote the great Declaration, but few people remember that he was also an architect, musician, mathematician, inventor, farmer, world traveler, educator (founder and builder of the University of Virginia), scientist and politician. All the man's incredible variety is crowded into Monticello. Jefferson himself designed the entire house, from dome to cellar, with fantastic devotion to detail. He chose everything down to the pattern and color of the draperies.

His inventions are everywhere. In the front hall is a unique seven-day clock, run by cannonball weights. The drawing room is separated from the entrance hall by glass doors. When one panel is opened or shut the other follows automatically — worked by a system of chains wound around a drum under the floor. The doors still operate soundlessly after more than 150 years. The bedroom-study contains his clever revolving chair and table, the polygraph for duplicating letters, a replica of the personally designed portable desk on which Jefferson wrote the Declaration.

One visitor, dazed by the profusion of the man's genius, gasped: "A man this smart should have been President of the United States!"

"He was," said the smiling guide, "from 1801 to 1809."

The dream of a house on the mountain (Monticello means "little mountain" in Italian — the elevation is 857 feet) had obsessed Jefferson from boyhood. His father owned the land, but the problems of lugging bricks, beams, food and water up the steep slopes made friends and relatives scoff at the idea. Jefferson ignored them. In 1769 he built a one-room brick cottage on the mountain, and in 1772 he brought his bride, beautiful Martha Wayles Skelton, to share it with him. Ignoring their minuscule quarters the bridegroom spent his time showing Martha sketches of the sumptuous house he was going to create for her.

Jefferson devoted much of the next 35 years to building and rebuilding Monticello. Not until 1790 did he add the triumphant octagonal dome, which was inspired by several similar domes he saw while he was ambassador to France. To get maximum value from Monticello's magnificent panorama, he used glass lavishly on all sides of the house. In the 18th century, this usually meant the inhabitants were exposed to the winter winds. But not at Monticello. Jefferson solved the heating problem by designing what was probably America's first storm window, and putting shutters inside the glass for closing at night. In the daytime they open to form part of the framework of the building.

According to one story, Jefferson's fondness for great windows almost cost us James Madison. The future fourth President leaned back one summer night while enjoying a Jefferson banquet, his chair slipped on the polished floor, and he went somersaulting out the open window onto the lawn four feet below.

Madison was only one of a thousand distinguished visitors who came to enjoy Monticello. (Not to mention Jefferson's 13 grandchildren and dozen-odd grandnieces and nephews who spent more time there than in their own homes.) The living was regal, for everyone. Jefferson was one of America's first gourmets; he brought back from Europe the recipe for ice cream, as well as waffles, Blanc Mange, biscuits de savoye, meringues, macaroons and a dozen other culinary delights.

In the dining room there is an ingenious dumb waiter which carries full bottles up on one side and empties down the other side. Good wine, Jefferson declared, "was a necessity of life" to him. From 1809 until his death in 1826, the innumerable guests literally ate Jefferson into bankruptcy.

Perhaps Monticello's most touching moment in those years was the reunion between Jefferson and Lafayette, when the French hero made a triumphal American tour in 1824. Both were bent and feeble, faint shadows of those flashing bravos who had defied the wrath of mighty England in the name of liberty.

Jefferson's oldest grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, was an eyewitness. "As Lafayette descended from the carriage, Jefferson descended the steps of the portico. . . As they approached each other, their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run and exclaiming, 'Ah, Jefferson!' 'Ah, Lafayette!' they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms. Among the four hundred men witnessing the scene there was not a dry eye."

After Jefferson's death, Monticello passed through many owners, and more than a few neglected it until it was close to ruin. In 1923, the mansion was purchased by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation Inc., and they have restored its lost splendor with almost fanatic devotion to historical accuracy. Fortunately, many of Jefferson's notes on the house and grounds had survived, so they had the master builder himself for a guide.

Today, even the gardens are exactly the same as the 18th century originals, down to the last plant. From late April through May, the gardens are in full bloom, and this is the time to see Monticello in all its glory.

Last year some 300,000 visitors poured through the stately front doors to follow Monticello's knowledgeable hostesses through the gleaming rooms. Best of all, from the west or garden front parents and children can look out across the misty Blue Ridge Mountains, drinking the same heady vista which inspired Jefferson to lay the foundation for a lofty house — and a mighty nation — on heights other men had not dared to scale.

TOP LEFT: It took Thomas Jefferson 35 years to complete Monticello, the ingeniously furnished mansion he created for his bride. Among the history-making guests he entertained there was the Marquis de Lafayette.

BOTTOM LEFT: Wildest town in the West was what they called Abilene — and they hired Wild Bill Hickok to keep order. His legendary gunfight with gambler Phil Coe cost Coe his life — and Hickok his marshal's job.

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3. Abilene, Kansas

From 1867 to 1872 Abilene, Kansas, was the wildest town in America. As many as 15,000 rough, tough, hard-drinking hombres stormed through the little prairie village in a single cattle season, ready and willing to shoot the works — and each other — after three months in the saddle.

An 1871 census showed 32 places selling liquor, 64 gaming tables and 130 known professional gamblers. One writer declared that Texas Street, where most of the action took place, was "a glowing thoroughfare which led from the dreariness of the open prairies straight into the delight of hell itself."

The man who made Abilene synonymous with sin and gunplay was a Scotsman named Joseph G. McCoy. Learning that there were over four million cattle in Texas and no railroads to haul them to the lucrative Eastern markets, McCoy persuaded Texans to drive their herds up the route that was to become known . (TO PAGE 6)

(FROM PAGE 5) as the Chisholm Trail and simultaneously persuaded the citizens of Abilene to turn their village into America's first cow town.

The scenery has been copied by Hollywood for a thousand Westerns — the main street, often six inches deep in dust, the one-story frame buildings and the uneven wooden sidewalks, the swarms of high-hatted, spur-jingling cowboys raring to fight the "tiger" as the local whiskey was called. All this on one side of the railroad tracks and on the other the moral half of town where the 800 ordinary citizens lived peaceful lives.

The average cowboy received about $30 for every month on the trail. A boss drover earned $50. More than a few spent every cent of their wads in Abilene. Inevitably this attracted some of the toughest characters in the country — cardsharks, con men, speculators and women who knew better than the men how to separate a cowboy from his cash.

During the first two cattle seasons the six-gun was the only law. It was not at all unusual for a drunken cowboy to ride his bronco into a saloon and pull out his pistol. "Bullets would come singing over our house," says Stuart Henry, member of one of the early families. "When you heard one or two shots you waited breathlessly for a third. A third shot meant a death on Texas Street. . . "

In desperation the town fathers hired two policemen from St. Louis. The day they arrived the cowmen were shooting up the town. Both lawmakers got back on the same train and went home.

The despairing town fathers turned to a broad-shouldered, 30-year-old ex-New York policeman named Tom Smith. Within months Smith brought law and order to Abilene without firing a shot. On his beautiful gray horse Silver Heels he rode up and down Texas Street enforcing the town's ordinance about checking firearms. He knew that Texans would never shoot at a man on a horse — they loved horses too much. Face to face with fast-draw killers he preferred to slug them into the dust before they could move, then coolly remove their guns and order them out of town.

Ironically, Tom Smith was killed, after he had resigned his city post to become a U.S. Deputy Marshal, by two supposedly peaceful farmers.

The following year shaped up as the wildest in Abilene's history. With over one million cattle expected on the trail, the town fathers searched in vain for a new marshal and were finally forced to hire a dubious volunteer named James Butler Hickok, better known as "Wild Bill."

Hickok had been in and out of Abilene several times but he seemed to prefer gambling, wild women and hard drinking to law enforcement. Thirty-three at the time, he had a reputation as a fantastically fast man with a gun. He wore his long brown wavy hair down to his shoulders, frontier style, and favored flashy expensive clothes.

He was proud of his ability with his guns. One of his favorite tricks was to stand in the middle of the road, shoot simultaneously from a pistol in each hand and put bullets into each of two fenceposts on opposite sides of the road.

Unlike Tom Smith, Hickok believed that the gun was the best and fastest answer to Abilene's law enforcement. Unfortunately his fame in this department attracted numerous thugs hoping to win the prestige of killing him. But when they came face to face with Hickok and he ordered them to surrender their guns only one triggerman disobeyed.

Built as a mission staffed by peace-loving monks the Alamo became the last stronghold of a band of freedom-loving men who gave their lives in a bloody battle against dictatorship — inspiring Texas independence.

His name was Phil Coe, a huge fierce-looking man, six feet four, with a brown full beard and mustache. He was a gambler and one of the proprietors of the Bulls Head saloon, a hangout for the toughest cowhands in town. Hickok feuded with Coe over a dance-hall damsel named Jessie Hasel.

On October 5, 1871, Coe joined a bunch of cattlemen celebrating their upcoming departure on the trail. About nine o'clock they were all thoroughly drunk and were charging around town playing rough pranks. In front of the Alamo Saloon Coe shot a dog. Wild Bill strode out of the Alamo and ordered Coe to surrender his gun.

There were about 50 men in the crowd, many with drawn guns. Coe sneeringly told the marshal that if he wanted his gun he'd have to take it. Instantly, in classic Western style, both men went for their pistols. Wild Bill's first shot caught Coe in the abdomen.

As he crumpled to the ground, the mortally wounded Coe fired twice. One bullet went through Wild Bill's coat, grazing his side; another passed between the marshal's legs. In the same instant another figure loomed up in the darkness. It was Mike Williams, a policeman, charging down to help the marshal. Hickok, thinking he was a Coe confederate, killed him with a single shot.

That was about the last gunplay in Abilene for Wild Bill Hickok and all the other gunslingers. Hickok was fired soon after the shooting, and Abilene's peaceful citizens issued a proclamation requesting the cattlemen not to bring their herds to Abilene the following year. The cowboys accepted them at their word and moved on to Ellsworth, Wichita and Dodge City.

Today Abilene is almost as well known as the boyhood home of Dwight D. Eisenhower. But the citizens have changed their minds about their Wild West past and have reconstructed Texas Street in an exhibit called "Old Abilene."

About 300,000 tourists come to town each year to stroll down the boarded sidewalks and push through the swinging doors of the Alamo saloon. Around twilight it is not at all hard to imagine the ghosts of Tom Smith and Wild Bill Hickok there in the shadows, smiling.

4. The Alamo

In 1718, Father Antonio de Olivares crossed the Rio Grande and with a group of other Spaniards founded a mission named after his patron saint, St. Anthony of Padua. It was on the edge of a vast unpopulated region called Texas.

The good padre never dreamed that a hundred years after his death his four-acre mission with its two-story "convent" for the monks, its chapel and thick quadrangle wall enclosing the broad plaza would become first a fort, then a bloodstained monument to the courage of free men.

Long before this happened, the mission itself had been closed and the friars had been recalled to Mexico, their attempt to Christianize the Indians a failure. For a while it was used as a barracks for soldiers from Alamo del Parras in Mexico. The citizens of San Antonio called them "Los Alamos" and their home "El Alamo."

By the 1830's when adventurous men from many nations, England, Ireland, but especially the United States, began flocking to Texas, the old mission had been abandoned for a quarter of a century, a ruin used by occasional campers and freighters. The chapel roof had collapsed, the convent was sagging. The English-speaking settlers called the place simply "The Alamo."

These first Texans did their best to prove themselves good citizens of Mexico. But then an arrogant politician named Santa Anna tore up the constitution and made himself the nation's dictator in 1833. In 1835 after several skirmishes between the settlers and Mexican soldiers sent to discipline them, Santa Anna sent his brother-in-law, Martin Perfecto de Cos, north (TO PAGE 8)

(FROM PAGE 7) with an army of several hundred.

At San Antonio he collided with the Texans and promptly surrendered. All-out war was now inevitable. Without funds and with little or no authority to discipline their unruly volunteers, leaders such as Sam Houston and Stephen Austin struggled to centralize the government and build an army.

Meanwhile, Santa Anna, who called himself "the Napoleon of the West," marched north with 6,000 men, vowing to wipe out all foreigners in Texas. His first target was San Antonio.

When General Sam Houston learned of Santa Anna's advance, he ordered the handful of men guarding San Antonio to retreat. The order was ignored. The Alamo had already become the Texans' military depot. They now went to work to turn it into a fort. In command was William Barret Travis, a South Carolinian who held a lieutenant colonel's commission in the regular Texas army. Sharing the command with him was James Bowie, inventor of the knife which still bears his name.

A few days before the fighting began they were joined by ex-Congressman Davy Crockett and some of his "Tennessee boys." Convinced that reinforcements would come, they stood their ground even as regiment after regiment streamed into San Antonio, across the river.

Called on to surrender, Travis answered with a cannon shot. Santa Anna then hoisted to the tower of the San Fernando cathedral the dread red flag which meant no quarter would be shown henceforth to the defenders of the Alamo. The Texans converted the threat into a battle cry, "Victory or death."

But Travis knew their situation was desperate. He sent his friend James Bonham through the Mexican lines to Goliad, begging for reinforcements. Other urgent pleas for help brought 32 men from Gonzales. But the 500-man Texan army at Goliad, threatened by another Mexican force, did nothing.

For 12 days Santa Anna pounded the Alamo with his cannon. Minor skirmishing taught the Mexicans bloody lessons about the fearful accuracy of Texan rifles. But in spite of losses, the Mexicans slowly moved closer. Time was running out for the Alamo.

On the tenth day of the siege, Travis lined his men up in parade formation in the courtyard and told them exactly what they faced. Drawing a line in the dirt, he said that any man who chose to leave could do so now without disgrace. Those who wished to stay would step across the line. Every man stepped across.

At dawn on the thirteenth day in weather that had turned bitterly cold, the men on the Alamo's walls were awakened by the eerie bugle calls known as *deguello*, meaning attack with no quarter. Santa Anna's legions stormed toward the Alamo.

A hail of rifle and cannon fire cut them down by the hundreds, but their officers grimly drove them forward. Soon they were pouring into the mission.

The Texans fell back to the convent. Fighting from room to room, they died to the last man. Dealing death with gun and knife from his cot, where he was bedridden with typhoid fever, Jim Bowie met the same fate. When the carnage was over, all 187 of the Alamo's defenders were dead. Only about 16 women and children were spared. Mexican casualties were estimated at over fifteen hundred.

But Travis' last letter "to the people of Texas and all Americans in the world" electrified Texan resistance. Forty-six days later, shouting "Remember the Alamo," the men of General Sam Houston's army smashed Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto and won independence for Texas.

As for the Alamo, it endured long decades of neglect interspersed by sporadic use as a military depot and later as a wholesale grocery and liquor store. In 1903, Clara Driscoll, wealthy granddaughter of a Texas hero, entered the struggle of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas to prevent the shrine from being razed.

Within two years the state fathers capitulated to these determined ladies, bought the property and conveyed it to the Daughters "to be maintained in good order and repair without charge to the state."

Today 600,000 people from every state visit the Alamo each year. Annually on March 6 a service is held in the old church to commemorate the sacrifice the heroes made. Although many, like Davy Crockett, had been in Texas only a month, the Daughters of the Republic proudly declare, "Texas honors and claims them all."

Instead of a continent to conquer, Franciscan Father Junipero Serra saw America as the home of the Indians, a people in need of Christ. His chain of missions stretched from San Francisco to San Diego — and until the last year of his life, 1783, he toured them on foot. The stone church at Carmel was built by his dedicated successor, Father Lasuen.

5. *San Carlos Mission*

So many of America's historic shrines commemorate the tragic heroism of the battlefield, it is almost a relief to visit one where no shot was ever fired, where the purpose from the beginning was peace and spiritual beauty, where even today a lovely serenity permeates the eyes and mind. Such is the mission San Carlos in Carmel by the Sea, Calif.

The mission is a monument to a band of Franciscan priests who trekked into the wilderness to convert and civilize Indian tribes while the British colonies on the other side of the continent were achieving their independence.

The leader of these dedicated padres was a man who could have led armies and founded empires if he had not chosen to place his genius in the service of his God. Father Junipero Serra was already 56 when he marched with a Spanish expedition from Lower California to San Diego in July, 1769. Behind him he already (TO PAGE 10)

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(FROM PAGE 8) had a distinguished career as a philosopher in Spain and a missionary to the Indians of Mexico. But for years he had been lured by the promise of "Alta California," as the Spaniards called the northern stretch of the Pacific Coast. Here were thousands of Indians who had never heard the word of God.

By December, 1771, he was leading 20-odd converts from the Spanish presidio of Monterey to a site on the Carmel River not far from a lovely crescent beach. The rocky, bold headlands, the pine forests sloping away inland, the noble heights of Santa Lucia to the south and the golden waves of the Pacific to the west, sent his heart soaring in gratitude.

"Here is our mission site. Here we can till our fields and guard our cattle. Here our children, the Indians, will flock to hear the word of God," he told his close friend, Father Juan Crespi.

Building San Carlos did not prevent Serra from working equally hard to organize the rest of California. Often he was hampered by corrupt governors, who had other, less idealistic plans for the Indians. But Serra seldom lost in a test of political strength. Eventually he founded nine missions from San Diego to San Francisco.

There is an amusing story about San Francisco. Serra asked the Spanish visitor-general for permission to name a mission in honor of Saint Francis, the founder of his order. The official playfully replied, "Let San Francisco find us a harbor and he, too, shall have his mission." Serra's confidence in his patron saint was justified. His name soon christened the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast.

The Pope had conferred on Serra authority to perform the rite of confirmation, normally confined to bishops and cardinals. The missions grew slowly since the priests had to surmount the language barriers of the Indian tribes. In 15 years of labor in California, Serra confirmed only 5,307 Indians.

In spite of frail health, he made a last tour of all the missions in 1783, walking every mile. He returned to his beloved Carmel knowing death was not far away. On his last morning, he walked from the small bare cell he continued to use at Mission San Carlos to the church to receive Holy Communion. He had to be carried back to his bed of planks where he died peacefully in his sleep.

His successor, Father Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, was equally gifted. It was he who built the lovely stone church which Father Serra had longed to see at Carmel. Under Lasuen the missions reached their height of usefulness and beauty. When he died on June 28, 1803, at the age of 70, he, like Serra before him, had founded nine missions, bringing the total to 18, the exact number Serra had originally planned, each within a day's march of the next. Several others were added subsequently.

After the era of these two great leaders, the California missions went into a slow decline. Mexican revolt against Spanish rule, followed by the secularization of church lands in 1834, completed their collapse.

Later, when California became a state, the mission's lands were returned to the Catholic church under a special agreement signed in 1859 by President Buchanan. But the church remained an abandoned ruin until a parish priest in Monterey, Father Angelo Casanova, launched a movement to restore Serra's mission.

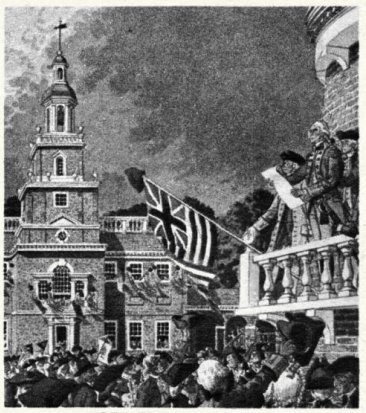
With a guard of honor supplied by a corps of St. Patrick's Cadets in San Francisco, he opened the missionary's grave on July 3, 1882, and confirmed that both he and his Padre Lasuen were indeed buried beneath the church floor in front of the altar. Within two years enough money had been raised to restore the church roof.

Thereafter a slow but steady reconstruction was continued at Carmel until 1933 when the bishop named Father Michael D. O'Connell pastor of the church. Thanks largely to his dynamic leadership and the efforts of mission curator Harry Downie, Mission San Carlos today is completely restored. The pinkish stucco church stands in the middle of lovely gardens of flowers similar to ones planted by Serra. Architects have been enchanted by the two dissimilar towers and the central arch in the facade. All of the old bells in the tower are original, inscribed with a saint's name and a date from the eighteenth century.

The interior of the church is fascinating, full of rich colors, yet essentially simple and muted in keeping with the humility of its builders. One small stained glass window is an original, brought by a Yankee sailing ship from Boston in the early 1800's.

Next door is a restoration of the little cell where Serra lived and died. It contains a bed of planks, a rush chair and a plain table. A crucifix hangs above the bed.

It is easy to see why many Catholics believe the Church will eventually bestow on Padre Junipero Serra the highest praise it can offer those who walked in the footsteps of the Master, canonization. Americans of all faiths would rejoice. Junipero Serra has long since become an authentic American hero — a pioneer of the land and the spirit.



SEE FRONT COVER

6. *Independence Hall*

"The State House" was what the delegates to the Continental Congress called the red brick building in which they gathered on a sultry July 1, 1776, to argue what Massachusetts' John Adams called "the greatest question that ever was debated in America." They met in a 40x40-foot white paneled chamber, "neat but not elegant," with four large windows on either side, which that day were thrown open to catch any chance breeze.

According to a note made by Thomas Jefferson, the temperature at five minutes to nine that morning was already 81.5 degrees. In the cupola above their heads was a bell cast with the inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof — Lev. xxv. 10."

Today we know the venerable State House as Independence Hall — the shrine for which a great Declaration announced a world-shaking revolution in the name of human liberty. The bell that pealed the good news has become the hallowed "Liberty Bell."

But to the worried men who toiled there in the Philadelphia heat, these changes were neither visible nor certain. A few short months before, independence was a whispered word, capable of arousing vitriolic attacks from men who saw separation from England as the first step into chaos. Moderate delegates such as George Washington were anxious to assure friends that "every exertion of my worthy colleagues and myself will be equally extended to the reestablishment of peace and harmony between the Mother Country and these Colonies."

When Richard Henry Lee of Virginia introduced on June 7 a resolution that "these United Colonies

are and of right ought to be free and independent states" the debate raged for four days, and the resolution was tabled until July 1. At the same time, Congress ordered a committee composed of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston to draft a declaration "setting forth the causes which impelled us to this mighty resolution."

With July 1 came ominous news from George Washington commanding the American army in New York. A British army, supported by a battle fleet, was landing on Staten Island. The American army of untrained militia was short of guns, ammunition, everything but determination. A terrible test of strength was inevitable, and imminent.

Thus, with the threat of the king's iron fist only a few hours away, the delegates began their debate. Four states were neutral or negative the first day. But on the second, with John Adams leading the way, the vote was 12 to 0 for Lee's resolution, with only New York abstaining.

On the 3rd the delegates took up the various clauses of young Jefferson's declaration, for which he had "turned to neither book nor pamphlet" while writing. To his great regret, a clause condemning Negro slavery was stricken at the insistence of South Carolina and Georgia. Other phrases were eliminated or reworded, and on July 4th the final text was put to a vote. Once more it was 12 to 0, with New York abstaining. John Hancock, President of the Congress, and Charles Thomson, the secretary, signed it and copies were sent to the printer.

On July 8, with the Liberty Bell pealing, it was read to the people of Philadelphia in the State House yard. Not until August 2 did the other members of Congress sign it. The Declaration's majestic language swiftly made it the most significant product of the great debate, and the date of its passage became America's Independence Day, a graphic testimony to the power of the written word in the minds of men.

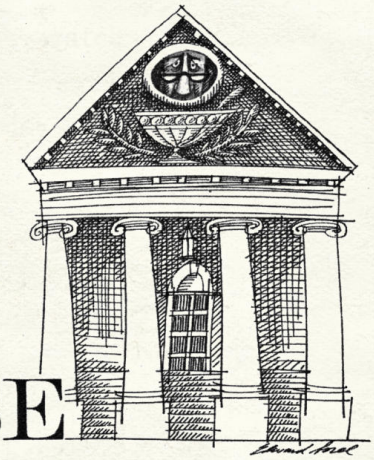
The Declaration was by no means all the history enacted in Independence Hall. It was here the Congress received Washington's victory dispatches from Yorktown in 1781 and adopted the Articles of Confederation in 1778. On May 25, 1787, 55 delegates from 13 independent states gathered here to write the Constitution of the United States and thus "form a more perfect union." After four hot months of sometimes angry debate, the Federal Convention assembled for the last time, on September 17, 1787, and signed the document which perpetuated the liberty achieved by the Declaration.

Today Independence Hall is part of Independence National Historical Park, an ambitious city, state and Federal project which is restoring what Philadelphians call "America's most historic square mile." Within walking distance is Carpenters' Hall, where the first Continental Congress met; City Tavern, to be reconstructed next year, where the delegates to all the historic Congresses and conventions met to drink, dine, and continue their debates, as well as Congress Hall and several other buildings from the period (1774-1800) during most of which Philadelphia served as the nation's capital.

But Independence Hall remains the keystone of the group. Last year it attracted no less than 2,300,000 visitors, including 50,000 foreigners. There are taped recordings at the Liberty Bell and in the room where Congress met, telling the story behind each exhibit in five foreign languages — French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian. There can be no better proof that Independence Hall has become a symbol of freedom for the whole world. **(THE END)**

CHARLIE RICE'S PUNCHBOWL

SECRETS OF THE WHITE HOUSE



About a year ago, an old friend of mine named Ed Hotchner almost literally disappeared from the face of the earth. He plunged into the National Archives in Washington, D. C.

I'm happy to report that he recently re-emerged with a play called "The White House," which will open on Broadway next Tuesday. And what's more, the First Lady of our theater, Helen Hayes, will portray 12 different First Ladies of America.

When I saw Ed the other day, he said: "Charlie, here are a few little weird nuggets of research that I saved especially for you. You're the only one I know who's nutty enough to appreciate them."

John Quincy Adams was the first President and probably the last to raise silkworms in the White House. He and Mrs. Adams actually wove silk cloth.

John Q. also liked to "skinny-dip" in the Potomac early in the morning. A lady reporter, who had long been pestering him for an interview, found out about this and surprised him in swimming one morning. She sat down on his clothes and took out her pad. She got the story.

Andrew Jackson's first official act was to buy 20 spittoons for the White House, at a price of $12.50.

William Henry Harrison was another rustic type, and when he landed in the White House, he asked, "Where's the cow?" He was told that there wasn't any, so he went down to the market, bought a cow and led it back personally. It was his first and only recorded official act as President — he died shortly after inauguration.

Millard Fillmore may not have been a red-hot President, but he did install the first iron stove in the White House. It so puzzled the kitchen help that Mr. Fillmore himself had to come padding down every morning in his bed-slippers and get it started.

Martin Van Buren was such a dandy that his opponents claimed he wore a corset. Before each campaign speech, he had to unbutton his shirt to prove it was a lie.

Chester Arthur was even dandier. He was the first President to have a valet and a French chef, and he even installed a bathtub in the White House (1881).

First Ladies have been militant teetotalers, but only Mrs. Rutherford Hayes actually managed to banish all liquor from the White House — even wine at state dinners. Her victory won her the not-too-fond nickname of "Lemonade Lucy."

Cal Coolidge's dinners, if not the dryest, were the skimpiest. On one occasion when a European ambassador relished the Virginia-ham course, the waiter whispered, "I'd try to get you another helping, sir, but Mr. Coolidge came into the kitchen and gave us strict orders against serving 'seconds.'"

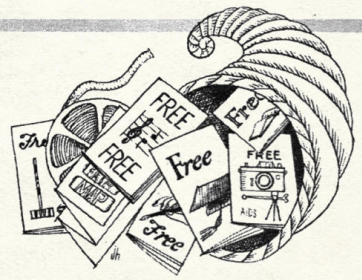
My favorite of all Ed Hotchner's research plums is a poem that George Washington carried on his person for many years. It is a wonderful expression of his innermost philosophy, and apparently it has never been published before:

These are the things which once possessed
Will make a life that's truly blessed:
Round a warm fire a pleasant joke,
With chimney ever free from smoke;
A strength entire, a sparkling bowl,
A quiet wife, a quiet soul,
A mind as well as body whole;
Prudent simplicity, constant friends,
A diet which no art commends;
A merry night without much drinking,
A happy thought without much thinking;
Each night by quiet sleep made short;
A will to be but what thou art:
Possessed of these all else defy,
And neither wish nor fear to die.

Charlie Rice

BONANZA, U.S.A.

Something for nothing?
A new list of giveaways



FREE PRESIDENTIAL ALBUM. Pictures of all the U.S. Presidents, from George Washington to Lyndon Johnson, are available in an attractive little volume, "Presidents of the United States." Each President's portrait is superbly done and along with an authentic biography of his career occupies a full page. Prepared by the editors of the world-famous reference work, the Encyclopedia Americana, this valuable item can be obtained free by writing to: Americana Corporation, Department TW4, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

FREE MIXING GUIDE. "The Old Crow Mixing Guide and Almanac" features 79 recipes for drinks made with bourbon. This list is spiked, however, with documented bon mots from Ben Franklin, Daniel Webster, Mark Twain and other sages of the last century who quaffed this beverage straight.

All in all, it's amusing memorabilia to break the ice at your next party. Free from: Old Crow, Room 1401, 99 Park Avenue, New York City 16.

TROUSSEAU TIPS. A "must" for all June brides is the free booklet, "Your Trousseau and How to Plan It." Prepared by fashion experts, it covers everything from how to select a wedding dress for various kinds of weddings to honeymoon clothes, packing hints, etiquette of the wedding dress and even what the father of the bride should wear.

For your booklet, write to: Trousseau, 1710 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

FREE CAREER BOOK. "Tommy Looks At Farming" is a 16-page, four-color illustrated book which portrays career opportunities in agriculture for high-school and college graduates. Tommy learns that you don't need to be a farmer to be in agriculture today. Scientific farming is a dignified profession which calls for skills in such fields as agriculture and biological chemistry, rural economics and sociology, agricultural engineering, agronomy, entomology, marketing and research.

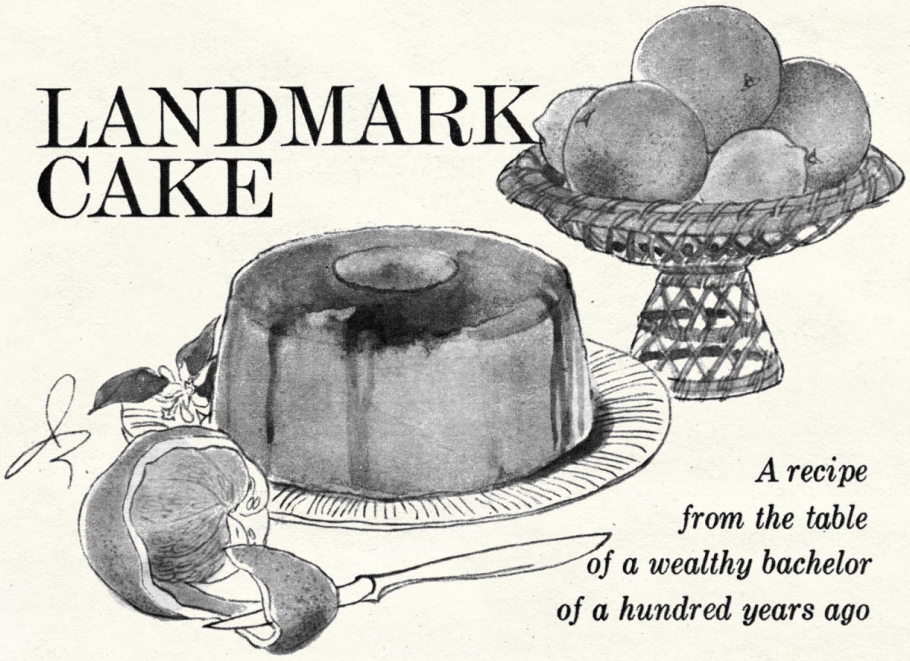
There are more than 500 distinct occupations in these fields. Write to: Public Relations Dept., The B. F. Goodrich Company, 500 South Main Street, Akron, Ohio.

FOR BIRD WATCHERS. You can brighten up your child's nursery with a gay selection of bird pictures, each 5½x8½", all of them in natural color. Comes with an educational 4-page leaflet which describes the habitat, nests and characteristics of each bird. Each picture is accompanied with a separate outline drawing which your child can color. Over 100 different birds to choose from. For a free list of the bird pictures and leaflets available, write to: National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York 28.

Important note: Because the Audubon Society is a non-profit organization, there will be a charge of 10 cents for the mailing and handling of each set of pictures, or 12 for $1.00. But the list itself is free. —— **MORT WEISINGER**

How America Eats by CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

LANDMARK CAKE



A recipe from the table of a wealthy bachelor of a hundred years ago

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A salute to those women across America who have written cook books to help support the famous landmarks of our country. These books hold the very flavor of the American table. They contain regional recipes, and usually dishes of a particular era. All are prideful recipes, family handdowns for generations.

The newest of these treasure books* is "The Shaw House Cook Book," published by The Historical Committee and The Women's Association of the Missouri Botanical Garden. It's a "period" book containing over 600 recipes from the golden era of old St. Louis. The book was inspired by the restoration of the Henry Shaw Mansion which is in the garden Mr. Shaw presented to the city of his love in 1859, one of many gifts.

Henry Shaw came to St. Louis from England at the age of 19 to become one of its wealthiest citizens, one of its great philanthropists. Tower Grove, his farm home, then 25 miles out of the city, was famous for its gardens, patterned after Kew Gardens of London. Mr. Shaw was a bachelor and a popular one who lived well and entertained lavishly. The table he set was the talk of the social world. Dinner was served at noon; the evening meal was supper. But no matter the meal, dishes of good food covered every inch of the tablecloth.

The recipes in this book are typical of the fine food that graced his Victorian table. The cook book collaborators sent out 4,000 letters to prominent St. Louisans asking for recipes from Mr. Shaw's time. Marian Maeve O'Brien, Food Editor of the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat," tested and edited the collection conforming the directions for modern kitchens.

The chapter on sweets is our favorite. Picture yourself in a kitchen where a huge four-layer cake was turned out each morning as a dessert for the noon dinner, or as a snack with coffee. Think of Mrs. Edom, Mr. Shaw's housekeeper, baking six pies every Saturday so that there would be pie on hand as a secondary dessert and a few extra slices for an occasional breakfast. Here is a cake "receipt" Marian O'Brien highly recommends. So does THIS WEEK's kitchen.

ORANGE RING CAKE

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar 3 egg yolks
1 cup dairy sour cream
Grated rind of 1 orange
2 cups sifted cake flour or 1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda 3 egg whites
Orange Syrup (recipe below)

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg yolks, sour cream and orange rind; beat until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, baking powder and baking soda. Stir into first mixture. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into an oiled and floured 9-inch tube pan. Bake at 325°F. for 1 hour. Remove from oven and let stand for about 10 minutes. Loosen carefully around the edge and turn out on a plate with a rim. Pour hot Orange Syrup slowly over top of cake. Yield: 1 9-inch tube cake.

ORANGE SYRUP

Juice of 2 oranges Juice of 1 lemon
¾ cup sugar Dash of salt

Combine ingredients and boil gently for 3 or 4 minutes. **(THE END)**

*May be ordered from Missouri Botanical Garden, 2315 Tower Grove Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Send $3.70 payable to "Shaw House Cook Book."

This Week Next Week

Special Family Living Edition

America On The Move

This year 37 million U.S. citizens — one out of five — will switch homes. It's an old American custom that has helped the country grow. But it also creates problems, reports Thomas J. Fleming in **ROVING FAMILIES, U.S.A.**

★ ★ ★

And Alice Mulcahey reports on another aspect of mobility: **WHEN HUSBANDS TRAVEL.**

★ ★ ★

Joe McCarthy looks at the short-distance moving problem: **THE CASE FOR SIDEWALKS.**

★ ★ ★

THE BIGGEST MOVE, fiction by John D. MacDonald. PLUS **"Punchbowl," "Bonanza U.S.A.," "How America Eats,"** and other features.

BONANZA U. S. A. (See next page)

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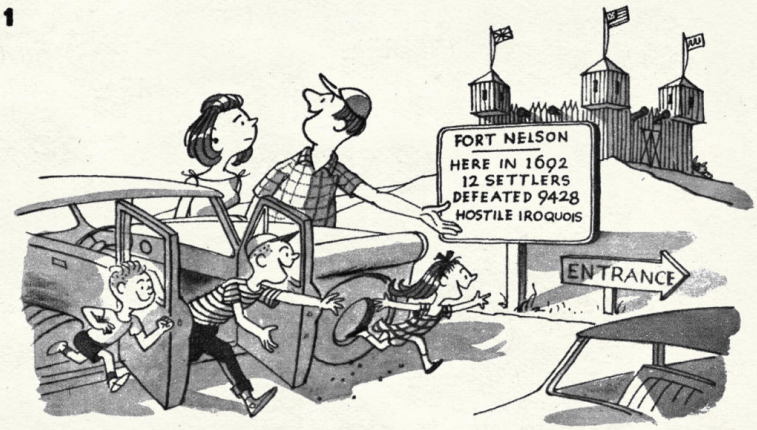
Last Laugh by Ralph Stein

OUR CHILDREN THE STUDENTS

1

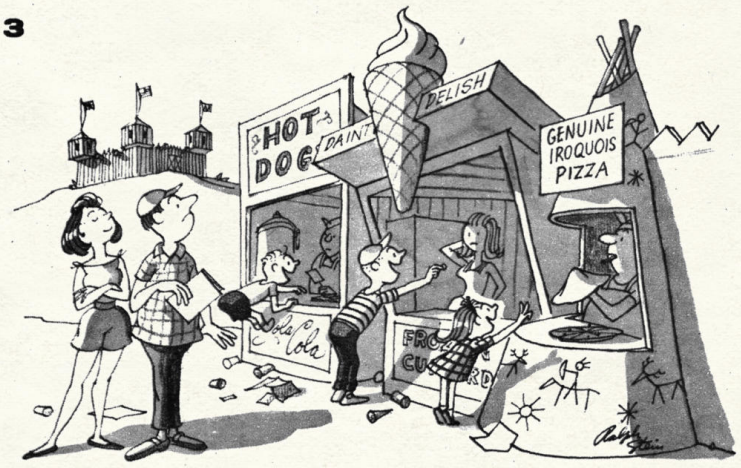


"Aren't you proud, honey? Our kids love history . . ."

2

". . . They can't wait to see where their forefathers fought and bled"

3



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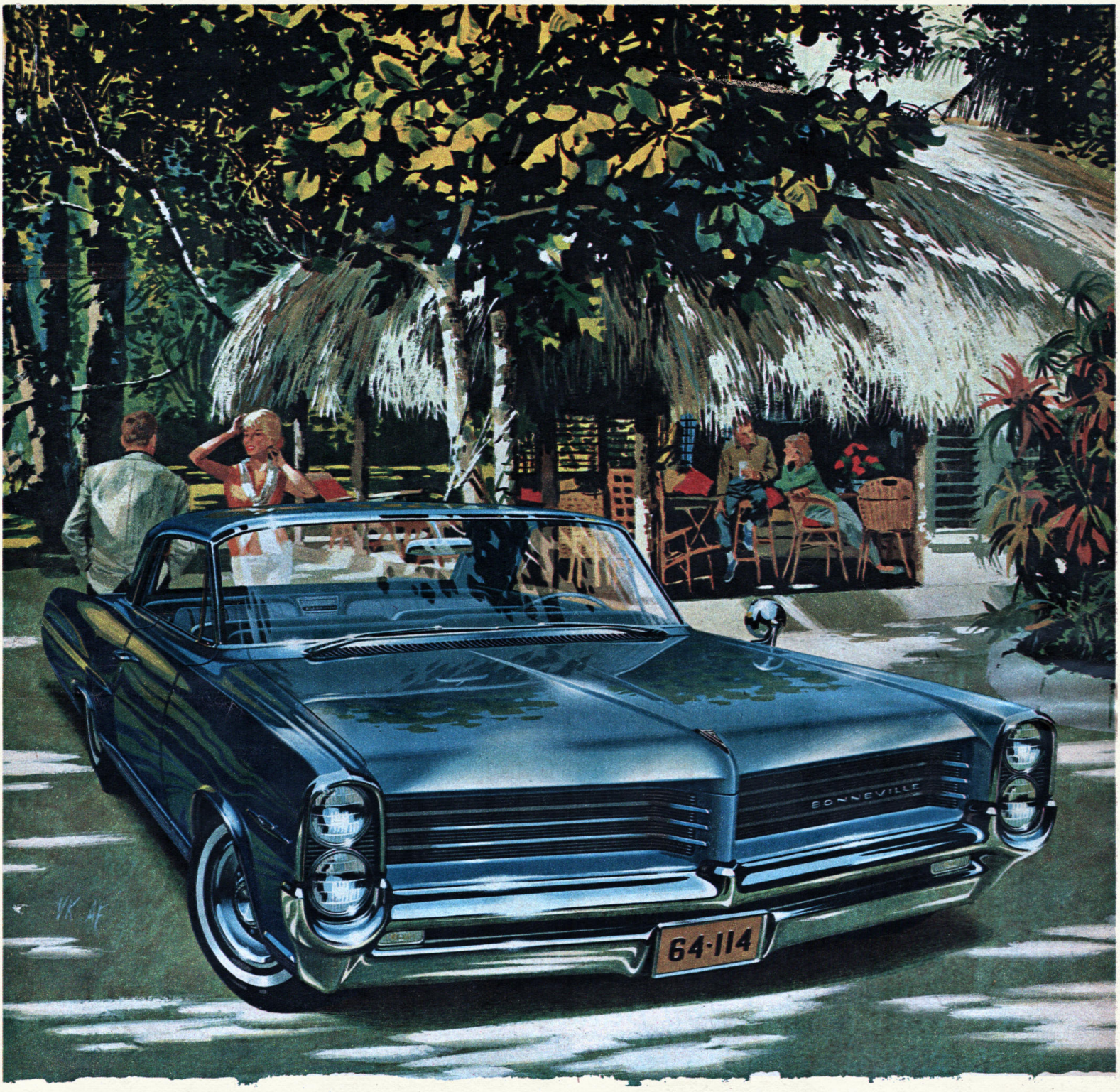

You're not the only one who'll like the way your Pontiac is built. So will the next owner.

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