

Family Tree

Lucille Jamieson

From the mists of the years gone by the story of my family has revealed itself as a stirring, vivid picture of history. Ranging all the way from English pilgrims and writers to French nobility and Scotch clansmen, certainly few families have had ancestors with as varied occupations and experiences.

The English ancestry on my mother's side dates back, through her father, to the Sherwoods of the Sherwood forest, and was initiated to this new America when John Howland came over with a group of the first pilgrim settlers. Also from my mother's side, through her mother's family comes the royal French blood. The harrowing fact that the Duchess and one of her sons was guillotined by the hissing Jacques pressed the other son, after escape was made possible, to find another country he could call his own. Establishing himself in southern Canada, his family spread rapidly and gladly gave its mature years in the service of their adopted country. From this side of the family also comes the distinction of having a great, great grandfather a graduate from Harvard, an unusual honor in those days.

From my father's side come two prominent authors: Charles Reade, whose "Cloister and the Hearth" holds a significant place in our library, and Harold Bell Wright, who has more recently supplied us with several American novels. On this side, however the Scotch McLeans and Jamiesons predominated in the earlier history with their colorful plaids and clans of witty Scotsmen in highland kilts. Arriving in time to support the blue-colored infantry

during the civil war, the McLeans also had their part in building up the weaving and dyeing industry in New York state.

Many other romantic figures have appeared in the family life. Some worked hard on their farms and crops, building families worthy of the nation, some speculated here and there with mining stock such as the "Golden Fleece", but all sacrificed themselves when the bugles sounded, and not a war note was called some of "the boys" didn't answer, and then go down.

I know it is impossible to live up to some of the standards set by these ancestors: honors won and deeds done that make the best feel ashamed; but I always hope that I will find that I have inherited some of the grit and fight which typify the ideal American spirit.

BONERS

Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" was not original because he got his material from Deidrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York."

The significance of Ulysses—it gives another side of Tennyson's mood, for he had two.

The Lotus Eaters—story of people who never actively do hard work but just live from the fat of the lamb.

In the times of our grandmother, so I am told, every man strode to become a gentleman.

Panemonium is a place in Hyde Park where fashionable ladies drove their carriages round and round.

Do not take for granite what other people tell you about a certain book.

My grandmother was a fine character, both before and after the Civil War.