



The Florida Society of the Sons of the American Revolution Fort Lauderdale Chapter Newsletter



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Report from the Treasurer - Rich Jones

The past year has been a financially successful one for the Fort Lauderdale chapter. Our dues have been collected and forwarded to State and National. For 2001 we have 51 active, dues-paying members. This represents a slight increase over the previous year.

With the collection of dues for our own chapter (each of you paid \$15) and the carryover from past years we have working capital of approximately \$1,250 in our checking account. Thanks to everyone for your prompt payment. This should help us receive a reimbursement for being timely.

The slight increase to \$18 in September for our monthly luncheon fees stabilized expenses and is keeping everything on an even keel - for now.

By far, our largest expenditure of the year was - as usual - our Oration Contest. Our next-highest cost was for distribution of the newsletter. To reduce postage costs we may want to consider converting to e-mail newsletters for those compatriots - about half the members - who now have online capability.

In addition to our regular dues collection we were fortunate to receive \$541 in contributions to the Endowment Trust Fund. This will bring the total amount in the fund to \$7,230. Only the interest - which is invested in a certificate of deposit bearing 6.1 percent - can be used.

Our very generous compatriot - Jack Holcomb - contributed \$445 to the Trust Fund. That's the news. The bad news is that only five other chapter members contributed this year. I think we can do better! More about that later in 2001.

Rich Jones -- Treasurer



Report from our President - Mike Evans

I hope all of you survived the Super Bowl and your favorite team won. Being a Cleveland Brown fan, I can say I was not happy with the Ravens' owners outcome on the game.

We had a very nice meeting in January with the Fontenada Chapter of the DAR. I would like to offer a thank-you to Regent Opal Spencer for her hospitality to all our members who attended their meeting.

Our next meeting will be a special business meeting. We will discuss SAR Chapter business regarding the Tower Club lunch increase, the Oration contest and Essay contest. I hope all of you will be able to attend the meeting, have a great lunch and be a part of the chapter business. The SAR is entering a new century and in a changing USA we welcome all ideas in how to grow our organization.

Our January guest speaker Alice Carlson and her husband Bob, moved to Pompano Beach 2 years ago to be near their son and grandchildren. Alice is Past Regent of the Sarah Treat Prudden Chapter DAR in Jackson, Michigan and is a member of the Fontenada Chapter in Pompano Beach. She belongs to several patriotic societies including; Colonial Dames 17th Century, Colonial Dames of America, New England Women and The Mayflower. Alice enjoys all water sports as well as being a glider pilot.

Looking forward to our next meeting and hope to see you there.

**NEXT MEETING - FEBRUARY 8th
TOWER CLUB !!!**

**\$18.00 INCL. TAX AND TIP
11:30 SOCIAL 12:00 LUNCH
28TH FLOOR BANK OF AMERICA
1 FINANCIAL TOWER
SE 3RD AVE & BROWARD BLVD
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*Members living in North Broward need to dial the
area code plus the phone number,
or e-mail me at: joemotes@aol.com*



George Washington

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS, 1796:

Continued from our January issue;

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness - these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct. And can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantage which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which enobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossi



In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that in place of them just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill will, and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country without odium, sometimes even with popularity, gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government.

But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.



Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world, so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand, neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the Government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government - the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

Geo. Washington

Fort Henry

September 11, 1782

Last battle of the American Revolution

Major Samuel McCulloch

"We presume there are but few, if any, among our readers who are not familiar with the exploit of Putnam, in riding his horse down the steep declivity at Horseneck, in the endeavor to escape from the British troops. It is "famed in story," has been illustrated time and again by the pen and pencil; has been dramatized, and in every conceivable form, presented to the public eye, until the merest schoolboy is as familiar with the incident as with his alphabet. Yet it is by no means comparable with the feats of a similar character, performed by men of less notoriety, but of equal strong nerve and desperate courage, which have not attracted a tith of the admiration and éclat which have been vouchsafed to Putnam's exploit.

At the siege of Fort Henry, near Wheeling, by a band of Indians, under the infamous Simon Girty, Major Samuel McCulloch performed an act of daring -- nay, desperate horsemanship -- which has seldom been equaled by man or beast, and before which the effort of the Pomfret hero pales into insignificance. Let us turn to the record.

Fort Henry, situated about a quarter of a mile above Wheeling creek, on the left bank of the Ohio river, was erected to protect the settlers of the little village of Wheeling, which, at the time of its investment, consisted of about twenty-five cabins. In the month of September, 1775, it was invested by about four hundred warriors, on the approach of whom the settlers had fled into it, leaving their cabins and their contents to the torch of the savages. The whole force comprising the garrison consisted of forty-two fighting men who know the use of the rifle, and who were celebrated throughout the borders as the implacable enemies of the red man, and as the best marksmen in the world. Of these however, more than one-half perished in an ill-advised sortie before the siege commenced, and when the fort was surrounded by the foe, but sixteen men remained to defend it against their overwhelming numbers. -- But their mothers, wives and daughters were there, and nerved the Spartan band to deeds of heroism to which the records of the wars of ancient and modern history present no parallel. Here it was the Elizabeth Zane passed through the fire of the whole body of redskins in the effort to ring into the fort the ammunition so necessary to its defense; -- here it was, also, that the wives and daughters of the noble defenders marched to a spring in point blank range of the ambuscaded Indians, in going to and fro, for the purpose of bringing water for the garrison.

Messengers had been dispatched, at the earliest alarm, to the neighboring settlements for succor, and, in response to the call, Captain Van Swearingen, with fourteen men, arrived from Cross Creek and fought his way into the fort without the loss of a man. Soon afterwards, a party of forty horsemen, led by the brave and intrepid McCulloch, were seen approaching, and

endeavoring to force their way through the dense masses of Indians which nearly surrounded the station.

Their friends within the fort made every preparation to receive them by opening the gates, and organizing a sortie to cover their attempt. After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, in which they made several of the Indians bite the dust, they broke through the lines, and entered the fort in triumph, without the loss of an individual. All, except their daring leader, succeeded in the effort. Her was cut off, and forced to fly in an opposite direction. McCulloch was as well known to the Indians as to the whites for his deeds of prowess, and his name was associated in their minds with some of the most bloody fights in which the white and red men had contended. To secure him alive, therefore, that they might glut their vengeance upon him, was the earnest desire of the Indians, and to this end they put forth the most superhuman exertions. There were very few among their number who had not lost a relative by the unerring aim and skill of the fearless woodsman, and they cherished toward him an almost frenzied hatred, which could only be satisfied in his tortures at the stake.

With such feelings and incentives, they crowded around him as he dashed forward in the rear of his men, and succeeded in cutting him off from the gate. Finding himself unable, after the most strenuous exertions, to accomplish his entrance, and seeing the uselessness of a conflict with such a force opposed to him, he suddenly wheeled his horse and fled in the direction of Wheeling Hill at his utmost speed. A cloud of warriors started up at his approach, and cut off his retreat in this direction, driving back upon another party who blocked up the path behind; while a third closed in upon him on one of the other sides of the square.

The fourth and open side was in the direction of the brow of a precipitous ledge of rocks, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in height, at the foot of which flowed the waters of Wheeling Creek.

As he momentarily halted and took a rapid survey of the dangers which surrounded him on all sides, he felt that his chance was indeed a desperate one.

The Indians had not fired a shot, and he well knew what this portended, as they could easily have killed him had they chosen to do so. He appreciated the feeling of hatred felt towards him by the foe, and saw at a glance the intention to take him alive if possible, that his ashes might be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of their friends slain by his hand. This was to die a thousand deaths, in preference to which he determined to run the risk of being dashed in pieces; and he struck his heels against the sides of his steed, who sprang forward toward the precipice. The encircling warriors had rapidly lessened the space between them and their intended victim, and, as they saw him so completely within their toils, raised a yell of triumph, little dreaming of the fearful energy which was to baffle their expectations. As they saw him push his horse in the direction of the precipice, which they had supposed an insurmountable obstacle to his escape, they stood in wonder and amazement, scarcely believing that it could be his intention to attempt the awful leap, which was, to all appearances, certain death.

McCulloch still bore his rifle, which he had retained, in his right hand, and carefully gathering up the bridle in his left, he urged his noble animal forward, encouraging him by his voice, until they reached the edge of the bank, when, dashing his heels against his sides, they made the fearful leap into the air. Down, down they went with fearful velocity, without resistance or impediment until one-half the space was passed over, when the horse's feet struck the smooth precipitous face of the rock, and the remainder of the distance was slid and scrambled over until they reached the bottom alive and uninjured. With a shout which proclaimed his triumphant success to his foe above him, McCulloch pushed his steed into the stream, and in a few moments horse and rider were seen surmounting the banks on the opposite side.

No pursuit was attempted, nor was a shot fired at the intrepid rider. His enemies stood in awe-struck silence upon the brow of the bank from whence he had leaped, and, as he disappeared from their view, they returned to the investment of the fort. They did not long continue their unavailing efforts, however, for its capture; the numerous additions it had received to its garrison; the fearlessness exhibited in its defense, together with the feat they had witnessed, disheartened them, and they beat a hasty retreat on the morning after the event I have attempted to describe -- not however, until they had reduced to ashes the cabins without the stockade, and slaughtered some three hundred head of cattle belonging to the settlers."

-- *Pioneer Life in the West; comprising the adventures of Boone Kenton Brady Clarke.... Philadelphia, The Keystone Publishing Co., 1890. p. 144-156.*

Continued in next month's issue

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