

The Restoration News

« WRITTEN BY AND FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF THE WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION »

Volume I

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER, 1941

Number 4

Restoration Adopts Cost-of-Living Wage Plan

Supplementary Increase Effective August First For Over Nine Hundred

Five hundred and forty employees of the Restoration gathered in the Williamsburg Theatre on August 3rd to hear Mr. Chorley announce and explain the new supplementary wage plan by which the members of the organization will be assisted in meeting the rising cost of living.

This mass plan will affect over nine hundred employees, only a small percentage of the 929 members being excluded since their salaries were \$300.00 per month or more. The first increase took effect July 25th for the Construction and Maintenance employees, and on August 1st for all others, due to a difference in pay periods.

In his opening remarks Mr. Chorley paid tribute to Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, and asked all present to stand in his honor for a moment of silence. Then he spoke of the difficult times and of the personnel program the Restoration has been following to assist employees in gaining security, and happiness. Among these he listed our group life insurance plan, sickness and accidents benefits, free medical service; vacations-with-pay program; and the pension plan.

Next Mr. Chorley stated that studies were being made regarding hospitalization and surgical fees for employees and their families, which group includes approximately 2,500 persons in this community.

Mr. Chorley then read and explained in explicit detail the supplementary wage plan. The first cost of the plan for this initial increase will be \$44,112.00 per year. Each succeeding five percent increase will cost about the same. In the event that three such increases were necessary the total cost would be \$131,539 per year.

In closing Mr. Chorley made this stirring statement: "Before we bring this meeting to a close, I have one thing more I would like to say. While I believe we are in for difficult times and we have dark days ahead of us, I have no question as to what the final outcome will be.

"Beginning right here at James-

Ace With a Mace



The Keeper of the Mace, Rutherford Goodwin, carefully surveying the graven image of the Indian Princess thereon. This is the old mace of the City of Williamsburg, recently recovered from obscurity in the Hearst collection of antiques.

town, continuing at Williamsburg and finally at Yorktown, this country was founded, and fought and died for freedom. The right to work where we please, when we please and how we please; the right to say what we please; the right to have our children educated as we please; the right to worship God as we please; the right to elect our own representatives of government as we please—these things are as precious to us as life itself, and no Hitler can ever take them away from us.

"We will have no concentration camps, no muzzling of our free press, no one to tell us when and by whom we shall have children; no one to tell us how we shall worship God, or that we shall not worship Him at all. We shall have no dictatorship in this country.

"God forbid that this country shall go to war, but if we must—in order to preserve our freedom, our liberty, our democratic way of life—then we will fight with all our hearts and souls and with God's help shall be victorious because *right must prevail over might*. We shall do it realizing that we are fighting for life itself in order to preserve freedom and liberty for ourselves and our children."

Curator's Department Puts Restoration On the Slide

In 1938 Jim Cogar, as Curator, began one of the most interesting side activities of the Restoration. This is "taking pictures in color."

Of course it isn't just a matter of snapshooting your neighbor's baby or yourself in your new suit. And they're not really "pictures", but *slides*, that is, scenes in Kodachrome on *transparent* gelatins two inches square which can be "projected" upon a screen of any desired size.

There are now 1,602 slides in the collection, which gives you an idea how hard the Curator has worked—or how much fun he has had, depending on whether you're a camera-bug or not.

The subjects, all in full-color, include mainly views of Williamsburg, interiors and exteriors of the Exhibition Buildings, gardens and flower arrangements. There are also views of famous 18th century Virginia houses and public buildings, including close-ups of architectural details.

These are used chiefly by the Curator for lectures to various organizations. And also to a class in 18th century social history at *William and Mary*. Mrs. Fisher uses them, too, in her talks to garden clubs where they invariably arouse excitement and admiration.

Lately fifty representative Williamsburg scenes have been selected for duplication, and four sets are now available for rent at a fee of five dollars. These have already had considerable circulation.

These slides form not only a beautiful but a valuable record. All 1,602 are numbered, catalogued, and filed in a cabinet designed especially by Joe Bright, and constructed by Mr. Kobelbauer in the Ayscough Shop.

Portraits of Governor Alexander Spotswood, Lieutenant Governor of the Virginia Colony 1710-1722, and of his daughter, Dorothea Dandridge Spotswood, both acquired last Summer, are now undergoing repairs at the Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University. This museum's expert, Mr. George L. Stout, is relining the frail old canvases, removing later additions of over-paint and surface film, and making the under-structure of the original paint secure.

Construction Program Under Full Steam

The Construction and Maintenance Department has completed a number of projects since the publishing of the last issue of the *RESTORATION NEWS*. The list includes Chowning's Tavern, Randolph-Peachy House, Red Lion Inn, Taliaferro Cole House and Outbuildings, and Burdette's Ordinary.

Projects now under construction are Scrivener House and Kitchen, Vaiden House and Outbuildings, Waters-Coleman House and a new addition to the Williamsburg Lodge. This addition, known as the South Wing, contains forty-eight bedrooms, each with private bath. The exterior will be of brick and the interior will be finished in the same type of cypress flushboarding that was used in the existing Lodge. The South Wing will be connected to the Lodge by a covered way, leading from the north end of the L-shaped addition to the Lodge porch outside of the Lounge.

Mr. L. H. Radig is Superintendent in charge of this project, with the mechanical work being installed under the direction of Mr. F. L. McGinnis.

Fleming vs. Dali

Salvador Dali, the fur bathtub and cadaver tycoon, is doing a picture of the Palace for a future cover for *Town and Country Magazine*. That in itself was news enough to call forth a confused editorial from the *Norfolk-Virginian-Pilot*, which wanted to know if the Restoration was going "escapist."

In fact, the only person in Williamsburg who wasn't slightly confused by the Surrealist painter was the Palace's Fleming, who posed twice for Dali with his usual aplomb. One of Mr. Dali's eccentricities was that he said he spoke no English. Fleming says it ain't so.

To Fleming, Dali was just another artist. What Fleming doesn't know is that when his picture appears, he is liable to have a bull moose's head protruding from his midriff, or maybe no head at all, just four necks standing on some old Gothic fallen arches. Anyhow, Fleming says he was grateful for the opportunity to pose, as he figured anything he could do for the Restoration put "another star in my crown." It's liable to be some star.

THE RESTORATION NEWS

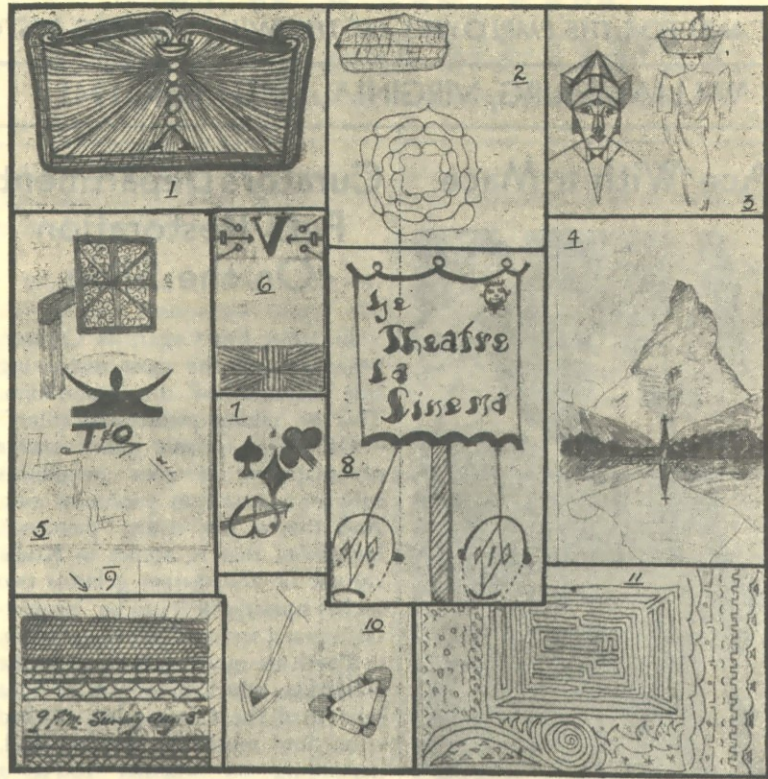
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Just Suppose

Just suppose that the Restoration belonged to you personally. Imagine how you would feel if this entire project, lock-stock-and-barrel, was given you today to own and operate. You would immediately be concerned with the welfare of over 900 employees and their numerous dependants. You would endeavor to operate your project so as to assure these people steady employment, proper working hours, reasonable pay. You would try to make provisions for their health, sickness, insurance, recreation, vacations, pensions, social security. While doing this you would, as a matter of good business, keep your Restoration open and attractive, offer proper accommodations at reasonable prices. You would become famous if you ran it properly . . . infamous if you ran it selfishly and improperly. Your every thought, your entire human energy would be consumed with these and other problems. Every little detail of Williamsburg restored would then assume major importance. There would be no tree, or bench, or walk too unimportant for your studied interest. Rentals and menus, admission prices and traffic hazards . . . a thousand things would suddenly crowd into your daily life. This would be an almost impossible task for any one person. That is why there are 900 of us busy operating "Our Town." For that is just exactly what it is. And, if you have never thought of it as such, then it is time you should. It is to your personal interest to do so, for every extra effort you take in your part of running our town comes back to you manifold. It is ours, and now how will we run it? Millions are looking to us to hold it high in the annals of man's achievements. Build well its foundations, so that it may stand high in the records of the future as a tribute to ourselves, and to the beneficent philanthropy that made "Our Town" possible.

Brains, Ltd.

By Sansalvador



When master minds meditate, this is what happens. Can you identify the results of the Staff Meeting doodles? 1. Nerves in the 18th Century manner by R. G.; 2. A short meeting for the Vice-President; 3. Colleens by Cogar; 4. Huffman's vacation dreams . . . Lake Louise; 5. C. & M.'s version of T. & O. looks like a joint; 6. V for Victory from Goodwin; 7. Lavery draws a two-card heart flush; 8. Supercolossal McCaskey's extravaganza plus Shakespeare; 9. A Brief and True Report of the employees' meeting; 10. Green's fantasy; 11. The F. B. I. is caught in a maze.

V. G. Pinch Hitting For K. C. at the Bat

As is usually the case with pinch hitters, this column will undoubtedly, in this issue, be a complete strikeout—1, 2, 3. KC has gone to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, to cast flies and left me here casting for words to fill this column. Before leaving, however, he certainly gave us much to think about in our meeting of August 3rd. To the Wage Committee I want to extend my congratulations for the efficient and speedy way in which they executed the most difficult task of putting the Cost-of-Living Supplement program into immediate effect so as to meet the dead line of the payroll of the 15th. This was a great assignment as it meant reviewing with each department head the individual status of all of the more than 900 employees affected by this plan.

You might be interested to know that a definitely aggressive and affirmative promotional program has been started, not only as a permanent long-term policy, but also to offset, as far as possible, the setbacks that Colonial Williamsburg must look forward to in view of world conditions, particularly in the event of gasoline rationing and other steps that might be taken which would discourage travel. Tug Norton is going to head this work but he will need the help and suggestions of all of the members of this organization.

As a part of this program, Tom McCaskey is going to undertake the development of special and periodic events in Williamsburg—events that will show Williamsburg as a living community in which the visitors as well as the townspeople might participate. These events will not be sideshow features, but an integral and dignified part of the whole restoration program, having values that are educational as well as entertaining.

The entire program is designed not only to bring people to Williamsburg, but to have them see and experience the lessons to be learned here as participants rather than spectators. We feel this campaign is justified not only as a matter of self-preservation, but because Colonial Williamsburg has something to give to the nation and the world today that it needs badly—inspiration, hope and a recurrence to fundamental principles.

Visitor: "Is Mr. Kendrew in?"
 Receptionist: "No, I'm sorry, but he went out just a few minutes ago."
 Visitor: "Will he be back in after lunch?"
 Receptionist: "No, that's what he went out after."

An Open Letter

To:—Mr. Chorley and the Trustees and Directors of the Restoration Corporations.

On behalf of the employees of this organization, the editors of this paper wish to express appreciation for the supplementary wage plan as announced by our president recently.

We are especially grateful for the obvious forethought and real interest in the welfare of every employee which was expressed by this action. We realize that in these uncertain times, when many concerns not engaged in defense work are planning to retract and entrench, that your action required an unhesitating interest in all of us.

The plan offered is certainly more than generous, and when an organization with a limited income allots \$44,112.00 for a mass wage increase, that generosity becomes all the more apparent. You can be assured that it will come as a boon to many of us, and we hope that we may in many ways show due appreciation for this privilege.

Likewise we appreciate the entire personnel program given to us. We know that it is far advanced and very liberal. It is indeed comforting to know that we have leaders who consider so fully the human qualities of men.

Williamsburg— Ten Years Ago

—From the *Virginia Gazette*

(August 1, 1931) The Restoration is securing from destruction the only relic of the First James City County Court House in Williamsburg, of 1717.

(August 7, 1931) "Mr. Kenneth Chorley arrived from New York this week and is spending several days in Williamsburg"

(August 14, 1931) "New Bank Building Now Being Built—Work was started on Monday on the bank building for the Peninsula Bank & Trust Co., corner of Duke of Gloucester and Henry Streets"

(August 28, 1931) "Some day Williamsburg will be a restored city. The building activities as far as the restoration work is concerned may cease entirely. The restored area will be complete. Then what? Our population of people who must work in order to exist will have to have incomes. What will they do? It is not conceivable that Williamsburg will ever be an industrial city. Its main revenue must come from businesses that can be created directly or indirectly from its advantages. The people who will come to the city to see it, will be known as tourists and as such, will provide our main source of income. . . ."

Around the Water Cooler

It was during the course of our recent efforts to locate that elusive individual referred to in the Architectural Department as "Bo," that we realized how many members of the Restoration have, before or since, been tagged with nicknames which seem to us worthy of a wider circulation than has been heretofore accorded. "Tug", "Holly" and "Blackie" are pretty generally recognized; but what about "Cutie" (Goodwin), "Dinks" (Nelson), "Jitter" (Thompson) and "Bugs" (Geddy)? And then there are "Scrooge" (Jones), "D i z z y" (Green), "Loghead" (Steel) and "Waffles" (Winn).

It has been rumored that it may be necessary to make certain structural changes at Chowning's Tavern to enable our good host to get behind the bar. We feel it our duty to correct this misapprehension lest it be accepted as true. We have it on no less an authority than the Director of the Construction and Maintenance Department (who ran the survey) that the keeper *can* get through the manhole leading behind the bar, and with an inch and a half to spare. Ye host scales 17½ inches across the beam, the manhole, 19 inches.

Contrary to public belief, the trivialities and mental aberrations with which we fill this space always have a point. Consequently, we are no little chagrined to have to admit that one of our better stories, intended for the last issue, got the blue pencil (for lack of space, we assume). Maybe you will recall the incident; it happened last Spring and had something to do with Samuel Eliot Morison and his visit to the harem of El Hun-tar-Far-Ish.

Conscience Stamps

The following anonymous letter was received recently at Mr. Chorley's office in New York with ten new one-cent stamps inclosed:

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG, INC.
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

I am inclosing Ten Cents in stamps to cover an unauthorized expenditure which I made and which was charged to you.

I thank you and hope that this does not inconvenience you.

ANONYMOUS.

A reward of ten cents in stamps will be given anyone able to figure out how an "unauthorized expenditure" or even ten cents could be charged without "Scrooge" Jones knowing about it.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Musser-Dobie

On July 26, the wedding of **Miss Minnie Richelieu Dobie** (Res.) daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Mac Howle Dobie**, and **Mr. William Musselman Musser**, son of **Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Musser** of Lampeter, Pa., took place at Fort Grove Methodist Church, Stoney Creek, Virginia.

Mrs. George H. Hartman, Jr., sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and **Miss Elizabeth Musser** of Lampeter, Pa., was maid of honor. Following a wedding reception at the home of the bride's parents, **Mr. and Mrs. Musser** took a trip to Nag's Head before returning to make their home in Williamsburg.

Bloxom-Elliot

Miss Margie Hoskins (H & A) and **Ensign Elliot Bloxom** were married on July 5th at Columbia, South Carolina. They are now making their home in Lorain, Ohio, but hope to be transferred to Norfolk, Va., in the early Fall.

Barnett-Winn

Miss Lelia Barnett (WI&L), daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Barnett** of Charles City County and **Mr. W. Warfield Winn**, son of the late **Dr. and Mrs. John F. Winn** of Richmond, were married on Saturday, June 28th in the chapel of the College of William and Mary by the Rev. Francis Craighill. They are now living in the Mary Stith Shop on Duke of Gloucester Street.

Mrs. Elsie Low (Pers. Rel.) is still out of the office due to illness. Her friends are hoping for her early recovery.

Mr. Leslie Moore, Jr., of New York, has been with the Div. of Wmsbg Inn & Lodge for the past two months, working at the front desk of both places.

Mr. and Mrs. Bland Hoke (WI&L) have moved into their new home on Jamestown Road.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Jones, Jr. (Treas.) are receiving congratulations on the birth on August 15 of a son, **I. L. Jones, III.**

Recently the Treasurer's Department chartered a boat for fishing at Yorktown. All the fish caught were not out of York River. Make inquiries at Gloucester Point for further details.

Mr. Charles Lavery (C&M) and his family have moved into the Red Lion Inn on Duke of Gloucester Street.

Among the members of the Department of Hostesses and Attendants who have attended "The Lost Colony," pageant at Manteo, Roanoke Island, North Carolina this Summer are **Mrs. A. W. Callis**, **Mrs. Frances Schwarz**, **Mrs. B. E. Steel**, and **Mrs. Drewry Jones**. The character of Queen Elizabeth is played by **Miss Catherine Moran**, a former student at the College of William and Mary, and a friend of Mrs. Callis.

Fixing Up the Pub



Chowning's Tavern opened August 15th with **Mr. and Mrs. Brian Ahearn** (Joan Fontaine) as its first distinguished visitors. Seen above are **Jim Cogar** and **Joe Bright** hard at work bringing in the fixings to decorate and furnish this colorful tavern.

Furnishing items: booths, re-adopted in this century, are authentic for the eighteenth century, as are the backgammon and checker boards painted on two tables. The pewter, glass, crockery and leather furnishings are original; the pewter service, approved reproduction. Particularly fine are the eighteenth century prints, representing both the sublime and the ridiculous, available now largely because of the war situation in England. The furnishings consist of pieces collected in various parts of this country, but mainly southern. It is proper that the prints should be English, however, at that period. Inventories of old taverns, and contemporary prints have been used as a guide.

Departmental News

General Office Speaks

The recent trip to the X-ray room on the third floor of the Goodwin Building seems to have brought out the "poetry" in the souls of some of our employees. Here is a sample:

T. B. or not T. B.—

That is the conjection.

Consumption be done about it?

* * *

The personnel of the General Office Division seems to change almost as rapidly as the map of Europe. Brock Steel has left us to fill a vacancy left in the Blue Print Room of the Architectural Department, **Jimmy Humphrey** has assumed the duties of projectionist at the Williamsburg Theatre.

* * *

The General Office Division welcomes several new members. Have you met them yet? If not, come in and get acquainted with:

Mrs. Robert W. Eubank, Central Records Supervisor; **Miss Emily Wilson**, File Clerk; **Mrs. Carter Cowles**, Receptionist; **Mr. Randolph Marston**, Mail Clerk.

Architectural Tid-Bits

Mr. Kendrew and his family are touring the West Coast.

Mr. Moorehead entertained the Architectural Department at the opening of Chowning's Tavern.

The Littles and Franks have returned after a tour of the Southwest.

Mr. James Knight recently passed out cigars, celebrating the birth of a daughter.

The Architectural Department has recently acquired a new member: **Mr. Alden Hopkins**, Landscape Architect, from Washington, D. C.

Public Relations

Jack Patterson is now the proud possessor of bachelor quarters in the brand new Chowning's Tavern Kitchen. In a recent interview **Mr. Patterson** stated that his new home was an ideal set-up for his requirements in that the place was well insulated against the Summer's heat and the Winter's cold and that it was so conveniently located. His one complaint was that he simply can't keep lady tourists from barging in at odd hours and that he hoped, if they insisted on coming, that they'd be young ones.

Research and Records

Several of the recipients of fellowships from Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, have been in Williamsburg recently to consult material in the Research Department or to confer with the Director.

The Midnight Patrol

By BILL EUBANK

It is twelve o'clock midnight and I'm to go on duty at the Palace until eight A. M. I get my supper and go down to relieve the four-to-twelve shift. This is my first night at the Palace and I'm pretty shaky. I'd heard the place was haunted and full of strange critters by night.

As I make my way through the boxwood I hear a scream. I stop suddenly and shake in my tracks. I had never paid much attention to "spooks" before, but there is a sound in the direction of the Palace that sounds like someone moaning. I could swear I hear someone walking on the shell path. The footsteps crunch loud enough to be heard at the Capitol. The air smells musty, sort of like a cemetery.

I move on down towards the Ice House, and again something screams in the bushes over there. My breath freezes in my throat to keep my heart from jumping out. I'm not scared, but I will be awfully glad to see six A. M. and Fleming again.

By the time I reach the Hostess Room, where I call in from, my flashlight batteries are all run down. I'm walking around in a daze, by moonlight, if there is any. The fire in the room is a beautiful thing to see. It warms me physically and mentally. I call in and talk as long as I can with the night auditor at the Lodge. This gives me courage to go on for another tortured thirty minutes.

I go out and stand boldly on the back steps of the Palace to survey the premises. Then a light starts flashing on and off over by the North gate. On and off it goes, first one way and then the other. It's got me plenty worried. On my brow is a mass of perspiration, but I'm not hot. I put on my light and poke around, but I see nothing. Worse still I hear nothing. The light and its flasher have gone, silently. I hope I can make it until morning. It wouldn't be honorable to quit in the middle of the night.

Several months later and I'm going out again on the midnight patrol at the Palace. Twelve-fifteen and I've just called in. Just a short check-me-in message and I'm off for the garden. Going through the boxwood I again hear the screams that once started my arteries hardening. It doesn't bother me now, I've learned it comes from a lonesome owl. It's a mating call I'm told, and authentically Eighteenth Century.

As I pass along by the Palace, that eerie rattling sound turns out to be just a loose window. About then the wind springs up and the strange moaning starts again. I'd

NEWS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE

By THOMAS KEARNEY AND ISHAM JOHNSON

Various churches are carrying on their Revivals. They seem to be making a real success. job a more satisfactory one. spot removing, so as to make every

We are proud to have in the service of the Restoration many employees who are taking vacations out of the city. For instance, Milton Cooke, one of Inn waiters, and family took their vacation in Kentucky visiting one of our used-to-be employees; Charles Jackson, who was called to camp. They found him well and living over in Fort Knox.

Also James Wallace, Alfred Scott, and their wives spent their vacation in New York. They made their home at the Theresa Hotel about the eighth floor. It was very pleasant. Mr. Lewis, the Lodge cook, and one of our newly-comers, accompanied them to his home.

The head waiter of the Travis House had his X-ray and the doctor found a rock fish in him.

Helen Whiting spent a very good vacation visiting relations in Chicago. She is one of our head maids, and we are glad to have her return. The second cook of the Inn received a ticket for violating the parking law. Too bad.

Robert Johnson, Sr., one of our oldest waiters, who is known as Deacon, is on vacation and spending his time at his old homestead, Petersburg. There he met many of his friends and shook glad hands. He was happy to meet them again.

Charles Gary, of our valet service, is taking a special course at the Hampton Institute on cleaning and

never believe it was just the arrow on top of the Cupalo that needs oiling, not until I went up personally to investigate. It moans pitifully every time the wind changes its course.

Now I'm back by the North gate where that strange light occurs. It is not strange to me now since I found out that it was caused by autos going along "Railroad Avenue." And so I go my round, listening to the rabbits scurry through the bushes and the frogs croaking in the pond. I've decided that all of that stuff about the haunted Palace was pure bunk. The chief worry now is why it takes eight o'clock so long to get around my way.

On last Sunday the First Baptist Church closed the service of the 165th anniversary. Rev. R. E. Lee preached for the morning service, and Dr. J. M. Ellison, president of Virginia Union University, for the evening.



George Parsons, ringmaster of the Restoration Stables, in a self-posed portrait alongside of the carriage house.

Zebedee Taylor, Matt Palmer, and Nelson Stokes are on their vacations.

John Hailey, Sr., who has been home sick for a few days, has returned to work.

Palace Goes To Dogs

If you've caught glimpses of an unusual looking beast, something like a cross between a Shetland pony and the Hound of the Baskervilles, he really was there all right, so you can relax. It's Rex Colwil, the nocturnal guardian of the Palace grounds, a bull mastiff imported from England and specially trained for police work.

Rex, whose ancestry goes almost back to the Pleistocene, is considered a fine figure of a mastiff, and according to Yale Huffman is gentle with everybody except prowlers. He was shipped from England last Spring on a convoyed vessel, and spent his first months in America being further trained for police work at Tarrytown, New York.

"Overheard"

Hot and weary were the visitors the past few weeks as they toured Williamsburg and the one question that seemed uppermost was, "do you always have it as hot as this?" One of the hostesses found a quick way to combat this barrage and instead of the usual "this-is-MOST unusual" answer, she took from her pocket the daily weather report from one of the newspapers showing that the temperature was the same, if not hotter, in most of the other American cities.

One very sedate and perspiring gentleman asked the pretty young clerk for "two mature and two adolescent tickets please. . . ." And said the fond father to his young offspring, "look Sonny, see the big keyholes . . . that's why the keys are so big."

The hostess had just entered the Palace when one of the guests, fixing her bifocals, inquired "are you an aristocrat? I haven't seen many of them."

Two very smartly dressed ladies approached the hostess in the Wythe House the other day and asked if they could get a little information. "Could you possibly help us locate the headquarters of the F. F. V. Society? We are eligible and wondered if they had an office here."

By the end of a very hot and busy day many a hostess has brain fag and one of them in the General Court at the Capitol pointed to the forms and said "that was where the jury sat on the wenchens." Another hostess in the Governor's Office told her guests that "the portraits were William and Mary and that those were bowling balls on Queen Mary's chest."

Another guest asked the hostess how to get to the castle. "Oh! you mean the Pastle," wearily replied the hostess.

The gentleman and his wife and two small children asked about admissions to the buildings. "Are the children six?" inquired the hostess. "Well," said the father, "one will be six in December and one in May."

The Northern gentleman was taking great delight in "running down" the South to his patient escort and when they were crossing the James River ferry after a day at some of the lovely old plantations in Tidewater Virginia, the guest remarked "why even the beautiful James River you hear about is the dirtiest river I've ever seen." "Well, you know," said the escort with a smile and a twinkle, "about eighty years ago a war was fought here and some of the Northern soldiers bathed in that river and it's been like that ever since."

—E. M. A.