

The Chronicle Quarterly

Weston Historical Society

Winter 2005

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CHARITY JENNINGS VS. THE WAR DEPARTMENT

In our last Chronicle we promised to tell you the story of Charity Jennings. In 1838 she petitioned the government for pension money due her late husband, Abraham. We received these documents thanks to the work of Mary Ann Barr who received a letter last summer requesting information about any possible leads to locate the mysterious Abraham Jennings. After Mary Ann's response, Robin Stockton Williams of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, forwarded to us the following documents regarding the application of Mrs. Charity Jennings for a Revolutionary War Pension. Although difficult to read we hope to share most of this with you.

The first of the documents concerns Charity's plea before the court for her husband's pension money. As Charity was unable to write, her deposition was taken by Judge Bradford Winton and reads as follows:

*State of Connecticut
County of Fairfield – Weston*

On this Sixth day of September 1838 personally appeared in open Court before the Court of Probate for the District of Weston, Charity Jennings a resident of said Weston, County and State aforesaid, aged eighty-five years, who being first duly sworn according to Law, doth on her oath make the follow-

ing Declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the provision made by the Act of Congress of July 4, 1836 that she is the widow of Abraham Jennings late of said Weston now deceased, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and served as a private in the Infantry in said War and had made proof of the same to the satisfaction of the War Department and had obtained a pension for said services under the Act of Congress of June 4, 1832 of Twenty-Six dollars and Sixty-six cents a year as by the records of the War Department will appear and a certificate of that amount was cut to the said Abraham Jennings in his life time and was by the said Charity Jennings surrendered to the Agent for paying pensions at Hartford in the State of Connecticut in March 1838 as will appear from the Records of the War Department.

She further declares and says that she was married to the said Abraham Jennings on the second day of July 1772 by the Reverend W. Coles a Baptist Clergyman officiating in the Baptist Society in Stratfield in the Town of Fairfield which was previous to his services rendered and long previous to the year 1794. That she has no record of their marriage but that there is a record of their marriage on the Records of the Town of Weston together with the ages of her family. She further declares and says that her husband, the aforesaid Abraham Jennings died at said Weston on the 7th day of February 1838, that she is now

a widow and has remained a widow ever since his death.

She therefore claims that the War Department send her a Pension Certificate of the same amount which her deceased husband received commencing on the 7th day of February 1838 being the time of his death Sworn to and subscribed on this day and year aforesaid before

*Bradford Winton
Judge of Probate
for this District aforesaid*

And the said court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter that the above named applicant is the widow of the said deceased Abraham Jennings a Revolutionary Soldier and served as she states that she has remained a widow ever since his death.

*Bradford Winton
Judge of said Court*

There then came several character witnesses concerning Charity and her marriage to Abraham: Following is one declaration from Mr. Fanton:

Simeon Fanton of Weston In Fairfield County and State of Connecticut of Fifty-Six years of age testify and say that Abraham Jennings of said Weston, a Revolutionary pensioner of the United States, died in said Weston and

continued on page 2

JENNINGS VS. WAR DEPT.

continued

at the Poorhouse kept by me on the seventh day of February 1838 and that Charity Jennings, the present applicant for a pension is his widow and is now in the poorhouse and has remained a widow ever since his death.

Simeon Fanton

State of Connecticut

County of Fairfield } ss Weston,

On this six day of September 1838, personally appeared before the subscribed judge of the Court of Probate for the District aforesaid Simeon Fanton signer of the above deposition and made oath to the same, and who is a man of truth and credibility and that his deposition is entitled to credit.

Bradford Winton Judge
Of said Court

I Bradford Winton of Weston in Fairfield County and State of Connecticut of 48 years of age hereby certify that I am Town Clerk of Said Town of Weston that I find on the records of said Town, the marriage of Abraham Jennings to Charity Ridsen together with the ages and births of their children and is as follows to wit:

Abraham Jennings & Charity Ridsen married July 2nd 1772

Samuel Jennings	Born Nov. 13th, 1772
Rhoda Jennings	Born July 26, 1775
Elijah	Died August 26 1777
Ruth	Died April 13, 1780
Joseph	Died April 15, 1782
Esther	Died May 11, 1785
Luke	Died April 10 1788
Charry	Died July 3, 1790
Sarah	Died April 27, 1793
Polly	Died June 12, 1797

Included in the documents sent were also dispositions from various people regarding the service of Abraham Jennings during the Revolutionary War. The following is one of these:

Nehemiah Web Lyon of the Town of Weston, County of Fairfield and State of Connecticut, 74 years of age, deposeseth and saith that he is well acquainted with Abraham Jennings of said Weston. That said Jennings and himself both belonged to Captain Bennett's Company of said Weston when said Company was ordered into the United States service in the Revolution in the year 1781 and were stationed at a place called Greens Farms in the Town of Fairfield on Long Island Sound, for one month. That he has personal knowledge that said Jennings served the United States faithfully one month in said Company and furthermore that said Jennings is a man

of good reputation and that his own declaration to obtain a pension in regard to his service in the Revolution is entitled to full credit.

Nehemiah Web Lyon

There are several similar declarations that Abraham Jennings did indeed serve in the Revolutionary War and that despite the fact that Abraham had no papers to prove his service to the Country, men who had served with him came forward to speak in his favor. Upon his death his wife, Charity, declared that she was entitled to this pension and you will be happy to know that she received her money. She received \$13.33 as a semi-annual allowance. We are glad for Charity as it seems as if she and Abraham were good people and deserved what little came their way.

James S. Edwards Esq.
I have with send your
the Declaration of Charity Jennings of
this town for a Pension which you shall
give your immediate attention to the same
I send you a Pension certificate for the
same sum of the amount which her husband
Abraham Jennings was entitled to
West. Sept 6th 1838
I am Dear Sir
Yours truly
Bradford Winton

Abraham Jennings
of the County of Fairfield, State of Connecticut
within the 7th Feb^{ry} 1838
Samples in the State of Conn.
was a Priv. in the Army
Captain of the Regt.
Abraham Jennings in the Con.
1st 8th March.

Resided on the Roll of Connecticut
the rate of 26 Dollars 66 Cents per annum
commenced on the 1st day of March 1838.
8th Feb^{ry} 38

Receipt of Pension issued the 7th day of April
18, and sent to Bradford Winton
Weston, Conn.

Balance to the list of 1/1 - \$29 89
Semi-annual allowance ending
13 33
\$42 21

{ Revolutionary War,
Act July 4, 1836,
Payable to }
Recorded by R. B. Winton Clerk
Vol. 4 Page 70

State of Connecticut

County of Fairfield J.S. Weston
 On this sixth day of September 1858 personally appeared
 in open Court before the Court of Probate for the District
 of Weston Charity Jennings a Resident of said Fairfield
 Weston County a State of said age Eighty five Years
 who being first duly sworn according to Law doth on
 her oath make the following Declaration in Order
 to obtain the benefit of the provision made by the Act
 of Congress of July 4 1836 ~~and the Act of July 1855~~

That she is the Widow of Abraham Jennings late of said
 Weston Co. who was a Soldier in the Revolutionary War
 and served as a private in the Infantry in said War
 and had made proof of the same to the satisfaction of
 the War Department and had obtained a pension for
 said services under the Act of Congress of June 7 1792
 of Twenty Six Dollars & Sixty six cents a Year as by the
 Records of the War Department will appear & a certificate of
 that amount was cut to the said Abraham Jennings
 in his life time & was by the said Charity Jennings
 surrendered to the Agent for paying pensions at
 Hartford in the State of Connecticut in March 1855
 as will appear from the Records of the War Department
 if need be being had.

She further says that she has no documentary evidence
 nor the witness of any kind or which she believes of
 but with her own testimony the evidence establishing
 the pension of her late Husband.

She further declares & says that she was married to
 the said Abraham Jennings on the second day of
 July 1772 by the Rev. Mr. Cole a Baptist clergyman
 of the said Town of Weston in said Fairfield County
 of said State of Connecticut which was previous to his services in
 the said War of Independence in the year 1776. That she has no record
 of their Marriage but that there is a record of their

on the Records of the Town
 with the ages of my family
 the said Abraham Jennings
 on the 7th day of February 1795
 his death as will more fully
 The Proof made and
 that the War Department
 of the same in 1855
 present application
 Charity & Jennings
 before me
 J.S. Weston
 in Fairfield Co. Conn. personally
 age of the said
 Weston
 his
 said Court
 in Fairfield Co.
 88 Years of Age
 of said Town of Weston
 said Town the marriage
 Charity Resden together
 their children and is
 Charity Resden married
 and sworn husband

and Seventy two

Samuel Jennings	born Nov. 13 th	1772
Rhoda Jennings	born July 26 th	1775
Elijah D.	do August 26 th	1777
Abner D.	do April 13 th	1780
Joseph D.	do April 15 th	1782
Erwin D.	do May 11 th	1785
Lucy D.	do April 10 th	1788
Chary D.	do July 3 th	1790
Sarah D.	do April 27 th	1793
Polly D.	do June 12 th	1797

A True copy from Record
 but filed by
 Bradford Weston Town Clerk

This document is supposed to be a list of
 Charity and Abraham's children.

We thought the "D" means death but
 we would love to ask
 if anyone knows
 if this is true.



As the excitement grows at the Historical Society about our plans for an archival facility and for bringing the kitchen back to 1910, we thought it might be fun to look back at the enthusiasm felt by the first members of the Weston Historical Society in 1962. The following are minutes and recollections from their first meeting held at the home of Grace Robinson of Newtown Turnpike.

"At its first full membership meeting last Wednesday night (November 15, 1962), the Weston Historical Society directed its officers to seek quasi-official status for the organization and gave the green light for acquisition of the 18th century Weston post-office and general store as the Society's first headquarters.

Members also discussed at length the setting up of historic districts in Weston, to preserve at least part of its early American character. Such procedure was authorized by the State Legislature in its "historic districts" act of June, 1961. The town of Litchfield had already safeguarded its famous center by obtaining special legislative permission in 1959. The new law gives similar permission to all the state's 169 cities and towns, and about a dozen communities have already established such districts.

The post-office and general store, located at the junction of Route 57 and Newtown Turnpike was donated to the town of Weston last January by Mrs. And Mrs. Lloyd Scribner. The Scribner's, who now reside in the adjacent old Adams house, received both properties by deed from the late Miss Lizzie Adams some time before her death last year.

Mrs. Scribner, formerly Miss Scofield, was born in another nearby house facing on Georgetown Road, and Miss Adams passed her last years of invalidism in the recent Wilton residence of the Scribner's, her long-time friends. The Scribner's presentation to the town was contingent on moving the building off their land. An acre of town land, site of an onion barn, north of the old Banks homestead at Norfield Corners and Weston Road, has been offered as the new location.

Dr. Ralph Bush, who lives in the old Banks house, told the historical society meeting that the Planning and Zoning Commission is "sympathetic" to use of the plot for this purpose. However, the town's Board of Finance was reported unwilling to recommend use of town funds to meet the costs of moving the structure; but its members were said to be personally in favor of the project.

Willis Banks, a trustee of the Society, detailed probable costs totaling \$9,000 for a preliminary job. This would cover moving, and solid foundation and trench work, repairs to the roof, replacement of windows and porch, and restoration of some clapboards. A complete renovation, both inside and outside, including moving, heating, plumbing and grading would cost \$20,000, according to Mr. Banks.

Members discussed various suggestions for cutting these costs, including use of volunteer labor with mechanical diggers,

in case the Society decides to undertake full responsibility for the expense.

Upon inquiry of Edwin J. Phelps, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who presided at the meeting, First Selectman Paul Coniglio said that the Historical Society trustees can be made an official town body. At the suggestion of Raymond Fitch, a local banker, the meeting voted to pursue this objective.

Rev. Robert Greene, pastor of Weston's Norfield Congregational Church, spoke in favor of a repository for the town's ancient relics and archives, such as the Society envisages for the old post-office.

Rev. Sterling W. Brown, head of the Board of Education, said that the board was not in a position actively to sponsor the Historical Society. However, he expressed enthusiasm for the project of a headquarters, particularly because it would be helpful to Weston's children.

Robert Conway, a trustee who has prepared a few historical sketches on Weston which have been published in the *Town Crier*, declared that even if the Society should fail to acquire the old post-office as a museum, efforts of this sort should not cease. There are other and better historical buildings in Weston, he said, but the old post-office is available and the others are not at present.

He then described the "historic districts" bill, which became law with Gov. Dempsey's signature last year:

This act empowers towns to set up one or more historic districts, through a five-person town commission, none of whom shall hold salaried municipal office.

Any selection of historic districts by them is put to a Referendum of the voters. Once designated as an "historic district", no buildings or structures, including stone walls and outside lights and fixtures, may be erected or torn down, except with the commission's approval. One of the original sponsors of the bill, 34-year-old Robert Greutt, a United Aircraft industrial engineer of Guilford, Conn., believed that residential properties in such historic areas would rise sharply. And residential values have increased, Conway said, not only in such districts but in neighborhoods adjacent and in whole villages which have adopted the plan.

He suggested three sections of Weston which deserve to be considered in this connection. One is what remains of the old Valley Forge road and Lyon's Plain area – now that much of that section is submerged under the Bridgeport Hydraulic Co.'s reservoir. Another is the Norfield Corner area, with Norfield Church and historic houses and remains of the Weston Boarding School and Military Academy. This would include the proposed site for the museum.

The third is the Old Newtown Turnpike area,

LOOKING BACK

including the only surviving Toll House, extending more than a mile in length, where the town's first documented settler, one of the Godfrey's, "began to turn the wooded Devil's Den into fertile fields, between 1666 and 1670, or perhaps a decade or two earlier". And there may be others worthy of consideration, Conway said. "Other towns have reserved as much as three-mile stretches of their main highways as historic districts and made residential property more valuable. Why can't we?"

Nearly half a hundred members and friends attended the meeting, which was held in the Norfield Parish Hall.

END

As an addendum to the above minutes of the first meeting, Mr. Conway wrote some additional remarks which still apply to our Society some 43 years later.

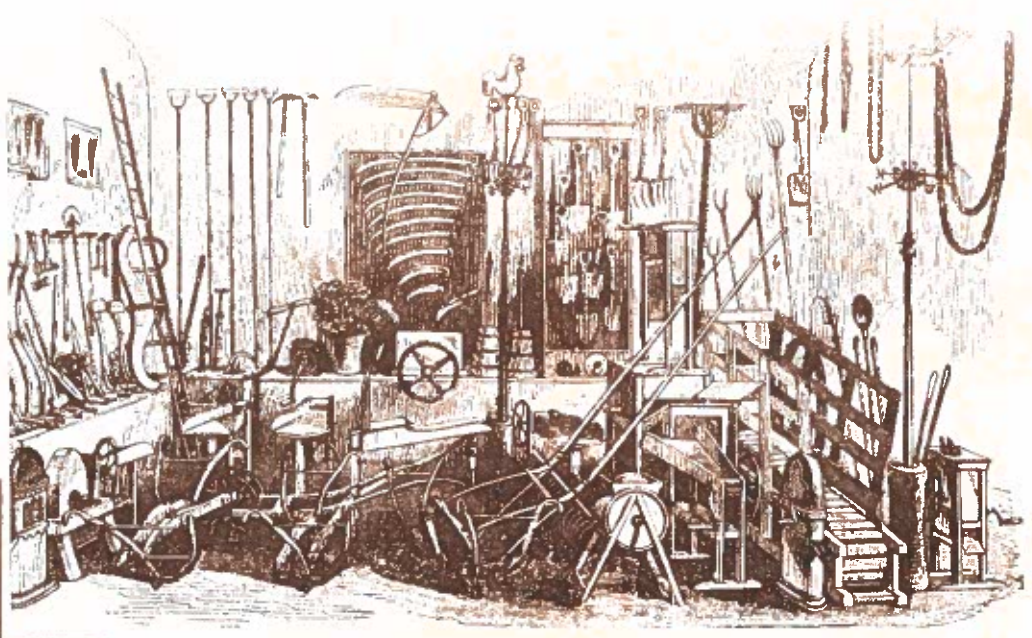
"There are two aspects of the Town of Weston that deserve the attention of the Historical Society. One is to collect its records – to write its history. The fact is that history is what is written, what is put down in words, and unless it is recorded quickly is forgotten. How many of us in this room can give the names at birth of all our eight great-grandparents or all of

our sixteen great, great grandparents? How many can cite a single anecdote relating to our four great-grandmothers? Most of us, after passing the midway mark of this our mortal life, have a hard time making sense out of the lives or careers of our grandparents – and can't go further back with any assurance of being exact. Nor should we forget that the present – the lives we are currently living – will be as forgotten a hundred years from now as are the lives of those who lived a hundred years ago, unless we record history as it is made in our town."

The Historic District's Commission became a reality in the early 1970's and we are still in the process of building an archival facility. We have been collecting, sorting, cataloging, and storing much of our history. We know that there is more out there to be obtained and work ahead to properly preserve all that we have and will have in the future. We are doing our best but we need help not only with the work at hand but financially with the building of a true archival facility – not a small bedroom in our Coley House. We are so excited about our proposed plans for such a facility and hope that you will be able to support us.



Grace Robinson



Items found in many barn museums. Many of these items are in our own barn on the Coley Property.



Raymond Fitch, local banker was instrumental in making the Society an official town body.

HAMILTON BASSO

WRITER, CRAFTSMAN AND "LITERARY HERO"

Among Weston's plethora of famous people is an author by the name of Hamilton Basso. In an article by Malcolm Cowley, literary writer for the New Republic, from June 27, 1964 (given to us by Ethel Follett, a former Weston resident), Mr. Basso was described as a man of courage, mischief, warmth and "those great embrazos he gave you – restlessness, intellectual curiosity, kindness to younger persons, and, above all, devotion to his craft. Mr. Cowley was writing on the occasion of Mr. Basso's death earlier that year.

Hamilton Basso, fondly called Ham, was born in New Orleans and went to public school there. He was an avid reader and played on the wharves with the "tough kids". He then spent four years at Tulane University Law School. Unfortunately, or not, he stopped attending classes that he had tired of just before he was to graduate. He went to work for three New Orleans newspapers and wrote his first novel *Relics and Angels* – duly published but never read. However he hooked up with the "crowd" that included Sherwood Anderson, William Faulkner and other "temporary Creoles."

In 1930 he married Toto – Etolia Simmons – and in 1932 moved to the North Carolina mountains where they planned to live on next to nothing a year while Ham, book by book, would conquer the literary world. His first book, about the life of General Beauregard, was a critical success but a financial disaster as it appeared in that week of March, 1933 when all the banks were closed. He immediately set to work on *Cinammon Seed* which was published the following year and met with more success.

In 1935 the Bassos moved to New York where he joined the staff of the *New Republic*. He enjoyed writing for the paper but did not like hanging out with the literary crowd. He preferred walking along the streets talking to bums, panhandlers and cab drivers. He thought that if these folks were "ripped open" there would be something more of value coming out instead of the verbs and adjectives of "pretentious" writers.

Whether working in his lonely room in New York, or the Carolinas, he was now producing a novel almost every year: *In Their Own Image* (1935); *Courthouse Square* (1936); *Days Before Lent* (1939); *Wine of the Country* (1941); and *Sun in Capricorn* (1942). Each novel became better and better and more highly finished as Ham perfected his craft. Although his books were not autobiographical, the main

THE WRITER AS CRAFTSMAN

The Literary Heroism of Hamilton Basso

BY MALCOLM COWLEY

WHEN I heard that Hamilton Basso was dead, I thought about his particular combination of courage, mischief, warmth, those great embrazos he gave you—restlessness, intellectual curiosity, kindness to younger persons, and, above all, devotion to his craft. Then I remembered my first visit to the Bassos, in the summer of 1934.

At the time I had been reading his second novel, *Cinammon Seed*. It isn't a good novel, but Ham when he wrote it was a young man still learning his craft, but it expresses such a warmth of feeling for his native Louisiana that I couldn't help sending him a letter about it. The result was an invitation to the Cowleys—or did we invite ourselves?—to spend a few days with the Bassos where they were then living, near Pisgah Forest, North Carolina. We came, we walked in the woods under the house-high rhododendrons in bloom, we drove to Caesar's Head—not Pompey's Head—for a view over fifty miles of cotton fields, we climbed Mt. Pisgah, and Ham told me something about his early life.

He was born in New Orleans and went to public school there, when he wasn't reading at home or playing on the wharves with the tough kids; sometimes they dived for bananas thrown overboard from United Fruit steamers. Then he spent four years at Tulane University Law School, though he got tired of law and stopped attending classes a few months before he would have graduated. He worked for three New Orleans newspapers; he wrote a

first novel, *Relics and Angels*—duly published, but not read; and he went around with the crowd that contributed to the *Double Dealer*, which included Sherwood Anderson, William Faulkner, and other important writers.

In 1930 he married Toto—that is, Etolia Simmons—stealing her away from twenty or thirty young lawyers and newspapermen who had the same glint in their eyes. In 1932 they moved to the North Carolina mountains, where they planned to live on next to nothing a year while Ham, book by book, would conquer the literary world. The first book in his program, a life of General Beauregard, was a critical success but a financial disaster, for it appeared in that week of March 1933 when all the banks were closed. Immediately Ham set to work on *Cinammon Seed*, which was published with a little more success the following year.

In 1935 the Bassos moved to New York, and Ham joined the staff of the *New Republic*, where I was then literary editor. He enjoyed writing for the paper, but he never liked to move in literary circles, notwithstanding his fondness for many writers as "individuals." "There was too much pretentiousness," he said through one of his characters, the hero of *Courthouse Square*, "and too much being something you were not. . . . It was better to get off in your own room and be your own self and do your own work, and if that imposed the penalty of loneliness, of walking lonely through the streets, and talking to bums and chippies and panhandlers and cab-

drivers and the tough guys who hang around the Garden, it was more heartening and satisfactory in the end. . . . You felt that if a buzzsaw ripped them open something more would come out than a string of verbs and adjectives."

Working in his lonely room, whether in New York or somewhere in the Carolinas—for the Bassos kept moving from South to North to South—Ham was then producing a novel almost every year: *In Their Own Image* (1935); *Courthouse Square* (1936); *Days Before Lent* (1939); *Wine of the Country* (1941); and *Sun in Capricorn* (1942). Each was better constructed, more dramatic, and had a higher finish than the novel that preceded it; he had a passion for learning his craft. None of the novels was autobiographical, but the central character in almost all was a man involved in the author's dilemma of being a Southerner deeply attached to the South and to the soil, yet repelled by what Ham was the first to call Southern Shintotism—while also being repelled by the coldness and impersonality of the North; he was a man who couldn't, and yet must, go home again. It was a dilemma that would find its most compelling expression in his longest and most successful novel, written many years later, *The View from Pompey's Head*.

But there was—besides his love for crochety human beings and his interest in private conflicts that burst into public violence, as in *Courthouse Square* and *Sun in Capricorn* (the South has more of those conflicts than the North, and that helps to explain why so much of



Hamilton Basso—mischief, warmth, and meticulous care.



character was always a man in conflict as was Ham himself. He loved the South and the soil, yet was repelled by what he called Southern Shintoism. He was also repelled by the coldness and impersonality of the North. This dilemma would show itself in Ham's longest and most successful novel The View from Pompey's Head.

After 1942 the novels appeared at longer intervals. He became excessively careful and felt a continual need to challenge himself. At the end of every novel Ham would begin to suffer from physical complaints, often serious. They were very serious when he was trying to finish The View from Pompey's Head. The Basso's were well ensconced in Weston by that time Hamilton being a very active member of the school board.



our powerful fiction has been Southern) there was still another quality that distinguished his work from the beginning. Ham took an organic view of human society and its future on this planet. Some of his favorite light reading was books on anthropology. When I thought through his work once again, at the Cornell University Library, I found that some of his readers had been impressed by this anthropological approach and had underlined their favorite passages, one of those marked in *Things to Come* just as a speech by old Dr. Gomez, a Central American revolutionary, ended from his country:

How these people are dying! (Dr. Gomez said) because a way has been found to grow vegetables in the fields. They are practically dying in the streets because they think that, in time, foreign commodities may be supported without the help of the earth. It is another great stride they say, in the conquest of nature. . . . Do they not understand that as man subdues nature he subdues himself—that man, being an animal, is as dependent upon the operation of natural laws as an ant or a frog? . . . Certain bad-movements cannot be destroyed without destroying a species. . . . Let the balance necessary to man's existence be destroyed, and it is quite possible that he will go the way of the wild horse and the white-tailed gun.

The feeling that certain balances must not be destroyed is in the background of Ham's novels, helping to shape their plots.

After 1942 the novels appeared at longer intervals. He had always been a careful writer, but now he became excessively careful. He felt a continual need to challenge himself, to prove himself, to surpass himself. "It crawls along," he told me in 1947 when he was working on *The Greenroom*, finally published in 1949. The letter continued, "It's bad when the creative and critical sides are working at the same time. And then, too, there is my increasing reluctance to publish—my indifference, really. But I'm saving this badly. All I mean is that I can't see the point of publishing another novel (or just another novel). The fudge we get these days? So it has to be good enough, in

itself, to be a protest against the big game."

At some point toward the end of every novel, Ham would begin to suffer from physical complaints, often serious. They were extremely serious when he was trying to finish *The View from Pompey's Head*, in the spring of 1953. "Yes, I'm over the meningitis episode (and don't tell me that was mumps!)," he wrote me, "but I'm afraid that I haven't come to the end of my run yet, hoping though it must be to all my friends. What now? Well, a week after I got out of the hospital, I thought I'd better do something about getting our place in order"—by then the Basso's were permanently established in Weston, Connecticut where Ham was an active member of the school board—"so I went out and worked up a good sweat and put myself back in bed again . . . more pains in this battered thing I call my head, and a few more pounds of terramycin, etc. I could manage to be more cheerful about it were it not that the period from January 1 was the time I had set aside to finish my book."

When he was finally convalescent, but not ready to go back to the book—whichever one it was—he would travel to some little-known part of the globe, partly to re-establish his health, but partly, too, as an expression of his inveterate restlessness and curiosity about people. One would not hear of him in Lapland or among the Maroons of Jamaica, or the Polynesians, or the grandchildren of the Confederate exiles in central Brazil; he was welcomed everywhere and left friends behind him. But soon he would be back in Weston, with that enormous warmth of his and those great embraces, besides amazing stories of his travels, which would later appear in *Holiday* or the *New Yorker*. As for the novel, it would be finished at last with meticulous care, the final manuscript from his typewriter always looking as if it had been copied by a professional typist. Ham told me once that if a single word seemed wrong, something impelled him to redo the whole page and make improvements.

His last novel, *A Touch of the Dragon*, was the hardest to complete, and the illness that interrupted it was not merely serious but fatal. There was no time before the end of it for any but imaginary travels. The last pages were written in October, when he was already under sentence of death, but they give no hint of his deathly fatigue; they are, they had to be, as perfectly finished as anything he had ever consented to publish. In view of his medical history, one has reason to say that he sacrificed his life to his passion for honest craftsmanship. The work came first, and living second. Like his friend Thomas Wolfe, he was a hero and martyr of the act of writing.

He would spend time in the hospital and then time in bed. When he was better, but not ready to go back to his book he would travel to little-known parts of the world partly to re-establish his health, but also as an expression of his inveterate restlessness and curiosity about people. He might go to Lapland or go among the Maroons of Jamaica, the Polynesians or the grandchildren of the Confederate exiles in central Brazil. He was welcomed everywhere and left friends behind him. Soon he would be back in Weston with amazing stories of his travels which would later appear in *Holiday* or the *New Yorker*. Near the end he was only able to travel in his imagination.

Mr. Cowley ends his tribute by saying: "His last novel, *A Touch of the Dragon* was the hardest to complete, and the illness that interrupted it was not only serious but fatal. Despite his deathly fatigue his pages were as "perfectly finished as anything he had ever consented to publish. In view of his medical history, one has reason to say that he sacrificed his life to his passion for honest craftsmanship. The work came first and living second. Like his friend Tom Wolfe, he was a hero and martyr of the act of writing."

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FOR LACK OF FUNDS A BETTER ARCHIVE FACILITY DOES NOT EXIST AND FOR LACK OF A BETTER ARCHIVE FACILITY, THE COLLECTIONS MANAGER/ ARCHIVIST WAS LAST SEEN SINKING BENEATH A ROOMFULL OF DOCUMENTS AND ARTIFACTS

YOUR GENEROUS DONATIONS WILL HELP