

WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES

The Woman's Club of Pittsboro entertained the Bonlee club at their General Meeting Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 2 p. m. Mrs. J. W. Hunt, president, welcomed the visitors in her most gracious manner. Dr. H. H. Bass, of Durham, Head of the American Society for the Control of Cancer in North Carolina, gave a most interesting lecture about his work. The Club Women pledged their hearty cooperation to aid him in checking this dreadful disease. After a pleasant recess, Mrs. Hunt called the club to order. The Club Hymn was sung, after which the collect was read.

Mrs. D. B. Nooe, Secretary of the Health and Civic Department reports that Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Hayes entertained the Department, Oct. 7th. This Department will sponsor a "Clean-up Week" this Fall. Mrs. George Brewer was appointed a committee of one to urge residents to plant tulip bulbs. Plans were completed for the baby clinic to be held Oct. 9th.

Mrs. Robert Dixon gave the report for the Music Department.

Mrs. Hatch reports that the Literary Department met with Mrs. Roscoe Farrell, Sept. 31st. Mrs. E. A. Farrell read a most interesting paper. Other plans were discussed.

Mrs. Hunt thanked the membership and attendance committee for the work they have done.

Mrs. Shannonhouse, chairman of Ways and Means, reported that she is making plans for a bridge tournament.

Mrs. Hunt urged all club members to buy T. B. Christmas seals as the Health-Civics Department is sponsoring the sale.

Mrs. Hatch, District Chairman, urged all members to attend the District Meeting at Wendell October, 28th. The club voted to invite the clubs the District to hold the 1931 convention in Pittsboro.

The following program was rendered.

Solo, From the Land of the Sky Blue Waters; Rose of Picardy.—Mrs. W. B. Chapin, accompanied by Mrs. J. W. Hunt.

Reading, She Powders Her Nose.—Miss Elizabeth Blair

Instrumental Solo, Mrs. V. R.

Johnson.

Vocal Duet, Moonlight and Roses —Misses Mary Dell Gynum and Bessie Chapin.

Mrs. Moffit and Mrs. Johnson discussed the work of their club.

Light refreshments were served by the entertainment committee.

WOMEN'S PRESBYTERIAL

Group No. 1 of Orange Presbyterial met at Salem church, Lee county, on Tuesday Oct. 7th, from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M. There were 127 women present and an interesting and helpful program was presented. Group No. 1 is composed of Chatham and Lee county. The following attended from Pittsboro: Mesdames M. A. Barber, Walter Johnson, R. H. Hayes, R. A. Glenn, William Gatum, Jonas Barclay.

MRS. JONAS BARCLAY, Chairman.

JUST AN ITEM

The pastor would urge every member to be in attendance at Brown's Chapel for preaching service Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

THEN AND THERE
HISTORY TOLD AS IT WOULD BE WRITTEN TODAY
By IRVIN S. COBB
Gracious Lady Lauds American Enemies

One of the richest contributions to the War of the Revolution, on the personal side, was the diary kept by the Baroness Riedesel. This charming lady was the wife of Major Riedesel, who commanded a force of Brunswick mercenaries fighting with the British. She accompanied her husband to America and after the birth of her third child in Canada she set out to follow him into the hostile territory to the southward—an undertaking which in the autumn of 1777 required no small courage. She took her babies with her, too.

The little family caravan presently overtook Cornwallis' invading column, which was made up of British regulars, red Indians and German hirelings, who, in accordance with the custom of the time, had been sold like so many heads of cattle by the petty kings who ruled them to fight against a nation with which these poor farmed-out serfs had no quarrel. In all, the army numbered 7,000.

From the standpoint of the enemy it was a most disastrous campaign. Cornwallis hoped to effect a union with the main British force, which was to move from New York city toward the upper Hudson valley, and thus isolate New England from the colonies below. But Lord Howe, the British command-in-chief who claimed later that he had had no instructions binding him to co-operate with Cornwallis, marched southward instead, and captured Philadelphia.

Aside from its military significance, the fighting near Saratoga Springs had great interest on another count. For, leading one wing of the American army was that brilliant young general, Benedict Arnold, who subsequently was to become infamous as a traitor, when the jealousy of his superior had denied him proper credit for his genius in the two engagements at Stillwater.

After becoming prisoners-of-war along with Cornwallis' decimated command, the Riedesels were sent first to Exton, then to Cambridge and finally to Virginia. Everywhere the baroness was admired among her captors by reason of her vivacity and charm. Eventually an exchange was effected and she spent the bitter winter of 1780 in New York, where she was immensely popular with the officers of the British garrison and with those resident families who favored the cause of the crown against the Revolutionists.

Her journal and letters, translated into English by William L. Stone, show us sights and sidelights which most historians either overlooked or neglected. To read her is to see a dramatic chapter out of our War for Independence through the eyes of a frank and honest chronicler.

BY ALL accounts—and these accounts come from various sources—the Baroness Riedesel was a lady of enormous personal charm, rare intelligence and tremendous vitality. That she must have possessed courage of the very highest order is proven by her own journal of her experiences following the first Battle of Saratoga. This does not mean that even indirectly she exploited accounts of the bravery, shown in her action in the face of danger and terrific discomforts. For she did no such thing. It does mean that in all that she wrote of that disastrous withdrawal there was reflected a spirit of fortitude on her part which is unmistakable and at the same time admirable.

And how charmingly frank she was! She was a partisan, naturally, of the side upon which her husband served, but she did not hesitate to criticize the conduct of the commander of the beaten British forces nor yet to laud the generosity and kindness of General Schuyler, the gallant American into whose hands, as prisoners-of-war, eventually she and her children and her servants fell. By her admissions a comparison between the two leaders is established in which her chivalrous foe bears off all the honors.

hunger no longer . . . I called to me Adjutant General Patterson, who happened at that moment to be passing by, and said to him passionately: 'Come and see for yourself these officers who have been wounded in the common cause and who now are in want of everything, because they do not receive that which is due them. It is, therefore, your duty to make a representation of this to the general.' The result was that a quarter of an hour afterward, General Burgoyne came to me himself and thanked me very pathetically for having reminded him of his duty."

Nevertheless, the vacillating Cornwallis delayed until the Americans overtook and encompassed the loitering force, and precipitated a skirmishing attack and later a bombardment. The baroness continues:

"My husband sent me a message telling me to betake myself forthwith into a house which was not far from where we had halted. I seated myself in the calash, with my children, and had scarcely driven up to the house when I saw on the opposite side of the Hudson river five or six men with guns, which were aimed at us. Almost involuntarily I threw the children on the bottom of the calash and myself over them. At the same instant the churris fired and shattered the arm of a poor English soldier behind us, who was already wounded and was also on the point of retreating into the house.

A Gay General.

It is these disclosures which give especial interest to her writings. But the memoirs have another value. Through her eyes we get a realistic picture of wartime conditions in America during the earlier years of the Revolution—and more especially of the conditions prevalent in the flight of the discomfited Britishers across a strip of New York state immediately following the engagement near Stillwater on the west bank of the Hudson river, about 24 miles north of Saratoga Springs.

I think her most significant entry in the opening stage of her narrative appeared after she had weathered the first night of the retreat, riding over miserable roads in a carriage, with her babies. It had to do with the Indians who, under promise of spoils and scalps, had been recruited by the British to war upon the revolting Colonists. That the English government approved the employment of the aborigines against the Americans remained a black blot on the Crown. But the Indians must have been most uncertain allies, for the baroness wrote this:

A Cellar Refuge.

"Immediately after our arrival a frightful cannonade began, principally directed against the house in which we had sought shelter, probably because the enemy believed, from seeing so many people flocking around it, that all the generals made it their headquarters. Alas! it harbored none but wounded soldiers or women! We were finally obliged to take refuge in a cellar, in which I laid myself down in a corner not far from the door. My children laid down upon the earth with their heads in my lap and in this manner we passed the entire night."

As a matter of fact, the refugees were destined to spend six days and nights underground, undergoing perils and hardships which multiplied with the passing hours.

On the next morning, for instance, the cannonade was renewed by the Revolutionists. Says the baroness:

"Many persons who had no right to come in, threw themselves against the door. My children were already under the cellar steps and we would all have been crushed if God had not given me strength to place myself before the door and with extended arms prevent all from coming in; otherwise every one of us would have been severely injured. Eleven cannon balls went through the house and we could plainly hear them rolling over our heads. One poor soldier, whose leg they were about to amputate, having been laid upon a table for this purpose, had the other leg taken off by another cannon ball in the very middle of the operation. His comrades all ran off, and when they again came back they found him in one corner of the room, where he had rolled in his anguish, scarcely breathing. . . .

"I was wet through and through by the frequent rains, and was obliged to remain in this condition the entire night, as I had no place whatever where I could change my linen. I therefore seated myself before a good fire and undressed my children; after which we laid ourselves down together upon some straw. I asked General Phillips why he did not continue our retreat while there was yet time, as my husband had pledged himself to cover it, and bring the army through? "Poor woman," answered he, "I am amazed at you! Completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather! Would that you were only our commanding general! He halts because he is tired, and intends to spend the night here and give us a supper." In this latter achievement, especially General Burgoyne was very fond of indulging. He spent half the nights in singing and drinking and amusing himself with the wife of a commissary, who was his mistress, and who, as well as he, loved champagne.

Nursing the Wounded.

"The wife of Major Harnage, a Madame Reynels, the wife of a lieutenant, the wife of the commissary and myself, were the only ladies who were with the army. We sat together one day in our cellar bemoaning our fate, when one came in, upon which they all began whispering, looking at the same time exceedingly sad. I noticed this, and also that they cast silent glances toward me. This awakened in my mind the dreadful thought that my husband had been killed. I shrieked aloud but they assured me that this was not so, at the same time intimating to me by signs that it was

the lieutenant—the husband of our companion—who had met with misfortune. A moment after she was called out. Her husband was not yet dead, but a cannon ball had taken off his arm close to the shoulder. During the whole night we heard his moans, which resounded fearfully through the vaulted cellars. The poor man died toward morning.

"I attempted to divert my mind from my troubles by constantly busying myself with the wounded. Often, also, I shared my noonday meal with them. One day a Canadian officer came into our cellar, who could scarcely stand up. We at last got it out of him that he was almost dead with hunger. I considered myself very fortunate to have it in my power to offer him my mess. This gave him renewed strength and gained for me his friendship. Afterwards, upon our return to Canada, I learned to know his family. One of the greatest annoyances was the stench of the wounds when they began to suppurate.

"One day I undertook the care of Major Plumpfield, through both of whose cheeks a small musket ball had passed, shattering his teeth and grazing his tongue. He could hold nothing whatever in his mouth. The matter from the wound almost choked him and he was unable to take any other nourishment except a little broth or something liquid. We had Rhine wine. I gave him a bottle of it in hopes that the acidity of the wine would cleanse his wound. He kept some continually in his mouth, and that alone acted so beneficially that he became cured, and I again acquired one more friend.

American Hospitality.

On October 17 the terms of the capitulation of the British force were consummated. Until now, the surrender had been delayed by Cornwallis, although his situation was hopeless and he already had pledged himself to deliver up his beleaguered command to the Americans.

The concluding portion of Madame Riedesel's journal deals graphically with her reception by the winners. She continues after this fashion:

"At last my husband sent me a groom with a message that I should come to him with our children. I therefore again seated myself in my dear calash; and, in the passage through the American camp I observed with great satisfaction that no one cast at us scornful glances. On the contrary, they all greeted me, even showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess that I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me.

"When I approached the tents, a noble looking man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then with tears in his eyes helped me also to alight. 'You tremble,' said he to me; 'fear nothing.' 'No,' replied I, 'for you are so kind and have been so tender toward my children, that it has inspired me with courage.' He then led me to the tent of General Gates. The man who had received me so kindly came up and said to me: 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' answered I, 'a husband and a father, since you showed me so much kindness.'

"I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler. He entertained me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteaks, potatoes, good butter and bread. Never have I eaten a better meal. As soon as we had finished dinner he invited me to take up my residence at his house, which was situated in Albany.

"Two days later we arrived at Albany, where we had so often longed to be. But we came not, as we supposed we should, as victors! We were, nevertheless, received in the most friendly manner by the good General Schuyler, and by his wife and daughters, who showed us the most marked courtesy, as also, General Burgoyne, although he had—without any necessity, it was said—caused their magnificently built houses to be burned. But they treated us as people who knew how to forget their own losses in the misfortunes of others. Even General Burgoyne was deeply moved at their magnanimity and said to General Schuyler, 'Is it to me who have done you so much injury, that you show me so much kindness! That is the fate of war,' replied the brave man, 'let us say no more about it.'

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English Lavender

Although lavender is a subtropical plant, it is grown with great success in certain sections of England for the production of oil of lavender, for sale in a fresh state as bunched lavender, and also dried for sachets. It is said to be at its best at about three or four years of age.

The yield of the oil varies considerably with the age of the plants, and also with the weather, so that the output per acre likewise varies from season to season. Under the best conditions an acre of lavender may yield from fifteen to twenty pounds of oil.

Real Success

"Have you recently made money in the stock exchange?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Then you have not been successful."

"I feel entirely successful. I have managed by avoiding risk to hold on to the money I had previously made."

—Washington Star.

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