GENEALOGY of the CLINTON H. DAVIS FAMILY

Short Sketch of the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church,

Reprints from National Rating League "Bulletins"

and "Personal"

by WILLIAM M. DAVIS

NOVEMBER, 1935
Introduction

For some little time, I have felt that the members of my father's family, as well as members of the families of his brother Milton and his sister Roanna, would be interested in the Davis Genealogy. So I have tried to get together in this little book, facts pertaining to the Davis family from William Davis of Wales, down through my father's family. I have included the names of all members of his family up to November, 1935.

I decided that most of us children, who were members or who attended the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church, would be interested in facts pertaining to this church, its organization, history and life; therefore, I am including a "Short Sketch of the Lost Creek Church." You will find the picture of Elder Swinney in the group of Seventh Day Baptist ministers,—that wonderful man of God who meant so much to us children in our childhood days. All who knew him or came in contact with him, loved him.

For much of the matter contained in the genealogy of father's family, and that pertaining to the Lost Creek Church, I am indebted to Corliss F. Randolph and his "History of Seventh Day Baptists of West Virginia," as well as Boothe C. Davis, President Emeritus of Alfred University.

I believe that most of you to whom I present this little book, will be just as interested as I am in most of the facts contained herein. To my knowledge,
there is no other genealogy of father's family. To you who are grandchildren and great grandchildren of Clinton H. Davis, "Uncle Will" hopes the facts he has recorded herein will mean much as you read this little book, and that you will be able to add to it facts and events that will make it a record you will always want to keep.

You will note that from William Davis down to Clinton Davis, most of the men were preachers of the gospel, advocates of good government as well as religious education. Has the zeal they had, been lost in us; what are we doing?

It is said one cannot talk long without talking about himself or herself. I judge the same applies in writing a paper or a book. I don't seem to be an exception to this rule. You will note, following the "History of the Lost Creek Church," I have added much matter of a "personal" nature. I just felt I must preserve some facts pertaining to the National Rating League, its associations and accomplishments. The "personal letters" I have included mean much to me, and I hope the writers of them will understand this is the reason why I include them.

In the back of this book, you will find several blank pages for corrections, additions or records of your own.

W. M. DAVIS.

This little book is presented by the author to
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
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<td>1692</td>
<td>John Davis, married Elizabeth Clarke</td>
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<td>1720</td>
<td>Thomas William Davis, married Tacy Crandall</td>
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<td>1758</td>
<td>William Davis, married Elizabeth Johnson</td>
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<td>1783</td>
<td>Peter Davis, married Sally Davis</td>
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<td>1805</td>
<td>Joshua Davis, married Hannah Bee</td>
<td>They had son</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1842</td>
<td>Clinton Davis, married Josephine Francis</td>
<td>They had son</td>
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<tr>
<td>1872</td>
<td>William M. Davis, 1st wife Gertrude Wells</td>
<td>2nd wife Lillian Ramsay</td>
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William Davis

William Davis was born in Glasmorganshire, Wales, in 1663. He attended Oxford; his folks were Baptists and wanted him to be a preacher. While at Oxford, he became interested in one George Fox, a Quaker. He left the University and became a public speaker among the Quakers. He came to America in 1684. It was seven years later that he, with forty-seven others, separated from William Penn and became followers of George Keith who was a Quaker-Baptist.
In 1696 he was baptized by Rev. Thomas Killingworth and joined the First Baptist Church of Cohangsey (now Roadtown), New Jersey. Soon afterwards he joined the Pennepke Baptists Church, becoming its pastor. He was banished from this church in February 1698, for "un-orthodox" views. He then went to Upper Providence near Philadelphia at the invitation of one Abel Noble, and through views gained from Noble, he became a Seventh Day Baptist and joined the Seventh Day Baptist organization of Pennsylvania.

He returned to Pennepke in 1699 and organized a Seventh Day Baptist Church there, many coming from the former church where he had been banished. There seemed to have been considerable church "bickering" in these days and William Davis seemed to have more than his share of it. He joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Westerly, R. I. in 1711. He had four children by his first wife, namely, Martha, William, John and Mary. By his second marriage there were seven children, namely Thomas, Joseph, Lydia, Edward, James, Elizabeth and William, the William of his first marriage having died. He died in Monmouth County, New Jersey in 1745.
TO WILLIAM DAVIS OF 1872

Seventh Day Baptists descendants of William Davis may be found to-day in Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas and California.

"WILLIAM" has been quite a Davis family name. It has come down through the family to the present day. In 1821 the New Salem Virginia Church, now Salem, W. Va. had three William Davises on their membership. There were so many in West Virginia a few years ago, that they were designated as "Buckeye Billy," "Flint-Run Billy," "Bottom Billy," "Jarsey Billy," "Rock-Run Billy" and "Greenbrier Billy." There were three William Davises in Milton, Wis. in 1930 ("W. M., Will," "W. K., Will," and "W. J., Will.")
John Davis, Son of William Davis, of Wales

John Davis was born near Philadelphia in 1692. Probably about the year 1710, he accompanied his parents to Westerly, R. I. He was baptized May 25, 1713 by his father, and admitted to membership in the Westerly Church. He was married to Elizabeth Clarke, daughter of Joseph Clarke in 1715. On Nov. 9, 1743, the Westerly Church called him to ordination as a gospel minister, but he declined to accept the ordination.
He removed to Shrewsbury, New Jersey, in company with his father and other members of the family. On the 19th of June, 1746, the Shrewsbury Church, of which he was a constituent member, called him to ordination, and arrangements were made at once to send him to Westerly to be ordained. He was ordained July 12th. Services were conducted by the Rev. Joseph Maxson, assisted by Rev. John Maxson and Deacon Clarke. He served the Shrewsbury Church as its pastor for eight years. He died at Manasquan in the Town of Shrewsbury, Aug. 18, 1754.
Capt. Thomas William Davis

Capt. Thomas William Davis, son of Rev. John Davis and Elizabeth Clarke (or Maxson) was born in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, in 1720. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. It would seem that he dropped the name "Thomas" and was known as "William." It is said that he was an ordained minister. It would seem that he was pastor of the West Fork River Church, for in 1802 the New Salem Church voted to ask the West Fork River Church to send the Rev. William Davis to assist in the ordination of two deacons.

Capt. Thomas William Davis died July 15, 1791. His wife, Tacy Crandall Davis, died June 1, 1795. They were both buried at White Day Creek, Monongolia County, Virginia, (now West Virginia).
William Davis (Greenbrier Billy")

William Davis, "Greenbrier Billy," son of Thomas William and Tacy Crandall Davis, was born in Shrewsbury, N. J. Nov. 25, 1758. He was married to Elizabeth Johnson Oct. 22, 1785. They had a son, Peter Davis. He came with his family with the New Jersey colony to settle in "New Salem" Virginia in 1789. His son Peter was six years old.

The religious character and activities of his grandfather, Elder John Davis, pastor of the Shrewsbury Church for many years, of his great-grandfather,
Elder William Davis, the immigrant to America, and his son Elder Peter Davis, for many years the loved pastor of the Salem Church, would indicate that "Greenbrier Billy" Davis was a man of strong religious faith and principles.

He settled on a farm of Greenbrier Run and remained a constituent member of the New Salem Church until his death in 1845. He and his wife, Elizabeth Johnson Davis, died the same day, Jan. 6, 1845. The Greenbrier Church was organized in 1870 some twenty-five years after his death.

Rev. D. K. Davis, father of Will K. Davis of Milton Wis. related to Corliss F. Randolph, some years ago, that he remembered "Greenbrier Billy" very well, said that he was "high sheriff" of that district of Virginia (long before it was West Virginia), that he wore knee breeches and low shoes with silver buckles. He must have been a typical English squire.

His daughter, Mary married Jonathan Randolph, son of Samuel who was the pioneer Salem Randolph. Jonathan and Mary Randolph were the much loved Uncle and Aunt of the mother of Boothe C. Davis. She always spoke in very high esteem of her Aunt Mary's father, "Greenbrier Billy." Their son, William, was the father of Rev. Lewis F. Randolph and the grandfather of Curtis F. Randolph.
Rev. Peter Davis

Rev. Peter Davis was born in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, Sept. 16, 1783. He was the son of William "Greenbrier Billy," and Elizabeth Johnson Davis. He was about six years old when he accompanied his parents in the immigration of the Shrewsbury Church into Western Virginia. They settled near what is now Salem, W. Va. He married Sally Davis, daughter of Joshua Davis, Nov. 11, 1802. Their oldest son, Joshua, was born June 5, 1805, and named after his Grandfather on his mother’s side. Their youngest daughter, Jemima, was born Oct. 30, 1831. Sally Davis died Jan. 10, 1842. On Jan. 11, 1843, Peter
Davis and Sarah F. Randolph were married. She was born Dec. 16, 1795 and died Jan. 24, 1868.

It was in 1819 that the New Salem Church voted Peter Davis license to preach. In 1823 he was ordained a full, accredited minister. It was in 1833 that he baptized two families of nine and organized what was known as the “Hughes River South Fork Church.” Joshua S. Davis and Hannah Bee Davis joined this church July 6, 1843. This became a large church. There were soon in this church 46 members of the Bee family; 17 members of the Davis family; 18 members of the Lowther family; 10 members of the Meredith family; 6 members of the Sutton family; 5 members of the Kelley family, and 5 members of the Zinn family.

When the Greenbrier church was organized in 1870, Peter Davis who lived near the church, was waited on by all the ministers present, who offered to carry him to the church in his invalid chair if he would assist them in the organization. He declined to go on account of his age and bad health.

His life was replete with faithful conscientious service. From his home at the head of Greenbrier Run, he was accustomed to walk to New Salem on Sabbath morning to preach. Reared amid privations and adversity, his life and character were naturally
colored by his environments, and his career as a soldier added much to his influence. But his tender heart was as big and loyal, as he was rugged and uncompromising. He was an invalid and partly blind the last of his life and was tenderly cared for by his daughter, Jemima, the wife of Rev. Jacob Davis. On March 4, 1873, he passed to his eternal reward at the ripe age of eighty-nine years, five months and sixteen days.

Children of Peter and Sally Davis

Joshua, born June 5, 1805, married Hannah Bee.
Rhoda, born March 26, 1808, married Amaziah Bee.
Absalom, born Dec. 9, 1810, married Polina Davis.
Jesse, born April 16, 1812, married Huldah Davis.
Amos, born Aug. 7, 1814, married Asenath Davis.
Ziba, born May 22, 1816, married Josephine Davis.
Lucinda, born July 27, 1821, married Arden Strother.
William, born Nov. 25, 1823, married Leah Hughes.
Deborah, born April 25, 1826, married Lewis Davis.
Phoebe, born June 29, 1828, married John Bonnell.
Joshua Davis

Joshua Davis, son of Rev. Peter and Sally Davis, was born near New Salem, Va. (now Salem, W. Va.) on June 5, 1805. He was their oldest child. He worked with his father on their Hughes River farm, and it was on this farm, working with this man of God, his father, that Joshua learned to love trees. He grew up to be a farmer, preacher, tanner, and wonderful orchardist.

He was married to Hannah Bee. To them were born twelve children, Clinton was their tenth child. He, with his wife, Hannah Bee Davis, joined the Hughes River (Pine Grove) Church July 6, 1843. His father was the beloved pastor of this church. He was voted a license to preach by this church May 14, 1844.
He was one of a group, feeling the need of religious education, who were instrumental in establishing the West Union Academy. He, with William F. Randolph, were the committee to secure a charter from the General Assembly at Richmond, Va., which they secured and the Academy was put into operation. One, Henry Miller, deeded the property for the school to Joshua Davis, L. H. Davis, Preston Randolph, Joseph Jeffrey, and David H. Davis as trustees of the Academy.

He preached in the Pine Grove, New Salem, and Lost Creek churches, these churches having voted him a license. He also supplied in many of the smaller churches. He was interested in education, building up of the churches, and God’s handy work in nature. When planting his last orchard, it was remarked, “you won’t live to see it bear,” he replied, “I know it, I am planting it for others who will be here when I am gone.”

He moved to Lost Creek about 1850 and bought a farm, becoming a member of the Lost Creek church and remained a member until his death. This farm was deeded to his youngest son, Milton, who in turn made a home for father and mother the rest of their days. He died March 21, 1869, in his 64th year. His wife Hannah Bee Davis was born Dec. 26, 1802 and died April 7, 1884.
TO WILLIAM DAVIS OF 1872

Children of Joshua and Hannah Bee Davis

Amaziah, born Oct. 27, 1823, died Nov. 8, 1823
Peter L., born May 18, 1827, died Aug. 3, 1837.
Lorenzo, born July 17, 1829, died July 25, 1837.
Elcaner, born July 18, 1831, died July 26, 1837.
Dorinda, born June 24, 1835, married Levi Stalnaker, died Dec. 4, 1900.
Franklin, born March 26, 1838, died Feb. 26, 1839.
Roanna, born March 7, 1840, married Fields McWhorter, died April 2, 1930.
Clinton, born April 25, 1842, married Josephine Francis, 1st wife. Mattie Sommerville, 2nd wife, died June 9, 1905.
Mary, born Aug. 10, 1844, married Homer Morrison, died April 16, 1926.
Milton, born May 20, 1847, married Ellsie Westfall, died Aug. 27, 1922.
Clinton H. Davis

Clinton H. Davis, son of Joshua and Hannah Bee Davis, was born in Doddridge County, Va., (now W. Va.) April 25, 1842. He was one of ten children. The family moved to Harrison County while he was a young man. About the time of his marriage to Josephine Francis in 1863, he started in the tannery business on Lost Creek. The location was about one and a quarter miles up the creek from Lost Creek Station. He continued in this business until about 1885. His health had failed, so it seemed best for him to seek some other work.

He now took up the organ and piano business and continued in it till about the time of his death in 1905. This was work in which he prospered as he was a natural born salesman and made a success of the business from the start. His new line of work helped his income very much and gave him a chance
Rose, Will, Father, Mabel, Edna and Frank.
Taken in Chicago about 1896.
TO WILLIAM DAVIS OF 1872

to provide for his family and himself many of the things that the old line of business could not do. It was in 1890 that he built a new house, across the creek from the old home, on ground adjacent to the tannery. (One of the tannery buildings was constructed from the lumber from the Old "Frame" Church). He occupied this home until 1898 when he sold his Lost Creek property (the tannery business had been discontinued) and moved to Salem.

He was a strong advocate of Seventh Day Baptist doctrine; he believed in it, he lived it, and was not afraid to defend his views. He was strong advocate of good clean government. When he made political speeches during campaigns, he was pretty sure to say in these speeches, "We need men, with Iron in their Blood, Steel in their Muscles and God in their Hearts."

He was married to Josephine Francis in 1863. Josephine Davis died in 1878 leaving seven children; their names appear on another page. He was married to Mattie Sommerville in 1879. He died at his home in Salem, W. Va. June 9, 1905. Mattie Davis died at the home of her son, T. Hall Davis in Guthrie, Okla. Feb. 3, 1927. The names of the children of Clinton and Mattie Davis appear on another page.
FROM WILLIAM DAVIS OF 1663

Children of Clinton H. and Josephine Francis Davis

Martha Jane, born Sept. 2, 1864, died April 25, 1872. (Father was just 30 years old the day she died).

Columbus Franklin, born Oct. 19, 1866, married Mertle Moulton.

Rose Alice, born Dec. 28, 1867, married Sola Mustoe.

Ida Ella, born Feb. 2, 1869, married Ernest Wolfe.

Anna Mary, born Aug. 9, 1870, married Floyd Gilbert.

William Merton, born Jan. 12, 1872, 1st marriage, Gertrude Wells. 2nd, Lillian Ramsay.

Lillie Belle, born Nov. 11, 1873, married John Mustoe.

Etta Blanche, born June 17, 1875, died Oct. 16, 1919.

Children of Clinton H. and Mattie Sommerville Davis

Edna Emma, born Dec. 10, 1879, married Don Slussar.

Thomas Hall, born July 26, 1882, married Fucia Lang, died Dec. 24, 1931.

Verah Mabel, born April 1, 1889, married Bert Smith.

Step-Sisters

Zeta Sommerville, born July 3, 1873, married Owen T. Davis.

Allie Sommerville, born Aug. 18, 1875, married Dorsey Kennedy.
Anna, Frank, Mertie, Etta, Father, Lillie, Rose, Will.
Taken in Chicago about 1898.
TO WILLIAM DAVIS OF 1872

Children of Will M. and Gertrude Davis
Gwendolyn Margarettte, born July 15, 1907, died Nov. 4, 1910.
June Geraldine, born June 4, 1912.

Children of John and Lillie Mustoe
Harold, born Sept. 24, 1912.

Children of Thomas Hall and Fucia Lang Davis
Lang, born March 3, 1907.
Martha, born June 4, 1912.

Children of Ernest and Ida Davis Wolfe
Clarence, born Sept. 27, 1899, married Loraine Shafer.
Mertle, born April 27, 1902, married Wm. Wright.
Irene, born June 2, 1905, married Okey Dillon. (Their children, Betty Lee and Virginia Mae.)
Glen, born June 11, 1909.
Children of Bert and Mabel Davis Smith
Albert Donald, born May 3, 1912.
Gerald Davis, born Aug. 21, 1917.
Mabel Alberta, born March 18, 1928.

Children of Owen T. and Zeta Sommerville Davis
John Hoffman, born May 24, 1897, married Frances Siers.
Veda, born Dec. 16, 1892, married Dr. Frank Langfitt.

Children of Dorsey and Allie Sommerville Kennedy
Harry, born Nov. 22, 1897, married Lillian Alkire.
Mattie, born May 7, 1900, married Carson Wilcox.
John, born May 26, 1904, married Reva Bartlett.
Dorsey, Jr., born July 21, 1912, married Valma Ice.

Children of Dr. Frank and Veda Davis Langfitt
Frank, born July 19, 1916.
Thomas, born April 20, 1927.
Anna, Will, Etta.
Taken in Chicago 1901.
Children of Harry and Lillian Alkire Kennedy
Thomas Carlyle, born Aug. 27, 1930.

Children of Carson and Mattie Kennedy Wilcox
John, born July 17, 1923.
Gerald, born Dec. 13, 1931.

Children of John and Reva Bartlett Kennedy
Mary Frances, born March 19, 1927.
Doris Jean, born Aug. 27, 1929.
Joe Bartlett, born Jan. 12, 1934.

Children of Don and Edna Slussar
Galena, born Sept. 6, 1902, married J. T. Burge.
Wilma, born July 30, 1904, married Marlin Shoemaker.
Howard, born Dec. 11, 1905, married Vera Watson.
Martha, born May 6, 1911, married Warren William Holmes.

Children of Walter Fields and Roanna McWhorter
William L., born Dec. 8, 1858, married Miss Moneypenny.
Henry M., born April 7, 1863, Rose Davis 1st wife; Fronia Newman 2nd wife.
Mary L., born May 31, 1866.
Inez J., born June 3, 1868, married James Hickman.
Alice F., born Sept. 18, 1870, married Thomas Moneypenny.
J. Lee, born Dec. 16, 1873, married Cora Baggs.
Charles G., born Feb. 14, 1875, married Iva Hawk.
J. Lee McWhorter has two daughters, Lois and Doris. Charles has three children—Gilbert, Ivella and Dorsey. Walter has two daughters—Irma and Leadelle.

Children of Milton and Elsie Westfall Davis
Eli Franklin, born Jan. 16, 1867, married Alma Smith.
Aldis Lewis, born Nov. 15, 1868, married Sue Wilson.
Alonzo Chesley, born April 29, 1871, married Lillian Sterling.
Ahva Waitman, born Feb. 10, 1878, married Effie Weekly 1st wife, Mattie Rollins 2nd.
Iva, born July 28, 1873, married James Sanders. (Their children—Milton, Stanton and Carl.)
Lura, born May 23, 1875.
Aldis Davis had one daughter—Harriet Virginia. She married Bert Bradford, and they have one child, born Feb. 28, 1935.
Standing—Mr. Wolfe, Lillie, Etta, Hall, Harold Stillman, Zeta, Mother.
In Window—Edna, Lelia Stillman.
In Front—Mrs. Stillman, and Rose.

—Taken 1898
William Merton Davis

William Merton Davis, son of Clinton H. and Josephine Francis Davis, was born at Lost Creek, Harrison County, W. Va. on Jan. 12, 1872. He was two days old when the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church—“Brick Church”—was dedicated. At a very early age he began work in his father’s tannery, “pounding” bark in the bark mill being his first work. At the age of twelve years,—the year that Booth C. Davis was teaching the “Valley School,” he took his teacher’s advice and joined the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church. He remained a member of this church until about 1895, when he joined the Chicago Seventh Day Baptist Church. In 1934 he took his membership to the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of Milton, Wisconsin.
All of his early days, aside from some four months in the winter when attending the local school, he labored in the tannery and the truck patches adjacent thereto. Most of the work was in the tannery, as it was a winter job as well as summer. It was hard dirty work, and it took lots of grit and muscle to lift the heavy, wet hides. He left Lost Creek on March 21, 1891, accompanied by Lee Dona McWhorter, for Alfred, New York. He immediately took a job for the season, on a farm at $20.00 per month. For four years he worked on farms and attended school between times, at Alfred. He found it an uphill job to try to get an education with no funds. So in the Fall of 1895,—the Fall that Booth C. Davis took over the Presidency of Alfred University,—he came to Chicago, going out on the road for his brother, Columbus F. Davis on a collection proposition. He continued at this work about a year and a half.

In the Fall of 1898 he started in business with an office at Milton, Wis.—a collecting and rating business under the name NATIONAL RATING LEAGUE. He was the field and office man, and had “uphill” going for several months. F. E. Gilbert and Claude Crofoot were his first two successful field men. Floyd Gilbert showed up on the scene when Davis was about ready to “throw up the sponge”. on account of the
Office Force of NATIONAL RATING LEAGUE.
One Group of NATIONAL RATING LEAGUE Field Force.
many difficulties he was having to face. Gilbert “put his shoulder to the wheel”, and as he was a natural-born solicitor, things began to move better. Claude Crofoot soon joined the force and the plan went over strong.

In 1901 Davis moved his office from Milton, Wis. to Chicago, Ill. After four or five years of very faithful, hard work, the business began to show a decided growth. The field force grew to more than fifty men, with thirty employes in the office. Collections were made, and Rating Books—the “Red Guide”, printed and delivered in more than thirty of the forty-eight States. The office was moved in 1910, to 6231 Stewart Avenue, on the first floor of an eighteen apartment building that Davis had just had erected. Four years later, he built another eighteen apartment building at Fifty-ninth St. and Calumet Ave. With the erecting of these two buildings, renting to thirty-six families, collecting rents, looking after repairs, and with the road men and the office force, and the heavy volume of business coming in, he found himself more than busy during these years.

The National Rating League was discontinued in 1921 when the business of the Davis Finance Service was established. This business took up the purchase of automobile paper, where cars were sold on time. It
was in 1928 that the purchase of dairy cattle paper was added to the business. W. M. Davis was the pioneer in the dairy-cattle, paper-buying in the Central West. 1935 finds many other companies in the field. When the Davis Finance Service was started, the apartment building at Fifty-ninth St. and Calumet Ave. was sold so as to have more cash to finance automobile sales. This business too, moved along very successfully. Much credit is due to Miss Helen Anderson and Russell W. Patterson,—two faithful employees, who have labored with him these years and are still on the job.

It was about in 1914 that Davis started to take a winter vacation. Each winter thereafter, side from one, he has journeyed to Panama, Cuba, Florida, California or Hawaii. Most of these winters, however, have been spent in Los Angeles, California. Davis has a summer home on Lake Geneva, near Williams Bay Wisconsin, where he goes early in April and stays until late Fall, commuting back and forth to his Chicago office.

This branch of the Davis family will be extinct unless it is carried on through Lang Davis of Guthrie, Okla. He is the only, male great grandchild of Joshua Davis.
Gilbert, Davis, Crofoot.
NATIONAL RATING LEAGUE
Field Force in 1902.
"RED GUIDES" printed and delivered in more than 30 of the 48 States.
The data below is from one issue of the "Red Guide" on the State of Indiana.

Reprint From The National Rating League Bulletin
1913

SOME FIGURES ON INDIANA "RED GUIDE"

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<td>(Almost Three Times Higher Than Chicago's Masonic Temple)</td>
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<td>Six Clerks, 9 Days and 86 Mail Sacks</td>
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Davis Apartment and Office Building in Chicago.
6225, 6227, 6229, and 6231 Stewart Ave., 353 and 355 Englewood Ave.
Short History
of the
Lost Creek
Seventh Day Baptist Church
SHORT HISTORY OF THE LOST CREEK CHURCH

Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church
Lost Creek Church

The Lost Creek Church was organized on Oct. 27, 1805 and has had four houses of worship. The first members of the church were Richard Bond, Sr., Richard Bond, Jr., William Van Horn, Jr., Cornelius Williams, George Davis, Moses Hoffman, Mary Bond, Mary Bond, Marvel Davis, Amy Davis. Additions within six weeks—Abel Bond, Sr., Mary Dunaway, Sarah Van Horn, Sarah Van Horn, and Elizabeth Hoffman. In 1818 we find in the church fourteen Bonds, five Van Horns, three Loofboro's two Kennedy's, two Davises, two Forsythes, and one Hoffman.

On July 20, 1806, the church voted to build a log meeting house, 22 ft. x 28 ft. This was burned in
SHORT HISTORY OF THE LOST CREEK CHURCH

1811 and rebuilt by another log house 22 ft. x 26 ft. This was on a new lot given by William Van Horn. After a dissension in the church, the building was given up to the dissenters and a New Frame Church was built on the old burying ground on the farm of Mr. Bassell. This was in 1832. This was used for 40 years,—up to the time the “Brick Church” was occupied Jan. 14, 1872. In March 1870 a committee was appointed to select a site for a new church. The following April the committee reported that they had selected a site, at the cost of $157.57 on the turnpike leading from Clarksburg to Weston. Here the present church “the Brick Church” was built, at a cost of $4,300.00. Moses H. Davis was chairman of the committee.

On Dec. 24, 1876, Moses H. Davis was instructed to advertise for bids for the “Old Frame Church” and sell it. On March 4, 1877, it was sold to Clinton H. Davis for $35.00. It was dismantled and moved to “Spud Town” to house the tannery of Clinton H. Davis, where it stood for more than twenty years when it was torn down after the tanning business was discontinued.

Rev. John Davis preached in the Lost Creek Church in 1811. Rev. Lewis A. Davis was the pastor from 1824 to 1827. Rev. Peter Davis preached
Village of Lost Creek. "Brick" Church just over small white house in distance.

Picture taken by Rev. M. G. Stillman.
here in 1831. As early as June 1845 Rev. Samuel D. Davis preached here. Rev. Jacob Davis was the pastor in 1860. Prior to 1869 Rev. Samuel D. Davis and Rev. Jacob Davis received for their services in the New Salem and Lost Creek Church, $75.00 per year. In 1870 Rev. Jacob Davis was called to full time in the Lost Creek Church, at a salary of $250.00.

Dedication of the Brick Church

This new meeting house—The Brick Church—was dedicated Jan. 14, 1872. (W. M. Davis was just two days old). The order of exercises was as follows:

Singing
Presentation of Bible, in behalf of donor, Rev. Walter B. Gillette
Reading of Scripture by Chas. A. Burdick
Hymn No. 903 from the Christian Psalmody
“The Perfect World”
Prayer by Lewis F. Randolph
Hymn No. 905, from the Christian Psalmody
“Great King of Glory Come”
Sermon from II Chronicles 11:4, by Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis
Collection to apply on debt of church
Delivery of keys of the new edifice, by the building Committee
Dedicatory Prayer by Rev. Samuel D. Davis
Charge to Trustees and Church by Rev. Chas. A. Burdick
Benediction by Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis
The Lost Creek Church was formed of a group of Seventh Day Baptists who settled on Lost Creek, and the neighboring streams of Hackers Creek and Elk Creek, early in the nineteenth century.

In the early part of its history, the church was made up for the most part, of the Bonds, who had come from Cecil County, Maryland and the Van Horns, Williamses, and others, who had embraced the Sabbath in the southwestern part of Pennsylvania, through the influence of the Woodbridge ton Seventh Day Baptists. These were joined by other families from time to time, from New Salem and from Woodbridge ton, as well as points in Maryland and New Jersey. Among these were the Hoffman’s, Loofboro’s, Forsythes, Davises, and Kennedys.

It was in July 1811 the General Conference was held in Hopkintown, R. I. This church as well as the New Salem Church was admitted to membership in that body. Elder John Davis represented both churches.

In the year 1821 a controversy waged in the church over Calvinism,—a question which divided the church into opposing factions. William Williams, who had been called to improve his talent to preach, seemed to have been the Calvinistic leader. There was considerable friction in the church for some ten
Clinton H. Davis Home built in 1890. The Tannery buildings at right. The Larger Building was built from lumber out of the Old "Frame Church." The Stephen Kennedy Home on the Hill.
years. In 1831 Williams with his minority group, seized the meeting house and organized what was called the Second Seventh Day Baptist Church of Lost Creek. The majority group of the church left the new organization in quiet possession of the church building and held meetings at the home of one of its members and then in the “school house” by Elizabeth Van Horn’s home.

Under the leadership of Rev. Joel Greene who was on a visit to Virginia at this time, it was decided to build a new church. July 1832 the church took formal action “to build a frame meeting house at the old burying ground on Mr. Bassel’s premises.” Of its erection Rev. Joel Greene said:

“This was done with unanimity, liberality, and celerity, as to do honor to the church and disarm opposition. In a short time, the large portion of the dissenters retraced their steps, resumed their walk with the church, and the community rejoiced in a rather extensive revival of religion, bringing increased strength to the church, and benefit to the cause of religion generally.”

On March 3, 1844 Samuel D. Davis and Abel B. Bond were called to improve their “talents within the bounds of the church.” Rev. Azor Estee was received into the church in 1849.
SHORT HISTORY OF THE LOST CREEK CHURCH

In 1854 Rev. Samuel D. Davis was appointed pastor of the church. It was in 1858 that Elder David Clawson was called to the church as its pastor. He died in 1860 and Rev. Samuel D. Davis was called again as the pastor.

Rev. Chas. A. Burdick came to the church in 1875. Rev. L. R. Swinney became the pastor in 1877 and remained for nine years. (He was the kindest soul that ever administered to any church). Rev. J. L. Huffman came to the church and remained until March 1891, (the month Will M. Davis left Lost Creek for Alfred, N. Y.) Rev. L. D. Seager followed Hoffman. Then came Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Rev. M. G. Stillman, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, then M. G. Stillman again and followed by H. C. Van Horn, Rev. Eli Loofboro is the present pastor (1935).
A Picnic at Uncle Milton's in Salem taken August, 1922. In the center of picture (seated) are "Long" Milton and "Short" Milton. "Long" Milton was 93 and "Short" was 72 when this was taken. "Short" Milton died just two weeks after this picture was taken.
PERSONAL

The Following Pages Contain Matter That The Compiler Of This Little Book Wishes Preserved As SACRED To Him
PERSONAL

Reprint from National Rating League Bulletin of June 1912:

Influences of Early Life

I was born at Lost Creek, Harrison County, W. Va., Jan. 12, 1872. I was the fifth child of seven born to Clinton H. and Josephine Francis Davis. We seven children are all living. Mother passed away when I was about four years old. I can't remember much about her. I do remember a few days before she died, we children were taken in to her sick bed, she never spoke but just rubbed that thin hand down my face. She knew she was soon to pass on to the other shore and that was her farewell to her baby boy. She had always been a very hard working woman, so wrapped up in her children, sacrificing for us with all that mother love known to "Mother." Her life was short, but lives
who came in contact with her were made happier. I learned a great deal about mother from my older sister, Rose.

Seven little children left motherless was a sad sight. It would have been far more sad had it not been for "Aunt" Sarah Davis, that godly mother in Israel. She found time from her own home duties and children to look after the motherless ones. During mother's sickness "Aunt Sarah" was constantly on hand to render loving service. She is still living and when I was in W. Va. last September she drove me up to the "old home." I went up on the hill where the old house used to stand and sat down there and wept many tears. You all know the memories that cluster around the Old Home. Even when you go back and find father and mother there and things only a little changed, yet it is sad. But when you go back and father and mother are both gone, "home" torn down, property in the hands of strangers, it is doubly hard.

Father

Father was a tanner by trade. He spent his younger days on a farm but went into the tanning business about the time he was married. It was a hard struggle to start with nothing and build a tannery and support his family. Father was very
Three views of the Davis motor boat "June".
active and an untiring worker. His day's work in
the tannery was not done many times until 10 o'clock
at night. He and mother struggled hard and faith­
fully for their children. Father provided well for us,
we had to work hard, too hard we thought then,
but we see now its advantage. Father's mother stayed
with us until father married the second time. He
married Mattie Sommerville, a widow with two chil­
dren. No woman could have done a better part by
children. A woman 22 years old with two children
coming into a home of seven and becoming mother
to four more certainly had her hands full. Such will­
ing hands, a hard worker, rendering such loving serv­
ice to others. How she ever managed the bunch of bad
shavers has been a mystery to me since I have grown
up. No wonder she is gray today. Her hands are
still busy rendering service to her grandchildren. We
seldom realize what mother and grandmother have
done until they are gone.

On walking into the office in June, 1905, I found
a telegram from brother Hall which stated father
had passed away. I had just had a letter from him.
I went back and saw him laid away. I have been
back two or three times since, but it is not the same
place.
PERSONAL

The Tannery

I well remember my initiation into the tannery. I was ushered into the "grinding bark" with a spanking. Grinding bark was a tough proposition. There was a hopper or mill into which we broke the bark and a horse hitched to the sweep did the rest. The grinding of the dry bark caused quite a dust—not unhealthy but disagreeable.

The tanning of the hides is a long process, the falling into a vat was a shorter one—head first mouth open, many times I have plunged into that "dirty" water. Not on purpose, however, but accidentally. Brother Columbus and I put in many hard days work there. We helped turn many hundred of hides into sides of leather. On Dec. 24, 1890, I took the hair off of eighty sides, (40 hides) of leather. Father told me when I had finished that I held the record, as that never had been done before. You see it was "Dec. 24th." It was a case of finishing or working on Christmas. Object in view, I worked. It is not leather like you buy today, it would wear—in fact, you could scarcely wear it out. When I was about 16 or 17, father took up selling organs and pianos. He made a big success of this as he was a natural born salesman. This business "put him on his feet" as it were and put him in position to do a better part
Picnic Party at Davis Home.
Davis Home on Lake Geneva.
The "June" Out on the Lake.
PERSONAL

by his family. There are many memories that cluster about the old tannery. I still dream about it.

School Days

We had four months of school in the winter season. I went most of these four months, working in the tannery before and after school. In the winter of 1884 and 1885, B. C. Davis taught our school. He is now president of Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y. That winter I started in the Christian life. My teacher's kind, Christian talk helped the boy to start in the Christian path, which I have followed from that day till this, although it has been a "crooked" one sometimes.

Early influences linger. I was taught it was wrong to smoke, play cards, dance, or drink intoxicants. None of these things have I ever indulged in. I always liked to leave them alone because "Father" did not approve of them. I was taught honesty above all things, never to go into debt and always be truthful. How they all have helped. I like to think back of the early home surroundings. The "Old Brick" church services, cottage prayer meetings, out of which grew influences which are lasting. The godly, grand, old man, Pastor Swinney, was such an inspiration to a boyish heart. He has long gone to his reward.
PERSONAL

But Oh, the souls he has helped. I like to think of “Uncle Milton,” “Long Milton” and “Short Milton,” “Uncle Levi” and “Uncle Levi Bond.” They all influenced the life of many boys. “Uncle Levi Bond,” still living, (oldest of them all), is about 97 years old now. He suffered more sorrow and hardships than any of them, they seemed to come thick and fast, yet such “faith in God” could scarcely be found. How we do like to look back to these grand lives and pattern by them.

Broke Home Ties

On the 28th day of March, 1891, I broke the home ties by departing for Alfred, N. Y. I thought I was too much of a man to “bawl like a baby” but found I was not. Father and I walked down to the station together. By the time we got down to Uncle Levi’s, I had ceased blub­bering but broke down there again. Arriving in Alfred I soon secured a job on a farm and spent six happy months with two grand old people, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Shaw. After finishing up the fall work I started in the winter term of school at Alfred University. The following June I was back to work again. I worked holidays, Sunday mornings and evenings and came out of school with about as much money as I had when I started. I
Mr. and Mrs. Davis sailing from Honolulu, 1930.

W. M. Davis sailing from Honolulu, 1917.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Cottage, Honolulu.
spent part of these four years in school, leaving Alfred in September 1895 for Chicago. Soon after coming to Chicago I went on the road for the Merchants Supply Union. About the middle of the next year I went out for The Research Publishing Association. The following spring, I spent a month in my old home in West Virginia, then going to Alfred, N. Y., staying till August, when I departed for Milton, Wis. During October and November I spent my time in the first construction work of the plan of the National Rating League, putting into operation my ideas as formulated. I spent about three-fourths of my time on the road and the rest planning, arranging and systematizing the office. My first soliciting was done in Prairie du Chien, Wis., McGregor and Waukon, Iowa. The three or four years that followed were years of struggle, hard work and not too much to show for it.

Prof. F. E. Gilbert of Waterford, N. Y., and J. C. Crofoot (shoe merchant) of Wellsville, N. Y., were my first assistants as solicitors and good, faithful, hard workers they were. Gilbert showed up at a time when I was about ready to give up. A few weeks with his strong shoulder at the wheel gave me new courage.
New Home

In August, 1903, I was married to Gertrude Wells of Nortonville, Kans. She has been a loving, helpful companion. A little girl, Gwendolyn MargarettE came to our home July 15, 1907. Never was there a sweeter, more lovable, good dispositioned child in any home. How sweet heaven must be when it contains such beautiful characters. If it had not been for the Christian's hope, I do not see how we could have been reconciled to this sad loss. The days since her death have been pretty sad ones—missed so much. Many sad tearful hours have elapsed since she went home. On June 4, 1912, another little girl, June Geraldine came to our home. We pray that God may spare her to us and that she may be a comfort to us in our old age.

Growth

I have labored and worked, planned and constructed until I have a proposition today that I am proud of. One that is bringing thousands of dollars back from all over the United States as well as other countries to my clients. Money coming back thousands of miles when looked at as gone, has brought scores of comments from such clients. The plan is heralded all over the country through the monthlies,
Winter at the Davis Lake Home.
The Pier, Boat, Outlook House and Home.
A Moonlight Scene taken in front of Davis Home.
weeklies and daily papers as the new advanced idea, the R. G. Dun and Bradstreet for the retail trade, or the suffering credit giving public.

"Early influences," you say, what has that to do with it? It has this much; I would never have been able to build and construct the great plan and idea "Collecting by Rating" had it not been for the things taught me while young, such as honesty, truthfulness, sincerity, faith in God, ever at it, early and late, never tiring, when falling rise and make a stronger effort, never to go in debt under any circumstances, as well as charity, love and kindness. Early things stay by us, they help us construct or destroy as we go along.

—W. M. Davis.
Gwendolyn

It is just one year ago today
That dear Gwendolyn went away.
This has been a sad, long year,
Somehow nothing our hearts doth cheer;
Yet, we would look to Him for rest,
Believing, He does all things best.

The little face we still can see
Full of heavenly joy and glee,
Never was a child more loved
On earth, and in heaven above.
Darling, we miss you so today.
We can only bow our heads and pray.

"Natalie*
looks sad and lonely too,
Looking, watching and waiting for you.
It is hard to get the comfort we need,
Yet, we know from sin thou art freed.
And our little one in heaven above
You still look down on us in love.

"Come home to my house", you did say
A long time before you went away,
With love and kindly look so sweet
Like one that sat at Jesus' feet.
So little one still watch and wait
To greet us at the Heavenly Gate.

"Mama, I want to go to Heaven sometime",
Your little voice did sound sublime,
And little did your parents know
So soon, you would to our Father go.
Though sad we are in this, our trial,
We rejoice that you were ours, awhile.

It takes such angel lives to show
The road that we should always go.
So, we will try as best we can
To meet thee at God's right hand—
Living each day in thoughts of thee,
Knowing in Heaven thy face we'll see.

*"Natalie", her doll's name)
Written by W. M. Davis Nov. 4, 1911, one year after the death of his daughter, Gwendolyn Davis.
A Picnic Group at Davis Home, Lake Geneva.
A letter to Mr. Davis from the President of ALFRED UNIVERSITY, Alfred, N. Y.

June, 1912

"My Dear Will:

I very much enjoyed reading the sketch which you sent me "Influences of Early Life." It recalls to my mind very vividly many scenes of those long ago days which you have pictured so graphically. I am wondering what will be the effect of the changed conditions and environment on the future generation from that which you and I knew so well in the days of our boyhood. There are certainly not many of the rising American youth who were circumstanced as we were. I thank you for the graceful tribute you pay to your teacher of nearly thirty years ago. The kindly tribute which you pay to your parents, the old home and the old church all touch me deeply as does your reference to the new home, the sweet little spirit that Heaven took and the new daughter which we hope and pray may be your comfort in old age.

Sincerely,

Boothe C. Davis."
“My dear friend Will:

Mrs. Davis and I were delighted to get your letter. It was a real joy to us to have the good visit with you and Mrs. Davis. It was fine too, that Curtis and Dell could be here at the same time.

The choicest privileges of life are the friendships that last; and the comradships in Christian work—I value your friendship through the years, and cherish expressions of confidence and good wishes you so generously make.

We enjoyed more than we can tell you the visits of yourself and wife. The renewal of old time memories and the better acquaintance with your good wife add to the attachments of our lifetime friendship.

The spiritual values of life are enriched by such visits and heart-to-heart talks of our life’s problems and achievements. God bless you both.

Sincerely,

Booth C. Davis”

President Emeritus of Alfred University.

(Written 23 years after letter on preceding page.)
PERSONAL

Chicago, Ills.
Feb. 9, 1935

"Mr. W. M. Davis
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Mr. Davis:

This is a little note of "gratitude and thanks to you". It is twenty-one years ago today since I started to work for you, Mr. Davis. (I was fifteen years old then). It does not seem that long when one looks back, but is a long time to look ahead.

I certainly think that during those years you should feel that you have accomplished much and helped many on life's way, both from the viewpoint of work given to many and by kind deeds.

I have always had a deep feeling of gratitude and have been very thankful for having had steady work from you these years, and have tried to show it in my services to you. I have always enjoyed the work and at all times had your interest in mind. But probably at no time have I appreciated my position more than during the last three or four years of depression, especially in view of the fact my investments defaulted and nothing could be obtained out of them for a long time at least.

I also feel very fortunate in having had in you, as
my employer, a Christian man, an honest businessman, one who did not smoke, drink, or swear, and a gentleman. This is much to be thankful for as such business men are scarce.

So at this time, I want to put these thoughts on paper and to say a hearty “thank you” for the past Mr. Davis. I shall always be glad to be of what service I can to you, and certainly wish you much success in the future.

May God richly bless you and Mrs. Davis is my wish.

Sincerely,
Helen A. Anderson.”

Honolulu, T. H.
Aug. 25, 1933

“Dearest Daddy:
I am so proud that you are going to give the organ. It is one of the nicest things you could possibly do. I couldn’t help but think when I read your letter that ‘Now after Daddy is gone one of the places I can go to be near him is at church to listen to his organ”. It is like long ago—I used to go and stand in the closet by your overcoat when I was lonely for you.

Lovingly,
June.”
Office Force Banquet at the Great Northern Hotel, Dec. 28, 1916

MENU

Preparation the Table

"Tell them which are bidden, I have prepared my dinner, and all things are ready." Math. XXII, 4.

Soup

"Pour out the broth." Judges VI, 20.

Fish

"We remember the fish which we did eat." Numbers XXII, 5.

Entremets

"Olives." Micah VI, 15.
"Give me a little water to drink, for I am thirsty." Judges IV, 19.

Roasts

"Thou mayest eat of the roebuck, and the hart." Deute. XII, 15.

Vegetables

"We remember the cucumbers, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." Numbers XI, 5.

Game

"And he brought quails." Psalms CV, XI.

Dessert

"They brought bunches of raisins." Chron. XII, 40.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU

May this new year bring you little of sorrow and much of happiness;
May it be filled to overflowing with work which you love, and success which you have earned;
TO OUR HONORABLE MANAGER:

Mr. W. M. Davis:

In order to express our deep appreciation of the many pleasant associations of the past three days, during the period of our convention, as well as during the past year, words fail to convey our meaning in the faint effort to express our heart-felt feelings. In the above expressions, therefore, BE IT RESOLVED:

FIRST; That we as a body of earnest, conscientious workers, shall endeavor in all our future efforts, to advance the best interest of the NATIONAL RATING LEAGUE at all times.
SECOND; In appreciation of the inspiration, and information received during the convention just closed, we feel better equipped to perform our duties than ever before.
THIRD; As an expression of our appreciation of the many kindnesses received at the hands of our Honorable Manager, we present the foregoing resolutions.

(Signatures of solicitors attending this convention.)
Why He Is Successful

By Rev. L. C. Randolph, Milton, Wis.

There are three elements which have especially impressed me in Mr. Davis' character, and these I believe to be largely the secret of his success.

He is conscientious. His loyalty to God and right is fundamental. He did not say: "I must succeed. That is the all important thing—to succeed in business. Then, if I can keep the Sabbath and be true to my Christian ideals, I will." He sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. I was his pastor when he came to the city. The first thing he did was to ally himself with the church. His business relationships must accommodate themselves to his religious convictions, and not vice versa. I believe that right there he laid the foundation for his success. We cannot shut up the different parts of a man's nature away from each other. If a man is careless of his obligations to men, how can he be deeply reverent toward God? If a man is loyal to God, it will be natural to be true in other relations of life. The world admires and trusts a man of real conviction. Men tie to him, they like to deal with him.

Mr. Davis is tireless. He never gives up. At the point where most men drop a proposition saying, "What's the use?" Mr. Davis takes a fresh grip.
PERSONAL

Difficulties are a challenge to him. Opposition is a tonic. He kept at his proposition till he thought it through, and tested it out at every point by experience. He has courage, faith and pluck, and he infuses his own spirit into the force of men that works with him.

And this leads me to third strong point, Mr. Davis' genuine brotherliness. I have never seen a trade paper so infused with the family spirit as is his. He has a personal interest in his men. It is not professional, assumed for a purpose. All who know him know that he is genuinely kind, that it is a pleasure to him to bring brightness into the lives of others. He is not a paragon, but just an everyday, common man wearing a business suit and number eight shoes. There is no halo around him. He wouldn't know how to wear it. He is a brave, square, loving man. I am glad he is alive.

It Is Character That Counts

By Boothe C. Davis, Pres. Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.

It is often said that "character is the measure of success" and that financial gain or loss is a matter of indifference. While this is doubtless true, happily there are conspicuous instances where business success and financial gain are the evident and direct result of character. Integrity, honest dealing, and con-
scientious religious devotion to truth and right have their financial reward as well as their ethical reward.

Will M. Davis, manager of the National Rating League is a fine illustration of this class of men. He is a successful business man but his enjoyment of business prosperity and financial success are the results of a strength of character which has distinguished him during all his life. In childhood he openly declared his Christian faith. In college he was manly, clean, self-reliant, Christian. At every step of life he has made his decisions and estimated his duties by his interpretation of the requirements of the law of God and of Christian rectitude. Comparing his career with men and women of similar opportunity and environment, he has succeeded where they have failed. The chief difference discernible is this staunch adherence to principle from which no inducement could tempt him to depart. In an age when young men are tempted to loose morals and dishonest dealing by the false statement that it is the only way to business success, it is refreshing to be able to point to a man who from childhood to middle life has been a notable example of the converse; namely, that to succeed, it is first necessary to be honest, conscientious and loyal to the highest ideals of character, truth and religious obligation.
SUPPLEMENT
to the
GENEALOGY
of the
CLINTON H. DAVIS
FAMILY

Printed November, 1935

This Supplement Printed
October, 1941

The Poems I have included in this SUPPLEMENT
I feel add something to what I have tried to
express in life as well as in this little book.

There Were Fifty Copies of the First Edition
That Were Not Bound, We Are Having Them
Bound Now With This "SUPPLEMENT."

WILLIAM M. DAVIS


Dorsey Kennedy Jr., born July 21, 1912, married Velma Ice. Their son, Harry Ice Kennedy, born April 5, 1941.


Irene Wolfe, born June 2, 1905, married Okey Dillon. Their children: Betty Lee, Virginia Mae, Roberta Jo, and Okey Eugene.

Mertle Wolfe, born April 27, 1902, married Wm. Wright. Their children: Christine Virginia, Clarice Lee.

June Geraldine Davis, daughter of William M. and Gertrude Wells Davis, was born in Chicago, Ills., June 4, 1912. She spent most of her school days in California. She has made four trips to Honolulu, having made her first trip with her father and mother in 1918. Most all of her Summer vacations were spent at the summer home in Williams Bay, Wis. She toured Europe during the Summer months of 1931. She attended the University of California, the University of Hawaii and graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June 1935. She married Robert O. McLean, May 20, 1936.
Robert O. McLean, son of Leland O. and Alice Warder McLean, was born in Pittsburgh, Penn., June 21, 1911. He spent most of his childhood days in New York City and Southern West Virginia. He attended, and was graduated from, Lawrenceville Prep School for Boys, at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. In 1929, at Lawrenceville, he was one of the team in the Indoor Mile Relay Race, that won the world’s record. He won a number of medals in Lawrenceville and at the University of California (U.C.L.A.) in track meet.* At Lawrenceville he was awarded the EDWARD SUTLIFF BRAINARD PRIZE; “Awarded to that member of Lawrenceville School, of at least two years’ residence, who, by his high ideals and faithfulness in the performance of daily duties, and by his sterling character and earnest endeavor, has made the cleanest and most praiseworthy record as a pupil of the School.” He graduated from the University of California in 1933. Married to June Davis, May 20, 1936. Entered the employ of the DAVIS FINANCE SERVICE June 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean make their home in Madison, Wis. Their new home on the Nine-Springs road, overlooking the capitol in Madison, was completed

*(He was captain of the team.)
and occupied Sept. 1940. Betty Cass, writing for the WISCONSIN STATE JOURNAL, states of this home: “One of the most delightful of modern homes just completed for the R. O. McLeans and into which they have just moved, with their collection of Hawaiianana, thereby making it the MOST intriguing. Mrs. McLean, who was June Davis, spent her senior year in the University of Wisconsin, has lived in Hawaii at various times, and last winter she and her husband spent two months there collecting more things for their home. The dining room windows face the night view of the capitol, and the living room face the woodland. The unusual thing about the living room, however, is the tropical conservatory which has been built across one side. There Mrs. McLean has planted Hawaiian Ti plants, night-blooming cerius, and two banana trees, all of them already sizeable plants. Throughout the entire house Mrs. McLean has exercised her skill in flower arrangements with effective results. Mrs. McLean took two courses in flower arrangement while in Hawaii, and it was this newly-acquired talent which inspired a number of the especially beautiful effects in their home. It was Mrs. McLean, you remember, who made the gorgeous lei of red carnations which Morgan Manchester gave Mrs. Manchester on her birthday.”
Robert, Mr. Davis and June—The Day McLeans Arrived in Honolulu.
You will note from the above picture and the name, and the one on opposite page that my daughter, June Davis McLean, and my "adopted" daughter, Vivian Amsberry Wardwell, are trying to help me preserve the name "Will Davis." Thanks to you both, it was very sweet of you fine girls to so honor me. I hope the boys may get some good by learning of the life I have tried to live and I hope they may do a far better job of LIFE than I have. May God ever bless and protect these fine boys is my prayer.
It looks as though the Clinton H. Davis branch of the DAVIS Family is about due for "extinction." Father had two brothers—Hiram and Milton. Hiram had no children; Milton had four boys but none of them have any boys; Clinton had three boys—Columbus, Will and Hall. Columbus had no children; Will has one girl; Hall has two girls and one boy, Lang Davis, who is a bachelor. If Lang don't take to himself a wife and raise a boy, the Clinton H. Davis of the DAVIS Family, under the name DAVIS, ceases to exist.
Mrs. W. M. Davis and Helen Anderson.  
Roderick WILL McLean.  
Martha Davis, an Aunt; and Roderick's Mother.
Roderick Will McLean

Roderick Will McLean, son of Robert O. and June Davis McLean, was born in Madison, Wis. Jan 25, 1941. The news of his birth was phoned to me, his grandfather, Will M. Davis, by the father from Madison to Honolulu where Mrs. Davis and I were spending the Winter. The phone rang at 8 A.M. as I was reading the morning paper. The operator said: "A Trans-Pacific telephone call for W. M. Davis from Madison, Wis." Then the voice of the boy's father came over those 5,000 miles of land and sea just as plain as though he had been in town; with, "Hello grandpa." He stated: "the baby was born this morning at 10 o'clock. It was 8 o'clock when he was talking to me. (Madison time was four and a half hours later than Honolulu time.) I was too full for words and called Mrs. Davis to the phone to talk to Bob while I wiped the tears away.
Howard Davis Wardwell

Howard Davis Wardwell, son of James H. and Vivian Amsberry Wardwell, was born in Lakeview, Oregon, Jan. 15, 1941. The same day at noon, after I had had the phone call from Madison, Wis. telling me of the happy event, there came a letter from Mrs. Wardwell stating: “Do you mind, Mr. Davis, being grandpa twice, we are naming our boy after you, Howard Davis Wardwell.” Having known Jimmie and Vivian in the Eastman Kodak store at Waikiki, we were very proud to have these fine young folks name their second boy “Davis.” June and Vivian have never met, but you would almost think that they “got their heads together” and tried to preserve the name “Will Davis.” Both boys were born in the same month that I was, “How-D” three days after my birthday and “Rod” thirteen days after mine.
Father, Brother and Mother of Howard DAVIS Wardwell,
surrounded by pictures of "How-D."
Jimmie and Vivian, Parents of Howard DAVIS Wardwell. Taken in Honolulu after their wedding, sailed for Oregon to make their new home.
W. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan.
Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Davis and Mr. Sullivan, My Friend and "Pal" who showed me how to make movies.
PERSONAL

On the 24th of July, 1936 I came down with a severe heart attack. I was flat on my back some three months. All credit for my recovery is due to the wonderful, untiring work of Dr. Wiswell, the nurse, and the good wife, Lillian Ramsay Davis. I had recovered enough by November that the doctor agreed to let Lillian start with me to Los Angeles. She made the drive in seven days. I stood the trip pretty well. We spent the Winter in Los Angeles and Lillian drove back in the Spring.

As I was now placed on "good behavior," no work scarcely of any kind, no golf, no stairs, no up-hill, just "rest, rest, and more rest," I must have something to do. So I got into the movie-picture game. Dr. M. D. Davis of Milton, Wis., went to Chicago for me and bought me an outfit. Before starting for California I took some pictures, and I took some more while out there. But it was the following Winter in Honolulu that I learned that I knew little about the art. Here in the Eastman Kodak store at Waikiki I met Wm. Sullivan who "set me right" and started me on my way for some fairly-good colored pictures. I have taken over 4,000 feet of color in and around
Honolulu. These pictures I have shown four times in the Moana hotel, twice in the Halekulani hotel and the Pleasanton hotel, and the Na Pua hotel as well as several times in private homes. They have been shown in churches, schools, clubs, conventions, and private homes in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio, West Virginia, New Jersey, New York and Michigan. Of all the places I have shown these pictures, at no place did I get as much real joy in showing them as I did June 1, 1940 in the Old "Brick" Church at Lost Creek, W. Va.; the church that was dedicated when I was two days old. It was here that I met so many old friends of my childhood days. They all had a chance to “Visit Hawaii” in colored movies with music and sound. I used two turn-tables, three “pick-up” arms, and had 40 records. By watching screen carefully I “synchronize” the music and sound well into the picture. In this way I am able to give a show well worthwhile, from what hundreds of folks have told me who have seen them. It is a HOBBY of mine to take the place of work I cannot do.

It seems that I am “stuck” each year to show these pictures at the “Y” Camp which joins our property here on Lake Geneva. I love to show them because folks enjoy seeing them.
The McLean Home near Madison, Mrs. Howells (Mrs. Davis's Sister), Mrs. McLean and Patricia Howells.
Audience Enjoys Colored Film of Hawaii

The expression "Beautiful Hawaii" has a real meaning to those who saw the pictures at the Seventh Day Baptist church at Milton Jet., Tuesday night. Beautiful colored movies of scenes in Hawaii taken by W. M. Davis of Lake Geneva while visiting the island last winter were shown by him. Here we saw in color, scenes on the water, such as surf-riding, natives diving for coins, the Hawaii Clipper taking off and landing on the water, the arrival and departure of ocean liners and the crowds that gathered for the gala occasions.

We saw also beautiful landscapes of hills and valleys, palm trees and seashores with the blue sky and fleecy clouds, city streets with their busy traffic, hotels and theaters, also their beautiful grounds with flowers and flowering shrubs and vines. The marvel of color photography and the use of the color film is revealed in some of these pictures to a marked degree. The beauty of the strange flowers and wonderful flowering trees and vines was marvelous; and the sunset scenes, showing the setting sun through the palm trees across the water capped the climax. The artist, on canvas, may correct the faults in nature's scenery, but we saw no faults to be corrected in the sunset as nature gives it to us in Hawaii, reproduced by color photography.

Mr. Davis modestly calls it amateur work and hopes to improve his line of pictures on his next visit to Hawaii this winter, but if our judgment is correct, he already has some masterpieces in his sunset scenes of beautiful Hawaii.—Milton Junction, (Wis.) Telephone, Oct. 6, 1938.

Tribute to the Home

Not long ago a young man in college went home for the weekend. It was unexpected and rather perplexing to his parents, for it was an expensive trip and money was scarce.

But they quietly welcomed him and enjoyed his visit, unquestioning. A day or so after he returned to college, they received a letter from him. "I know you wondered at my coming," he write, "but I felt I must. Many things have been disturbing me lately, unsettling my faith, overturning my philosophy, bringing doubt and darkness to my soul. I just had to come home to come within its atmosphere and feel the sureness of everything again. And I got it."
Personal Letters

Many of the folks that received a copy of this Genealogy in 1935, wrote me commenting on same and thanking me for remembering them. As all these letters mean so much to me, I hope the writers will understand why I want to “preserve” parts of them in this way. I give below extracts from some of these letters.

Holly Hill, Fla.

“Dear Will:

I am more than pleased to have a copy, with your compliments, of your very attractive little book, “Genealogy of Clinton H. Davis Family.” It is well done and a beautiful tribute to your father as well as a valuable record and souvenir which I am sure all the members of your family as well as your many friends will prize and preserve. I feel that I have quite a “stake” in it, not only because of early school days and the life-time friendship; but because of the liberal quotations you have made from my letters. Thanks so much for the copy.

Boothe C. Davis.”

President Emeritus of Alfred University.
“Dear Will:

Mrs. Crandall and I were delighted to receive your “Genealogy.” In fact we were so much interested in it that we took time off and read it complete the first night. It is an effort mighty worth-while and should be a great inspiration to every young person who reads it. You certainly won your spurs and I am so thankful that you have been spared the years in which to enjoy the fruits of your labors.

Ben Crandall.”

Salem, W. Va.

“Dear Brother Davis:

Dee-lighted! The book is exceptionally interesting. I remember your father very clearly. He used to come to our home over on Hackers Creek frequently and I have always had a very vivid memory of those visits. I like the personal element in your book. It is as one would tell a story to a group of friends. It will be a great blessing to your relatives and I thank you for the copy. I think the picture I appreciated most was that in which your father held Mabel on his knee. That is about as I first remember your family.

S. Orestes Bond,
Pres. Salem College.”
"Dear Will: thước Pasadena, Calif.

I want to thank you for the dear little book, which calls back many childhood memories. You did a lot of hard work and much research to make it what it is.

I have always hoped for a genealogy that the younger generations might not forget. Your big heart of love and kindness in presenting this dear little book to so many, will surely beat faster for the love you send out.

What a beautiful life you have lived, so clean, so honest, so truthful. How glad I am to have such a brother. You have conquered difficulties, blazed unknown trails, and the harder you have fallen, the higher you have bounced. God bless you for what you have done for others and the record you have made.

Your Sister, Rose."


I want to thank you for sending me a copy of your little book, "Genealogy of Clinton H. Davis Family." It is most interesting,—the family history, your personal reminiscences, and the excellent pictures. I am very glad to have it and to keep it for future reading and enjoyment.

Alfred Whitford."
Maplewood, N. J.

"Dear Will:

"I have read with intense interest your Genealogy of Clinton H. Davis Family, and congratulate you on such a fine piece of work. It is an unusual tribute to your father's memory; and an expression of love and devotion to your entire family. I only wish that others would 'go and do likewise.'

I prize the gift very highly; and, when the time comes that I can use it no longer, it is to go to the Historical Society. I thank you most heartily and sincerely.

Corliss F. Randolph."

Milton, Wis.

"My dear Will:

Your new book containing the genealogy of your family and some matters about the National Rating League reached me a day or two ago. Please accept my hearty thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy.

I was so interested in it that I read it over before I slept that night. Of course, the reference to my brother was of particular interest to me, but I enjoyed reading it all.

J. W. Crofoot."
Plainfield, New Jersey.

“My dear Will:

One of the first things to meet my eye on my desk upon my return home was your beautiful book, "Genealogy of Clinton H. Davis Family." I want to express my appreciation of your friendship and thoughtfulness expressed in sending me a copy.

I have always been glad that I had an opportunity to meet your father. I attended Association at Lost Creek 1905. I stayed with Uncle Hiram Davis, having known him and Aunt Jane at Lorth Loup, Neb. Your father also stayed there. I accepted a call to the church. Before I had located at Lost Creek, it was with sadness that I learned of his death.

Your own career has been an encouragement to many of us during the years, and I have often spoken of your work as an example to young men. Honesty, vision, persistency, loyalty to convictions of right are good and prove good in business. God bless you and give you long life and many days of usefulness.

H. C. Van Horn,
Editor Sabbath Recorder.”
"My dear Will:

I want to thank you for your little book "Genealogy of Clinton H. Davis Family." I appreciate the book for several reasons. I appreciate it as an expression of your friendship. I have many other reasons for remembering your very fine friendly spirit expressed in many ways during the years. I remember with what pleasure I received your kind invitation to entertain the Commission at your home when I was Forward Movement Director and the pleasant circumstances under which we met. I appreciate your book also because it pictures life as I knew it in my own boyhood. Most of the pictures are familiar to me; in fact I find myself in two of them. Even at that, there are many other pictures in the book which I appreciate more than those in which I happen to be.

With all the conveniences and luxuries of these days I wonder if we are any happier, and whether we are going to be able to do as much for the young people of our generation, as was true of our fathers in the Hills of West Virginia.

A. J. C. Bond."
Public School Work.

Monthly Report.

Report of Wm. Davis

for month ending March 31st 1886.

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**General Average:**

**EXPLANATION:** 1=excellent, 2=good, 3=mediocre, 4=fair, 5=poor.

**To Parents and Guardians:**

Parents and Guardians will find it greatly to the interest of the child to realize that it has no tardy or absence marks. Systematic and constant efforts will be made to interest pupils and to stimulate them to a thorough and diligent exercise of their intellectual and moral faculties. Your co-operation will greatly aid in making the work successful.

W. M. Davis Report Card—1886.
Other “Personal” Letters

The following letters, with the loving, kindly friendship and good wishes they express, all mean so much to me, and I am sure the writers will not object to my “preserving” them in this way.

Pasadena, Calif.

“Dear Will:

A man who has given the best part of his life to helping others out of trouble and increasing their store of happiness, before considering himself, need not be surprised that a little of the same coin comes back to him at such times as you have just passed through.

We rejoice with you in all your gladness and would swell the chorus of those who have long known your kindness and nobility of nature. To know such a man as you is to give one a firmer faith in the over-ruling power and love of God.

With love,

Floyd (F. E. Gilbert).”

(I had written Floyd of my happiness of my recovery from the heart attack and the kindness of so many friends to me.)
"Dear Mr. Davis:

I want to write you these few lines to convey to you from the depths of my heart my many, many thanks for your very generous gift to me. I really cannot express in words my appreciation to you for your great kindness.

It came as a complete surprise to me, as nothing of the kind has ever entered my mind. My folks, brothers and sister said over and over again it was wonderful of you to do such a kind deed, and they could not forget the largeness of the gift. I sure appreciate it, Mr. Davis, more than I can tell. It makes me so happy to know you felt me worthy of it. I have always counted it a blessing from God to have had steady work and income from you all these 25 years and I have truly been thankful for that, as well as for health and strength to work, and I have enjoyed the work so much.

I have always been very thankful too, for having had in you a Christian man as my employer—how different from most employers who drink, and smoke and are dishonest in their business. I have often remarked about your good-heartedness and your generosity. I know it truly makes you happy to do kind things for others and help to lighten their burdens. This you have done all along your way. I hope that
SUPPLEMENT

God will grant you good health and many more happy years yet.

So again, Mr. Davis, a thousand thanks, and may God richly bless you and Mrs. Davis as you continue to journey along life's way together.

Sincerely,

Helen Anderson.

(Miss Anderson's mother passed away while we were in Honolulu last Winter. I called up this 5,000 miles to express our sympathy. She wrote me the following)

"I cannot tell you, Mr. Davis, how much I appreciated your calling up from Honolulu. It touched me so. My family and the friends I told about it could not get over it. That was certainly wonderful. I told them you were one man in a million, to call up, to express yours and Mrs. Davis' sympathy. Thank you so very much.

Helen Anderson.

"Dear Mr. Davis:

You have certainly been a most gracious and loving father-in-law to me, and I shall always appreciate it with all my heart. I only hope I shall be able to repay you in part by loyal service in every way and by making June as good a husband as I possibly can. Believe me, we are as happy as can be, and no small part of it is due to your goodness to us and your love
SUPPLEMENT

for us. I have felt very close to you indeed ever since our little talk in the hallway at the Roosevelt hotel (Hollywood) the day before our wedding.

R. O. McLean.

Another letter stated: "I still think you are the finest man in the world." (Too bad all son-in-laws don't feel like Bohl.)

(My janitor of my 18 apartment building in Chicago wrote me while we were in Honolulu a year ago last Winter.)

"Dear Mr. Davis:

I am writing this letter wishing to thank you for the Christmas present. I also want to thank you for your Christmas card with Mrs. Davis' and your picture.

Mr. Davis, on the 23rd of December I have been in your employ six years and I find no man that I have enjoyed being of service, than to you. You have been everything a man would want another man to be,—courteous, honest, God-loving. And I hope the Good Lord will let me go on working for you a great many years more, for I never in my life, up to now, worked for a better man.

Bernie Lohan."
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Davis:

At the last Quarterly business meeting of the Milton Seventhday Baptist church last Sunday night there was a unanimous vote of thanks extended to you good people for your second generous gift to the church.

We have been enjoying the organ for a year and a half and now comes the robes for the choir which cannot help but make our services more impressive. I cannot fitly express our gratitude to you both for your kindness.

In behalf of the church,

Mrs. S. N. Lowther, Secy.

I Behold the Christ in You

I behold the Christ in you,
Here the life of God I see;
I can see a great peace, too,
I can see you whole and free.
I behold the Christ in you,
I can see this as you walk;
I see this in all you do.
I can see this as you talk.
I behold God's love expressed,
I can see you filled with power;
I can see you ever blessed,
See Christ in you, hour by hour.
I behold the Christ in you,
I can see that perfect One;
Led by God in all you do,
I can see God's work is done.

—Frank B. Whitney.
SUPPLEMENT
IN HONOLULU Winter of 1938-39.

My letter in December described our trip over and our landing. I just want to “pick up” a few of the threads and give just some of the “HIGHLIGHTS” of our stay in this “PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.” And it is well a PARADISE. I am sure you would travel a long ways and never find any spot under God’s blue sky that you would like as you would this garden of beauty.

We liked our rooms at the Moana-Scaside very much. It was a very quiet spot. The flowers, the cocoanut trees, the beautiful grounds, the nice neighbors, all make this a wonderful place to rest. Letter-writing, reading and taking more pictures, driving around, or taking a bus or street car, was largely each day’s routine. One of the “highlights” for December was the Christmas Pageant staged on the different ‘lanais’ and front of the Royal Palace. (This is the only ROYAL PALACE on any territory of Uncle Sam.) Those of us who saw this pageant will remember the experience for a long time. It was beautifully done and gave one a wonderful picture of those days of Our Savior.

We had some fine visits with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wheeler of Washington, D. C. Mr. Wheeler is national lecturer of the Government Forestry Department. I heard two of his addresses and he surely is good. He kept his audiences “on their toes” all the time. I have known Wheeler for some thirty years, but never heard him lecture before. They sailed for the coast on January 27th. We helped “lei” them, and got some fine pictures, both still pictures and movies of them, as they sailed.

On February 10th we again saw friends off. This time it was Federal Judge and Mrs. Neterer of Seattle, Wash., and Judge Howay, who, for more than thirty years was on the bench in Vancouver, Canada. I took some pictures of these delightful folks with their leis and had them enlarged, colored and sent to them. Judge Neterer was sent to Hawaii to try some Federal cases. He will stop in Los Angeles to try some more, and we expect to see them when we arrive in Los Angeles on our way home. Judge Howay has promised us he will pay us a visit in June, at our Lake Geneva home.

The concerts,—‘hula shows,’ at the Moana were always interesting as well as entertaining. The three or four Sunday nights we had dinner at the Waialae Country Club, were “highlights,” as far as entertainment was concerned.—thanks to Clara Inter, the school teacher and ‘character dancer.’ Clara is a new product of about two years, and is the biggest drawing card on the Islands, in public entertainments. I have some of her dances in movies and some good pictures of her and her school children,
with her "school teacher" expression to go along with her "entertainment" expression.

Eastman Kodak Hula Show in Kapiolani Park every Thursday morning for one hour, giving camera folks a chance to get pictures, is always interesting. To see the 'newcomers' just about fall over each other, trying to get pictures of the girls in their beautiful dances, is amusing. It pays the Eastman Kodak big dividends. My good friend, Mr. Sullivan, has charge of this show, and he has his hands full trying to satisfy every one by giving each the 'best' place for pictures. He is a wonderful 'pal' to everyone and is liked by all.

Going around the Island you pass through cane fields, pineapple fields, as well as other wonderful scenery. The sugar industry brings some $100,000,000.00 a year; the pineapple some $50,000,000.00 and the Army and Navy some $50,000,000.00.

SHOWING PICTURES—Soon after we came to the Islands, I was asked to show my pictures at the Moana Hotel. I had a very appreciative crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Hormel were among them. Mr. Hormel gave me many comments on the pictures. I showed them at the Na Pan Hotel, the Halekulani, and the Pleasanton the week before we left. At the Halekulani I had the most appreciative audience I have ever had. I had folks over from the Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels, and got more fine comments of their appreciation for my pictures. Mrs. Chas. Walgreen of the Walgreen Drug Store family, and Mrs. Dart of the same family, both over from the Royal, commended me very highly, thanking me for the show and for the nice evening I gave them. I was asked to come to the ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL and show them, but it was so near our time to sail, and I had shown them so much, I passed up this chance.

SAILING DAY—We packed and got our trunks off last night. Was up early this morning for my morning walk to Kapiolani Park, finished up a few errands, and had Albert come to take us to the boat. We had twelve pieces of baggage. He soon had us at the dock, and five room-stewards had all the baggage in Room 374 in short order. Two nice bouquets of Mowers were already in our room; also a telegram most touchingly worded, from our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan. Mrs. Sullivan came to the boat to see us off. Mr. Sullivan won't go to the boat to see his friends off. He tells you good-bye the night before.

We were soon on 'A' Deck and were greeted by many friends who had come aboard with leis to bid us farewell and a Bon Voyage. I am sure sailing from Honolulu is different from any other port in the world. The hustling on with hand-baggage, packages and flowers, gifts from friends for those sailing, and the leis being put around your necks is all rather interesting
SUPPLEMENT

as well as exciting. A kiss for a lei is a fair exchange. Tears just come; you can't keep them back.

The Royal Hawaiian Band is now taking its place on the pier getting ready for its part in the 'ear-shedding' program. Soon six of the singers are lined up at the rail facing us. I called to Jack, the wonderful bass singer, to give me his best smile. He comes through with that kindly Hawaiian smile as I take movies of the band. A heavy blast from the boat whistle, (11:30) is warning "All ashore for those not sailing." The friends who have been busy with their cameras, as well as the commercial photographers taking pictures of the lei-laden passengers, are going ashore now. Some stick till the last moment. As the gang-planks start to be taken in, they hustle so as not to be left behind. All this time the band is playing their "lump-in-the-throat" music. Paper streamers, all colors, are now floating in the stiff breeze,—friends on the boat with one end and those on pier with the other (if you can catch them). We are pulling out from the pier now, the band has switched over to "ALOHA OE"—"Farewell to Thee." The hundreds on that great steel and concrete pier, more than a block long, are waving their farewells as the Lurline backs out and swings around in the harbor to head out for open sea.

IT JUST GETS YOU. We change sides to see our good friend Sullivan on Pier 4, picturing our boat as we pass out of the harbor. We are able to 'pick him out' from the large crowd on this pier and wave a vigorous farewell to each other. Something tells you 'inside,' that we are waving good-bye to the most sincere friend any man ever had. It is these things that make it hard to sail from Honolulu. We are soon passing Waikiki Beach, the Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels, Diamond Head, Koko Head, Maukapau Lighthouse, Rabbit Island, and out of sight of land, headed northeast for San Francisco where we will land five days later. We went up on Boat Deck to get pictures of our leis before going down to lunch. I had fifteen and Mrs. Davis had a like number. Those of you who see our pictures will see how they decorate you when you sail from Honolulu.

SATURDAY—A very beautiful morning. I was up early for my mile walk around the deck. We have some 419 first-class passengers, 139 cabins, two stow-a-ways, and 400 crew. The day's routine—breakfast at 8:30; bouillion at 10:30; lunch 12:30; tea and sandwiches, 4 P.M.; dinner at 6:30; also 'hot dogs' at the horse races (wooden horses moved according to number coming up on dice shaken) every morning and sandwiches up till about midnight. So you see one need not go hungry on a trip like this. Eating too much is the trouble with most passengers. With movies and deck sports of all kinds, to say nothing about the slot machines that are going
all the time, there seems to be plenty to do for all classes of passengers. The bar is too well patronized. It seems too bad
that man, whom "God made in His own Image" will do the things they do. And what makes it doubly sad these days is
to see women 'going it' stronger, if anything, than men. God pity our future if there is not an 'about face.' What the children
will have to face just makes me shudder. I do pray God that womanhood will 'awaken' and help make the world a place
worth living in.

SUNDAY—A little cooler this morning; up early; had a nice sprint around the deck. There were church services at 11
A.M., conducted by the First Officer. At 2 P.M. there were 'stunts,'—games in the pavilion, such as cracker race, potato
race, shaving race, hurdle race and such like. The jokes and sells pulled on the blindfolded ones caused many good laughs.
Movies again tonight. Several who had seen my pictures in Honolulu remarked that my pictures should have been shown
instead of what we had.

MONDAY—There is a little more swell today. It is over­
cast some, but cleared up and turned out to be a nice day. Read and wrote some in the morning, and played some shuffle
board in the afternoon. It is getting colder; less folks out on
deck. Overcoats are showing up; it begins to feel like Cali­
fornia weather. We have two nights and one day before we
reach San Francisco where the Lurline re-loads for return trip,
before proceeding to Los Angeles where we land. Rather a
quiet, uneventful day; no flying fish, boats, whales or por­
poises—just water, water aplenty. A few are 'under the weather,'
but most all seem to be feeling fine.

TUESDAY—Yes, overcoats are very much in evidence. I
was up and started to walk the deck at 7:45 A.M. I saw a
boat on our right. It proved to be the President Coolidge,—
one of the American-President Line boats.

WEDNESDAY—Up early; we were soon passing under
Golden Gate bridge, then Oakland bridge and up to pier. The
green hills around San Francisco sure looked beautiful.

THURSDAY—Up early; took taxi over the Frisco-Oakland
bridge to Oakland and was back for sailing at noon. It was
a fine trip down the coast in sight of land all the way. Our good
friend Ralph Parmley, met us at the dock Friday morning and
took us out to our hotel in Hollywood. We spent twelve days
here, showing our pictures at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parm­
ley, in a church in Pasadena, and in another church in Santa
Barbara. We also showed them at the Bell & Howell camera­
projecting room in Hollywood. We were pleased to have a
full house and in our audience were our good friends, Judge
and Mrs. Neterer.
Dear Daddy:
The ship is beautiful—so much better-looking than I have ever seen. We had a lovely luncheon and it is time for tea already. I got twenty letters altogether. That was sweet of you to think of bringing me those. But why didn’t you write me one? Well the first hours of the trip have been simply superb; I’ve never had more fun in my life, and I am sure it’s all going to be just as pleasant. You are a darling Daddy to be so good to me and I love you loads.

At Sea

Here we are, among the misty skies, and haven’t moved all afternoon. We came so near a collision about three o’clock, that we have not moved since. The other boat passed at a distance of only fifty yards. The party is very small and very agreeable, and we are having a perfectly lovely time.

FOUR DAYS LATER—We are almost there now. Tomorrow we dock at Glasgow—then the next day we land in Liverpool. I guess we have made up all the time we lost. We had several rough days, and Dodie was in bed for about a day, Mary got sick also,
but your daughter didn’t succumb once. I’m proud of myself.

I was up at five this morning, and was the first passenger on deck. It was lovely—the first thrill of land after so long at sea. Ireland was on one side of us and Scotland on the other.

Love to dearest Daddy.

London, England,
June 28, 1931.

Well, here we are in jolly old England. We have motored about a hundred miles yesterday and today. We have a lovely car—in fact the grandest I’ve seen in England. We arrived Chester yesterday noon. We attended services at a huge cathedral. I saw my first choir boys in their red and white vestries. It was all very lovely. We were shown through. We went to a boys’ private school and were shown all around. We have heard that they were not very fond of Americans, but we have not found any evidence of it.

June 29, 1931.

We have seen our first castle today. It is Kenilworth and is a gorgeous ruin. I was so impressed, it was just as I supposed it would be in a fairy story. The castle dates back to 1170. We are in Lemington tonight. It has famous mineral springs—like Hot Springs. What parks, a riot of color and beauty.
June 30, 1931.

We saw more castles today. One Warwick, was a grand affair. We went all through the rooms and saw things that I never dreamed existed. I had no idea that there was such splendor in the world. We also saw Shakespeare’s country, his home and grave, and Ann Hathaway’s cottage.

July 1, 1931.

We had a hard day today, we saw five of the twenty-one colleges of which Oxford University is composed. My, but their college life is different from ours. The grounds of these colleges are wonderful, some date back to 1229. We saw Eton, the prep school where the Prince of Wales went.

Today we have seen Westminster Abby, St. Paul’s, British Museum, London Tower, and London Museum. The crown jewels were what took my breath away. One diamond the size of a hen’s egg. We will be in Germany when I write again, as we leave here Saturday for Ostend. I always think of you Daddy, when I see these wonderful things, for I’ll always remember that it was you that made my trip possible.

Oceans of Love,
Well here we are in Germany already. My how the time does fly. We got in here yesterday and I got eleven letters again. My second mail and eleven letters each time. Just a week ago we crossed the Channel. It was a fine trip and we got to Ostend as the sun was setting and illuminating the shore line for the last time. On Sunday they held their annual “Blessing of the Sea.” There was a huge religious parade, and hundreds of fishing boats, large boats, a war ship, and passenger boats, all with colors and festoons of flag-flying gathered around the improvised altar. We could see the whole thing from a balcony off our hotel room. We have seen a great deal of the old medieval towns, and they certainly are picturesque. We were all so interested in Heidelberg. The school life just as depicted in “Student Prince.” Today we saw the Kaiser’s palaces and monuments and museums. We met Karl Adlon, son of Lewis Adlon, who is supposed to be the greatest hotel man in the world. He took us three girls out and certainly showed us the time of our lives. I never had such fun. In a dress suit and a topper simply stunning. (Later—Karl came to U. S. in 1932, became U. S. citizen in 1939, enlisted for Uncle Sam 1941.)
Karlsbad, July 20, 1931.

Karlsbad is certainly an interesting place. I have never seen such beautiful shops and clothes and everything so cheap. We are leaving quite early today, as the run to Vienna is longest we have had to make. Prague is also a fascinating town. At the old Jewish cemetery, our guide pointed out the grave of Ochs, with an oxen head on it. It is the burial place of the ancestors of Mr. Ochs of the New York Times.

Salzburg, Austria, July 30, 1931.

Dearest Daddy:

We have done two countries since I last wrote you, and that wasn't over two weeks ago. We stayed at the Ambassador in Vienna for three days, and the room Dodie and I had was superb. We had canopies of gold brocade and all the furniture to match. We decided it must be the Royal Suite. We always had breakfast on a table in our room mornings. It certainly is a great life. Sunday we flew from Vienna to Budapest. I shall never forget what fun it was to look down on the tiny houses and patches of fields. We stayed at the Gillert in Budapest, and had all our meals on a terrace garden overlooking the blue Danube. It was simply marvelous. One night we went to a Coffee House to hear a Hungarian Gipsy
SUPPLEMENT

band. I have never heard such strange haunting music. It gets into my blood as the Hawaiian always gets into yours. The men play on and on for hours, never using a note to play by, but following the leader by ear. Joe, the Harvard boy I had met in Budapest, called in the afternoon, and took me out to this park like our "pike" or "white city." There were seven of us Americans in the party—two girls from Boston, and Meg Saks who had just taken Junior Championship in tennis at Wimbledon. Through my contacts at Ojai, I knew a few people that she did, and it was simply marvelous knowing and talking to one of those people I had worshipped so long. Really and truly this was the best time yet.

St. Moritz, Switzerland,
August 3, 1931.

Dearest Daddy:

I am sitting in the most beautiful hotel that you can possibly imagine. I never saw such a place at home. We have been on the road very steadily for the past two days, and what roads. Up mountain passes of which I have never seen the like. We were up eighty-two hundred feet today, and in order to get there, we had to do fifty-six switch-backs. Nearly half of them were so sharp, we had to back up to make them. We were in Munich for a few days.
SUPPLEMENT

I was greatly impressed with Oberammergau. We stayed at Anton Lang home. You know he is the man that took the part of Christ three successive times in the Passion Play. He came running to the car with an umbrella, as it was raining, and he is just a darling. They have a most adorable family, and they treated us as though we were part of it. I shall never forget my stay there, nor the promise I made myself as I walked up its narrow streets in the early morning sunshine and heard the tinkle of the cow bells, to return there. I get tight around the heart when I think of Oberammergau for it has that something. I hope everything is going along nicely for you and that you are well and happy. I am healthy and hearty and having the most marvelous time I ever dreamed of.

Florence, Italy, Aug. 12, 1931.

The day after leaving St. Moritz, we did four more mountain passes. That night we stayed at Mendola. The next day we were at Carezza which is a world famous hotel, perfectly elegant. We had an interesting time at Cortina.

We arrived in Venice at noon. Our car was left at a point far out, and we had to take a motor boat to our hotel. I wasn’t crazy about Venice. It was dirty and smelly and the people rough and unkept. After Germany it was repulsive to me.
Dearest Daddy:

I had two letters from you in the last group. Do take good care of yourself, dear Daddy, in this awful heat. I don’t want you to be sick when I am so far away. Rome, of course is about the most important place that we visit, and it is no joke doing it in this awful heat. We have spent the last two days sightseeing. It has given me such a wonderful grip on ancient people and civilization as it was. I disliked Italy very much until we had seen Rome, now I find myself softening towards it all. Mary, Dodie and I went through the catacombs alone, the other two ladies had seen it before. We saw another graveyard where 5,000 monks were buried. At St. Peter’s we saw men and women kissing the toe of the statue of St. Peter, then rubbing their perspiring brows on it, simply scores of them. It simply made me sick. We saw the holy stairs and many people crawling up on their hands and knees, praying out loud. It sounded like a Chinese school. There were certain spots in the floor where the blood of Jesus was supposed to have fallen, and they all kissed that. I don’t wonder that thousands die of plagues.

Oodles of love to my dearest Daddy,
Dearest Daddy:

Here we are in Nice, in a palatial hotel and having a grand time. I’ve had a wonderful impression of Riviera. Everything has been blue sea, sunshine and fun. We have spent nearly a week now driving beside this gorgeous Mediterranean Sea. We stopped at Monte Carlo, but I was not allowed to go in on account of my age. We drove up to the sweetest, tiny French village this morning where Kathleen Norris has a lovely villa. Then on to Grasse where we saw the perfumes made for which France is famous. It was most fascinating. Last night we drove over to Cannes but could not see anything for the mobs.

Today caps the climax—the Sultan of Morocco arrived in Nice. The French marched by, by the thousands, and at six o’clock he and his retinue of fifty soldiers arrived at our hotel. We had a front suite and could see it all to wonderful advantage. The Sultan’s young son, who is just three, has been rollicking all over the place. He is cute and certainly knows and shows his importance. The men get a kick out of the way he orders them around.
Interlaken, Switzerland,  
Aug, 31, 1931.

We are in Switzerland just below the famous “Jungfrau,” which is snow covered and may account for some of the cold. We are sitting inside with our coats on, and a log fire doesn’t heat up all the room. We also visited Genoa and Milan. The Cathedral at Milan was my favorite of all I had seen. This Cathedral is my idea of what a church should be. We took a boat trip on Lake Maggiore and then a train across to Lake Lugano where our chauffeur met us with our car and baggage. These lakes are so much like our Wisconsin lakes, the same clear water and the same gorgeous moon.

Paris, France,  
Sept. 4, 1931.

Dearest Daddy:  

Here we are in Gay Paree, and very glad to be here too. Geneva was an extremely interesting place. We were fortunate to be at the hotel where many of the foreign diplomats of the League of Nations were staying. The League was in session so we did not get to see inside the buildings. Saw several churches—one where John Calvin preached during the Reformation.

We three girls have our private suite here and are very comfortable. We are looking forward to a grand
week here. Hadn't had mail for three weeks, so you can guess we were pretty glad to see it today. I am thrilled to death about you coming to New York. You can't realize how much I am longing to get home and see you. Thanks, Daddy, loads for the money. I am thrilled to death for I landed in Paris rather flat.

Love to you,

June.

A Girl's Tribute to Mother

There are many things I like to do,
Many things I just leave undone,
Mother's ways I feel were true,
I like the way she won.

Smoking and drinking, no, not for me,
My Father never planned that I should,
He has given me vision enough to see,
That such does not build womanhood.

Life has its blessings and its cares,
All for us to face, we know,
With God, we avoid its pits and snares
As along life's path we go.

God made life so sweet and pure,
Why should we "muss it up"
With things that will not endure,
Then drink that "bitter cup"?

So as we travel life's pathway,
Make it a road that is good,
With sunshine scattered every day,
So God will be understood.

Yes, Mother dear, I will ever try,
To do things you'd approve;
For life I face without a sigh,
As along its path I move.

W. M. D.
Davis Party at Moana Hotel. Mrs. Inter, the most popular Hula Dancer and Entertainer in Honolulu, was our Special Guest. Dr. Facey, Mrs. Sullivan, Laird Facey, Clara Inter, W. M. Davis, Mrs. Facey, Jean Facey.

Mrs. Davis and I in our stateroom on the SS. Lurline, March, 1941.
Same Party from preceding page leaving Hotel: Mrs. Sullivan, Clara Inter, Mrs. Facey, Jean, Mrs. Davis, Laird, W. M. Davis and Dr. Facey. (Mr. Sullivan was taking the picture.)

At Beulah's Home—Rose, Beulah, Harold, Floyd, Anna, Margaret, Lillia and Ida (in upper corner). Delight Miller, Beulah's daughter, Margaret, Harold's wife.
“THE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN”.—In 1916, when I was a little in need of ‘repair’, my physician, Dr. Post, of Chicago, now of Milton, Wis., advised me to go to Cuba. I told him I had been there. Then he said, “Go to the Hawaiian Islands”. As strange as it may seem, I took the Doctor’s advice. One Sunday, soon after arriving there, I attended services at the Union Central Church. There was a very impressive sermon by an elderly man, theme, “Face of Jesus.” As he finished, the thought came to me, “Now, if somebody would only sing ‘Face to Face’. Out from the choir, stepped a beautiful Hawaiian lady, who began to sing those words, which had been sung six years before when our little Gwendolyn was buried. I was over here alone, rather discouraged and blue, and those words took such a hold on me, I thought I would have to leave the church before she had finished.

This lady was Mrs. Lei Hall. Mrs. Davis and I discovered her on this trip, in the “HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.” She operates this old Hawaiian house of her grandmother’s to entertain tourists, giving “hulas” (native feasts), and real Hawaiian entertainments, “hulas”, dancing, music and singing that can’t be beat. Mrs. Hall has given all her life to sacred music, turning her back on grand opera music she was advised to follow. Just to see her face when she says “I love to sing; I am never so happy as when singing”, impresses you very much, and then when you hear her sing, you can understand why she is called the “Nightingale” of the Island.

“BANYAN TREES”.—When you are over here, this Hawaiian music just “kinda gets you.” The Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach has two large wings running back to the water’s edge. In this court or alcove, there are cocoanut trees and a banyan tree. On this night, a large group is gathered in a semi-circle on the lanai’s, (porches), in the seats on the lawn and under the mighty arms of the wonderful banyan tree. There are no lights aside from the moonlight peeking down through the banyan and cocoanut trees. The white, foamy waves that have broken over the reef that fringes Waikiki, chasing each other shoreward, makes a beautiful silver scene in this gorgeous moonlight. Hark! Soft music is heard in the distance; it comes closer and closer. Around the corner of the right wing, comes four Hawaiian boys, playing softly and marching very slowly. Every few steps they stop, just for a moment, and then on again. They cease playing just before they reach their places under the trees. Just as they stop, soft music peals
Turkey Dinner Picnic, Christmas, 1940, on Lanikai Beach in Hawaii.
Mrs. Hotje, Mrs. Ward, Wm. Sullivan, Mrs. Sullivan, Clark Ward, W. M. Davis, John Carleton, Mr. Hotje, Mrs. Davis.
SUPPLEMENT

out from the second lāwai (porch); the music echoes back and forth between these two groups. The boys from the lanai march down and join the others under the tree. Then their program begins. This sextette sure gave us a treat. They can play and sing, and don't you ever doubt it. Even with a poor entertainment, a setting like I have described, would be most delightful, but with this Hawaiian music and melody, it is superb. As they closed their last number, "Aloha Oe", (Farewell to Thee", a spotlight was flashed down from the second floor, on these six faces which were all turned upward, and as you looked on this scene, you think if there is such a thing as "Inspired Voices", you have heard them this night. I wish words were adequate to express to you what we saw and felt. "HAWAII NEI".—Mrs. Lei Hall put on this play Feb. 12th in the Polynesian Theatre on the Royal Hawaiian Hotel grounds. She had a full house. The wealthy guests of both the Moana and Royal Hawaiian Hotels were there. The play was a scene supposed to have taken place in Nuuaini Valley about 150 years ago. The portrayal of Hawaiian life of that day, the fishing, two warring tribes meeting in battle, using long, wooden spears, (and it was some battle—these husky, brown, stalwart boys sure could handle themselves); the love-making of the Prince and Princess in songs, and the "hula" dancing, was all very fine. Yes, and the "lihau", (native feast). To see these husky boys tear at the large roast-pig, one-half for the women's table and one-half for the men's table, was amusing as well as interesting. We felt that we had had a real entertainment. Mrs. Davis and I have fallen quite in love with Mrs. Hall, and I think she has with us. If you ever visit Honolulu, be sure to visit the "HOUSE IN THE GARDEN", and tell Mrs. Hall the Davis's sent you.

"ROYAL SCHOOL".—After three trips to Hawaii, I am convinced that you will find more children to the square inch here, than any spot you have ever visited. And all so clean, neat, manly and lady-like. They are the most mannerly children I have ever known. On Friday, February 20th, we visited one of their many schools,—the Royal School. The Principal, Mr. Smith, an Englishman, is a man of some 65 or 70 years. He takes great pride every Friday morning in having his 1350 children put on a program attesting to their Americanism. It is an entertainment worth going miles to see. How these little folks can be trained to make speeches, give orders, and execute them with such precision, is just marvelous. We stood on a balcony on the second floor and watched them as they went through a very difficult drill in the school yard below. A small girl at my side was directing this drill by a bell with a push-button near her. The flag drill and saluting of same, was very
SUPPLEMENT

interesting as well as inspiring. They all march into the building now, the older ones filling the Auditorium, and we visitors were all given chairs facing them. Parliamentary rules are up to the minute. A program is put on, their speeches are well delivered and to the point. A visiting speaker is brought to the stage by a little girl and introduced to the chairman—a fine-looking brown boy of 15 years. He introduces this speaker to the audience, and a fine address is given. After this address, some business is transacted. Room 23 now puts on some "first aid" stunts. They sure were good, amusing, and instructive, and were enjoyed by all. Then twenty or more boys and girls went to the blackboard, writing first with their right hand and then with their left hand, keeping time with music, and doing work that was very commendable. Their songs were fine. A song describing each letter of "Aloha Oe", as to what they meant, was touching and beautiful. They closed with "God be with you till we meet again," played with bells by some sixteen girls. The chime effect was wonderful, and it made a beautiful ending for such a program. Among the visitors was Mr. Ochs, editor of the New York Times. His face showed that he was enjoying this wonderful program, as well as the rest of us. Mr. Smith is certainly teaching these Orientals to be real Americans. (Later—Just two weeks from the time we visited the Royal School, Mr. Smith was found dead in bed. His body was cremated and four friends took his ashes out and scattered them on the sea. (This was his wish.)

"FLOWERS, FLOWERS, and FLOWERS".—California may boast of her flowers, (that is, if anybody in California should ever become conceited enough to boast), Oregon may boast of her roses, but you have never seen flowers until you have visited Hawaii. Hibiscus are everywhere; the shapes, shades, kinds, colors consisting of over 4,000 varieties, make them the outstanding flower of the Islands. The bougainvilleas must be the next most beautiful. A building in your yard is likely to have the sides and roof covered with this mass of flowers, bright red, two shades of purple or old rose. The Night-Blooming Cereus is another beauty. "The Cup of Gold" is well-named and is simply gorgeous. They are about as large as a tea cup. There are many, many other small flowers, and then come the trees, forty or fifty feet high with a mass of bloom,—Pink Shower, Golden Shower, Tulip and many others. These Islands get lots of rain (liquid sunshine), which keeps the flowers looking so luxuriant. There are no barren mountains. They are covered all the way to the top with the most wonderful growth, of many shades of green, changing constantly on account of the "cloud-rack" passing over them.
"BROTHER JOSEPH"—Joseph Dutton left Wisconsin 45 years ago, coming to Honolulu, and on July 29, 1886, went over to Molokai to work among those unfortunate lepers. All of these years have been spent with those people. Just a few weeks ago, he was carried off of a boat here on a stretcher, and is in the St. Francis Hospital. He will be 88 years old on April 27th. I went up and had a talk with him. He is a dear old man, and loved by every one who knew him. He was very weak and it was hard to follow his conversation. He told me of the old days around Janesville, and about going to school at Milton College. He was a Captain in the Union Army. Father Olson of Janesville and Father Hanz of Beloit just made him a visit. He was so delighted to see them. Before they returned, they got him up in a wheel chair and had his picture taken with his two brothers from Wisconsin. Riley Allen of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, is just completing a book on this dear brother's life. I have ordered a copy mailed to Milton College. Before this letter is mailed out from my Chicago office, this Godly man will without doubt, have passed on to his Reward. I am glad I had a chance to hold his hand and look into his face.—(Later, Brother Joseph passed away March 27th. His body was taken back from Honolulu to the Island of Molokai, to be buried there where he spent 45 years with those unfortunate lepers. The press throughout America, paid a wonderful tribute to this dear brother. Calvin Coolidge paid a loving tribute to him in one of his syndicated articles.)

"KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOLS". — The Kamehameha Schools, I would say is the most outstanding school anywhere in the world. It was endowed by Bernice Pauahi Bishop. It is outstanding because a boy or girl can attend this school one year, room, board and tuition for only $50.00 expense. This was made possible by the funds Mrs. Bishop put into the school. The new buildings under construction to take care of 350 boys and 250 girls, expending some $5,000,000 makes the most beautiful campus, upon the side of this mountain, possible. I never have seen a more beautiful outlay. With a million dollars a year to spend, you can see the president has no problem of "funds raising" as most of the presidents we all know. Bernice Bishop was born in 1831 and died in 1884. She was the great grand-daughter of Kamehameha First, the first real ruler of all the Hawaiian Islands. She was a pupil in the school established by Mr. & Mrs. Cooke, for the young chiefs. She grew into womanhood with a very attractive, sweet manner, and became the wife of Hon. Chas. R. Bishop, the first banker of Honolulu. She was made the legatee of many of the Royal family, and this, with her own holdings, she became
very wealthy. She founded the Kamehameha Schools and the Bishop Museum. In endowing the schools, Mrs. Bishop decreed that her people, the Hawaiians, be taken care of first, then others if room. The Estate is so managed and administered that it keeps accumulating all the time. This seems to be one thing in the Islands that American politics and business methods did not get the control of. Mrs. Bishop will live in Hawaiian history as the great Hawaiian, scarcely outclassed by the Great Kamehameha himself.

"SAILING".—Yes, the sad day has arrived. Burton Braley wrote a poem,—"Don't play 'Aloha Oe' when I go, for it tears the very tissues of my heart; There is mist upon my glasses as the ship from harbor passes, and it isn't very easy to depart." (That is four lines of it; there are 24 in the poem.) That is the way you feel, only worse. It is 11 A.M. Feb. 28th. The S. S. Malolo is tied up at Pier 11; there is hustle and bustle plenty. The "lei" sellers are busy, the cabin boys are hustling baggage aboard, friends are busy putting "leis" around your neck. The last baggage and mail is hustled aboard. The Royal Hawaiian Band is playing; they have already played several numbers. The Hawaiian diving boys are climbing all over the ship, ready to dive off in the water as you pull out. Try dropping a coin and see them nab it. A blast from the great whistle of the boat almost splits your car drums,—a warning, "All ashore who are not sailing." We begin to move very slowly. The hundreds of paper ribbons, all colors, one end held by those on the ship, and the other by friends on shore, now begin to break. Jack Heleluhe and Miss Lizzie Alohiaka are now standing in front of the band, singing their wonderful farewell songs to us. They have that Hawaiian kindly smile as they wave us good-bye. The band switches over to "Aloha Oe", (Farewell to Thee.) Something comes up in the throat. We try to hold the tears back, but we can't. They come just the same. We pass out through the harbor. "Pacific Heigths" and "Punch Bowl" seem to be saying "Aloha"; the rollicking surf on Waikiki seems to be singing out the same. We give Waikiki a sad, departing look. "Diamond Head" is now looking down on us like that great Rock of Gibraltar. Yes, through our somewhat dimmed eyes, we are sure we can see "Aloha" carved on those rugged, rocky sides. "Koko Head" is the last point of land. It is on this point that "Makapuu Lighthouse" blinks to you as you arrive by steamer in the early morning. "Blow Hole", at the base of "Koko Head", is spouting her beautiful fountain in the air that seems to be another "Aloha" to you. There is no use to ask them "Don't play 'Aloha Oe' when I go." It is everywhere; it is in the air; you feel it on every turn. We just head out to open sea for five
days without seeing land. (We will be all right if our meals
don't say "Aloha" (Farewell to Thee.) You just think of beau­
tiful Hawaii, her lovely, hospitable people, her fields of pine­
apple and fields of cane, her valleys, hills and mountains, the
flowers, she likes you have never seen, and wonder if it is pos­
sible that God created any other spot as beautiful. As you
take a "work-out" to get your "sea-legs", you decide that no
other spot can equal dear old Hawaii. HAWAII, thou art a
"Jewel" with your "Diamond Head", your "Pearl Harbor,
your "Cup of Gold", your "Golden Showers", and your "Silver
Strands." There are none other as lovely. "Aloha Oe E hoi
mai ana makou i on la, e Hawaii". (Farewell to Thee, with
love; we are coming back to claim you.)

AT SEA.—The five days at sea on the S. S. Malolo, were
very pleasant days. We sailed Saturday noon, and came down
the gang-plank 9:30 A.M. Thursday at Los Angeles Harbor.
Taking it all in all, it was a smooth sea. A few were friendly
wards the "little fishes". I have always tried to be rather
friendly, but Mrs. Davis had me outclassed this time. Sunday
afternoon, they showed us, on the movie screen, "Lloyd's Feet
First." The boat scene of this picture, was filmed on the
Malolo. So the showing of it had an added interest to us.
Those of you who have seen it, will remember the 'fat meat'
scene, "Fried in Oil", that Harold pulled on the sick passenger,
so as to get his evening clothes to wear to dinner that night.
That scene was too much for Mrs. Davis. Her dinner said
"good-bye" that night.

The Malolo is a very fine ship, with a fine, courteous corps
of officers and excellent service. With breakfast in the morn­
ing, beef tea at 10:30, lunch at noon, tea and cakes at 3 P.M.,
dinner at 6:30, and a dish of fruit in your room each night,
time was no use of one going hungry. The two elevators,
fore and aft, between six of the seven decks, made getting
about the boat very pleasant. We had a wonderful fine library,
swimming pool, barber shop, beauty parlor, gymnasium, games
of many kinds, sports and fine parlors and lounging rooms;
time passed very rapidly. It sure did not drag on our hands.

Among our fellow passengers was Julius Rosenwald, and
wife, of Chicago, Mr. Ochs of the New York Times, and Mr.
Howell of the Atlantic Constitution, and their party. They
were good mixers and fine folks. Marie Dresser was at the
dock when we landed, to meet the Ochs party. She might
have kissed me too, if my wife hadn't screamed.

It is some job to land at Los Angeles Harbor. You would
think you were landing at a foreign port. We had some fifty
inspectors, were inspected and re-inspected, "checked and
double-checked", and then they took six pineapples away from
me to "fumigate" saying they would send them to me. I never got them. Those hungry inspectors apparently would not let a feast of six luscious Hawaiian pines get by. I was sorry I could not deliver them to friends, as I had intended.

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me, its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear; I can see its garland crags, its leaping cascades; its plumey palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

—Mark Twain.

I feel that the quoted words above from Mark Twain, written many years ago, sum up for you far better than I could, the things I have tried to "get over" about this "Paradise of the Pacific."

W. M. Davis.

Honolulu has a population of 116,260. All the islands together, have a population of 357,649,—Japanese 137,407; Filipinos 63,867; Portuguese 29,717; Chinese 25,211; Hawaiians 20,479; Caucasian-Hawaiians 16,687; Asiatic-Hawaiians 10,598; other Caucasians 38,006, and some 15,000 of other races. The "Melting Pot" is right. If you can pick them out and tell which they belong to, you are good.

The Hawaiian alphabet consists of twelve letters, as follows: A, E, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, U, W. The vowels are given value as in Spanish and are always pronounced and not slurred. Some of their words are: Kapu, keep out; Pilikia, trouble; Kope, coffee; Wahine, woman; Kanaka, man; Pau, done; Keniken, dime; Hapaha, quarter; Kookahi Kala, dollar. The name 'Oahu' has four letters and three syllables; the same with 'Aahu'.

Captain Cook discovered the Island in 1778. Cook reported something like 500,000 natives. Cook was killed by the natives one year later for his unjust treatment to them. The white man with his civilization, seems to have depleted the race, and it is not hard to guess who has the wealth.
Mr. and Mrs. Davis Sailing from Honolulu, March, 1940.
Our Young Folks—Their Problems

By W. M. Davis

(Reprint from Sabbath Recorder)

Where are they going? What are they going to do with this world that we have so miserably "mussed up" for them? Many of them are off on the wrong foot today, and we older ones are largely to blame for it.

They have grown up and come into responsibility during a time when we as a nation have been a bunch of "drunken sailors"—irresponsible spendthrifts, with a "go to it and have a good time" attitude, thinking nothing of tomorrow, just living for today and spending all we have, or can borrow, beg, or steal. If we will but stop and take stock we will have to admit this has about been our attitude as a nation. We should have known the outcome, the pitfalls, the heartbreaks, the sorrows it would bring on us, as well as on our young folks.

"As you sow, so shall you reap." Call it Scripture or call it what you will; it is an unchangeable law. We can't beat it; we can't side step it; it is there. And is it not, after all, God's way of bringing us back to our senses—back to earth? Would not human beings vanish from the face of the earth if they were left alone to do as they wished?

Our young folks have been brought up to expect much, have all, take it easy, and know little of hardships or responsibilities that it takes to build within them the "stuff" they need to help them meet and conquer life. Many of them could have done better by themselves than they have, of course, but most of the responsibility is ours. We wanted to "make it easy" for them. We did not want them to "have it as hard as we did." We should be honest with ourselves and admit that we, by our foolishness, have put them in a place to make life hard for them and not easy, as we were "kidding" ourselves into believing. There must be hardships; there must be sacrifices; there must be fights to win—to put ourselves in positions to "make good" in life.

We have had lots to say in the past few years about the "high standard of living." Really, has it not been instead a "high standard of spending"? That has been the outcome. How much better off are men today under our high standard of living? There is something gone awry. What is it? Where is all the trouble? How are we going to get out of it?

Notwithstanding the "mess" we are in, and the depths to which we have gone, we believe there is a way out. God is good. He is the only solid rock on which we can stand with safety. Back to God and the Church; back to the real things of life; back to sane
W. M. Davis and J. Lee McWhorter. They left W. Virginia March 21, 1891, met for this picture taken at the Davis home, Lake Geneva, July, 1938.

West Virginia Picnic at Davis Home. Paul Bond, Zeta Davis, Gertrude Davis Owen Davis, Lelia Stillman, Mrs. Stillman, Mrs. Will Randolph, Anna Davis, Mrs. Marsden Bond, Lotta Bond, Marsden Bond, Harley Bond, Mrs. Harley Bond. Seated—Rev. M. G. Stillman, Luther Bond, June Davis, Orlando Davis, Will Randolph. (These folks had been attending S.D.B. Conference at Milton, Wis.)
McLeans and son, Roderick WILL.

Robert, June (McLean), Will, Lillian, Frank, Mertle (Davis).
SUPPLEMENT

thinking, which will bring sane and healthy living and get us all back to God—a place of safety where there is peace, enough of prosperity, and real happiness.

The “high standard of living” sounded well, and we all seemed to be for it. We did not realize we were making it into a “high standard of spending.” If we will but go on and change it again and this time make it a “high standard of serving,” we will win and win big. No person ever has or ever will get any real joy out of life except by serving—just being kind, helping someone to see his “way through,” making the heavy load lighter, showing the way to God. Millions of folks are trying for happiness, joy, and pleasure. Few are getting it. Why? Just because they are seeking for something selfish—not trying to serve, but seeking to be served. Will we ever learn? Will we ever get this fact as a nation, as individuals?

There is a way out, yet, God is the Way, the Truth, and the Light. This old world will soon right itself if we will but turn to God and sane things. Our young folks will again have faith in the God we serve, and faith to go and build a better, a more peaceful, happy world—a place where God will rule, where brotherly love, kindness, and peace will reign supreme.

I Read a Book

I read a book last week,
The author dipped his facile pen in fire,  
And seared raw facts of life into my brain.   
Up from the mire, he dragged dark truth  
And flaunted it. He made all youth  
Abnormal, all love lust, and God a jest.  
And as I read, I knew my soul was warped;  
His mind must know despair, thinking all truth  
Was ugliness laid bare.  
And then I read another book.

The Author sat upon the very throne of Truth.  
And used a pen far mightier than a sword.  
He wrote of Youth triumphant, clean and fine.  
He wrote of Sin, compassion in each line.  
He wrote of Love—it blossomed like a rose  
Sprung from good soil. He wrote of One  
Giver of that great Trinity of Gifts,  
Life, Love, and Beauty, and when he was done,  
I knew somehow my stumbling feet had trod  
The trail he’d blazed for me to his Friend God.
When You and I Were Young, "Tom"

I've wandered to the old site, Tom, where the tannery used to be,
I walked where the vats had been, where we labored both you
and me;
There was no smell of the hides, Tom, that we both used to know,
Nor taste of the "ooze" from the tan-bark we got, forty years ago.
Do you remember the "pool" and vats in which I used to fall?
The bad SMELL and TASTE brought me up "spitting" to beat all;
Days were long as we "scraped" the hides, moving them to and fro,
Shaping them into good wearing leather, some forty years ago.
The old home on the hill was gone, where your courting was done,
There was no trace that I could see, not a board, a stone, not one;
The grass had grown over the slope, down where our sleds did go,
It was fun we had in those happy days, more than forty years ago.
The day you took your bride, Tom, a trip to the Fair for us all,
A cow tried to stop our train, Tom, giving us a very close call,
We "bumped" across the railroad trestle and all were startled so,
As we viewed the wreck of that train and cow, over forty years ago.
There must have been some significance as I look backward now,
For on a "tie" of that trestle, lay the heart of that poor cow;
How well the vows you both have kept, we also well do know,
Are vows as sacred now, Tom, as they were back forty years ago?
Down to the old cemetery where we strolled on Sabbath afternoon,
Many of the old, some of the young—who left us far too soon,
Are resting in the old "graveyard," those that we used to know,
In those carefree days that were ours, Tom, some forty years ago.
Few were left it seems, Tom, that we knew in those days so dear,
Many had passed from this "veil of tears" with each fleeting year;
Yes, those we knew in our boyhood days as we strolled to and fro,
Few were left to greet me, Tom, as they did forty years ago.
The old "Brick Church" has a basement now, so I have been told,
This dear old church was dedicated when I was two days old;
Old "Filly" you rode to church, and I on old "Lee" not so slow,
Around the curves and up the "pike," Tom, 'twas forty years ago.
We've fought our battles, "faced life," Tom, both you and me,
The time will not be long when our "barques push out to sea";
And when the time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I'm sure we will meet with those we loved some forty years ago.

Thinking of the days way back about 1885 to 1890 working in the Old
Tannery at Lost Creek, W. Va., with O. T. Davis, I wrote the verses above
and mailed him. (With apologies to the unknown author of "Forty Years
Ago.")

Will M. Davis.
Living

Loving words will cost but little, journeying up the hill of life; But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife. Do you count them only trifles? What to earth are sun and rain? Never was a kind word wasted, Never was one said in vain. When the cares of life are many, And its burdens heavy grow For the ones who walk beside you. If you love them, tell them so. What you count of little value Hath an almost magic power, And beneath that cheering sunshine Hearts will blossom like a flower. So as up life's hill we journey, Let us scatter all the way Kindly words, to be as sunshine In a dark and cloudy day. Grudge no loving word, my brother, As along through life you go. To the ones who journey with you If you love them, tell them so.

Just To Be Tender

Just to be tender, just to be true, Just to be glad the whole day through, Just to be merciful, just to be mild, Just to be trustful as a child; Just to be gentle and kind and sweet, Just to be helpful with willing feet, Just to be cheery when things go wrong, Just to drive sadness away with song. Whether the hour is dark or bright, Just to be loyal to God and right, Just to believe that God knows best, Just in his promises ever to rest, Just to let love be your daily key, That is God's will for you and me.
The Last Town

Where is the town at the end of the line
With its lure for the great and the small?
How shall we fare when we come to the sign
That was painted and hung for us all?
Long is the track and we cannot go back
To wait for a faltering friend;
Through meadows and mart we are whirled from the start
To the wonderful town at the end.

Some reach it in youth on the flying express
That passes the stations of strife,
And others grow gray while pursuing the way
On the laboring locals of life.
Some curse the conductor and pray for the end,
And some think that the pace is too fast.
Whatever the pace, we are nearing the place
Where we all leave the train at the last.

'Tis a mystical town that no mortal has seen
Until the end of his long earthly ride;
But after the trip there is knowledge to glean
About pomp and possessions and pride;
And perhaps we shall gain when we swing from the train:
All the things we were forced to resign,
For the agent is there with each passenger's share
In the town at the end of the line.

—Wm. F. Kirk.

The Fellow Who Takes My Place

Here is a toast that I want to drink to a fellow I'll never know,
To the fellow who's going to take my place when it is time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be and I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper "I wish you well, old man", in a way that he'd understand.
I'd like to give him a cheering word that I've longed at times to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm handclasp when never a friend seems near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place some day when I am gone.
SUPPLEMENT

Will he see all the sad mistakes I’ve made and note all the battles lost?
Will he ever guess the tears they have caused or the heartaches which they cost?
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil to the underlying plan,
And catch a glimpse of the real intent and the heart of the vanquished man?
I dare to hope he may pause some day as he toils as I have wrought,
And gain some strength for his weary task from the battles which I have fought.
But I’ve only the task itself to leave with the cares for him to face,
And never a cheering word may speak to the fellow who’ll take my place.

Then here’s to your health, old chap, I drink as the bridegroom to the bride,
I leave an unfinished task for you, but God knows how I have tried.
I’ve dreamed my dreams as all men do, but so few of them came true.
And my prayer today is that all of the dreams may be realized by you.
And we will meet some day in the great unknown—out in the realm of space,
You’ll know my clasp as I take your hand and gaze in your tired face.
Then all our failures will be success in the light of the new-found dawn—
So I’m drinking your health, old chap, who’ll take my place when I am gone.

Sundown

When my sun of life is low,
When the dewy shadows creep,
Say for me before I go,
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”
I am at the journey’s end.
I have sown and I must reap.
There are no more ways to mend—
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”
Nothing more to doubt or dare,
Nothing more to give or keep;
Say for me the children’s prayer,
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”
Who has learned along the way—
Primrose path or stoney steep—
More of wisdom than to say,
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”
What have you more than to tell
When the shadows around me creep?
All is over, all is well—
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”