

# TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

Following is the third address of Mr. H. M. Nornabell, given before the School Children:

On the 23rd of June 1611, Henry Hudson, the great navigator came to his last stand in the Bay that bears his name. But a worse evil checked him than the icebergs closing about his ship, the "Discovery." His crew mutinied. Starving, ragged, half frozen, these men realized that between death here or return to England, stood one thing, the indomitable will of their leader. The mutineers seized Hudson and thrust him into a small boat, to be cut adrift.

Now there was on this ship one Philip Staffe, a carpenter from Ipswich. In that moment when he saw his captain betrayed into the boat, he saw his ship mates entreat himself to stay and sail for England where waited comfort, his village Green.

Before the alternative of sure death on the Bay with Hudson, this man knew bitterly the call of home. But he also knew the difference between right and wrong. In that moment of terrible decision, Philip Staffe stepped into the doomed boat beside Hudson. He chose, "rather to commit himself to God's mercy", and do his duty to his master, than to desert with the mutineers to possible safety.

A recent biographer of Hudson says that Philip Staffe, "Had not heard the bells of St. Mary-at-Key knoll to church for nothing".

Now this is the story I want each of you to think over. Everyone here from the smallest child to the oldest scholar, knows that each day you have to make a decision of some kind. Will you be in time for school? Will you grapple with some problem of history or mathematics, or just let it slip by half done? These small decisions are slowly concreting the corner stone of your future character.

The wise man and woman know there is no such thing as an immediate decision. The subconscious forces of your whole life, your attitude today towards your school, your home, your town, this is not left behind each sunset. Its strength or weakness rises to your decisions like the echo of Philip Staffe's bells to his great moment. And remember this. The bells of St. Mary-at-Key were faithful to him in his hour of need because he had been faithful to them in boyhood.

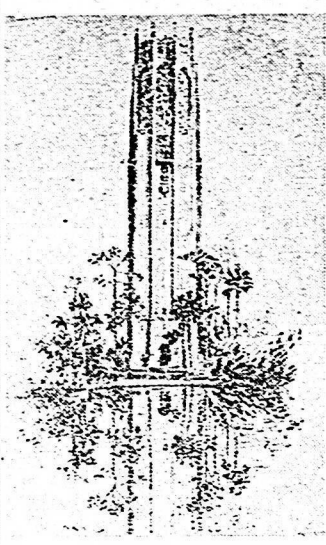
And yet another story. You have heard of Dick Whittington the famous Lord Mayor of London in 1327, and his equally famous cat, who so faithfully followed his fortunes. Dick Whittington was a boy who loved the bells of Bow Church in London, that famous old church which still defines the so-called "Cockney" as one born within the sound of Bow Bells.

The legend goes that hungry and penniless, Dick Whittington was leaving London to seek work elsewhere, when he sank down on a stone at Highgate Hill. I have often passed this stone carved in his memory. There he heard the Bow Bells ring their noon chime. Through his misery they still called to him, his only friends in that great city. Clearly they bade him, "Turn again Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London." He accepted the call of the bells, took heart, and returning to London pursued his fortunes with more courage until finally after a life of service, this once disheartened boy was able to hear his bells ring for him in triumphant fulfillment of their old prophecy, "Thrice Lord Mayor of London". He was one of the finest who ever served that city.

Today many of your domestic clocks have these same Whittington chimes often called Westminster chimes, to bid you "turn again."

Here are stories of two men whose bells played the part of conscience itself in their lives. Why do I ask you to consider them, Boys and Girls of the Mountain Lake Singing Tower?

A country is as great as its traditions. You are heirs to a truly great tradition in the founding of America. No country has a more stirring record of the courage, the high purpose of the pioneer men and women who built up this great nation from a wilderness. But because the colorful drama of those days has



passed, the need of staunch character has not passed. Honest ideals, detached impersonal decisions, your world will have even greater need of these.

This present day with its speed, its false craving for money and excitement, these will try to the utmost your ability to make those wise decisions, which will affect not only yourselves as citizens here, but all America, and that whole human civilization of which each of you is a positive link.

And that is why I want to impress upon you your privilege and also your responsibility here. For this was Mr. Bok's purpose in giving the Sanctuary and Singing Tower to you, future leaders of America. Once he, a boy of the Netherlands, where every hour is set to the music of the bells, had his life so tuned by them, their inspiration abided with him through his early struggles here in America. Now as with him, with Philip Staffe, with Dick Whittington, he wishes to make their inspiration part of your daily life, and so of your useful future.

These are the thoughts I wish to emphasize to you rather than any facts or figures of the Tower or of the Sanctuary. You are at present engaged in a school world crammed with facts and figures. Just as your future application of your studies depends on the personal use you make of them now, so all the Singing Tower and the Sanctuary will mean to you lies, not in another's teaching, but in the way you make its great truths your own.

I had a purpose in recently setting those facts before your fathers and mothers. It is they alone who can establish the tradition of your Singing Tower. The family hearth is the altar stone of tradition. Nothing lasts that is not founded on family life. Nothing is worth while that does not follow the oldest record known to man, the handing down of truth and legends from generation to generation. It is this sense of solid family tradition that has made the Singing Towers of Europe such living forces in their communities.

In my journeyings through the carillon towns of Northern Europe, I was struck by the love of the young people particularly, for their bells. In those peaceful summers before 1914 when I heard some of the great carillons, Antwerp, Ballenul, Middleburg, I watched the young faces, some under their native caps, lift from work or play, and a look of loving trust steal over them as if they were hearing the voice of a friend. As a boy I had loved my own curfew and the bells of an old Priory Church, so I felt a bond with these boys and girls.

Then in the war when I saw them fleeing from their wrecked and burning homes, I felt still they did not go alone. Some truth, some sense of fidelity taught them by their bells, would remain with those who had been true to them. Somehow, they would carry on.

And then on my leave in England I saw a strange response. At Farnborough near my camp at Aldershot, the ex-Empress Eugenie, consort of Napoleon III, lived in exile at her home where she had fled after the war of 1870. There she had also built a monastery in memory of her son the Prince Imperial, once an officer of my own regiment. As I came out of the chapel I saw her the

most beautiful and powerful woman of her day, now an exile ninety-two years old, surrounded by the hundreds of refugee children of France whom she took care of throughout the war. I cannot forget the contrast to the old days made by their once happy faces, now pinched with the sufferings so common to war children. And then the monastery bell tolled out, clear and calm, above all tragedy. I saw the young faces lift, smile, like the Empress herself. These boys and girls who could not even speak the language of their foster country still could speak the world-wide language of the bells. Here a bell spoke to them, as once their own had done at home. Through its tongue the children seemed to tell us returning to the front, they too were carrying on.

Beautiful indeed as are many of the Singing Towers of the Old World, still you have here at the Mountain Lake Sanctuary a setting which they with all their antiquity lack. Their very age has restricted them with narrow cobbled streets and cramped buildings which often confines the tones of the bells. No Singing Tower in the world has your distinguished and conducive setting of the Sanctuary.

Now while you are listening to the carillon's music let me urge you to get in tune spiritually with it. Make these visits a study of the Singing Tower and Sanctuary, so you will grasp just what they should mean to you. Do not come to just wander aimlessly through the Sanctuary. Come to it roused and eager for all the beauty and truth it waits to give you.

Fresh from your study of history, yours should be an especially keen appreciation of its peculiar tradition.

What is a Sanctuary?

Many of you can trace the word to its original Latin "Sanctuarium," meaning a "sacred place," a "refuge" from trouble, and no doubt, trouble was the earliest antique.

We read in Ezekiel how God promised the people of Israel, harassed by long war, "I will make a covenant of peace with them and will set my Sanctuary in their midst for ever more". The Bible will give you many examples of how it always stood as a place set apart for peace or where one could retire to refresh the finer ideals.

Later the Sanctuary or Holy of Holies, as in Solomon's Temple, was reserved for priests alone. The early Egyptians, worshippers of a personal Deity, centered their Sanctuary about the statue of some Goddess or God, like Isis or Osiris. With them, as later with the Greeks and again the Romans, who inherited their tradition, the right of Sanctuary was confined to the actual touching of the statue.

As the statue was protected by priests or often enshrined on a very high altar such Sanctuary was not easily gained. But once the statue was touched, the refugee was safe. Generally he became a priest under the special protection of the Deity who was often a female goddess, like the great Diana of Ephesus, whose Sanctuary was the most noted of ancient times.

The first outdoor Sanctuaries apart from the inner temple shrines were in England. There certain woods were held as sacred places of refuge. You should particularly note that these spots chosen for special beauty or safety were not just asylums for offenders, but also places where many students as well as priests could live in peace. Such Sanctuaries were first made by the Druids, who worshipped nature and sought their God in the oak crowned with mistletoe.

Thus was laid in those sacred woods the love of a purely natural beauty later to flower in the genius of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, and the centuries of poets whom you are now studying. Remember the same inspiration, unconfined to any time, or any country, waits here for those of you tuned to receive it.

Will our Mountain Lake Sanctuary awaken here a similar inspiration? Who can say, but yourselves. Important too, is this note. Those first outdoor Sanctuaries established a protection for their birds and wild life, as well as for the human seekers. No weapons could be used in the Sanctuary, either for defense or attack, or to procure food. Hence wild life was safe. It is my belief, that but for these Sanctuaries many of our present birds and animals would be extinct. With your rapid-

ly building towns and disappearing woods, you in Florida may some day owe a similar debt to your Sanctuary.

Even after the sixth century, when Latin nations still restricted the legal right of Sanctuary to the church, the Cathedrals of England extended the outdoor protection for one mile from each of the four corners of the altar. Crosses were there inscribed "Sanctuarium," like those you can still see in Cumberland and Cornwall. Such Sanctuaries however, were protected by laws guarding both the countryside and the fugitive. The seeker of Sanctuary had his case tried. If guilty he must repent his crime, surrender arms, toll a special bell at church and wear a black gown with a cross on the left shoulder. Any abusing this privilege was evicted.

I used to see the "Peace Stool" where the fugitive sat beside the altar at Beverly Minster in Yorkshire; also the great knocker at Durham Cathedral which the seeker of Sanctuary had to sound thrice, when he could be admitted at any hour of the day or night.

Your history gives you such an example in Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV, who persecuted by Richard III, sought Sanctuary at Westminster with her two children—the little Princes of the Tower of London, whom you remember in Shakespeare's tragedy.

James I abolished the Cathedral Sanctuary as a legal refuge in 1623 owing to its abuses. But note here, the outdoor Sanctuary persisted as a refuge for wild life, because the people themselves had made animal security part of their family tradition.

In Florida you have a tragic reminder in the Scarlet (Ruber) Flamingo, of how a whole species of unprotected birds can be driven from their country by the hunter and plumage seekers. It is hoped to induce these beautiful birds to settle once more in their native habitat.

This year at the Sanctuary we have over twice as many wild birds as last year. Besides natives, thousands of migratory birds are making their winter quarters with us, and many will doubtless remain and nest once they are sure of protection. I cannot strongly enough point out how much we all owe to the birds who pass into and through this state each year. You could not live at all in Florida in summer, and scarcely in winter, and you could not grow citrus or any green produce, but for the birds who devour countless millions of insects. Flori-

da is very luckily situated to attract migratory birds. Its peninsula gives them three lines of flight, twice yearly.

First: down the Atlantic Coast across the Bahamas, Cuba and over Panama, to South America. Second: across the Highlands to the Gulf of Mexico. Third: the terminal of the great flight track down the Alleghenian Range.

As the crow flies, the Sanctuary is 67 miles to the Atlantic Ocean; 74 miles to the Gulf of Mexico; 163 miles to Jacksonville; 228 miles to Key West. Your Sanctuary is thus the center of Florida migration. The response of the birds proves their need of such a central haven.

The migration habit often proves a terrible strain for birds. Thousands are killed by hitting telegraph wires and lights or feeding on roadsides poisoned by motor fuel. Many die of thirst, hunger or chill. In giving Sanctuary to these birds we are helping Florida more even, than we are helping the birds themselves.

You have in this State some four hundred species of wild birds. What do you know of them, your help-mates, your guests?

At the entrance to the Mountain Lake Sanctuary you read a thought of John Burroughs, the great naturalist: "I come here to find myself, it is so easy to get lost in the world". What does this mean? I always note the boy or girl whom I see pausing there, thinking, not just hurrying by as into a park. A park nowadays appears to be a planted space in a city through which people hurry to get somewhere else. Our Sanctuary is not a park. I have pointed out elsewhere the five tones of a carillon bell, and that the strike-tone is the keynote of all others. Now these words of John Burroughs are your strike-tone to the harmony of the Sanctuary. It is this sense of harmony, of quiet creative thought, the landscape architect Frederic Law Olmstead has expressed so wonderfully in the planting.

Solon, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, gave as his rule of life, "Know thyself." You are all aware at times of an impulse to do something wrong, perhaps to speak an untruth, then suddenly a voice like Philip Staffe's bells, warns. You obey it and feel a secure happiness. You have been true to yourself. You know Shakespeare's words: "To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

To find this your true self is life's greatest adventure. This is the (Continued on page 7)



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Calls the Doctor in sudden illness or accident.

Enables you to arrange social affairs and meetings.

Summons help when fire breaks out.

Maintains business contacts when you're forced to stay home.

Gets repairs when essential home services break down.

WHEN the weather or household duties keep you indoors, and there are so many things you need and you simply haven't the time to go shopping . . . how handy it is to telephone. The grocer or butcher or dry goods store is always glad to deliver your order just when you want it. So, the telephone smooths your daily path and stands guard in emergency.

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