



Colonial Williamsburg

REPORT BY THE PRESIDENT
FOR THE YEAR 1954

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for the Year 1954*

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WILLIAMSBURG

WILLIAMSBURG was one of the most important ideological training grounds for the leaders of American independence. For 81 influential years (1699-1780) it was the capital of the Virginia Colony and a cultural and political center ranking with Boston, Newport, Philadelphia, Charleston and New York. Here George Washington, Patrick Henry, George Wythe, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason and other patriots helped shape the foundations of our government. It was the scene of Patrick Henry's Caesar-Brutus speech and his defiant Resolutions protesting the Stamp Act; George Mason's Virginia Declaration of Rights; the May 15th, 1776 Resolution for Independence, which led directly to the historic July 4th decision; the pioneering Virginia Constitution, which served as a model for most other states; and the introduction of Jefferson's famous Statute for Religious Freedom.

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*Resigned December 1954

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*Resigned December 1954

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

IN 1926 MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., became interested in the restoration of 18th-century Williamsburg. All funds for this restoration project have been his personal gifts.

The purpose of Colonial Williamsburg, in the words of the Board of Trustees, is “to re-create accurately the environment of the men and women of 18th-century Williamsburg and to bring about such an understanding of their lives and times that present and future generations may more vividly appreciate the contribution of these early Americans to the ideals and culture of our country.”

Two corporations have been organized to carry on the Restoration. Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, serves the historical and educational purposes of the organization, and holds title to properties within the historic area. Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated, is a business organization and holds title to business properties outside the historic area. The term “Colonial Williamsburg” is the institutional name used to define the entire project and includes both corporations.

“That the future may learn from the past”



*The Queen Mother of Great Britain receives gifts
for Prince Charles and Princess Anne from the
Colonial Williamsburg Craftsmen.*

Colonial Williamsburg

REPORT BY THE PRESIDENT FOR THE YEAR 1954

THE YEAR 1954 was notable for Colonial Williamsburg in a number of respects:

It was a year in which nearly three quarters of a million people visited the Restoration. This was the largest number in its history and brought to 7,200,000 the total of those who have come here.

It was a year in which a British Queen visited Colonial Williamsburg — Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother of Great Britain. Her Majesty was the first member of the British royal family ever to come to Williamsburg.

It was a year in which plans to give a broader base to the direction of Colonial Williamsburg were further implemented by important additions to the Board of Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, and to the Board of Directors of Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated.

Finally, it was a year in which Colonial Williamsburg intensified its efforts on three major fronts: perfecting the physical environment, giving life and vitality to the scene, and mapping its course for the future—long range tasks which clearly could not be completed in a year's time but upon which substantial progress was made. The Craft Shop Program is a case in point.

GROWTH OF THE CRAFT SHOP PROGRAM

Begun in 1948, the growing results and effectiveness of the Craft Shop Program were clearly visible last year. This is the program under which the trades and handcrafts of colonial times are carried on in a dozen authentic, working shops.

Essentially the program is part of a broad experiment to reveal 18th-century Williamsburg in the light of human personalities—to make modern day visitors truly feel the companionship and presence of the people who proclaimed the rights of man in words and deeds no American should ever forget. In this light, that society may be seen as not only the gifted, the articulate, the famous, but as men and women who lived useful daily lives, who scolded their children, who knew illness and good fun, toil, ambition and sorrow.

The Governor's Palace impresses the modern visitor with its royal elegance and a sense of history hangs over the restored Capitol; but there is an intimacy in the shops of the bootmaker, the weaver and spinner, the apothecary, the blacksmith and the candlemaker, the printer and bookbinder, the cabinetmaker, the baker and even the wigmaker, which unfailingly appeals to the average American visitor and stimulates his understanding.

In the Apothecary Shop, for instance, where a yellowing ledger reveals an unpaid bill of seven shillings owed by Patrick Henry, the Revolutionary orator is recreated by the imagination in warmly human terms. In the Perukemaker's Shop, where the Master Wigmaker combs and curls a gentleman's white wig, the figure of a well-to-do planter of the 18th century ceases to be a shadowy abstraction and takes on the dimensions of a human being.

Through this appeal the Craft Shops are becoming part of

the Williamsburg experience to more and more people. Surveys during the year showed that a great many visitors were attracted to every shop, a majority of visitors to a half-dozen or more shops, and virtually every visitor—no matter how short his stay—to at least one shop.

As a result, activities in the Craft Shops, which have been greatly augmented in recent years, were further expanded during 1954. In addition to increasing the number of master craftsmen and the scope of demonstration, a new shop was opened and another readied for opening in 1955. The Margaret Hunter Shop—a millinery establishment—was reopened in the same brick building once familiar to Martha Washington, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. George Mason and Mrs. Patrick Henry.

The Golden Ball, where a Master Silversmith will again work at his proud and ancient craft, will open in 1955 as the culmination of several years' labor by architects, craft shop directors, craftsmen, researchers, curators, and scholars in the United States and abroad.

Because it speaks of the crafts and of the position of Colonial Williamsburg in 1954 with the unprejudiced voice of a third person, a reprint of an article from the October, 1954, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* is enclosed with this report. This interesting account, dramatically illustrated in color, is vividly told and clearly illustrative of what is meant by "life and vitality on the scene."

Colonial Williamsburg is greatly indebted to the National Geographic Society for permission to include the reprint of *Williamsburg—Its College and Its Cinderella City*. Such permission has never before been granted by the distinguished non-profit educational institution.

THE CONTINUING PROGRAM OF RESTORATION

It has been said that the restoration of Colonial Williamsburg represents "the first attempt on a large scale to recover the physical form and atmosphere of an entire colonial town . . . *the scene and witness of human adventures and events.*"

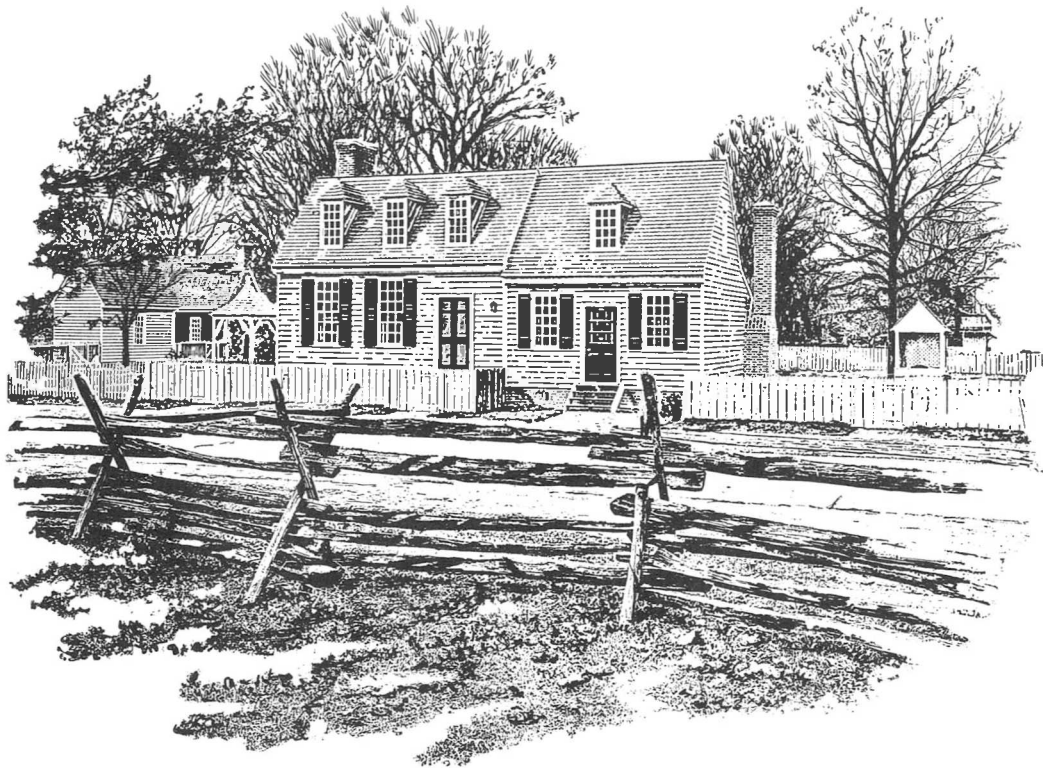
With the completion of eight important reconstruction projects during the year, significant progress was made toward the achievement of the physical restoration goal. All were either homes, shops or taverns, and, therefore, contributed directly to the average visitor's understanding of the everyday living of 18th-century Americans in Williamsburg. (These buildings are illustrated and described briefly on the following pages.)

To date, 82 original 18th-century buildings have been restored, and 375 buildings have been reconstructed on their original foundations. These include public buildings, residences, taverns, shops, stables, kitchens and many other structures. In the process of re-creating the old city, more than 616 modern buildings have been removed from the historic area; some 75 acres of gardens and greens have been restored and reconstructed.

GARDENS AND LANDSCAPING

Highly important to the work of restoring this capital city to its 18th-century appearance has been the painstaking work of the landscape architects. Restoration gardens and landscaping are as authentic as the buildings and their furnishings. During the past year notable garden reconstructions were those of the Blaikley-Durfey House at the western end of Duke of Gloucester Street, and of the Palmer and Robertson-Galt Houses close to the Capitol. Extensive alterations were made in the landscaping behind the Raleigh Tavern.

*“ . . . The scene and witness of
human adventures and events ”*



GEORGE JACKSON HOUSE AND STORE

GEORGE JACKSON was a merchant who acquired this property on York Street in 1773 or 1774, shortly after arriving in Williamsburg from Norfolk. From the accounts of Humphrey Harwood, a carpenter, it is evident that Jackson made extensive repairs and changes on the one-and-one-half story house and outbuildings.

The property remained in the Jackson family until 1812, when it passed into other hands. In 1851 Jackson's daughter, Sarah, again became the owner. Upon her death in 1854, a newspaper notice stated that she was 73 years old, "the last survivor

of a once numerous family—and the youngest daughter but one of George Jackson, who died in Williamsburg sixty years ago—a patriot who, at a gloomy period of the American Revolution, chartered a vessel to Bermuda and there secretly and at eminent peril of life, procured a supply of gun powder with which he returned in safety to the Old Dominion and placed in the possession of his then desponding country."

The original structure stood until 1931. Architecturally, the building is unusual for its two gabled roofs of different slopes.



GREENHOW HOUSE AND STORE

ON Duke of Gloucester Street almost opposite the Palace Green, was this "Large and Commodious Dwelling House," the property of John Greenhow, a prosperous merchant of colonial times. He was one of the tradesmen who followed the move of Virginia's governmental affairs to Richmond in 1780, but his son, Robert, carried on his father's merchandising business in Williamsburg. For several years Mayor of Williamsburg and twice a delegate to the State Legislature, Robert Greenhow advertised in 1795 that he had received a shipment from London of "such supplies as en-

ables him with truth to assert that few articles found in any retail store are deficient in his."

The building, which had been converted to use as a hotel, stood until the Civil War when it was destroyed.

The reconstruction of this property included the house and store, a lumber house, two kitchen outbuildings, a brick dairy, corn house, stable, smokehouse, well house and necessary house. It was one of the largest single reconstruction projects during the past ten years. The main building is notable for its double-storied basement which faces the rear yard and gardens.



DAVID MORTON HOUSE

THE property on which this house and its outbuildings stood was part of a large tract owned by Benjamin Waller in 1749. Waller, one of the more prominent lawyers of eighteenth-century Williamsburg, decided to subdivide the tract and in 1756 he obtained an act of the colonial legislature bringing the area within the city limits. He sold a house and lot to David Morton, a tailor, in 1777 for 400 pounds, a considerable sum for those days.

The house on Waller Street, at the eastern end of the restored area, is

of the then popular story-and-one-half type with a front porch and a high English-style basement that is almost at street level. Archaeological investigation uncovered the original flooring of the basement just below ground level. Morton's workshop and outbuildings have been reconstructed along with the house. The wellhead will be the focal point of a small, formal garden which will be planted in the eighteenth-century manner.

Morton or his estate owned the property until 1828. The original house burned in the late nineteenth century.



PETER POWELL TENEMENT

IN 1770 this “tenement”—as some rented houses were then called—was listed as one of the holdings of the wealthy and prominent Ludwell family of Green Springs, a great estate near Jamestown. Located on the western side of Waller Street near the Capitol, the tenement was occupied by Peter Powell, a wheelwright and carriage maker, who advertised in 1766 that he needed a “blacksmith who understands doing riding chair work.”

In 1779 the property was seized by Virginia as Tory property. It had been inherited by Lucy Ludwell Paradise,

an eccentric lady who lived most of her life in London with her husband, John Paradise.

At the inquisition of the newly-formed Commonwealth of Virginia regarding the Paradise property in Williamsburg, “twelve good and reputable citizens” testified under oath that John Paradise “was a subject of the King of Great Britain, and it was therefore ordered that the title to said property do escheat to the Commonwealth of Virginia, under the terms of the Act providing for the same.” Later, the gaoler lived there.



THE GOLDEN BALL

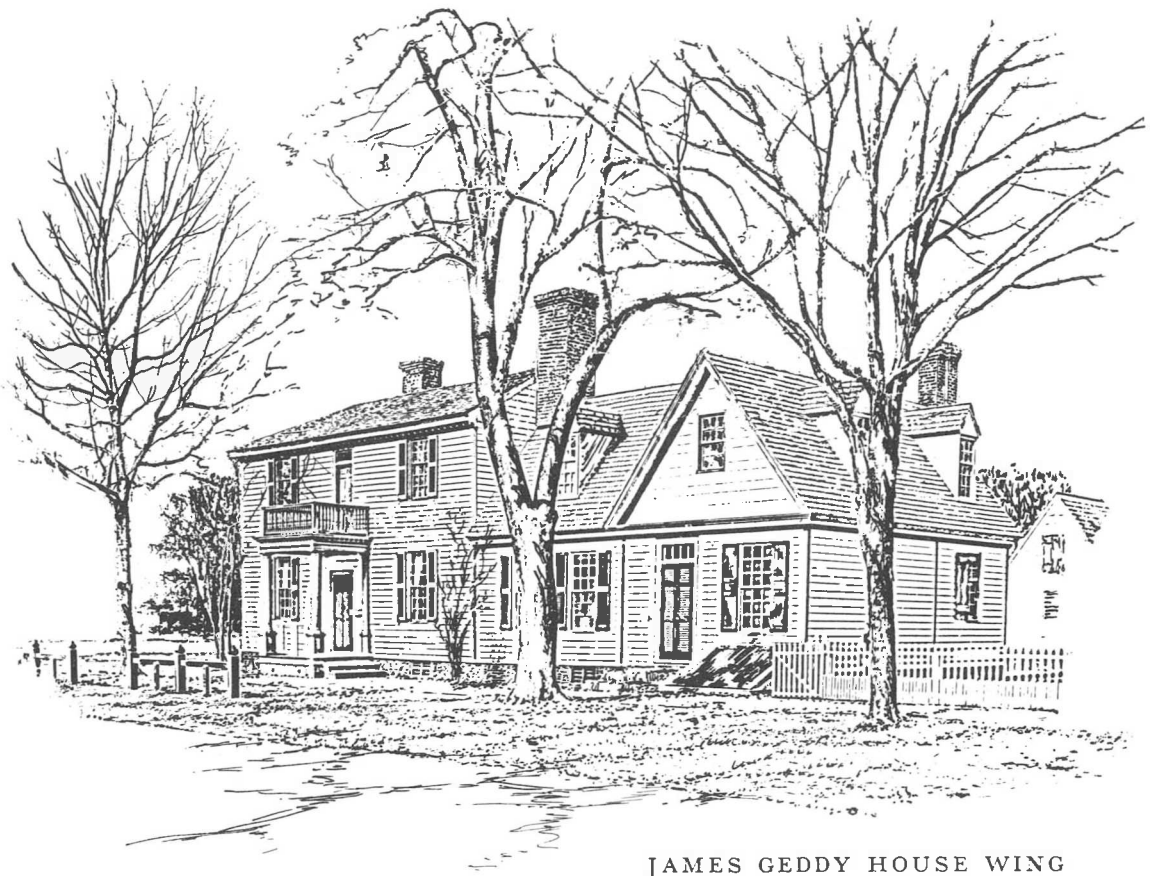
THE Golden Ball shop on Duke of Gloucester Street, near the Raleigh Tavern, was run by James Craig, a silversmith and jeweler. Part of the shop stood on land owned by Dr. James Carter, an apothecary, and part of it on property belonging to a physician, Dr. Gilmer. In 1765, the year of Patrick Henry's resounding protest against the Stamp Act in the Capitol at Williamsburg, Craig bought the portion of his shop which stood on Dr. Carter's land. The following year he became sole owner of the Golden Ball when he purchased from Dr. Gilmer the land on which the remain-

der of the shop stood.

By 1772 Craig had expanded his shop and he employed "an eminent hand in the watch and clockmaking business," and was busy making and repairing "horizontal, repeating and stop watches."

The original house on the site, erected before 1724, survived until 1907 when it was torn down.

In 1954, the reconstructed Golden Ball, which had been used as a residence, was converted to its original use, and soon a silversmith will again ply his trade here in another of Colonial Williamsburg's craft shops.



JAMES GEDDY HOUSE WING

IN this house at the corner of Duke of Gloucester Street and the Palace Green lived James Geddy, a skilled gunsmith, who "sold guns as cheap as they are sold in England." Although not wealthy by colonial Virginia standards, Geddy lived a comfortable, moderately well-to-do life, and upon his death in 1744 bequeathed three slaves among other property. Two of his sons, David and William, carried on his trade, but added such merchandise for sale as "Rupture bands of different sorts" and a "Vermifuge . . . which safely and effectually destroys all Kinds of Worms in Horses."

A third son, James Geddy, Jr., a goldsmith, silversmith and jeweler, occupied the house during most of the period immediately prior to the Revolution.

The house is of unusual L-shaped design, and when the original structure was first restored adjacent land restrictions prevented reconstruction of the wing. Recently this became possible and in 1954 reconstruction of the entire wing was completed. A box garden bordering the Palace Green has been restored behind the house.

It is one of the many gardens in Williamsburg open to the public.



ISHAM GODDIN HOUSE

IN 1778 Isham Goddin paid David Morton 200 pounds for a small house and dependency on Waller Street. Goddin was a member of the colonial militia from nearby New Kent County prior to the Revolution, and fought with the Continental troops. For his wartime services he was paid some 10 pounds in 1793. Later he served on a committee concerned with the disposal of the property of Lord Dunmore, the last British Royal Governor who fled from Virginia in 1775.

When Goddin returned to New Kent County in 1783, he sold his property to a neighbor, George Jackson. The sale price at this time—90 pounds—

as compared with the 200 pounds he originally had paid for the property during the Revolution grimly reflects the inflationary chaos suffered by the colonies in the fight for independence.

Another of the smaller one-and-one-half story houses of Williamsburg, the Isham Goddin house is distinguished by its center chimney. Evidence of this unusual architectural feature was brought to light through a photograph of the original house which had been taken in the late nineteenth century and discovered by a Williamsburg resident while the residence was being reconstructed on its original foundations.



MAROT'S ORDINARY

ABOUT 1700, Jean Marot, a Huguenot refugee, started his career in Virginia as the “man” — perhaps secretary— of William Byrd. In 1708 he came to Williamsburg, purchased a building at a site on Duke of Gloucester Street near the Capitol, enlarged it and began the operation of an ordinary, or eating place, that became a favorite gathering spot of patriots.

Although for several years a constable of the city, Marot twice ran afoul of the law for “Selling Liquors at Higher Rates than set.” In 1717 he met violent death, allegedly at the hands of a fellow ordinary keeper, and his widow continued operation of the

ordinary until 1738 when she leased it to John Taylor.

In 1745 Marot's daughter and her husband, James Shields, took over and operated the ordinary as the English Coffee House. Upon the death of Shields the place was leased by Daniel Fisher and turned into apartments, one of which was occupied by the celebrated actor, Lewis Hallam.

The long frame building is featured by a large double chimney with an open arched top. The chimney divides the house into two parts. Behind the main building are several outbuildings, including a brick still house, and an extensive garden layout.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

If restored Williamsburg is to be a source of inspiration to the free of spirit who seek the refreshment of our heritage, it must be animate—capable of speaking to men and women of today in the compelling voice of the past. This requires communication of its meaning, for the buildings and gardens in themselves tell only part of the historic message. It is for this reason that Colonial Williamsburg conducts educational activities.

INTERPRETATION AND PRESENTATION

An important part of the interpretation program—that is, helping visitors to understand the historic meaning of what they see—has been the work of hostesses, escorts, craftsmen, gaolers and guardsmen who present the exhibition buildings and gardens to the public. In 1953 a program of special training for all those who have contact with visitors was inaugurated. During 1954 this training program was expanded, making use of additional research and employing modern communication techniques. The program already is showing excellent results in stimulating visitor interest and understanding.

EXPANDED RESEARCH PROGRAM

Research has always been recognized as an activity of foremost importance to Colonial Williamsburg. For at the outset the principle was adopted that no effort should be spared to insure authenticity in the restoration of buildings, grounds and furnishings. This principle has been the “conscience” of the whole enterprise.

Past research, however, has been largely devoted to the pressing needs of the physical restoration. The results have been most

rewarding, but large and significant areas of Williamsburg's past remain unexplored. For this reason Colonial Williamsburg commissioned surveys of its research program and facilities. These surveys were conducted by a management firm and qualified historians. As a result of their findings, the Board of Trustees authorized an expanded research program calculated to enrich knowledge of every significant aspect of 18th-century Williamsburg's cultural, economic, political, social and religious life.

For the purpose of this broad research inquiry, the Board approved an expenditure of approximately \$500,000 over a five-year period. The expanded program anticipates a larger staff, grants-in-aid and provisions for research by contract. Dr. Edward M. Riley, former historian for Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was appointed Director of Research and Dr. Richard P. McCormick, Professor of American History at Rutgers University, was appointed Research Adviser.

AUDIO-VISUAL

In the audio-visual field, Colonial Williamsburg during 1954 produced a new 20-minute, full-color and sound filmograph for use in the admission-free Reception Center program, which informs visitors of the background of Williamsburg and its role in American history.

In addition, several special television programs were produced. A new educational film strip program was inaugurated and two of 10 projected film strips were in production at the end of the year. All of Colonial Williamsburg's films are available for purchase at cost or for rental to individuals and groups.

PUBLICATIONS

During the year a 48-page book, *Williamsburg in Color*, portraying Williamsburg during the four seasons; and a revised edition of *America's Williamsburg*, a photographic record of the Restoration, were published for sale.

A total of 92,000 Colonial Williamsburg titles were sold in 1954. In addition, many pamphlets, brochures and special leaflets on patriots' anniversary days were distributed.

SCHOOLS

In 1954 Colonial Williamsburg's school program attracted more than 45,000 student visitors from 955 schools throughout the country.

FORUMS

Colonial Williamsburg was co-sponsor of two educational programs which together attracted nearly a thousand people—the Antiques Forum, now in its sixth year, and the Garden Symposium, in its eighth year.

Colonial Williamsburg also acted as host to a conference of representatives from other historical projects which have programs and problems similar to those of the Restoration.

COOPERATION WITH THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY

Special tours were conducted for military personnel who visited Williamsburg under a program sponsored by the Information and Education Branch of the Department of Defense. In addition, visitors from other lands were welcomed with a program of lectures and activities planned jointly with the College of William and Mary, the Institute of International Education and the Department of State.

In cooperation with the College, Colonial Williamsburg again provided discussion leaders and tours for the "Workshop on American Life and Culture," a summer course for elementary and secondary school teachers; and joined the College faculty in a series of 16 lectures on "Life and Arts of Colonial Virginia."

The Institute of Early American History and Culture, sponsored jointly by Colonial Williamsburg and the College of William and Mary, continued its program of research and publication — including publication of the *William and Mary Quarterly*. The Institute published *Readable Books About Early American History*, a 25-page pamphlet containing some 300 titles, and under its direction, the *Guide to the Manuscript Collections of Colonial Williamsburg* was compiled by Colonial Williamsburg staff members.

The annual \$500 book prize of the Institute was awarded to Clinton Rossiter of Cornell University for *Seed Time of the Republic*, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

In November Lyman H. Butterfield resigned as Director of the Institute to accept the editorship of the Adams papers at the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, and Lester J. Cappon, Editor of Publications of the Institute, was appointed Acting Director.

SPECIAL EVENTS

MEETING OF THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE

In January the Virginia Legislature met in a joint commemorative session in the reconstructed Capitol. It was the 20th anniversary of the first such commemorative session. The Legislature paid tribute by formal resolution to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "for preserving and restoring for all time the scene of

our country's most cherished place of liberty." In an address to the Legislature, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., United States Representative to the United Nations, said: "Here in this old colonial capital are symbolized the events which actually gave birth to our country—events which are still as fresh, as vivid, and I may say, as contagious as on the day when Patrick Henry spoke out fearlessly . . . eloquently . . . against tyranny and the forces of tyranny."

DEMOCRACY WORKSHOP

The fourth annual Democracy Workshop was held in Williamsburg the week end of Washington's birthday. Sponsored by Colonial Williamsburg and the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, student winners of Voice of Democracy contests from 40 states met with United States Senator Michael J. Mansfield of Montana; J. Russell Wiggins, Managing Editor of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*; John Gange, Director of the Woodrow Wilson School of Foreign Affairs, University of Virginia; and Howland Sargeant, Adviser to the Secretary of State, to discuss: "Does the American Government Today Live Up to the Principles of the Founding Fathers?"

PRELUDE TO INDEPENDENCE DAY

May 15th is the date on which, in 1776, Virginians passed, without a dissenting vote, the Virginia Resolution for American Independence—a document which led directly to the Declaration of Independence on July 4th. On May 15th, 1954, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles came to Williamsburg to deliver an address in the House of Burgesses Chamber of the Capitol. Recalling the faith in freedom of the early Williamsburg society

whose members included Washington, Jefferson, George Mason and Patrick Henry, he said, "It is good that by such commemorations as these you hold today we recall their faith and works. Thus our faith will remain strong and enable us in the period in which we live to play our allotted part."

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN MOTHER

On November 10, 1954, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother of Great Britain came to Colonial Williamsburg for a three-day visit.

Her Majesty toured the historic area on foot and by carriage, and visited Jamestown, site of the first permanent English settlement in the New World. While in Bruton Parish Church on November 11, Her Majesty was invited by the Rector to occupy the Royal Governor's box for a moment of prayer commemorating Armistice Day but declined, saying: "Where did General George Washington sit? I should like to sit there."

At a dinner in her honor at the Williamsburg Inn, Her Majesty said, "Yesterday evening, as I walked by candlelight through the capitol of governors who once represented the British Sovereign here, I seemed in truth to step back into the 18th century when Williamsburg was already a thriving and energetic community Today close bonds of friendship still link England with Virginia. We share a common heritage not only of language but of a gracious way of life to which the town of Williamsburg is a living and lasting witness. I pray, therefore, that the ties between us may grow even stronger and that the understanding between us may bring our two countries closer together, enriching not only themselves but the whole civilized world."

The Queen Mother was presented with a miniature silver tea service as a gift for Princess Anne and an ivory inlaid cribbage board for Prince Charles. Both gifts had been made entirely by hand by the Colonial Williamsburg Craftsmen, every craft shop having some part in the manufacture. In addition, she was presented with a book—a chronicle of Her Majesty's visit—published in an edition of one copy and called, *A Story about Williamsburg for Prince Charles and Princess Anne*. Hand-set, and hand-illustrated, it was hand-printed on an antique press by Willis Shell, illustrated by Eleanor Shell and bound in leather by the Colonial Williamsburg Bookbinder.

ORGANIZATION

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Four new members were elected to the Board of Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, during 1954. They are:

Hector Escobosa, President of I. Magnin & Company of California; Vice President and Director of Bullocks, Incorporated, of Los Angeles; member of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Art Association; the San Francisco Museum of Arts; the Board of Governors of the San Francisco Symphony Association; the Advisory Board of the Southern California Symphony Association; and the Board of Governors of the San Francisco Opera Association.

Wallace K. Harrison, internationally-known architect; co-designer of Rockefeller Center; principal architect of the United Nations Building; Trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, and of Rockefeller Brothers, Incorporated; and a former Director

of the Office of Inter-American Affairs of the United States Department of State.

Lewis F. Powell, Jr., partner in the Richmond, Virginia, law firm of Hunton, Williams, Gay, Moore and Powell; Assistant Divisional Counsel for the Southern Railroad; President of the Richmond Bar Association; Chairman in 1947 of the Special Charter Commission, which prepared a new charter for the City of Richmond.

Webster Rhoads, Chairman of the Board of Miller & Rhoads of Richmond; Director of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company; the State-Planters Bank and Trust Company; the Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company; and Chairman of the Board of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts.

All of the new Trustees took office effective May 13, 1954.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Three new members were elected to the Board of Directors of Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated, during 1954. They are:

Raymond C. Lillie, member of the Board of Directors of the Yosemite Park and Curry Company of Yosemite National Park; Mark Hopkins, Incorporated, operators of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, San Francisco; Vice President and General Manager of Grand Teton Lodge and Transportation Company.

George M. Reynolds, a former Director of Fellowships for the Rosenwald Fund; long active in educational, governmental and publishing fields; at one time General Manager of the *Sante Fe New Mexican* and owner and publisher of a number of newspapers in the South and the Southwest.

Morton G. Thalhimer, President of Morton G. Thalhimer, Incorporated, Richmond, Virginia, real estate firm; President

of Neighborhood Theatres, Incorporated, largest theatre operation in Richmond; member of the Board of Trustees of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts; member of the Board of Directors of the State-Planters Bank and Trust Company, Richmond, and of numerous philanthropic organizations through the state.

The new Directors took office effective May 12, 1954.

RESIGNATION OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, 3RD

On December 7, 1954, John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, resigned from the Board of Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, and the Board of Directors of Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated. When he resigned as Chairman of both boards in 1953, Mr. Rockefeller agreed to continue to serve as a member of both boards for one year. In accepting his resignation the Board of Trustees and the Board of Directors expressed their regret and feeling of great loss in a unanimous joint resolution which stated in part, "We are mindful of your many and varied contributions to Colonial Williamsburg during a crucial twenty-year period. We appreciate in particular your constant emphasis on its broad mission—the role of the restored city so to illumine the American heritage of self-government, public service, and personal freedom that this heritage will serve as a more meaningful and constructive force in terms of our lives and problems today . . ."

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES

At the December meeting of the Board of Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, Vanderbilt Webb was elected Chairman of the corporation's Executive Committee and Dr. H. M. Stryker, Wallace K. Harrison and Lewis F. Powell, Jr.,

were elected members. Winthrop Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board, and Kenneth Chorley, President of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, were elected members *ex-officio*.

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STAFF CHANGES

Appointments made during the year were: Harold Ray Jackson as Director of Training and Director of Exhibitions; John J. Walklet, Jr., as Director of Publications; Dr. Edward M. Riley as Director of Research; C. W. Osborne as Catering Manager; Lyman L. Peters as Acting Director of Operating Services.

Walter Heacock resigned to become Director of Research of a new restoration project at the site of the original Du Pont gunpowder mills on the Brandywine River. Parke Rouse, Jr., was granted a leave of absence to become Executive Director of the Virginia State Commission planning the celebration in 1957 of the 350th anniversary of the Jamestown landing. Arthur Pierce Middleton resigned to become the Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Brookfield Center, Connecticut. E. John Egan resigned to become associated with Hilton Hotels, Incorporated. Monier Williams resigned to enter the insurance business.

Henry O. Beebe, Assistant Vice President, Division of Architecture, Construction and Maintenance, retired in September after 10 years of service.

THE RESTORATION AND ITS NEIGHBORS

WILLIAMSBURG SHOPPING CENTER

As a means of relieving the congested business section of Williamsburg and of providing much needed additional business facilities for its tenants, Colonial Williamsburg began construction of an extensive shopping center in November. This modern development, to be known as the Williamsburg Shopping Center, will occupy a 22-acre tract on Richmond Road outside the historic area, approximately one mile west of the present business district. It will provide rental space for 11 stores, as well as space for a number of small shops and 8,000 square feet of office space. The parking space initially will accommodate more than 600 automobiles. The first unit of the Center will be completed by July 1, 1955. It is expected that the entire Center, which will cost approximately \$1,000,000, will be finished by the close of the year.

PROPERTY PURCHASES

In order to extend operations within the restored area and to protect the environs of the Restoration, Colonial Williamsburg acquired property in 1954 in the amount of \$216,250.

COMMUNITY CENTER

Colonial Williamsburg conveyed a tract of land embracing slightly more than four acres to the Williamsburg Area Memorial Community Center as a site for a community center building and recreational facilities.

FINANCIAL

During 1954 Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, which carries out the historical and educational purposes of the Restoration and holds title to the properties within the designated historic area, had operating income amounting to \$1,395,600.97, exclusive of income from the securities in its general Capital Fund. Approximately half of the income came from exhibition building admissions. Operating expenses amounted to \$1,906,884.25. The excess of expenses over such income was therefore \$511,283.28.

A list of securities in the General Capital Fund of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, as of December 31, 1954, will be found on Page 38. The 1954 income from these securities in the General Capital Fund amounted to \$1,877,823.34. This was expended as follows:

Acquiring, reconstructing, and restoring historic buildings.....	\$1,050,537.32
Purchase of antiques, furnishings and equipment.....	\$ 249,007.75
Other projects.....	\$ 66,994.99
Excess of expenses over income as shown above.....	\$ 511,283.28
Total.....	\$1,877,823.34

Securities in the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection Fund of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, as of December 31, 1954, are listed on Page 38. The 1954 income from the securities in this Fund totaled \$42,858.09. Expenditures amounted to \$28,607.74.

Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated, is a business organization holding title to business properties outside the historic area. Since its expenses and charges totaled \$4,474,310.74 for the year and its gross income was \$4,042,310.61, the net operating loss for this corporation in 1954 was \$432,000.13. All the stock of Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated, is owned by Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated.

The corporations' books of account are audited annually by the independent public accounting firms of Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery and Horwath & Horwath. The accountants have reported that, in their opinion, the records properly reflect the financial transactions of the corporations.

TAXES

In 1954 the real estate and the business license taxes paid by both corporations to the City of Williamsburg amounted to \$100,560.74, the real estate taxes accounting for 42.5% of the City's total tax receipts.

As an educational non-profit corporation, Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, is exempt from the payment of income taxes. Only the property used for educational purposes is exempt from local taxes, namely, the Capitol, Palace, Raleigh Tavern, Brush-Everard and Wythe Houses, the Gaol and Magazine, the Ludwell-Paradise House and the public greens. While the educational corporation does not pay taxes on these eight exhibition buildings and greens, it does pay taxes on the taverns, guest houses and residential property within the restored area, and on the Goodwin Building which is outside the restored area.

Williamsburg Restoration, Incorporated, is a business corporation and is taxed like any other business enterprise.

ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER FOLK ART COLLECTION

Plans are being developed for the construction outside of the restored area of a new building especially designed to permanently house and exhibit the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection given to the Restoration by Mrs. Rockefeller in 1939. Made possible by a gift for the purpose from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in 1953, of securities having a value of approximately \$1,000,000, the building will have nine galleries to exhibit the distinguished collection of 417 pieces. A special area for storage and study will provide working space for museum personnel and will also be open to the public on request.

A complete catalogue of the collection is being prepared, and framing and preservation work is being carried on under the guidance of outstanding consultants in anticipation of an opening in the spring of 1956.

THE FUTURE

Last year a 20th-century historian wrote:

“The miracle of Williamsburg is that a few brave and inspired men here helped to conceive a philosophy of freedom, to the fulfillment of which they were willing to give their lives. What they thought, wrote, said, and did changed the face of the world. The impact is today visible, not only in America, but as you well know, in the Constitution of every new Republic born of the recent war . . .”

We look forward to an ever increasing communication of this miracle and its impact.

KENNETH CHORLEY, *President*

*AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT
TO MANY GENEROUS CONTRIBUTORS*

WHILE the Restoration of Colonial Williamsburg has been financed by gifts from Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., we have reason to be deeply grateful to many people who came to share his interest in the rebirth of the 18th-century capital city and who, over the years, have made substantial and significant gifts and loans.

Colonial Williamsburg welcomes loans and contributions not only for their own value but also as evidences of the interest of living Americans in the reconstruction of their heritage.

Following is a list of those who made gifts and loans in 1954. In each case, the name and address given are as of the date the gift was presented.

American Museum of Natural History through Dr. John T. Zimmer <i>New York, New York</i>	Mr. Harold L. Esch <i>Wauwatosa, Wisconsin</i>
Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities <i>Williamsburg, Virginia</i>	Mr. Edward P. Hamilton <i>Milton, Massachusetts</i>
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Alexandria, Virginia

Mr. Carlile Winslow
Washington, D. C.

Miss Harriet Winslow
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Cameron Winslow
Washington, D. C.

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG, INCORPORATED

GENERAL CAPITAL FUND

AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1954

<i>Face Value or Number of Shares</i>		<i>Amortized Total Cost or Book Value</i>
\$6,561,000	U. S. Government obligations	\$ 6,563,033.27
31,000	The Chase National Bank	1,090,156.25
40,500	Consolidated Natural Gas Company	612,937.50
61,400	Ohio Oil Company	1,753,675.00
134,560	Socony Vacuum Oil Company	2,255,237.36
134,500	Standard Oil Company of California	5,423,188.18
98,800	Standard Oil Company (Indiana)	2,045,731.25
95,600	Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)	3,343,962.27
	Accrued Interest Receivable	28,117.16
	Cash	288,581.84
	TOTAL	<u>\$23,404,620.08</u>

*ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER FOLK ART
COLLECTION FUND*

AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1954

\$ 340,000	Federal Intermediate Credit	
	Bank Debentures due 1/3/55	\$ 340,002.44
7,500	Socony Vacuum Oil Company	265,312.50
7,350	Standard Oil Company of California	361,812.50
	Interest receivable	3,825.00
	Cash	77,840.30
	TOTAL	<u>\$ 1,048,792.74</u>

*Report
of
Auditors*

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG, INCORPORATED:

We report that, in connection with our examination of the accounts and financial statements of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, as of December 31, 1954, we confirmed with the custodians the securities and cash shown in the above schedules and found them in agreement with the items recorded on the Corporation's books.

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Certified Public Accountants

New York, May 2, 1955

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WILLIAMSBURG: ITS COLLEGE
AND ITS CINDERELLA CITY

By BEVERLEY M. BOWIE
National Geographic Magazine Staff

*The Trustees and Directors of Colonial
Williamsburg take pleasure in sending you
the annual report of Colonial Williamsburg,
covering the year ended December 31, 1954.*



WILLIAMSBURG: ITS COLLEGE
AND ITS CINDERELLA CITY

By BEVERLEY M. BOWIE
National Geographic Magazine Staff

With Diagram and 45 Illustrations
39 in Natural Colors

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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE
of October, 1954

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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To carry out the purposes for which it was founded sixty-six years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes the National Geographic Magazine monthly. All receipts are invested in The Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

Articles and photographs are desired. For material The Magazine uses, generous remuneration is made.

In addition to the editorial and photographic surveys constantly being made, The Society has sponsored more than 100 scientific expeditions, some of which required years of field work to achieve their objectives.

The Society's notable expeditions have pushed back the historic horizons of the south-western United States to a period nearly eight centuries before Columbus. By dating the ruins of vast communal dwellings in that region, The Society's researches solved secrets that had puzzled historians for 300 years.

In Mexico, The Society and the Smithsonian Institution, January 16, 1939, discovered the oldest dated work of man in the Americas. This stone is engraved, in Mayan characters, November 4, 291 B. C. (Spinden Correlation). It antedates by 200 years anything else dated in America, and reveals a great center of early American culture, previously unknown.

On November 11, 1935, the stratosphere flight of the world's largest balloon, *Explorer II*, sponsored by The Society and the

U. S. Army Air Corps, reached a world-record altitude of 72,395 feet. Capts. Albert W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson took aloft a ton of scientific instruments and obtained results of extraordinary value.

A notable undertaking in the history of astronomy was launched in 1949 by The Society and Palomar Observatory of the California Institute of Technology. This project will photomap the vast reaches of space and provide for observatories all over the world the most extensive sky atlas yet made.

In 1948 The Society sent seven expeditions to study the sun's eclipse on a 5,320-mile arc from Burma to the Aleutians.

A Greek cargo ship sunk in the Mediterranean 2,200 years ago was found and investigated in 1952-54 by the National Geographic Society-Calyppo Marine Archeological Expedition led by Capt. J.-Y. Cousteau of the French Navy.

The National Geographic Society and the Royal Ontario Museum in 1951 explored and measured newly found Chubb meteor crater, 11,500 feet in diameter, in northern Quebec.

The Society and individual members contributed \$100,000 to help preserve for the American people the finest of California's sequoias, the Giant Forest in Sequoia National Park.

One of the world's largest icefields and glacial systems outside the polar regions was discovered in Alaska and Yukon by Bradford Washburn while exploring for The Society and the Harvard Institute of Exploration in 1938.

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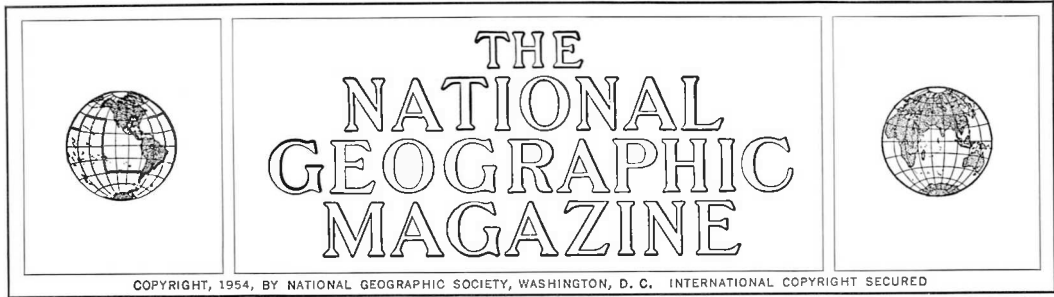
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Williamsburg: Its College and Its Cinderella City

Virginia's Colonial Capital, Complete from Apothecary to Wigmaker,
Flourishes Again as a Vivid Re-creation of the American Past

BY BEVERLEY M. BOWIE

National Geographic Magazine Staff

COCKING my tricorn over one eye and giving a tug to my blue-velvet coat, I quit my lodgings on Francis Street and strode down the Duke of Gloucester toward Chowning's Tavern. In the yellow glow of the lantern I carried, my brass shoe buckles winked up at me with every step, and from each Yule-decked window I passed, a candle shed its hospitable light.

I found Chowning's aswarm with a goodly company of Williamsburg's craftsmen, some 30 strong. Master Bootmaker Townsend, in sober homespuns, waved a tankard of ale in greeting; Mistress Bonnie Brown, the weaver and spinner, smiled demurely from a settle near the fire; Apothecary Marshall nodded to me over the long clay pipe he was puffing.

The genial hubbub rose in pitch as platters of steak arrived, and soon the paneled walls resounded to toasts of "The Queen, God bless her," "To the Ladies," and even "To ourselves—good men are scarce!"

Choristers Followed the Bookbinder

Once suitably warmed and refreshed, we formed behind Bookbinder Clem Samford and his fiddle and marched out of the tavern to the strains of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen." The night was crisp, but our caroling spirits were high, and what our chorus may have lacked in finesse we made up in volume. At more than one holly-garlanded door we found welcome and a great bowl of hot spiced punch.

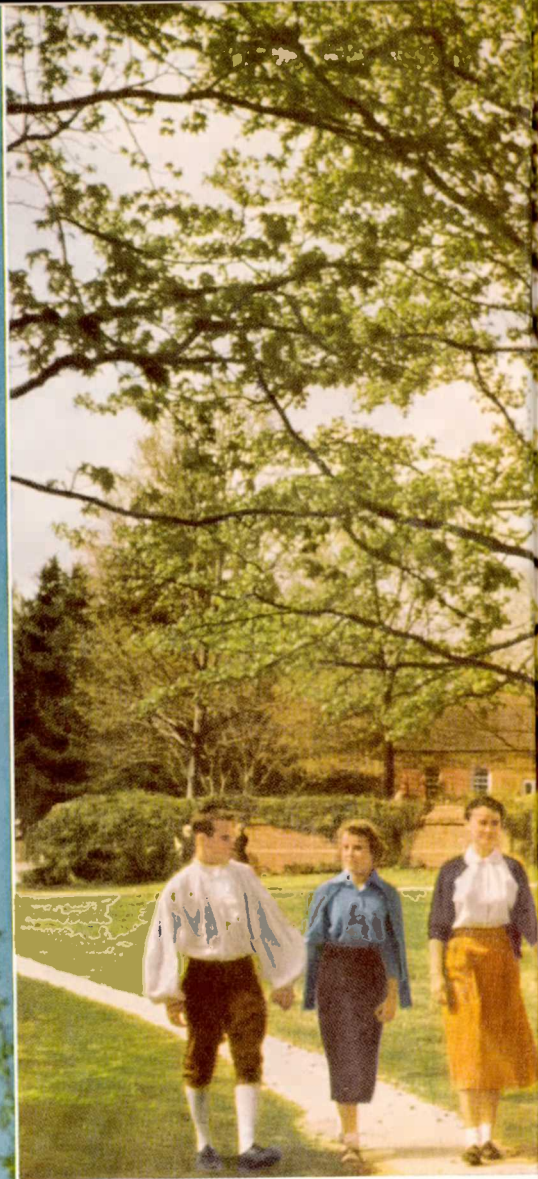
It was outside John Blair House, however,

that time caught up with me. We had passed the Magazine where, next morning, guardsmen would fire the Christmas cannon; passed, too, the candlelit Governor's Palace, in whose ballroom the musicians would be tuning up for their holiday concert of Mozart and Vivaldi and Corelli. The bell of William and Mary, second oldest college in the Colonies, had clanged the hour from the Wren Building's slender tower down the street and quivered into silence. Grouped now about the little picket fence, we sang of another midnight clear, when "the world in solemn stillness lay."

20th Century Serves Notice

Then, ripping the evening sky with a sound of tearing silk, a jet plane roared by, and the stillness was no more. The 20th century was serving notice: it was not to be so wantonly ignored. I could don knee breeches and buckled shoes, it seemed to say, and traipse about the cobbled streets; but costumes cannot long defy the calendar, and all enchantments fade before the simple facts of here and now. The old brick walks I trod concealed cables for the telephone. My fellow carolers were craftsmen, yes, but on the payroll of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc. The date was 1953, not 1753.

Yet I was glad to have discarded, even for a few hours, some 200 troubled years and to have lived awhile under the innocent spell of Christmas Past. For Williamsburg, recalled to its 18th-century self at the behest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is not merely old; it is



← **Grand Union Flag
of the Colonies Waves
Over Williamsburg**

Each May 15, America's first national flag rises above colonial Virginia's Capitol to commemorate its defiant hoisting in 1776 by the Virginia Convention of Delegates. A pre-Revolutionary British Grand Union flag (upper right) normally flutters over this city restored to 18th-century grace and dignity through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

↑ Costumed students from the near-by College of William and Mary escort friends past the Capitol. Boy at left serves as a cabinetmaker's apprentice; the other waits on table at the King's Arms Tavern.

→ Members of the Governor's Council met in this Capitol room. Queen Anne and the Royal Arms adorn paneled walls; an old law book lies open on the carpeted table.

© Kodachromes by National Geographic Photographer
B. Anthony Stewart



beautiful. And it is not merely beautiful; its every brick is steeped in history. When you stroll its lanes, great men walk beside you—Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, George Mason, nine royal governors, a score of statesmen attendant here upon the birth pangs of the Republic.*

Not every visitor, of course, of the half million who stream to Williamsburg each year, can or will step back in spirit to these times. It is far from easy to link arms with these eminent ghosts at Easter or in the vacation months, when cars and buses clog the streets bumper to bumper around the Palace Green; when ladies in shorts, halters, and sunglasses far outnumber those in farthingales (pages 460, 470); when the Capitol looks like a school building one minute before recess.

I was lucky. I saw the town first on a morning in late November, still and warm, with the last wizened leaves of autumn drifting silently from the beech trees. From the doorstep of my cottage on Francis Street—the old Bracken-Carter House—I could see a boy sweeping out a stable yard, a warder in dun-brown redingote shuffling toward the Magazine and Guardhouse (page 450), and a few pigeons strutting the ridgepole of Captain Orr's Dwelling. For the rest, Williamsburg dozed serenely.

Master Baker Molds Gingerbread Men

A lane bordered by neatly patterned gardens of box and holly took me to Duke of Gloucester Street (color diagram, pages 446-7).

From in front of Orlando Jones Office I could look for three quarters of a mile down the broad, uncluttered street past old Bruton Parish Church (page 476) to the ancient brick buildings of the College of William and Mary.

To my right stood the rose-tinted Capitol, as "noble, beautiful, and commodious a Pile as any of its Kind," in the opinion of an early writer. On the face of its cupola flashes the colorful coat of arms of Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Anne, in whose reign the handsome H-shaped edifice was first built (page 440).

Crossing to the Raleigh Tavern, I pushed through a picket gate at one side and entered the brick courtyard next to the Bake Shop. Windows gave onto it from the tavern's Apollo Room, where young Tom Jefferson once danced with his Belinda and where, according to tradition, students from the college launched in 1776 the Phi Beta Kappa Society (page 486). I half nodded in deference; but

my goal lay in the small outbuilding from which emanated now a rich aroma of cinnamon, apples, molasses, yeast, and the smoke of hickory and oak (page 467).

Inside I found Master Baker Parker Crutchfield pressing dough for a gingerbread man into an elaborate wooden mold shaped as a cavalier, while his apprentice Victor raked hot coals from the waist-high oven and shoveled them into a great canister.

"How do you know when the oven is hot enough?" I asked in my ignorance.

"I just put my arm in," grunted Crutchfield. "If it comes out charred, the temperature's about right."

Bread Like Martha Washington's

I sat back in an old rush-bottomed chair and watched the morning's baking get under way—cookies, flat round loaves on a broad wooden paddle, a few tarts, some mincemeat pies. As he worked, unhurriedly, almost casually, and yet with a definite air of authority, Crutchfield talked of his trade.

"People seem to think all the baking in the 18th century was done in the home. Matter of fact, when I started my research, I wrote the American Baking Association. I asked 'em what they could tell me about commercial bakeries in the Colonies. They said: 'Nothing—there weren't any.' Fiddlesticks! I began digging into the old *Gazettes* and such, and found there were half a dozen in Williamsburg alone. Philadelphia had 33."

"Is your bread made just like theirs?"

"Martha Washington herself couldn't tell 'em apart. We get our unbleached flour from an old mill in Louisa County. It's stone-

* See "The Genesis of the Williamsburg Restoration," by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, April, 1937.

"Sir, I Find Your Arguments as Empty as Your Tankard . . ." →

Many a hot-tempered blast at tyranny and many a humorous quip once set the Raleigh Tavern's tap-room rocking. Planters in town for sessions of the General Assembly and the courts enjoyed themselves here to all hours, exchanged news, made bargains, debated politics, and finally mounted the stairs to sleep half a dozen to a room.

When Royal Governor Lord Dunmore dissolved the House of Burgesses in 1774, rebellious delegates promptly reassembled at the Raleigh to denounce him anew and begin correspondence with the other dissident Colonies.





The Author Politely Declines to Chase a Greased Pig at a Colonial Festival

Each spring students at William and Mary stage an 18th-century fair, with "many curious events." Among them: juggling, fiddling, choral singing, dancing around the Maypole, pursuing "a Pig, with his Tail soap'd," and a foot race from the college to the Capitol (page 454). Dazed by such varied entertainment, author Bowie (left) confessed himself "bewigged, bothered, and bewildered."

ground. The only thing different is we use modern dry yeast. The 18th-century fellows more than likely depended on scrapings from the beer vats."

A lady prettily attired in farthingale and lace cap put her head in the bakery door. "I'll take a couple of loaves today, Mr. Crutchfield."

"Ready at noon, ma'am." When she had gone, Crutchfield shoved the last paddle of bread into the oven and wiped his hands on

his apron. "Hostess up at the Capitol," he said with a nod toward the departing gentlewoman. "A lot of the folks in town drop by and leave their orders; keeps me busy as a bird dog. When you're the only 18th-century baker in the country, you have to stir your stumps."

On one whitewashed wall of the shop I noticed the smudged prints of three large hands. "What about those?" I asked Crutchfield.



Gay but Garrulous Girls Are Clapped into the Public Pillory to Repent

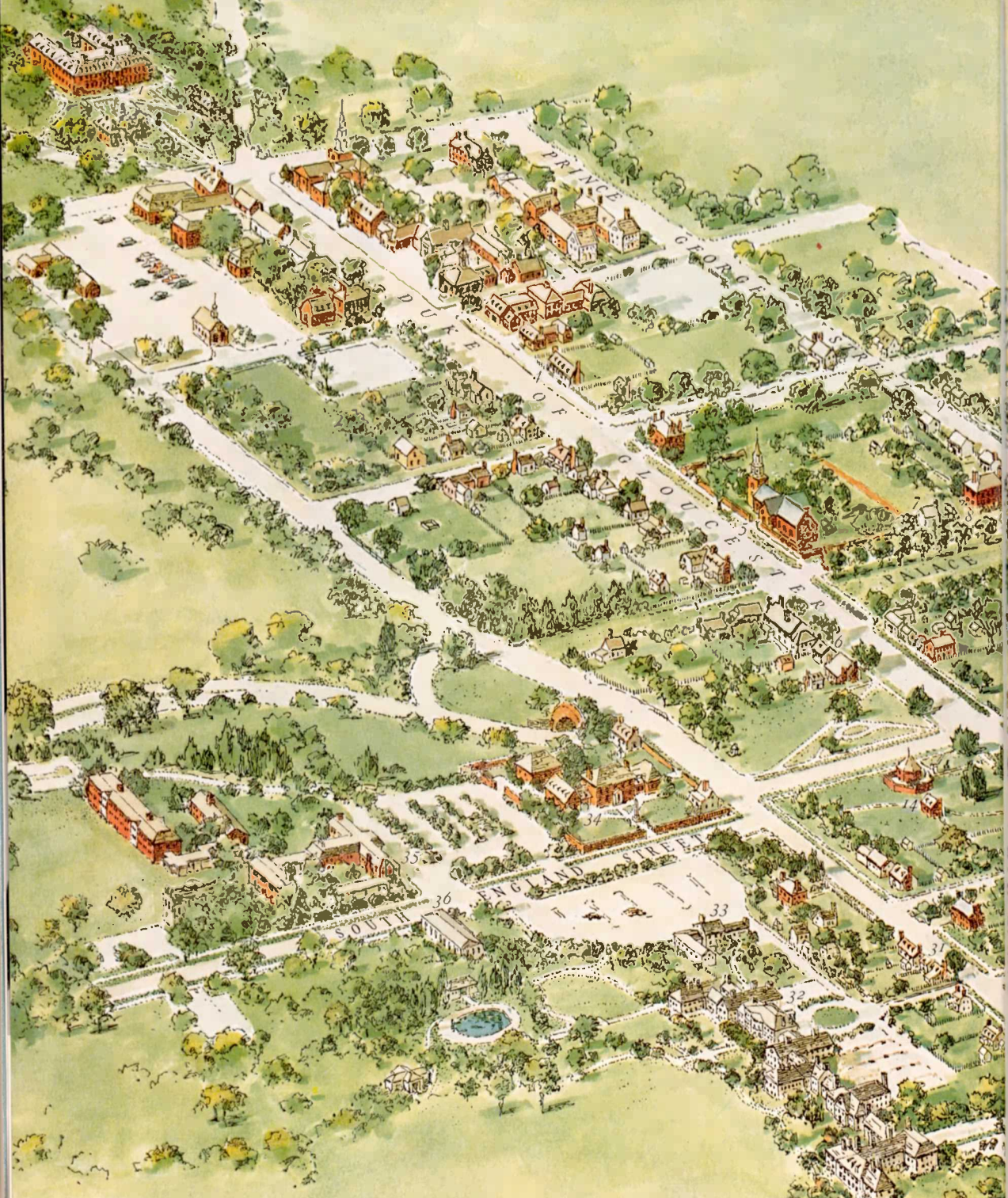
Handcuffed, leg-ironed, and chained in this "sweet strong prison," common criminals faced the 18th-century winter in unheated cells on a diet of "salt beef damaged" and corn meal. For lesser offenses the gaoler would dole out a fine, a lashing, a brand, or mutilation. For burglary, forgery, arson, horse stealing, or piracy: death. Williamsburg gossips, or "common scolds," might be locked in the pillory.

"Well, they're meant to be there. In the Middle Ages an apprentice or a journeyman would put his handprint on the wall when he left his master's service, to show he bore him no ill will. Actually, the top print is mine, the next is Victor's, and the third belongs to the president of the American Baking Association. We had him down when we opened the shop."

The master baker settled himself against the ledge of the brick oven, lit a long clay pipe,

and talked of colonial recipes and techniques, of Roman and Egyptian and medieval guilds, and of George Washington's baker general, Christopher Ludwick.

"Ludwick used portable sheet-iron ovens, you know. That gave the Continental Army a good deal of mobility. One of the first things Washington did after the surrender at Yorktown was to order Ludwick to bake bread for all Cornwallis's troops. They were half

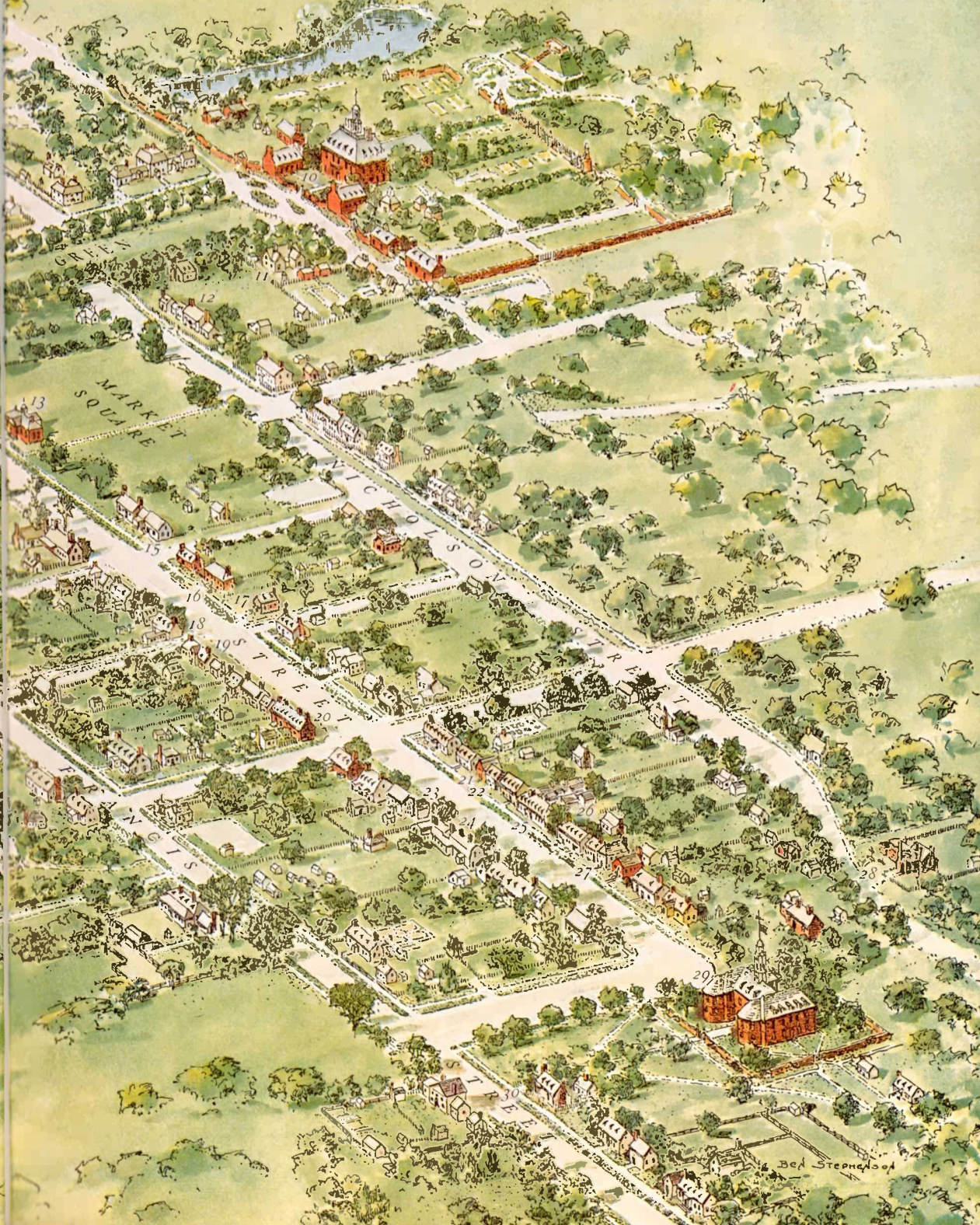


- | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Wren Building | 13 Courthouse of 1770 | 25 Raleigh Tavern |
| 2 The Brafferton | 14 Magazine & Guardhouse | 26 Raleigh Bake Shop |
| 3 President's House | 15 Chowning's Tavern | 27 Pasteur-Galt Apothecary Shop |
| 4 John Blair House | 16 Ludwell-Paradise House | 28 Publick Gaol |
| 5 Bruton Parish Church | 17 Printer's & Bookbinder's Shop | 29 Capitol |
| 6 Bootmaker's Shop | 18 Captain Orr's Dwelling | 30 Ayscough House (Cabinetmaker) |
| 7 Weaving Shop | 19 Orlando Jones House & Office | 31 Bracken-Carter House |
| 8 George Wythe House | 20 Brick House Tavern | 32 Williamsburg Inn |
| 9 Deane Forge | 21 Milliner's Shop | 33 Craft House |
| 10 Governor's Palace | 22 Silversmith's Shop | 34 County Courthouse |
| 11 Brush-Everard House | 23 King's Arms Barber Shop | 35 Williamsburg Lodge |
| 12 St. George Tucker House | 24 King's Arms Tavern | 36 Reception Center |

SPREAD here, for the Delectation of the Beholder, lies a Vista of *Williamsburg* in *Virginia*, early Seat of Royal Governors, Birthplace of a noble College, Forge of *American Liberties*. Dismay'd by the Fires, Pestilence, & *Indian Raids* which for nearly a Century had assail'd the first Capital at *Jamestown*, his Excellency, *Francis Nicholson*, Esq., in 1699 exhorted the Assembly to build a new City and to move his Government thereto. A Man of large Imagination and much Foresight, *Nicholson* urged that no Lot be less than half an Acre, that the Streets be of a generous Width, that Houses upon the main Way be

enclosed by a Wall or Fence, and that the principal Buildings be elegantly set off by Greens, Squares, or handsome Avenues.

Restored now by Grace of its great Benefactor, *John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*, and still as comely as in its Hey-day, *Colonial Williamsburg* covers two hundred and twenty Acres. Along its tree-bowered Lanes stand some four hundred Houses & Publick Edifices, from the commodious Capitol to the humble Shop of the Master Bootmaker. No Expense has here been spared, no Pains foregone, so that—in the Words of the Founder—"the Future may learn from the Past."



A Gentleman's Formal White Wig Gets an Informal Modeling Outside King's Arms Barber Shop

Peruke maker Robert White holds a colored wig for more casual wear; neither type was particularly comfortable in Virginia's sultry summer weather (pages 451 and 474). In costuming its hostesses within the restored area, Colonial Williamsburg thoughtfully chose as its model the decade 1760-70 when wigs were not in vogue. One of the window signs promises an 18th-century bargain: "Shave with Ease & Expedition for one penny."

National Geographic Photographer John E. Fletcher

starved, of course. But folks ate an awful amount of bread in those days, anyhow. Usually they didn't butter it or even slice it: just broke off a chunk and ate it with meat and cheese."

A while later, taking my leave of Master Crutchfield, I walked along Duke of Gloucester Street to the Pasteur-Galt Apothecary Shop. Norman Marshall, well turned out in his sober knee breeches and ruffled stock, greeted me on the doorstep and took me back into the office used by Dr. John Minson Galt when Williamsburg was young.

"Surgery was a bit rough in Dr. Galt's day," said the apothecary. "They had to strap the patient down. No anesthetics, of course. And no idea of antiseptics. The doc would whet his knife on his shoe, spit on his thread before putting it through the needle's eye. The mortality rate was about 60 percent, even for the simplest operations."

Marshall picked up a sort of brace and bit. "They used this for trepanning—boring holes in the skull. The idea was to let the hot air and vapors out. Prince Philip William of Orange had 17 holes in his head—said to be the most open-minded man in Europe!"

"Did Dr. Galt do any dentistry?"

"Dentistry really hadn't emerged as a branch of medicine. Pulling teeth was about all it amounted to, and anybody would do that, the barber, for instance. People had a good deal of trouble with their false teeth. Washington's plates, you know, would sometimes lock open when he was in the middle of a speech. Very embarrassing. But come into the front of the store; I want to show you something."

Pushing aside an old microscope ("Strictly a gentleman's toy at the time; no scientific use made of it"), he flipped the pages of a yellowing ledger and put his finger on one of the accounts due. It was an unpaid bill of 7 shillings, owed by Patrick Henry.

On the shelves around us sat jars of ancient



drugs, gallipots (medicine containers), draught bottles, herb cabinets, calf-bound books on alchemy, and tomes instructing the pharmacist in the art of ridding his patients of "pecculant humours and morbid matters" (page 465).

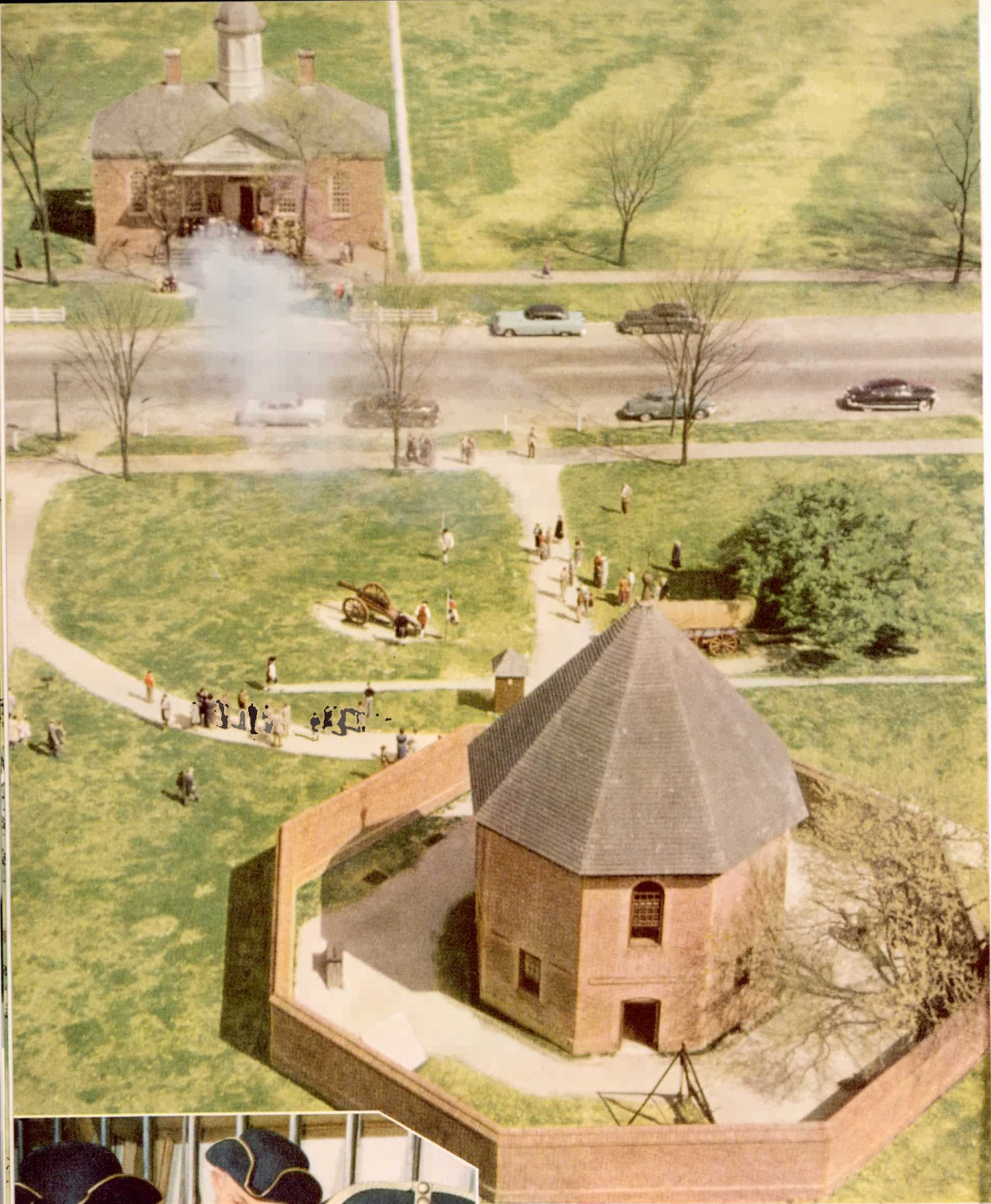
Thumbing Dr. Galt's Edinburgh pharmacopoeia, Marshall pointed out to me that the well-equipped apothecary of the 18th century was supposed to have in stock scorpions, vi-



pers, ants, earthworms, and even mummies. "They also prescribed opium and whisky," said Marshall. "Didn't cure you, but at least made you more resigned to dying. Oddly enough, they knew about digitalis. But where we use it as a heart stimulant, they thought of it only as a purge."

Ranged along the counter for sale I saw containers of bay leaves, caraway seed, nut-

megs, rubbed sage, poppy seed, cinnamon sticks, licorice root, slippery elm, thyme, lavender, pomanders, boxes of twist tobacco, and even some twigs labeled "a Good Wintergreen toothbrush, 5¢ lawful Money." Marshall dipped into one jar and came up with a pinch of snuff, which he inhaled expertly, detonating a violent sneeze. From another he produced some sweet horehound drops.



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Guardsmen from the Public Magazine Fire a Hearty Salute to Visitors

On an April night in 1775, Lord Dunmore, fearful of the colonists' growing defiance, confiscated ammunition stored here in Virginia's chief arsenal. As a result, alarmed bands of volunteers marched on Williamsburg; the governor fled to his man-of-war lying off shore.

←Cavalrymen firing 18th-century pistols seldom had time to reload, a guardsman points out. After one shot they used the weapons as clubs.

© Kodachromes by National Geographic Photographer B. Anthony Stewart



"Try one," he urged me. "In one of Galt's old books it says, 'Horehound is everywhere commended for those who are bruised, burst, or fallen from high places.'"

Feeling none of these things, I declined, and thanked him for showing me about.

"It's I who should thank you," he said. "It was that article in your Magazine on Williamsburg, back in 1937, that brought me here. I read it in high school and said to myself, 'That's the place for me.'"*

At the King's Arms Barber Shop across the street I paused briefly to chat with Master Robert White. Signs in his window proclaimed that "Robert White shaves right & powders white by day and night" and that one might here obtain "Wigs after the newest fashions and as reasonable as from London" (page 449).

"Well, how reasonable?" I asked him.

"Frankly, they were pretty expensive. A good white wig would have cost an 18th-century gentleman up to £3 (about \$8.40 in present dollar value, and much more in purchasing power then). For just a few more shillings he could have bought a whole suit. And a well-to-do planter would usually have two white wigs and several colored ones."

"They must have been pretty uncomfortable in summer."

"Frightful. I think that's why the pew for the governor and his council over in Bruton Parish Church has curtains around it—so that the gentlemen could doff their wigs during one of those long sermons."

"Self-Sharpening" Razors Exhibited

Over among the pewter and china shaving bowls I spotted a set of razors in a tooled leather box shaped like a book. Master White took one out and brandished it by its silver-and-tortoise-shell handle.

"They're numbered, d'you notice? One for each day of the week except Sunday, which was a day of rest. People used to think that if you turned the box toward the magnetic pole and let the razor lie unused for a week, the blade would regain its sharpness."

I tarried awhile, watching Master White building a wig on a "blockhead," a sort of wooden skull, sewing hair onto a net cap, combing and curling it (page 474). Then I strode down the street to drop in on August Klapper, the town printer (page 469), and Master Bookbinder Clem Samford (an ex-concert violinist and now a most skilled crafts-

man). Before the day was over, I had visited as well the blacksmith, John Allgood; the spinner and weaver, Mrs. Brown (page 467); bootmaker Ray Townsend, who kindly sewed tight a loose button on my overcoat (page 464); silversmith William DeMatteo; and the candlemakers, Mrs. Edmonia Jackson and Mrs. Martha Minns.

My first call on cabinetmaker Louis Bullman, however, yielded me only the sight of a printed notice pinned to his door:

"I have been obliged through the sheer Weight of Fatigue to quit my Post & repair to my Dwellinghouse until I have recovered my usual Composure."

Craftsmen Add Life to Restoration

Aware of a certain Weight of Fatigue myself, I sympathized and made a mental note to return on the morrow. Which I did (page 465). In fact, I returned again and again to the workbenches and shops of all these craftsmen, for it is they who bring the vast museum of Williamsburg to life. The Restoration has completely reconstructed 350 buildings, restored 82 others to their pristine beauty, and torn down 619 modern structures over a great 220-acre tract. But houses—even those as charming as the Ludwell-Paradise House or as impressive as the Palace—can seem a bit cold and dead. A hot glowing forge, however, or a printer's shop reeking of ink, a fragrant bakery, a great 4-harness loom clicking and clacking—these engage the eye and the imagination and re-create the past in warmly human terms.

The stage, in short, has been virtually completed; the main task of Colonial Williamsburg is now to use it as effectively as possible. The craftsmen play their part; but there are many other means of presenting the story of Williamsburg.

One is the Reception Center, where excellent films on 18th-century life, on the capital's crucial role in the American Revolution, on the process and purpose of the Restoration itself are shown continuously to visitors.

Another is the Craft House near by, in which faithful reproductions of colonial glassware, pewter, silver, copper, linens, wallpaper, paint, and furniture are on display—and on sale. Here those who want to carry home with them some tangible remembrance of the 18th century can purchase anything from a child's

* See "Restoration of Colonial Williamsburg," by Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, April, 1937.



↑ In the Historic House of Burgesses, Legend Relates that Patrick Henry Thundered: "If This Be Treason, Make the Most of It!"

Candlelight gleams on a silver mace resting on the table with books of minutes and proceedings, record box, and bell for convening legislators. A costumed model sits in the original Speaker's chair (background). On this spot, debates over the Stamp Act led to Henry's defiance of King George III.

↓ In these richly furnished chambers of the Capitol's west wing the General Court of the Colony pronounced sentence on such culprits as Blackbeard's pirate gang.



tricorn (\$1.25) to a magnificent mahogany break front (\$1,230).

Throughout the spring and fall, students from the William and Mary Theatre perform old farces and dramas, such as *The Clandestine Marriage* and *Doctor Last and His Chariot*. In the gracious ballroom of the Palace musicians in period costume give concerts on 18th-century instruments (page 458).

On any day from January to December, hostesses in lace caps and farthingales stand ready to conduct the visitor through the town's great houses and public buildings with such a pleasant informality and ready flow of anecdote that you might imagine they are the proprietors, which in a real sense they are. Thoroughly grounded in the history both of colonial times and of every hand-wrought nail or ancient portrait in the Restoration, they take an evident pride and relish in their work.

Everywhere in the restored area, in fact, an effort is made to thaw the polite frost which so easily forms over any museum. In the George Wythe House, evening visitors see the dining room as if the family had just left the table—rumpled napkins tossed upon it, chairs pulled back, wineglasses still rosy-damp; upstairs they find night clothes laid out upon the beds, slippers ready, a candle guttering beside an open book.

At the Magazine, guards showing off the guns and powder kegs startle youngsters by firing old horse pistols with a satisfying roar (page 450). At the Public Gaol, the keeper obligingly leads any parties stricken by guilt to the stocks or the pillory, where they may savor the awkward punishment that awaited colonial culprits (page 445). Under a tree near the Courthouse of 1770 a carriage and coachman await those who wish to rattle about behind a spanking pair of high-stepping bays.

Come to the Fair—and Chase a Pig!

Colonial Williamsburg's "stage" may see even more intensive use in the future. The spring festival now put on by William and Mary students may soon be considerably elaborated. A great wheel, the granddaddy of all Ferris wheels, will creak away on the Market Square; there will be also a merry-go-round, stalls for meat pies, peep shows, wrestling and fencing, a foot race from the college to the Capitol, and, as heralded in the *Virginia Gazette* of 1739, "a Pig, with his Tail soap'd, to be run after" (page 444).

Other schemes call for bowling on the town's

many greens and for country dances. The Nation's first playhouse, which once stood near the Brush-Everard House, may be rebuilt. Several lower-class dwellings are to be reconstructed and humbly furnished. A great new Reception Center (with the latest in audio-visual techniques) and a 150-room motel are on the drawing boards, to be placed north of the Palace and securely screened from the restored area. Cars and buses, it is hoped, will soon be diverted from the old streets, with carriages and oxcarts more in evidence to supplement plain shanks' mare.

One addition in particular should mean a great deal to the school children: a 200-bed dormitory just for them and their chaperons. For they, among all groups coming on pilgrimage to Williamsburg, are reckoned by the Restoration as truly Very Important Persons. Forty-two thousand of them came last year.

Good History Is Live History

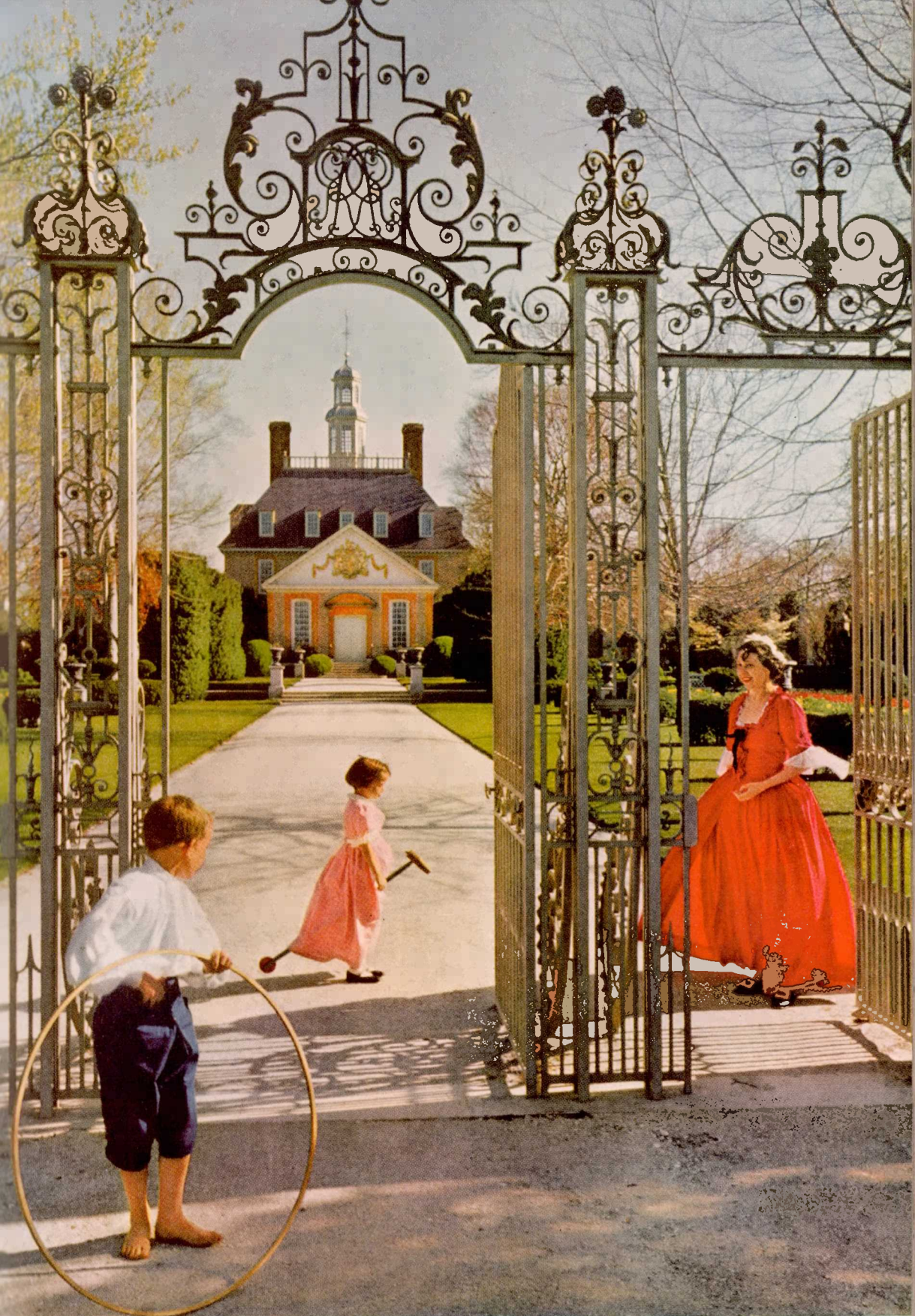
Helmuth W. Joel, a teacher who brings a contingent each year from a Bronxville, New York, high school, told the Restoration that "in the mile-square classroom of Williamsburg" he can acquaint his charges with a whole early-American community in action. "Their houses are open to us, as are their shops, their place of worship, and their parliament. Here you see it, feel it, discuss it, and you say, 'This is good history because it is live history.'"

It is not only live history but comprehensive and crucial history. Standing in Williamsburg, the student commands a panorama of American times that stretches back three and a half centuries to the founding of the first permanent English colony on these shores.

For it was at Jamestown, then a marshy, malarial peninsula, that the English settlers established their stockade in 1607. It was from that ill-favored site, after 92 thin years punctuated by Indian raids, "starving times," and ruinous fires, that the seat of government was moved to Middle Plantation, which was surveyed and laid out as the Town of Williamsburg. And it was in this, their second capital, that the planter aristocracy of Virginia demanded at last for themselves and sister Colonies the right to be "free and independent states, absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon... Great Britain."

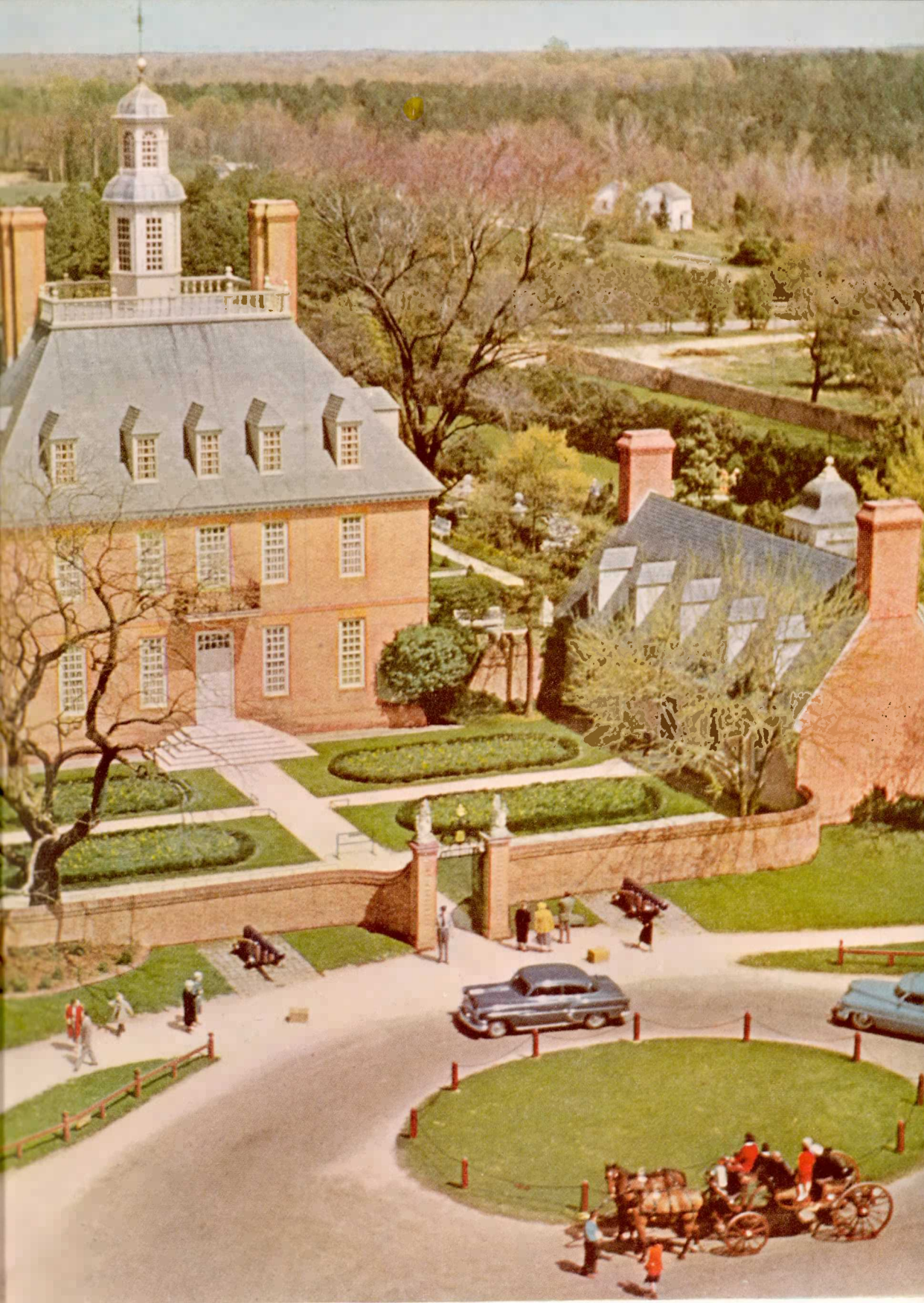
History could hardly have chosen a stranger town in which to hatch a revolution. Wil-

(Continued on page 463)



With Hoop and Hobbyhorse, Children in the Garb of Another Age Play by the Palace Gate





... Now Plays Host Each Year to Thousands of Williamsburg Visitors



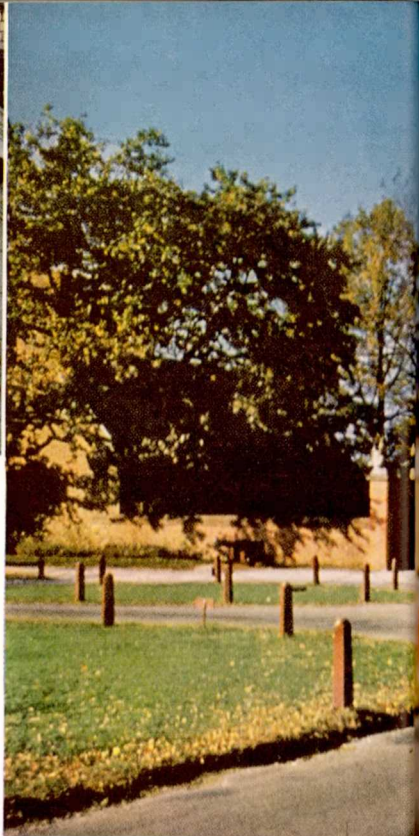
Britain's Royal Lion and Unicorn Prance Again Above the Governor's Doorway

Virginians lived under the British Crown for 169 years. A venerable Williamsburg lady, asked if her family had always been there, replied quickly: "Oh, no! Only since the Revolution!"

This carved coat of arms of George II contains three fleurs-de-lis in upper right quarter, symbolizing the ancient claim of England's kings to the throne of France itself. Other quarters represent England and Scotland, Ireland, and the Electorate of Hanover. "Evil be to him who evil thinks" reads the "garter" surrounding the shield, motto of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Scroll below declares: "God and My Right."

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↑ Alarmed by Governor's Mounting Bills,
Closefisted Burgesses Began to Call
His Ever More Elegant House a Palace

Lt. Gov. Alexander Spotswood, the Palace's first tenant, wrote a friend in 1710 that he was living "rather after a quiet country manner" and found himself "sufficiently amused with planting Orchard and Gardens, & *with* finishing a large House *wch* is design'd (at the Country's Charge) for the reception of their Governours."

It cost the colonists a pretty penny to keep Spotswood and his successors amused. But the fruits of their diversion proved handsome indeed. Brick offices and guardrooms, beautifully paneled, flank the great Georgian mansion; a smokehouse, laundry, wellhead, and salthouse cluster near by; terraced, formal gardens, bowered alleys, and orchards extend to an artificial canal and a holly maze.

← Serene airs of the 18th century resound once more through the Palace ballroom in weekly candlelit concerts each spring and fall. Young Tom Jefferson recalled that he used to play the violin of an evening with the amiable royal governor, Francis Fauquier, and "two or three other amateurs." Harpsichord in its polished walnut case was made by Jacobus Kirckman of London in 1762.

© Kodachromes by National Geographic Photographers
B. Anthony Stewart (above), and Kathleen Revis and
Donald McBain (left)



← Lemons and Limes
of West Indies Graced
Williamsburg Tables

Ladies employed as hostesses in Colonial Williamsburg's restored show places get a thorough briefing on every aspect of 18th-century life, from the kind of snuff a gallant would inhale to the color of wig favored by Patrick Henry. In off-duty reading they delve further into the political background of the Revolution or the pedigrees of antique furniture.

Sidewise hoopskirts, or farthingales, may be a bit awkward in maneuvering through doorways, but panniers on either side provide deep, convenient pockets for a hostess's knitting, compact, or even a modern novel.

On special nights the Palace, the Capitol, and the Wythe House are still lit wholly by the soft gleam of wax candles.

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← **Virginian Colonists Provided
"Standing Furniture" for the Palace,
but Governors Had to Supply the Rest**

Fortunately for those who restored and redecorated the Palace, its former tenants were meticulous men. A couple of governors left precise inventories of the furnishings they had inherited from their predecessors or imported at their own expense. Using these fragile, yellowed lists, agents of Colonial Williamsburg scoured England and the United States for just the type of chair or table or candlestick that adorned these rooms before their destruction by fire in 1781.

This great Tudor oak four-poster in the Palace's northeast bedroom is hung with crewelwork curtains. Yew-wood backs of Chinese Chippendale chairs simulate bamboo.

↓ Hand-painted Chinese wallpaper from a house in London's Grosvenor Square lends a gay touch to the Governor's Supper Room. Loitering over his coffee here of a summer evening, His Excellency could savor the fragrance of his gardens—and fend off the pestiferous flies that invaded his unscreened doors.

When dances were held in the adjoining ballroom, guests would often drift in to refresh themselves at the hospitable punch bowl. But the royal governors took their minuets with due seriousness. Wrote Governor William Gooch proudly: "Not an ill Dancer in my Govmt."

© Kodachromes by National Geographic Photographers
B. Anthony Stewart and Donald McBain





Williamsburg, from its birth, was politically patriotic, socially festive, and economically stable. Virginia was acclaimed as being "the happy retreat of true Britons and true Churchmen." Its domain extended westward to the Mississippi and northward to Canada, an inland empire of nearly 360,000 square miles, three times as large as Great Britain herself. More populous than any other colony, it was also the richest, its income solidly based upon cultivation of that "Imperial weed," tobacco.*

As its capital, tiny Williamsburg threw a long shadow. Laid out as one of America's early and most felicitous experiments in town planning, the little city boasted an impressive grouping of public and private buildings, knit by broad avenues and handsomely set off by greens and Market Square. Fifteen hundred persons normally resided in it. But at "Publick Times," when the courts or the General Assembly convened, its population would be doubled or tripled by gentry in from the plantations, merchants, back-country farmers and hunters, sharpers and pickpockets, grooms and craftsmen, solemn Indians, and a sprinkling of slaves.

Over the Raleigh Tavern's chief mantel runs now, as it ran then, the Latin phrase *Hilaritas Sapientiae et Bonae Vitae Proles*—"Jollity, the Offspring of Wisdom and Good Living."

It might have been the motto of all Williamsburg. Gov. Sir William Gooch noted approvingly in 1727: "The Gentm. and Ladies here are perfectly well bred, not an ill Dancer in my Govmt." Lt. Gov. Spotswood thought nothing of entertaining hundreds of guests at the Palace, and the drain on his wine cellars and smokehouses was fabulous (pp. 455-462).

← Williamsburg's Many Gardens Stress 18th-century Regard for Beauty, Order, Utility

When Governor Nicholson had plans drawn up for his new capital at Williamsburg, he urged that town lots were to be no smaller than half an acre, so that each villager might have space enough for a garden and an orchard as well as a house site. Herbs and vegetables for the kitchen, flowers for the lady, and fruit trees to supply "most excellent and comfortable" drinks soon came from all parts of the world to begin a new life in Virginia soil.

Garden of King's Arms Tavern (upper) offers jonquils, dwarf boxwood, and flowering shadbush. Vegetable plot of the Palace, lightly shaded by peach trees in bloom, shows lettuce, radishes, and parsley in near bed, with cotton and parsnips beyond.

To celebrate a local minister's notice of ordination, 80 guests downed 30 bowls of punch before the meeting and those remaining drank 44 bowls afterwards.

Yet, underneath this festivity, serious matters were afoot. Bred in a long tradition of self-government, the Virginia planters were becoming increasingly restive. Great landholders with grants that ran into millions of acres were in no mood to play second fiddle indefinitely to the British Parliament or to their dictatorial representatives over here. Loyalty to the Crown, affinity with the old country—yes. But subservience to taxes imposed from abroad—no, gentle sirs.

Theft of Powder Ignites Rebellion

The panicky action of a royal governor converted the Virginians' smoldering resentment into fiery revolt. When Governor Dunmore on the night of April 20-21, 1775, had powder removed from the Colony's Magazine in Williamsburg, armed rebellion broke out.

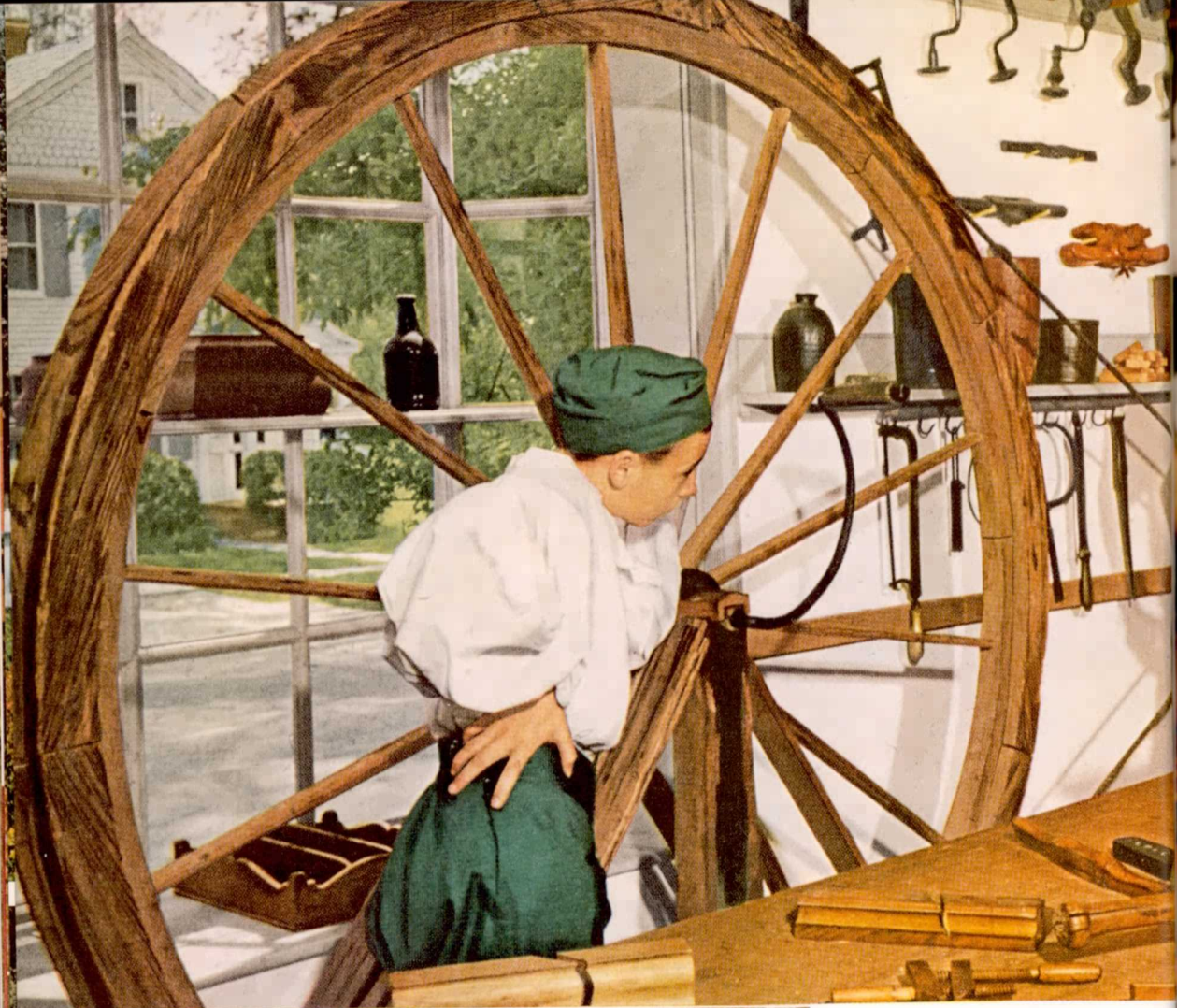
Dunmore had once bellowed: "Damn Virginia! Did I ever seek it? Why was it forced on me?" Now, fleeing to his man-of-war lying off Yorktown, the governor could chew at leisure upon the fact that no one would ever again force the King's richest colony upon him.

The men of Williamsburg contributed a spark to the Revolution, but, more important, ideas. In the Raleigh Tavern, Jefferson and his friends set up Virginia's Committee of Correspondence to act as a clearinghouse of plans and proposals for all the Colonies.

Here, too, burgesses routed from the Capitol by the governor gathered to urge the convening of a Continental Congress. In the spring of '76, meeting once more in the House, they drew up three basic documents: the Virginia Resolution for American Independence of May 15, from which directly stemmed Jefferson's great Declaration of Independence; the Virginia Declaration of Rights of June 12, to which we largely owe our later Bill of Rights; and the Virginia Constitution of June 29, a forerunner of our Federal Constitution.

That was Williamsburg's finest hour. And almost in the next tick of history's clock, the town died. Newly elected Governor of Virginia in 1779, Jefferson helped move the capital up the James to Richmond, which was

* See "Stately Homes of Old Virginia," by Albert W. Atwood, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1953.



◀“And Then What Did
the Master Shoemaker
Say to the Elves?”

As he tacks up a piece of fine leather, this craftsman at the Bootmaker's Shop spins a tale to a barefoot friend straddling the shoemaker's vise. With 18th-century tools the artisan demonstrates a trade that Williamsburg's George Wilson practiced on this spot in the 1770's.

Wilson's customers liked both shoes made on the same last, so that rights and lefts were interchangeable. A good pair could be had for 5½ shillings; Wilson's finest would cost no more than 12.

Today's kindly bootmaker grows a bit impatient with visitors who refer to him as a cobbler. In 18th-century terms, a cobbler is a mere repairman, heavy-handed and semiskilled.

© Kodachrome by National Geographic
Photographer Kathleen Revis



← Cabinetmaker's "Great Wheel"
Spins Its Lathe at 1,500
Revolutions per Minute

Many of the 18th-century tools used in this shop would not look out of place on any carpenter's bench today. Master Cabinetmaker Louis Bullman, his journeymen and apprentices use these same planes, saws, chisels, hammers, braces, and bits to repair furniture on view in Colonial Williamsburg.

"If a craftsman in the old days wanted a certain tool," says Bullman, "he couldn't run downtown to a store. He had to import it or else design one himself and trot it over to the smithy for forging. An apprentice would spend most of his five years of training making his tools."

Fingering a post for a tilt-top table, Bullman cautiously appraises its workmanship, while the apprentice, fagged from turning the wheel, puffs and blows.

↓ Apothecary Norman Marshall dispenses a prescription guaranteed to cure anyone of "pecculant humours and morbid matters." Also for sale at his shop: slippery elm, choice cinnamon sticks, ginger root, and "a Good Wintergreen toothbrush, 5¢ lawful Money."

© Kodachromes by National Geographic Photographers
B. Anthony Stewart (left) and Bates Littlehales (below)

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deemed "more safe and central than any other town situated on navigable water." Shorn of its status as a seat of government, Williamsburg dwindled year by year into genteel decay.

But even today Williamsburg warms her hands contentedly at the banked fires of the past. I took tea one afternoon with Mrs. George Coleman, who lives on with her sister as a life tenant in the family's old homestead, the St. George Tucker House, now a landmark of Colonial Williamsburg. Gray-haired, blue-eyed, her voice as delicate and true as a silver bell. Mrs. Coleman told me:

"I feel as if I'd lived here myself since the 17th century, I've spent so much time with my head in old letters and papers. Let me show you one I ran across just the other day."

Invitation from a General

She handed me a yellowed bit of foolscap on which General Washington in Yorktown had dashed off an invitation requesting the pleasure of St. George Tucker's company at dinner the following evening. I looked at the date: October 16, 1781.

"I presume Mr. Tucker accepted," said Mrs. Coleman. "Which means that he would have been at table with the General when the courier arrived from Cornwallis offering to surrender the next day."

We talked awhile of Williamsburg's long sleep; of how its historic buildings burned or fell apart; of how its major income came to stem from the presence of a State mental hospital, prompting the jibe that the town consisted of "five hundred lazy watching six hundred crazy"—and of how a city once a hotbed of politics could, by 1912, simply forget to open the polls on election day.

"It was a lovely little town, though, when I came to it as a bride in the spring of '99," Mrs. Coleman murmured. "Cows on the Palace Green. A riot of buttercups around the Courthouse. The Duke of Gloucester Street just a dusty track. Many of the sweet old cottages still left along Nicholson and Francis Streets.

"And then the first World War. They built a big supply base near by, over at Penniman, and, before we knew it, we had a concrete highway right down the Duke of Gloucester, hideous garages, false-front stores, telephone poles, and I don't know what all. That war disfigured us. The second would have finished us if Mr. Rockefeller hadn't stepped in."

The \$35,000,000 thus far pumped into the

work of restoration by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the additional sums spent by more than 6½ million visitors have given the old town a tremendous shot in the arm, providing jobs, rental incomes, and more varied activities for everyone in it. More than 1,500 persons work directly for Colonial Williamsburg.

It is ironical that the process of re-creating Williamsburg's architectural past should, at the same time, have recast its society into a thoroughly modern mold. A rural town in which one's standing depended almost wholly on one's family and its lineage has reluctantly given way to a highly specialized, urban community which recognizes not so much who you are—your relationship to a Randolph or a Lee—as what you do and how well you do it.

Holdouts there are; some families have refused to sell their homes to Colonial Williamsburg on even the most attractive terms. But many another lady who, a generation ago, would have raised shocked eyebrows at the notion, now lives as a Restoration tenant, or takes paying guests, or trips off to work each morning in colonial costume to play hostess at some tavern or exhibition building.

A whole new class of "outsiders"—from archivists to architects, from editors to costume designers, from motion-picture cameramen to music consultants—has infiltrated the social structure. Its members mingle with the older residents in myriad activities based no longer on family but on specialized interests; where the town once had half a dozen voluntary organizations, it now has 64.

Pirates Helped Pay for the College

The two strongest poles, toward which most of Williamsburg's social energies are attracted, lie at opposite ends of Duke of Gloucester Street—the Capitol, symbol of the Restoration; and the Wren Building, historic core of the College of William and Mary.

A coeducational, liberal arts, State-supported institution, William and Mary has had a row to hoe as hard as it has been long. Its president, Alvin Duke Chandler (page 486), remarked to me one day over our post-luncheon coffee cups, "This college has been built by blood, sweat, tears—and love."

He might have added also: ingenuity. For Dr. James Blair, its founder, was not merely one of the most tenacious men in the Old Dominion but one of its most resourceful. Sent to England in 1691 by the General



↑ **Master Crutchfield Fills
This Wicker Basket with
a Fragrant "Baker's Dozen"**

An authority on colonial breadmaking, the master of the Raleigh Bake Shop uses stone-ground unbleached flour from an old Virginia mill to turn out scores of white and whole-wheat loaves, gingerbread cavaliers, tarts, mincemeat pies, beaten biscuits, and even fruited cakes.

Building a hot fire of hickory and oak inside his brick oven, he heats it to about 600°, then rakes out the embers and pushes the dough in on a long paddle. Bread takes about 25 minutes and comes out with a crisp crust ready for buttering.

→ Few 18th-century crafts demand a more delicate, skilled touch than that of the spinner. Her fingers lightly controlling the long flaxen fibers as they run off the skein onto the wheel, this young helper in Mistress Bonnie Brown's shop tries to keep the thread continuous and uniform in thickness. Once spun, linen thread must be wound on reels to clock its yardage, then removed and bleached in the sun for a month before going to the loom.

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B. Anthony Stewart





A Colonial Gristmill Soon May Be Grinding Meal for Raleigh Tavern's Baker

Beneath a portrait of Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, once rector of Bruton Parish Church and leading spirit in Williamsburg's restoration, architect A. Edwin Kendrew shows how the 18th-century mill worked. Model-maker Edward P. Hamilton spent more than 1,000 hours in painstakingly building the miniature shown. Full-scale, the 2-story mill will probably stand near the Palace Green, its cloth-covered sails providing power to turn the great millstones—when the wind blows. The entire structure can be turned to match the wind's direction.

Assembly to secure a charter for a college of liberal arts and sciences, Blair ran into formidable opposition. When he pleaded with the King's Attorney General that the new school would educate ministers to save Virginians who "had souls to save as well as the people of England," Seymour retorted, "Souls! Damn your souls! Make tobacco!"

But though it took him two years of hard plugging, Blair won his charter from King William and Queen Mary, plus £2,000 in quit-rents, 20,000 acres, a penny tax on every pound of tobacco exported from Maryland and Virginia to the other English colonies, and a share of the fees and profits of the office of Virginia's Surveyor General.

Not content with that, Blair got in touch with several English pirates awaiting trial and persuaded them to give the new college a cut of their loot if he secured their pardon or arranged lighter sentences. He also prevailed upon the executors of the estate of the great physicist Robert Boyle (discoverer of Boyle's law) to endow an Indian School to be run by the college.

Fittingly enough, the man selected to become William and Mary's first president was James Blair. Three buildings long comprised his entire institution: the Wren, described by a contemporary observer as "beautiful and commodious, being first modelled by Sir Christopher Wren, adapted to the nature of the

Country by the Gentlemen there"; the Brafferton, erected in 1723 through Boyle's bequest; and the President's House, in 1732. Handsome as these edifices were (and still are, thanks to Mr. Rockefeller's painstaking work of repair and restoration), William and Mary's glory lay rather in its boys than in its brick.

For, on its roll of fame, the college can number these: 15 members of the Continental Congress; four signers of the Declaration of Independence, as well as its author; four of the country's first 10 Presidents—Washington (though not an alumnus, he was commissioned a surveyor by William and Mary and later made its Chancellor), Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler; four Justices of the Supreme Court (led by the majestic John Marshall); four Secretaries of State; three Speakers of the House of Representatives; 30 Governors; 30 Senators; and a host of other public servants.

No mean roster. But to such honors may be added others. In 1779 William and Mary became the first American college to develop into a university; to set up the elective system of studies; and to install an honor system.

It was also the first to confer medallic prizes, and to establish schools of modern languages, municipal and constitutional law, and modern history. And here Phi Beta Kappa was founded (page 486).

In quite another century President Dwight D. Eisenhower, accepting a degree from William and Mary, defined a university as "a place where young minds are exposed to great minds" (page 480). The little college at the foot of Duke of Gloucester Street could qualify from the first. It may have lacked central heating, electricity, laboratories, card-index



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National Geographic Photographer B. Anthony Stewart

Buckskin Pads Rock Red Ink Across Caslon Type

August Klapper and his printer's devil keep this faithful replica of an 18th-century press busy turning out handbills, Christmas verses, bookplates, and proclamations for Colonial Williamsburg. In older days a master printer might also sell false teeth and surveyor's instruments, act as middleman in cattle bargaining, and operate an informal post office.

files, a football team, and other facilities now reckoned indispensable. But it had a faculty that could rouse and inspire young minds.

Take the experience of youthful Tom Jefferson, as I learned of it one afternoon from William and Mary's beloved librarian emeritus, Dr. Earl Gregg Swem, retired but still very much a part of the college.

"Jefferson was only 17 when he came to Williamsburg," said Swem. "He'd had a pretty good classical education already. But he was curious—terribly curious. Well, he found three men here who could answer most of his questions about life and men and politics, and even suggest a few he'd forgotten.

"They were George Wythe and William



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Children in Smart Phaetons Ride Past the Palace Green Where Royal Governors Promenaded
“Insatiable little sponges,” said one official proudly of the 42,000 youngsters who invaded Colonial Williamsburg’s streets last year, armed with a hundred unpredictable questions apiece.



Flowering Catalpas Frame Counselor George Wythe's Primly Handsome Town House

Adviser to two governors, signer of the Declaration of Independence, first professor of law in any American college, tutor to Jefferson and Marshall, Wythe stands out as one of Williamsburg's most distinguished citizens.



A Man-size Napkin, Worn in Colonial Style, Amuses the Queen of Greece

A two-day tour of Williamsburg climaxed a transcontinental tour of the United States for King Paul (not shown) and Queen Frederika last November. Crowds lined the streets as the royal couple drove through the restored city; King Paul received a scroll from the College of William and Mary. Here at dinner in the King's Arms Tavern, Kenneth Chorley, president of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., shows the Queen how napkins were worn about the neck. At left is Williamsburg's mayor, H. M. Stryker.

Small and Governor Fauquier. Wythe, you know, was America's first and greatest college professor of law, the man who trained not only Jefferson but Marshall and Henry Clay and Edmund Randolph. Small was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy — 'an enlarged & liberal mind,' according to Tom. As for Governor Fauquier, Jefferson called him 'the ablest man who had ever filled that office.'

"And where d'you suppose they all met? Walking around town or sitting at the governor's table, conversing night after night on all manner of subjects. It makes quite a picture: the professor, the jurist, the King's personal representative, and the 17-year-old student who was to eclipse them all. I don't suppose a college can offer that kind of education to every student, but I'm glad we did to this one."

Oddly enough, it was Jefferson himself who struck three of the worst blows his alma mater

suffered: he helped sever the Colony's bonds with Great Britain, which promptly cut off as well the college's main endowment; he helped shift the capital to Richmond, which removed Williamsburg's most potent stimulant; and he was instrumental in the founding of the University of Virginia, which became a magnet for the State's funds, interest, and students.

College Marches Off to War

Wounded but still vital, William and Mary nevertheless grew slowly in numbers and in academic prestige. Then, on a morning in April, 1861, the fourth and nearly fatal stroke descended: civil war.

"The president, the faculty, the boys—all dropped their books and picked up their guns," Dr. Swem related. "And when the last shot died away at Appomattox, four years later, it looked as if William and Mary had been a casualty of the war, too. Some drunken Union troops had set fire to the Wren Building and

guttled the library. The faculty had scattered; the students who might have come back were impoverished or dead or preoccupied.

"Only one man kept William and Mary and its charter alive: President Benjamin S. Ewell. Funds ran out in 1881, and regular sessions had to be abandoned; but for eight years Colonel Ewell rode in from his farm anyway, on the first day of each term, rang the old college bell, and taught a handful of youngsters who had no money but were nearly as stubborn as he was. In 1888 the State came through with a grant of \$10,000, which was increased biennially."

William and Mary never looked back. In 1906, under President Lyon G. Tyler, it became a State institution; in 1918 it went coeducational; and under Julian Alvin Carroll Chandler it grew from 130 students in 1919 to 1,300 in 1934, with 15 new buildings added. President John Stewart Bryan greatly raised the college's standards of scholarship, and his successor, John Edwin Pomfret, consolidated these gains.

Now, with retired Vice Adm. Alvin Duke Chandler, son of former President Julian Chandler, at the helm, the college seems headed for dynamic days. As one of his aides remarked to me, "The 'Duke' is as full of ideas as a Christmas goose. Gets along on about four hours' sleep. He drives us hard, but nobody harder than himself."

Governor's Pistols Barred the Faculty

A stocky, direct, but affable gentleman, Chandler laughs easily, and especially at the notion that William and Mary constitutes some sort of ivory tower. "Don't let anybody ever tell you a college is a place to retire to," he said to me one day. "Some of my predecessors, back in the old days, were burned in effigy by the students. And Dr. Blair, who founded this college—d'you remember what happened to him? Governor Nicholson handed out three pairs of his pistols to a bunch of the boys, so that they could bar the faculty from the grammar school and even blast away at Dr. Blair—just to get a longer Christmas vacation! I just hope the present Governor of Virginia doesn't get any merry ideas like that."

William and Mary's campus is considered one of the most impressive and well-ordered in the country. In addition to its three pre-Revolutionary gems—the Wren Building, the Brafferton, and the President's House—there are 18 other great buildings (dormitories,

classrooms, a library, a gymnasium, academic offices), grouped around a sunken garden where Patrick Henry once drilled his "Patriot Boys." But with a student body now of some 1,600, the college is popping at the seams.

"We hold classes everywhere," said President Chandler, "in the gym, in the Wren Building from its cellar to its attic, anywhere we can find a desk and some chairs. The library is bulging with about 300,000 volumes; we need a new home for it. And we need a Student Union. Outside of the fraternity lodges and sorority houses, there is no real place for the youngsters to get together socially. Well, we'll get all of these things... in time."

Students Stole the Bell Clapper

At the president's suggestion, I had a chat the next day with a man whose service to William and Mary spans not only Chandler's career but that of four other presidents, back to 1888: Henry Billups, the college's old Negro bell ringer, mail carrier, and general factotum. I found him in the Wren Building, ringing the 7:55 bell that summons the morning's first classes. A venerable felt hat sat squarely on his grizzled head; from his vest dangled the gold bell given him by the college alumni after the first 45 of his 66 years on duty.

Henry gave a final tug at the rope. As the last peal up above us died away, he turned to shake hands.

"I rung that bell when this young Chandler got to be president, and I rung it for his father when he was a student. Had to take care of this whole building then, the onliest building there was on the campus for teaching. Had to build all the fires for the professors by 8 o'clock and saw the wood—I used to saw 30, 40 cords of wood every winter—but I never got tired."

We talked awhile of changes he had seen; of students, long dead, who had stolen his bell clapper, compelling him to climb the steeple and strike the hour with a hammer; and of Dr. Hall who felt he couldn't smoke in the presence of ladies and so, at faculty meetings, would sit outside and listen through the half-open door, puffing at his pipe and occasionally bellowing an apt comment at the chairman. Then Henry nodded a courtly goodbye and shuffled down the hall to take breakfast before resuming the day's chores.

I went out onto the balcony that projects above the Wren Building's main entrance.



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Kodachromes by National Geographic Photographers Kathleen Revis and (below) B. Anthony Stewart

↑ "Beyond Question, My Lady,
'Tis a True Beau Catcher!"

In Mistress Hunter's millinery shop on Duke of Gloucester Street, ladies of Williamsburg could find anything from a fetching informal bonnet to "black love ribands," riding habits, toys, and busts of the well-beloved governor, Lord Botetourt.

↓ Doll's Hair or Formal Wig,
Peruke Maker Obliges Cheerily

Few gentlemen drop in nowadays at the King's Arms Barber Shop for a shave, a wig fitting, the extraction of a tooth, or a little bloodletting, so Master Robert White has time to spruce up the coiffure of Susie Schlesinger's young friend.



Running my eye along the walls to either side, I could see plainly the odd curvature and some of the blackened brick that are the Wren's honorable scars left by three fires. Below me stood the graceful though somewhat battered statue of the royal governor, Lord Botetourt (pronounced Bottytot), great and good friend of the college; and near it the Revolutionary cannon which the first President Chandler had to have plugged with lead so exuberant students could no longer fire it (page 483).

Rambling back through the Wren—this oldest of America's academic buildings and oldest building in Williamsburg—I found it already murmurous with activity.

Students All Know Each Other

In the Great Hall, beneath the serried portraits of Randolphs and Bollings, a bevy of girls in gym shorts were strenuously studying modern dance (page 485). In the old kitchen three actors ran through their lines on the stage while six others in the audience took notes and nodded sagely. Up on the third floor a professor droned a passage from Pope to a class arrayed on old pine benches.

I left, and strolled along one of the many brick walks that interlace the campus. Students, singly and in couples, tossed me an invariable "Hi!" or a genial grin, underscoring my own impression of William and Mary: that it must be a singularly relaxed, informal, and friendly place in which to live and work. Hugh De Samper, a young alumnus working as news editor up the street at the *Virginia Gazette*, put it this way for me:

"I suppose we like the old place because everyone we pass is a person, not a mask. Everyone in a class knows everybody else; if he doesn't, he hasn't tried. And the faculty—they're our friends, not our wardens. Look at the soft-ball league in the spring."

"What about it?"

"Well, the faculty has its own team, playing against the fraternities. I used to know the line-up. Chemistry on first base, Mathematics on second, Psychology on third and short, Physical Education, Modern Languages, and Sociology in the outfield, Physics pitching, and—let's see—Fine Arts catching."

Divisions and cliques along economic lines don't form easily at William and Mary, according to John Laughlin, an honor student and fraternity president. Over a Coke at the Corner Greek's he told me: "Nobody can have a car. We all dress pretty casually. The

fraternity lodges are built alike, give much the same kind of dance, and don't put any great emphasis on money or social position. Even if a fellow had a big allowance to spend, he couldn't throw it around very far in Williamsburg, and he'd look rather odd if he did. A lot of us work our way through, you know."

One story they tell of Dean "Texas Joe" Farrar, though it has a legendary flavor, illustrates at least that this friendliness and democratic spirit haven't led to any mollycoddling of the boys. Sometime back, when a few students were still living off campus in a boardinghouse, two of them came to Farrar and complained of their living conditions. They said that, the night before, they'd even seen two rats scrapping in their room.

Texas Joe looked at them calmly. "How much are you fellows paying for those rooms?"

"Forty dollars."

"Well, what do you expect for \$40—a bullfight?"

Many of the girls live in sorority houses in their senior year, but a growing number, like Elizabeth Lewis, are declining the privilege. Libby, an auburn-haired, brown-eyed Phi Beta Kappa from Bethesda, Maryland, told me she was staying on at her dormitory "because there are still a lot of girls I don't know, or know well enough, and I don't want to miss the chance."

Spring Plays Hob with Studies

President of the Women's Honor Council, active in many student affairs, and top scholar in mathematics, Libby complained of nothing about Williamsburg but its beauty. "You should be here in the spring! There's nothing like it anywhere. We have to do all our work in the first semester; after March it's just impossible to concentrate."

To John Marsh, a premedical student and holder of a Chancellor Scholarship, Williamsburg and the Restoration are an old story: he grew up in the town. "The 18th century was always home to me," he said. "It used to amaze me when I'd take a trip to some other city and see all the neon signs and hot-dog stands and traffic lights, and so forth."

John's schedule leaves him little time to brood over such contrasts, however. The day I met him for breakfast at 7, he had classes scheduled from 8 to 11, then he was to give a Red Cross blood donation. From 1 to 4 he would be working in the embryology lab, then practicing with the college choir till 5:15. At



↑ Bells of Venerable Bruton Parish Church Rang Out News of America's Declaration of Independence

↓ Oldest Episcopal church continuously in use in Virginia, Bruton antedates Williamsburg itself. Here, as young men, worshiped Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler. Tablet to right of pulpit, erected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., honors memory of the late rector, Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, "in whose Heart and Mind was conceived the Thought of restoring the Beauty of this Ancient City and who was himself the Inspiration of its Fulfillment."

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5:30 he would eat supper, attend a Wesley Foundation meeting, and spend the small hours of the evening studying philosophy.

On other days he would have to squeeze in his duties as a fraternity secretary, a member of the Men's Honor Council, and vice president of the Student Religious Union. Only on Saturday nights could he be sure of finding a free moment to date his girl.

John wasn't complaining about his curriculum. "I almost wish I could have another four years of it," he confided to me. But I wondered what young Tom Jefferson would have thought of such a treadmill—Tom, who could get his education in political science by walking up to the House of Burgesses to listen outside the door as Patrick Henry ("the very Devil in Politicks—a son of Thunder") orated within (page 452); or by strolling over to Counselor Wythe's parlor for a discussion of Voltaire's new theories (page 470); or by sitting down with the governor to speculate upon parliamentary maneuvers in London.

College and Restoration Cooperate

President Chandler would like nothing better than to make William and Mary once again the kind of training ground in leadership that it was in Jefferson's day. As he remarked to me: "We're rededicating the School of Law this September, you know. It's called the Marshall-Wythe School of Law; Wythe held the first Chair of Law in an American college, here at William and Mary, and Marshall took his formal training from Wythe."

Many bridges already connect President Chandler's college with the restoration of the town that Jefferson, Marshall, and Wythe knew so well. The Institute of Early American History and Culture fuses some of the resources and research capacities of William and Mary and of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., and is sponsored by them both; its distinguished publications reflect credit on everyone concerned. Students find part-time jobs in almost every phase of the Restoration's work, from serving at the King's Arms Tavern to pumping the bellows at Deane Forge. Last year Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., accounted for nearly half of the \$135,000 that undergraduates earned.

For its part, the college has offered its steady cooperation to the Restoration's program with its own dramatic troupe, its excellent choir, its richly stocked library.

Next year will mark the 200th anniversary of John Marshall's birth. To celebrate it and to honor at the same time the Chief Justice's distinguished teacher, a committee headed by Dean Dudley W. Woodbridge of the Law School has raised money from American members of the bar to have busts made of both Marshall and Wythe, for display in the College building that bears their names.

"We think of Marshall," Woodbridge reminded me, "as a man who laid down the principle that the Supreme Court can overrule any law that conflicts with the Constitution. And rightly. But Marshall was only following a precedent set by Wythe when he was chancellor of a court of equity in 1782. Case of *Commonwealth v. Caton*. Funny thing is that most of the lawyers I've been writing to about these busts never even heard of Wythe."

Turning to the restoration of Wythe's home town, the Dean grinned wryly, "Lots of people appreciate what's been done, and the meaning of it. Lots of others are like pigeons on a statue, you know. To them it's just a place to sit down and rest their feet."

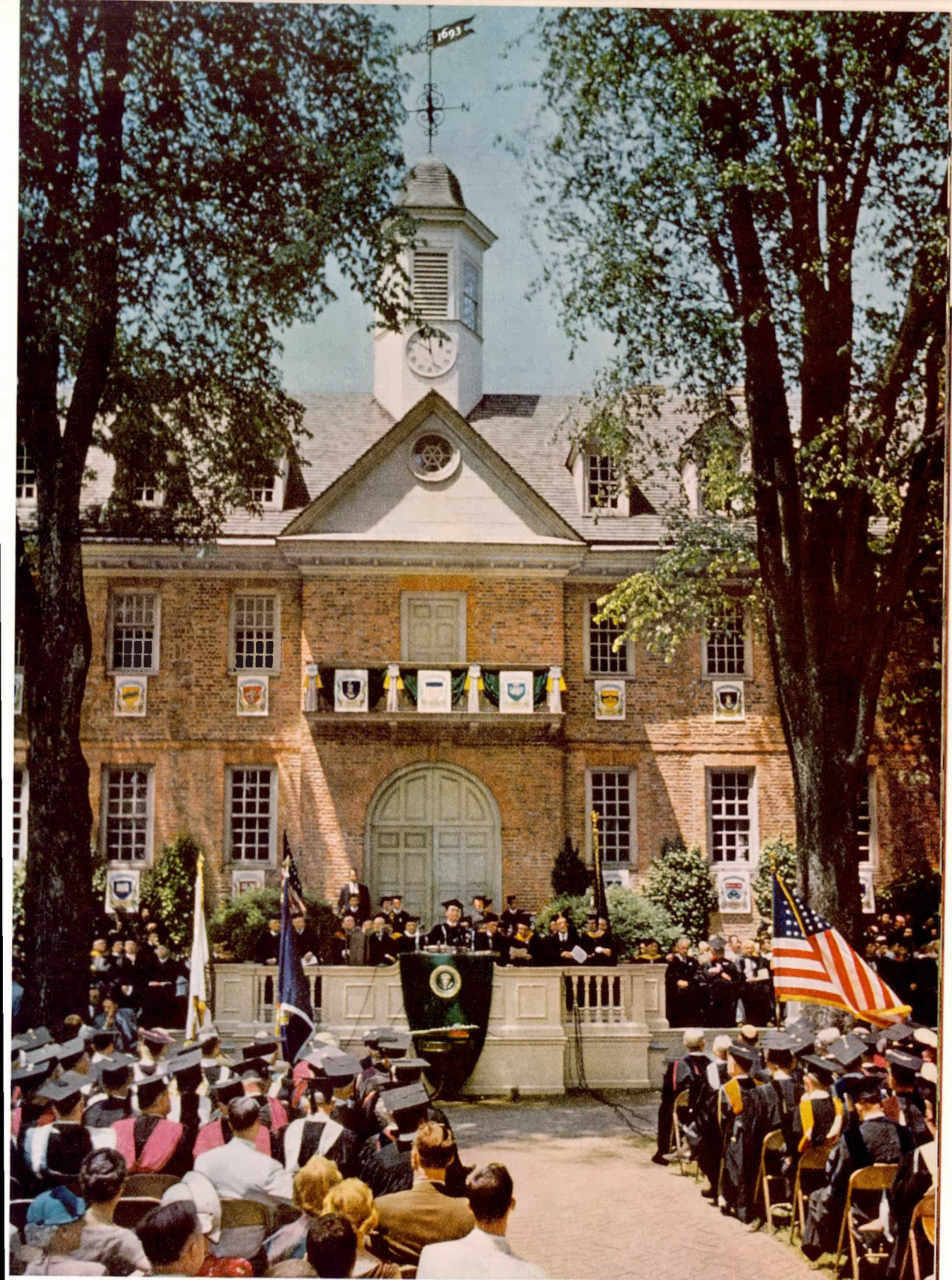
The innocence of history of some visitors is fantastic. Every year an appallingly large number of Americans ask the information clerks at the Reception Center: "Can you show me the way to Grant's Tomb?" or "Which street do I take to Mount Vernon?"

The GI and General Washington

But for each indifferent or ignorant visitor to the Restoration there are 10 who bring an informed curiosity and take back with them—well, a measure of inspiration. Kenneth Chorley, husky, perceptive president of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., told me of one of these (pages 472, 480).

"He was a GI," said Chorley. "A soldier from Fort Eustis down the road, who'd come up in a truck with the rest of his unit to tour Williamsburg. Part of our wartime program. I saw this boy in the Clerk's Office at the Capitol. He'd become separated from his buddies, and he was standing all alone in front of that Peale portrait of Washington. Suddenly I heard him mutter, 'You got it for us, General. And, by God, we're going to keep it!' And he saluted."

Chorley paused a moment. "You know, I told that story to Mr. Rockefeller a few weeks later. When I'd finished, he looked up at me, and there were tears in his eyes, and he said quietly, 'Then it was all worth while.'"



Beneath Wren's Historic Façade, Dignitaries Honor One President, Inaugurate Another

In a ceremony of double significance, America's second oldest college, William and Mary, bestowed in May, 1953, an honorary Doctorate of Laws upon Dwight D. Eisenhower and inducted Alvin Duke Chandler as its 22d president.



ENTRANCE

↑ Guard Presents Arms as Commander in Chief Leaves the Capitol

Buff-and-blue-uniformed Minutello Guard, formed in 1745 from "The Gentleman Volunteers of Albemarle," claims service in every major American war from the French and Indian border fights to the Normandy beachhead. Here, bearing muskets and spearlike halberds and spontoons, it acts as honor guard for President and Mrs. Eisenhower on the 177th anniversary of the Virginia Resolution for American Independence.

Winthrop Rockefeller (left), board chairman of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., and Kenneth Chorley, its president, accompany the Chief Executive. A key figure in the restoration project, Chorley is still preoccupied with new means of making historic Williamsburg "come alive" for its visitors.

→ Graceful facade of the reconstructed Capitol is laid up in Flemish bond from handmade bricks kilned at Williamsburg. Clay is dug from vacant lots within the town itself. Hauled to the brickyard, the clay is churned in a horse-powered "pug mill," then poured into sanded wooden molds, dried for several weeks, and then baked.

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Photographer B. Anthony Stewart



Pirates Helped to Finance Historic Wren Building, Oldest U. S. College Hall

Sent to England in 1691 to secure a charter and an endowment for a Virginia college, Dr. James Blair overlooked no opportunities for fund collecting. He even wrung loot from British pirates awaiting trial, promising to intervene in their behalf.

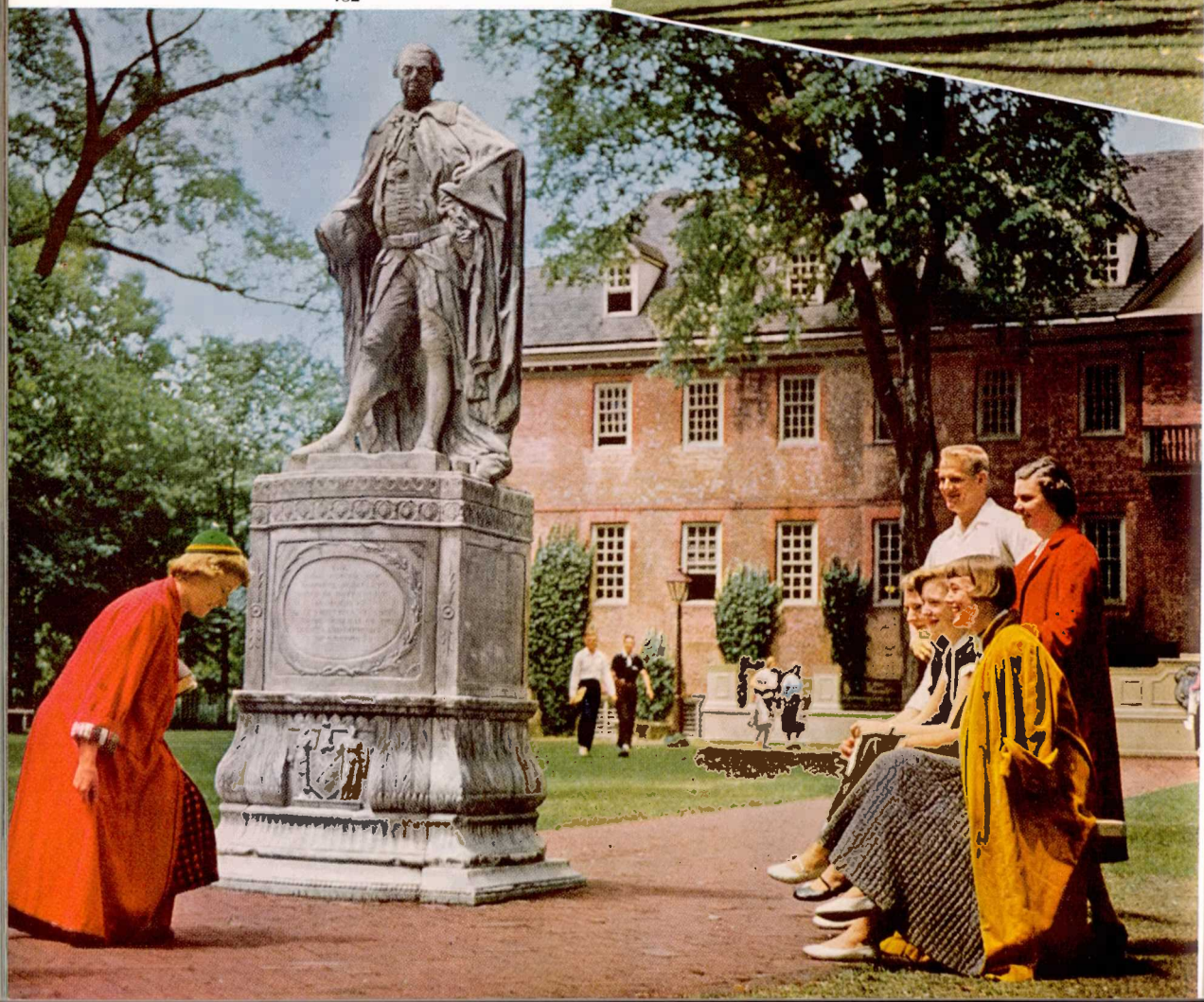
Still the architectural jewel of the William and Mary campus, Blair's first building was described by an early commentator as "beautiful and commodious, being first modelled by Sir Christopher Wren, adapted to the nature of the Country by the Gentlemen there."

Revolutionary cannon is now safely plugged with lead. William and Mary students of an earlier day enjoyed firing it to celebrate victories or just to awaken the president.

▼ A freshman in green-and-gold cap gives the traditional autumn curtsy to the statue of Lord Botetourt, benevolent patron of the College. Men students must bow and doff their hats, sweeping their headgear low enough to hit the sidewalk. The battered statue, dated 1773, once stood in the breezeway of the Capitol. After reins of government were removed to Richmond, it was bought by the William and Mary faculty. Its inscription fondly advises: "America, Behold Your Friend."

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On Wren's Stiff Benches → a New Generation of Students Sits Uneasily

Still on active duty after two and a half centuries, the 21-room Wren Building serves today as a major academic hive. "It's absolutely impossible to doze on those seats," say students.

Thrice burned, the Wren Building was restored to its original beauty in 1928-32.

First college in America to receive a royal charter, William and Mary was established to ensure—"that the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners."





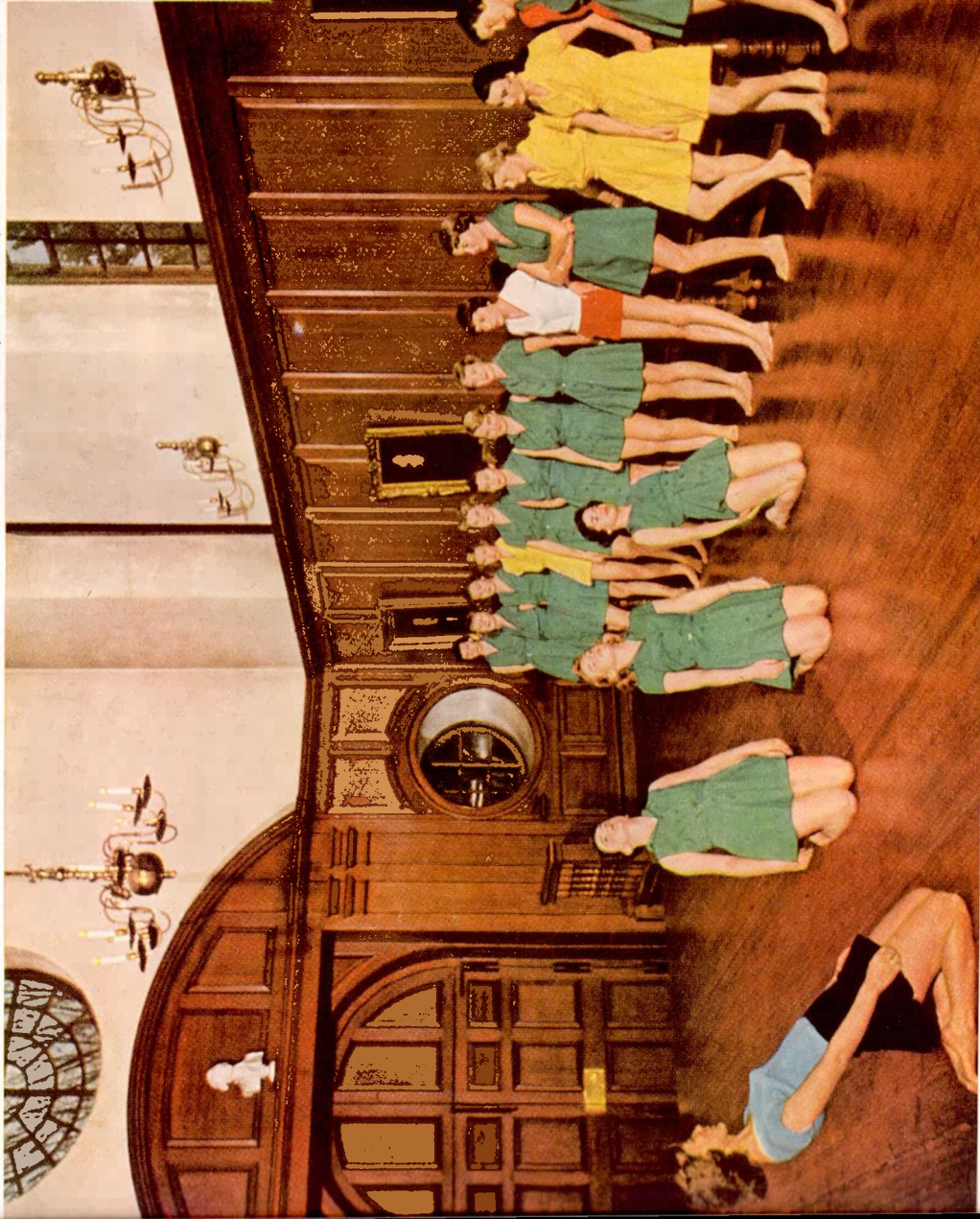
↑ College Choir's Anthem Peals Across Oak-paneled Chapel of Wren Building

Built in 1732 in the style of a Church of England chantry, this Georgian chapel now brings William and Mary students together for weekly services. Open on the altar is the "Booke of Common Prayer, Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Kings Most Excellent Majestie, 1616." Buried in a crypt below are such illustrious colonial figures as Sir John Randolph, Peyton Randolph, and Lord Botetourt.

→ For last-minute cramming, a student curls up in one of the Great Hall's circular windows.

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← Splinter-free Floor of Wren's Great Hall Is Kind to Bare Feet

Where Virginia's House of Burgesses met in solemn session before completion of the Capitol in 1704, William and Mary girls now learn modern dance. Here an instructor (left) leads pupils in a body-control exercise.

Paneled in native pine, this wing of the Wren Building has been used also as the college refectory, a hospital ward in Revolutionary times, barracks for Confederate troops, a ballroom, and a classroom. Portraits of the Randolphs and the Bollings, long prominent in Virginia affairs, look down gravely upon the barefoot coeds.



← Among William and Mary's "Firsts":
In December, 1776, Its Students Formed
Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa

A small group of William and Mary undergraduates formed America's most famed honor society. Traditionally, the first meeting was held in the Raleigh Tavern's Apollo Room. Scholarly initiates of 1954 listen (upper) as Dr. A. P. Wagener explains the society's key.

Lower: Alvin D. Chandler and his wife entertain two young "Phi Bete's" at tea in the President's House, home of every head of the college since its founding in 1693.