



THE MINUTEMAN



Volume V, Issue 7

Dallas Chapter Founded July 4, 1929

July 2000

President's Message

by J. Mark Hansen

Macaronis, Monuments and Appleseeds

I distinctly remember when and how I acquired my love of early American history. At recess as a kindergartner, I would play "the Swamp Fox," inspired by the television series of the same name. Persuading several schoolmates to march across the playground in rigid, redcoat formation, I and some of my better friends would swoop down on them in mock ambush from trees and other positions of tactical superiority. We boys would blouse our pants at the knee and pull our socks up high to simulate knee britches and stockings. Black cowboy hats and three safety pins were all we needed to make tricornes. The real macaronis among us would shove handkerchiefs into our white shirts at the neck to make them look ruffled.

In my youth, I hadn't the experience yet to notice that "The Swamp Fox" scenes shot outdoors looked more like southern California than South Carolina. (I was struck by this fact recently when happily discovering a Disney channel re-run of an episode from that series.) Neither did I, as a youngster, appreciate the difference between fact and myth; for example, Washington the man and Washington the monument, to paraphrase the title of historian Marcus Cunliffe's biography.

As a boy, I well knew Washington the monument—or, put another way, the mythical Washington—because one of my most beloved books was an over-sized text patterned on the Parson Weems stories. I can still see in my mind's eye the colorful illustrations that graced nearly every page. (Here is proof of the old adage that a picture is worth a thousand words, in mnemonic longevity at least.)

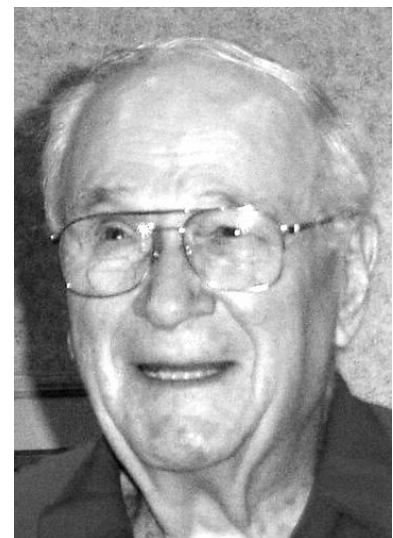
One of the illustrations depicted young George looking respectfully over the shoulder of his patron, Lord Fairfax, at a book held by the latter in his sumptuous library, a giant world globe at his elbow. (My admiration of floor globes probably dates from my seeing that picture and I, myself, have a modest example in my own, equally

(President's Message, Continued on page 2)

July Meeting

The guest speaker at our July 8 monthly meeting will be **Darlene Neuhaus**, speaking on **Colonial Costumes and Uniforms**. (For future program suggestions, feel free to call 1st VP Gary Sisson at

Lt. Col. **Lawrence Jack Hunter, USAF (Ret.)**, spoke at our June 10 meeting about the infamous B-26 Bomber of W.W.II. See article on page 2.



(President's Message Continued from page 1)

modest, library at home.) Another illustration showed Washington—auburn hair tied into a neat queue, shirt sleeves rolled up, one Herculean arm cocked—throwing the (apocryphal?) coin across the wide Rappahanock. Still another showed Washington with his surveyor's tripod, and another with him clinging desperately to a log raft that he and Gist, his guide to the west, built to cross some freezing river. I can also still see a picture of Washington, the Commander-in-Chief, astride his horse under that spreading Cambridge tree, his sword drawn and extended heavenward; and another of Washington, hands affectionately clasping the shoulders of Lafayette, bidding his officers adieu at war's end. These were scenes that inspired in me not only a love of country, but also a desire to serve her.

A few nights ago I read my six-year-old daughter to sleep with another beautifully-illustrated book, one she had bought at a school book fair, about a man named Johnny Chapman. Don't recall who he was? The following excerpt from the book will remind you:

"When he was twenty-three years old, he said good-bye to home and family and started westward. Ahead was a wilderness, and Johnny's dream was to plant apple trees there. He carried with him only a stewpot, a hatchet, a flint and steel for making fire, a bag of cornmeal, and a sack of apple seeds. A Bible was buttoned under his coat.

"Those who saw him said that he put his stewpot on his head for a hat. He gave away his clothes to anyone who needed a coat or trousers or shoes. Most of the time he wore no shoes. One man said that he saw Johnny breaking the ice in a creek with a bare foot.

"All along his path he planted apple seeds."

My daughter lay beside me, her attention rapt, as I read her *The True Tale of Johnny Appleseed* by Margaret Hodges, illustrated by Kimberly Bulcken Root (Scholastic Inc. 1997). And here, described in a few paragraphs, I realized, was another paradigm of American manhood: Youthful and ambitious; focused on the future; rigorously spare and utilitarian in his personal needs and belongings; devoted to God and his calling; a bit eccentric at times; both generous and tough. The book ends with the words, "He too made American history."

It makes me happy to know that my daughter can still learn our history in the way I did over forty years ago; that books like these, filled with inspiration and, yes, a little mythmaking, are still written about great Americans. It is one of our worthier purposes as SARs to ensure those stories continue to be told.

Copies of *"The Flying Prostitute"* are available on the Internet

The B-26 bomber was the most dangerous aircraft ever built for the U.S. military. Untold hundreds of American servicemen and women died in it during World War II. That bomber, and the cover-up about it during and after the war, are the subject of Lt. Col. Jack Hunter's book, *The Flying Prostitute*.

Following his presentation at our June 10 meeting, the author sold all of the copies that he had brought with him. However, they may be ordered on the Internet at www.iUniverse.com.

THE MINUTEMAN is the monthly newsletter of the Dallas Chapter-Texas Society, Sons of the American Revolution, a non-profit organization. (All photos by Charles Baker)

Meetings are held on the Second Saturday of each month at Luby's Cafeteria, 6221 E. Mockingbird Lane, Dallas, Texas. Coffee served with fellowship at 7:30, breakfast at 8:00, and meeting from 8:30 'til 9:30. Guests are welcome at our



Dallas Chapter Officers & Chairmen

President: J. Mark Hansen
 1st VP/Prog.: Dr. Gary N. Sisson
 2nd VP/Certificates: Cliff V. Slagle
 Treasurer: Jack R. Carney
 Secretary: Tracy A. Pounders
 Registrar: Don B. Hay
 Historian: Nick B. Gilliam
 Chaplain: Frank H. Pounders
 Sgt./Arms: Hank T. Voegtle III
 Head Greeter: Ralph L. McDowell
 Photographer: Alan M. Pickens
 Publicity: Alan M. Pickens
 Endowment: Herb A. Jones
 Sr. Advisor: John R. Waterfield
 DAR Liaison: John R. Waterfield
 CAR Liaison: Cliff V. Slagle
 Special Events: Henry L. Rather
 Essay Contest: Bill W. Welch
 Eagle Sc. Cont.: Hank Voegtle III
 Oration Contest: Judge Jim Kerr
 Amer. Hist.Cont.:Mike Mammaing
 V.A. Hosp. Liaison: Dr. Bill Barris
 Newsletter: Dr. H. Charles Baker
 Americanism: J. Mark Hansen

CHAPTER NEWS



2nd VP **Cliff Slagle** announced at the June meeting that the Chapter had awarded a total of 42 Good Citizenship Certificates and 24 ROTC medals in the Dallas and Richardson Independent School Districts this spring. In addition to Compatriot Slagle (who took on himself the burden of presenting most of the awards), the following compatriots made presentations in the schools: Col. **Graham Martin**, State President **Richard Arnold**, Past President **Ralph McDowell**, 1st VP **Gary Sisson**, Lt. Col. **Frank Ponders**, **Kevin Mamminga**, Col. **Arthur Ingalls**, Judge **John Marshall**, and Registrar **Don Hay**.

New Compatriot **Aaron Khoury** was sworn in at the June meeting. Texas CAR Past President, and current National Vice President **Amanda Mobley** was presented with a Bronze Good Citizenship Medal and Certificate in recognition of her work on behalf of both the CAR and SAR.

FPG **Clovis Brakevill** led the Dallas Chapter delegation to the NSSAR Convention in Boston June 24-25, joined by **Cliff Slagle**, **Richard Arnold**, and dual-member **Robert Coker**.



Amanda Mobley

Chapter Reports

Registrar's Report:

Chapter membership now stands at **296**.

At the June meeting, there were 43 members and 6 guests.

Don Hay, Registrar

Treasurer's Report:

Regular Checking: \$ 221.25

Endowment Funds—

Ritchie Fund: \$ 25,279.22

Minuteman Fund: \$ 4,013.04

Jack Carney, Treasurer



Aaron Khoury

Americanism: THE SPIRIT OF THE YANKEE BOYS

By Tracy Ponders

The British troops who were sent to Boston, to keep that rebellious town in order, were everywhere received with the clearest marks of anger and detestation. During their stay "the very air seemed filled with suppressed breathings of indignation."

"The insolence and indiscretion of some . . . officers increased the ill-will of the citizens; and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily."

At this period of public exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the Common. The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labors. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow-hills again leveled.

Several of them now waited upon the British captain to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers every day grew more provokingly insolent. At last, the boys resolved to call a meeting of all the largest boys in town, and wait upon General Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces.

When shown into the General's presence, he asked, with some surprise, why so many children had called to see him. "We come, sire," said the foremost of them, "to claim a redress of grievances."

"What, have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it!"

"Nobody sent us, sir," replied the speaker, while his cheeks reddened, and his dark eyes flashed: "We have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow-hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves, if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed; and now we will bear it no longer."

General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration, and turning to an officer who stood near, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe"—and added, "You may go, my brave boys; and be

