

Mrs. James A. Boyd

~~222 S. Call~~

~~West~~

December 12, 1987

Dear Dr. Peeples,

How very much I enjoyed your letter. And how busy you must be. I'm downright excited to learn you are working on a reprint of Our Family Circle, and would think that alone would keep you more than occupied. I shall surely want a copy. It took much effort ~~years~~ years ago just to see one; Sutro Library finally obtained it on out-of-state loan. I hurried through, found the answers to trouble spots, and was grateful. It's still a far cry from having one's own copy.

Alas, Be doesn't have this, but she knows someone here who does. She offered to ask him if we could come over to have a look at it, but I didn't want her to have to do that, and couldn't think of any real reason to doubt the notes I'd taken those many years ago. Just hope the page numbers are correct!

We plan to go together to our local library with the information you sent on Mrs. Moore's set of Abstracts of Wills..., a truly wonderful work. We'll plead our cause and hope the powers-that-be see it from our point of view. I realize I'm definitely spoiled, but having had access to Sutro, followed by Library of Congress, I feel very limited here in South Carolina research.

Speaking of Library of Congress brings me to your question about Edmund Bohun's Diary and Autobiography..., and, yes, I've seen one copy. GUESS where it was! Right there at the University of South Carolina library. I had the pages of particular importance to me zeroxed; later, feeling I might have missed something, requested copies of additional pages which the Library sent. (Before this, I'd gone into Magna Charta Dames on Edmund's line.) The work, with its invaluable documentation, is truly a marvel to behold -- and have. Since you have The Diary..., no doubt you have all I do. But I did put much emphasis on a distaff line and if you're a descendant, you might like me to tell you about it. If so, I'd be happy to send you what I have. Don't you just love that sentence, "Edmund Bohun is not chargeable to the repayer of the church, because he maintains the isle in which he setts"?

About our Thomas: the "portrait" is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that of the 1st Landgrave. However, I have absolutely nothing written to prove that. It's simply that it's always been in the family and my Grandmother (Nanee) made the positive statement as to the identity. She was meticulously careful in all family matters, and had she herself had any doubt as to the identity, she'd have been the first to caution me. Of course, sincere though she was in her belief, she could have been wrong. While I don't think she was, I certainly wish I could offer some proof.

Somewhere I have a photograph of the 2nd Landgrave. It's just a photo in a folder, and on the folder is written "2nd Landgrave Thomas Smith." For Nanee to have had the photograph, there must be in existence somewhere a likeness of the 2nd Landgrave. He was distinctly

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different from the appearance of the 1st Landgrave on the portrait, and as I recall, that of the 2nd Landgrave is in profile. I have a bad feeling it's packed away in a closet I go to all lengths never to open. I have a real problem with insulation which had gotten into the closet, the fault of the builder.

As to how the portrait was saved in the invasion, I don't know, but have assumed that its being small helped the Farrs in concealing it.

Although it has nothing to do with Landgrave Smith, let me relate the Chaplins' experience. The officers in Sherman's army had commandeered the Chaplin home for quarters. They moved the family to the basement (if not a basement bona fide, the lowest floor) which had barred windows, while the army took over the first and second main floors. When they finally left, they took everything not nailed down. Silver and gold they knew, but I think they simply did not have the "cognizance" to recognize the little treasures. Thank goodness. Time came for the company to move out and the order had been given to mount. Elizabeth Mary Anne Peto Chaplin sat knitting behind the barred basement window, watching their departure. One of the soldiers astride his horse stuck his hand through the bars and taunted her with a cameo he'd taken when he'd rifled her jewelry box, and he asked her if she recognized it. She snatched it back, and he, having been given the order to mount, could not dismount to retrieve it. She wore it forever afterward. Bravo, Elizabeth Mary Anne!

On the 8th, I mailed my application form to First Families, and am distressed it took so long, especially since I had all the information. In fact, had used the line a couple of years ago for D. A. C., but have had my hands full here in several directions. Nearly put the papers into the mail at least two weeks earlier, but hit a most unexpected snag. I asked Kathie for a copy of her marriage certificate and much to her chagrin, she couldn't find it. I wrote to Charlottesville that same day for a certified copy and waited for it since I was sending the Successor papers for Kathie. (I was puzzled about the statement on the last page of the application form, "I do (do not) give consent to the office of the Registrar to furnish by correspondence information contained in this application to persons seeking membership on same line." I crossed out the "do," and very nearly inserted "or otherwise" after "correspondence," but not knowing the rules of the Society, I didn't. Not that I don't share lines and have many times, but I always knew the people.)

Kathie and Creighton have returned from San Antonio where he attended a medical meeting. They drove. I had the children, and I always love that. Two weeks before the San Antonio trip, they'd been to Florida for another medical meeting and were returning via plane. The plane itself had problems (lost power twice), and the weather was horrendous. Monroe was under tornado watch. Unable to land at our airport, they were sent on to Austin. Weather bad everywhere. They were scheduled to arrive here at 7:55 P. M., but for five hours, I didn't know for certain where they were, and the first I heard was Kathie's call at 1:15 A. M. from Austin. Needless to say, I'd been on the phone to the airport. It was a horror story. Kathie's first words were, "If it were not for the grace of God, we wouldn't be here, Mom, and you would be activating our wills." Chilling. She said that

for the last hour and a half in the air she'd prayed literally without ceasing, never allowing herself to interrupt her prayers even for a glance out the window, and that she felt if she stopped praying every second, the plane would go down. A strong conviction. (In addition to the plane problems, the lightening was terrific, often bouncing off the plane.) Even though she may not have realized it at the time, I believe in the recess of her mind was St. Peter's walk on the water with all going well until he took his eyes off Christ. She and Creighton were so shaken they rented a car and drove home from Austin, and as I mentioned, later driving to San Antonio. Even before I had any idea they were in trouble, the children and I had had agreeing prayer for their safe return, as well as for all the others. How do people survive who don't believe in God?

Reminds me. I attend Grace Episcopal here (attend, but can't bring myself to transfer my letter there). Grace is currently looking for a new priest. I'll hold my breath to see if we're afflicted with a liberal. Wish very much we had an Anglican church in the area, meaning, of course, the old and continuing Episcopal Church. What turmoil we've all been through! How have we let it happen. Our family went through the Bishop Pike years in California, and that was bad enough, but to come home to our beloved South and find some of the things we don't want is sad indeed.

My letter has become a book. You won't offend me in the slightest if you take it on the installment plan!

My love to you and Mrs. Peeples, along with heartfelt wishes for ~~for~~ a Blessed Christmas and a good new year.

*Elizabeth*