

## Our Foremothers

For over a hundred years, on this anniversary of our nation's birth, men have written and poets have sung of our forefathers. Today, for the first time in the history of - well! I will not say our nation, but will say of Yolo co. you are to hear not only of your forefathers, but your foremothers, and I wish I had the eloquent tongue to tell of them.

No doubt many of you have vivid recollection of one of them in connection with a slipper. We give a great deal of credit to the immortal George.

for his truthfulness in regard to the cherry tree and the hatchet. ~~and today you will hear~~ but very likely he would not have been so truthful if there had not loomed up before his mental vision the picture of his mother's knee - himself & the slipper. ~~There these~~ ~~have~~ - Neither do I today expect to give a small meed of praise to these foremothers of ours - but I would <sup>try</sup> to win for them <sup>some of the</sup> gratitude we give our forefathers. ~~Sometimes~~ <sup>often</sup> women are the leaders and originators of great enterprises. Our own country owes its discovery to the masterful mind of a woman. One of the

boldest campaigns of our civil war was planned by a woman - In the history of this beautiful <sup>state</sup> ~~state~~ of Louis when the pioneers of '49 were enduring their hardships - the women were by their side & endured with them the hardships & lessons of the plains. One of the grandest ages of English history was the long reign of Elizabeth -

Women have however been content with either no praise at all - or the praise such as the old pioneer settler one-time gave to his wife when an old grizzly bear came tottering into his cabin one day.

Perhaps you recall the man's scream to his fear.

There's a bear in the kitchen  
as big as a cow -  
And how she advised him to  
murder him, then -  
And how his reply was -  
Yes! Betty, I will, if you'll first  
venture in -

So Betty leaped up, and a poker  
she seized -

While her man shut the door,  
and outside he squeezed.  
And then you remember, she  
laid on the blows -

While her man, through the  
keyhole kept shouting with din  
Well done - my brave Betty  
now hit him again -

So with rapping & poking, poor  
Betty alone

At last laid old Bruin as dead  
as a stone

There when the brave man



Soon the bass voices of the men mingle with the soprano of the women & the bible of the children in a hymn of praise to Him who has led them past the dangers of the deep. The days go by - Hunger & cold are no strangers to the band. Houses made of logs are their homes. Near the group of houses stands a building hexagonal in shape, made of massive squared logs firmly united by an ingenious combination of their ends. On this citadel are two rows of long narrow loopholes. This is the block house of the people used in times of danger - from the Indians the privations & dangers

are shared alike by both the men and women, and the women stand by the men's sides in attacks from Indians ~~and~~ helping load the clumsy muskets, and both are equally fearless. Often the stillness of the night is broken by the war-whoop - Often the settlers are besieged in their block houses - and the firebrand or famine often pave the way for the tomahawk. One instance can be mentioned from many of women's heroism. The settlers are undergoing a siege in one of their block houses - Starvation stares them in the face, or death <sup>from</sup> by the Indians unless, help comes from a neighboring

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~~garrison~~ settlement. The  
men have talked over  
the plans for getting help -  
+ one by one they have  
been rejected - so they re-  
solve to see their lives as  
dearly as possible. Then  
in among them slips gentle  
Prudence Pargrave. & will  
go. she says. Quietly she  
answers their objections -  
In the darkness she leaves  
the shelter of the block house  
& through the terrible peril  
carries the ~~news~~ word of  
her friends' ~~peril~~ <sup>danger</sup> to the  
neighbors & they are  
saved. & could tell you  
others instances of our  
foremother's ~~bravery~~ <sup>bravery</sup> courage  
how in toil & hardship  
and danger the foundation  
of our nation is laid

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Years pass. the red men  
have gone from the eastern  
colonies. Comfortable homes  
are seen instead of the  
log cabins - Villages and  
towns and thrifty farms  
have taken the place  
of the wilderness. The  
mutterings of a discontent  
are beginning to be heard -  
Soon the mutterings grow  
louder. and the discontent  
has spread over the colonies  
and has grown into open  
revolt.  
From farm and store and  
shop men gather into com-  
panies - Women with hearts  
too indignant for tears  
buckle on the chimney swords  
help clean the old muskets  
and with cheering words

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bid the men good-bye -  
 Many years follow. All  
 who are able to shoulder  
 a musket have gone to  
 the war. The care of  
 the farms - besides the  
 weaving of the cloth &  
 the regular home work  
 devolves on our foremothers.  
 Uncomplainingly they do  
 double work, living on the  
 coarsest food - wearing the  
 plainest clothes. Even the  
 highest in the land are not  
 exempt from the privations  
 in 1775 when the first gun  
 of the revolution was fired.  
 John Adams wrote to his  
 wife - Fly to the woods  
 with the children. But  
 the heroism of her Puritan  
 ancestors kept her home

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and for 12 months she  
 lived with her little children  
 in daily and hourly danger  
 of being butchered, doing with  
 out every thing but the bare  
 necessities, often without  
 them - once reduced to a  
 diet of whortleberries & milk.  
 Besides the dangers and pri-  
 vations - the women endured  
 with patience the great sus-  
 pense during the long intervals  
 of hearing from their hus-  
 bands and brothers. We  
 who live in these days of  
 railroads and telegraphs  
 and books cannot realize  
 the lonely days and nights  
 of these women - days and  
 nights not only full of  
 loneliness, but of danger  
 for those on the frontier

but never a word of complaint or of fear comes from their lips -

During the stormy nights of winter and the equally dreaded nights of summer the house full of women and children gather round the table or fireside not knowing what harm may come to them in the darkness, and the experience of one of our foremothers - Abigail Tempess was no doubt the experience of others. Once with her brood of children around her, she kept a band of Indians + English as bay for hours. With her own hands she loaded the guns. and with practiced eye & sure aim - the old flintlock poured death into the

enemy's ranks as surely as though it were in her husband's hands -

The years go on. until finally the old liberty bell - with its prophetic inscription written years before. of "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof" rings out the good joyous news to all the people. We are free and a nation - With smiles and tears the women of '76 welcome the loved ones home and though the rough hands and care lined faces tell of hardship & sorrow, their lips utter no words but those of joy that once move the living of the household are together again -

Years roll on - Our fore  
 mothers + our fore fathers  
 sleep the dreamless sleep.  
 Peace & plenty are in our  
 land of liberty. but again  
 the sound of war is heard  
 Again the women of America  
 our grand mothers & our  
 mothers are called upon  
 to make sacrifices - Some of  
 you can yet feel your  
 mother's tears on your  
 cheeks as she bade you  
~~good~~ go - The old Revolutionary  
 spirit is not dead. The  
 women of the north & their  
 sisters of the south joyfully  
 sacrifice their own comfort  
 for their loved ones and  
 what they think the  
 good of their country - Again  
 the women tend the homes

and the farms & the shops  
 & see the men go out  
 to battle - Again many  
 women wear the coarse clothes  
 & do without luxuries that  
 the money may go to the soldiers  
 in the way of clothing &  
 luxuries for them -  
 With throbbing hearts our mothers  
 read the war news, & the  
 lists of killed wounded &  
 missing make many a life  
 sad forever -  
 But the women are as heroic  
 as the men & though they are  
 not <sup>all</sup> on the battle field they  
 are doing as brave work in  
 their homes. many indeed  
 have left their homes. &  
 have followed the soldiers  
 to the field where their  
 loving words & tender touch



soothe the last moments of many a poor fellow, who longs for the touch of his own beloved. We can see such women as Clara Barton tending the fallen all day with her throat parched & face blackened by sulphurous smoke. We can see her having great fires built on the banks of the Rappahannock to warm the half starved and frozen soldiers, while she ~~was~~ <sup>self</sup> had but the shelter of a canvas between herself & the piercing winds - We can see her & others like her on the field at the second Bull Run working among the fallen. when the shot & shell are falling like rain on the disordered ranks of the

Union soldiers - No doubt there are some in this room who have seen the heroic self sacrifice and courage of these women. Those days are past. # "The Blue <sup>and</sup> Gray beside each other <sup>sleep</sup> No angry passions vex their dreamless rest No battle echoes round their couches beat And both alike are cradled on one breast In all the beauty of Summer's pomp. with peace hovering over our nation's flag. with plenty in our land. with no dread disease in our midst, we are gathered to do homage today to the men & women of the past; and as you tell of the glories of our nation. as you tell of the brave deeds of our ancestors, and call to mind those dark hours

of our nation's history - and  
 the bravery of the men - call  
 to mind also the women of  
~~twenty~~<sup>thirty</sup> and fifty and one  
 hundred & two hundred years  
 ago - Speak of their brave  
 words - their true hearts -  
 their noble deeds - tell of  
 their purity - their faith, their  
 heroism, and let this fourth  
 of July celebrate their deeds -  
 as well as the deeds of  
 our fore fathers - and if  
 between the living & the  
 dead, is stretched, as some  
 believe, a spirit wire, let  
 it signal to them the words  
 we speak today - and may  
 their spirits - our guardian  
 angels watch <sup>over</sup> our country  
 and may the God of our  
 fore fathers & mothers, who

through the gloom & night  
 has guided our people -  
 give to us their lofty courage  
 & lead our steps toward  
 Justice Peace & Right -  
 May our devotion to our  
 flag be as unswerving as  
 theirs, our heroism be as  
 lofty, our faith as strong -  
 our lives as pure -

done