

and Flora MacDonald." On August 25th, 1919, wind, weather, Horace's strength and the men to do the job all worked together. Frank Bain tried many chairs and at last got just the right one. We put Grandfather's shawl around his shoulders and Merrill's steamer rug over his knees, when he skook himself free of the wrappings and said "I'm damned if I'm going to be bundled up as though I were sick." Geo. W. Morris and Col. Cosgrave carried the chair with Horace in it to the platform above the steps leading to the dock.

There they rested and to the surprise of all, Horace insisted on walking down the steps, so the chair was carried down empty. Then the chair was placed in the boat and Horace gently helped into it.

I sat in the stern directly behind Horace, Frank Bain in the bow. Anne Montgomerie and Bessie Morris and little Paul Bain in front of Horace, and stalwart George Morris at the oars. Reginald Penton and Mildred Bain with Margaret Morris and Betty Bain came in a rowboat, while Colonel and Mrs. Cosgrave came in a canoe as did Mrs. and Flora MacDonald Lapham. Col. Cosgrave took many snapshots of Horace all along the mile and a half of the Big Rock (The Rock is two miles long.) We were rowed slowly through the Narrows into the North Lake, till we came to the smooth face of the Rock, below the great Egyptian head silhouetted against the sky. Horace was amazed at its majesty and greatness.

The boat was held beside the Rock while Horace and I placed our hands together on the place where the inscription is to be, while both performed the simple ceremony of saying "Old Walt."

Horace no sooner uttered the words than both he and Anne broke down and sobbed while the rest of us were very still. It was an impressive and historic moment never to be forgotten by the small group.

Horace afterwards told me that something in his spiritual consciousness opened and he was flooded with a great light as of new bright worlds appearing to his vision.

We went the whole length of the Rock, Frank Bain pointing out the Indian Paintings. We stopped at the spring and Col. Cosgrave made a birch bark cup out of which Horace drank.

On our return Horace was taken to the proposed site of a Whitman Library and turned the sod where the corner stone, carved by Geo. Morris is to be. He gave to each a handful of earth. He wrote Walt's name where the sod had been turned and put there what small coins he had in his pocket.

Returning to the Inn he ate his lunch in the main dining room without appearing fatigued. He was much elated all the rest of the day. Coming down for his dinner and again to a meeting in the evening. An organization meeting to discuss just how best the Rock property might be made into a Whitman Foundation Memorial with a perpetual committee.