



NEWS & VIEWS

of the Underhill Society

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President's Message

George T. Underhill, Jr.

N. ROBERT UNDERHILL

Chairman of the Board
Underhill Society of America
June 19, 1920 - March 2, 2003

I often think of the great interest my father, G. Townsend Underhill, who served as President and Chairman, had in the Underhill Society. Thus, I was pleased when the membership elected me President. I share my father's interest in the Society and the importance of a strong family organization and hoped I could expand on the leadership of my father and other Presidents such as N. Robert Underhill and Harry Macy. Having two sons, G. T. U., III and Jeff, plus two grandsons, G. T. U., IV and Colin, it is even more important to me not only to see the organization continued, but enlarged. It was my desire to be able to inject enough of my pride and enthusiasm that it might become contagious so that more members would volunteer their time to assist in expanding and strengthening the Society! I had hoped that my experience running my own company and serving on the Board of Directors of a number of non-profit groups would help me provide the leadership to increase the membership and activities of the Society.

Whether it was the timing of 9/11 and a reluctance of many to travel anywhere let alone to meetings, a "cutting back" of expenditures due to the uncertainty with a declining stock market, or loss of interest for one reason or another, the right formula never has seemed to be found. In addition, there have been added factors. The attendance at our Annual Meetings starting with the St. Louis Meeting has declined, the membership has not grown, and other projects such as expanding the size of the Board, involving more people, and developing an operating manual for the Board have not happened. Granted, because of Carl Underhill's professional expertise, Volumes 7 & 8 has been published which is a great accomplishment.

I had hoped that I could have provided the leadership to create a fireproof and safe museum facility for our very valuable historic materials and put into operation a strong plan to locate many additional historic items for the museum. After investigating many different sites, I thought a plan to build a fireproof, special air-conditioned structure with the Townsend Society on their property in Oyster Bay was a project our Society would support. I have given much thought to what has occurred and unfortunately what hasn't been accomplished the last two to three years. There have been months when all the activity has fallen on one or two Board Members, which is not a positive situation. With this in mind, I am writing this letter with mixed emotions.

I appreciate the opportunity to have served as President of the Underhill Society and now is the time for a new President. It is important that the Society continue for future generations. Now is the time for you, our members, to recruit additional members who are willing to serve on committees and the Board. **Please help!**

George T. Underhill, Jr., President



The Society has lost one of its staunchest supporters and most beloved members. Born in White Plains, New York, Norman Robert ("Bob") Underhill was the son of Robert W. and Alice (M.) (Larrivee) Underhill. His family had lived in Westchester County since the 1680's when his ancestor, Capt. John Underhill's son Nathaniel, settled there. After graduating from White Plains High School, Bob attended the University of Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, receiving a degree in Mechanical Engineering. In World War II he served in both the Atlantic and Pacific as an officer aboard minesweepers, and was commanding officer of the USS Barbet (AMC-93). After the War he settled in St. Louis and formed the Bennett Concrete Products Company, later serving as its president until his retirement in 1987.

Bob was elected a vice-president of the Underhill Society in 1987 and served in that office until 1996 when he was elected president. In 1998 he stepped down from the presidency and took over the position of historian for three years. At the 2002 Annual Meeting in Saratoga, New York, Bob was elected to the position of Chairman of the Board of the Society. He was an enthusiastic participant in many of the Society's activities. He and his wife Merrilee Ann (Meier) Underhill were our hosts at the annual meeting in St. Louis in 1998. He edited several issues of the *Bulletin* and took a special interest in the family's English origins, making several trips to Underhill sites in England. Recently he had commissioned an imagined portrait of Captain John Underhill, which he donated to the Society. As a Navy veteran he was also especially interested in the *U. S. S. Underhill*, and represented our society at meetings of the survivors of that ill-fated World War II vessel. On the Society's board, Bob's wise counsel was always welcome.

Bob is survived by Merrilee, his wife of almost 58 years; by his six children, Mary Pamela Orzechowski, Mary Catherine Fitzpatrick, and Robert Arthur, Thomas Noel, Kenneth James, and James Bryan Underhill; and by his twelve grandchildren. His funeral mass was celebrated at Christ Prince of Peace Catholic Church on March 7, followed by burial in Resurrection Cemetery, St. Louis. We, his Underhill cousins, extend our deepest sympathy to his family. We will all miss him very much.



AMERICA UNDER ATTACK

These comments are in response to an appeal by the Society President following the tragic events of September 11, 2001.

America Attacked – June Underhill Chapman, Manhattan, KS

I thought at first I was seeing a TV show. It was so unbelievable. We saw it all on TV as it happened at our home. I think we will always have some fear and doubts. Our life hasn't changed as yet.

I have no idea what we should do. We have no assurances of the future. We think President Bush is doing an excellent job.

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America Attacked – John Kenneth Underhill, Warden, WA

Dortha May and John Kenneth Underhill, Jr. were in Oregon traveling with our TV Club and I was trying to find a TV station to get some news. Our granddaughter in Florida called to tell us of the plane crashing into the World Trade Tower Center. We then found a news station and watched as the news came of the additional crashes.

We are proud of the way President Bush has handled the situation and think the country has made an appropriate response.

We had planned to go to the Oregon Trail Interpretive Center, which was closed because of the attack. We were able to see it the next day.

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America Attacked – Jerry Burke, Partlow, VA

We lost many good friends that worked at the World Trade Towers, especially from the first of Canton Fitzgerald. The events of September 11th particularly hurt our area in NJ. Since my Wall Street broker life was there, it was devastating to see the north Jersey Coast Area. I personally saw the building of these great structures while working on Wall Street and to see them crash was a terrible experience. America is strong and will survive and be better for it. President Bush is on the right track. Just don't veer off course.

Saddam Hussein has to be next and the sooner the better. We don't need our spineless friends around the world. Let's complete the job ourselves. Let's go on with life!

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America Attacked – Ruth M. Carlock, Midland Park, NJ

I was busying myself about my apartment on Sept. 11th, when my upstairs neighbor called and told me to watch television as a plane had hit the World Trade Towers. As I watched in horror another plane hit. My thoughts were brought back to the time when I commuted from New Jersey to my job on Wall Street, seeing the towers going up one by one... it was my second neighborhood. In my area, we are a commuting community and the devastation has been dreadful... so many widows, widowers and orphans.

Ridgewood was hit very badly. Our way of life has been changed now and we must ever be alert. We are not dealing with was of country against country, but with fanatics who do not value our God-given lives.

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America Attacked – Catherine Underhill Fitzpatrick, Whitefish Bay, WI

As a feature writer for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel newspaper, I was in Manhattan covering New York Fashion Week when the terrorist attacks occurred.

At first word of a plane hitting the World Trade Tower, Journal Sentinel photographer Rick Wood and I headed from midtown toward the site.

When the first tower collapsed we were 20 blocks north of ground zero. Hundreds of sirens were wailing. Pedestrians were immobile and with shock. We continued toward the scene, but in the chaos my colleague and I got separated. The air became acrid. Rumors of a poison gas lead sparked fresh panic. A warehouse owner briefly gave me shelter, the use of his phone, a bottle of water.

Out on the street, I spoke with a group of firefighters. Young guys. They were lined up at a pay phone, calling families one by one, admonishing loved ones not to worry. I gave them a thumbs up as their truck screamed off, heading straight for the inferno.

When the second tower collapsed I was reporting from a few blocks north of the blast. Like thousands of others, I tried to outrun the ash cloud. It was filled with debris. Terrifying.

Throughout the afternoon and evening, I phoned eyewitness updated into the newsroom. I had no trouble finding people willing to let me make a call from their cell phone. Waving a \$50 bill in the air worked every time; no one took the money.

In the days after the attacks, the Journal Sentinel sent a team of staffers to New York. I wrote about the grim police officers and firefighters manning the barricades, the mourners at Union Square Park, the first signs of resurgence in Times Square.

On Friday night, I traveled from Manhattan to Philadelphia by taxi, and flew back to my family and home from there. It was a week like no other.

[Catherine's eyewitness story, as well as a first person account of her day, can be found on the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel web site. Go to Journal Sentinel home page, www.jsonline.com. In the gold box labeled "Special Features" double click on "War on Terrorism." Under "Archived Coverage" click on "Fitzpatrick account."]

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America Attacked – Peter H. Pickslay, LaMesa, CA

I never dreamed that anything like this would ever happen. We have lived in a very secure environment this past half century. We have been very lucky. Now we must realize that we are part of a very large world where not all feel so lucky or secure and it is our duty to learn to understand and deal with that issue. For if we fail to take into account the environment of all of our neighbors in this modern world, we will lose our own security. That seems to have occurred.

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America Attacked – Fitzhugh Lee Brown, Sewickley, PA

President Bush – "near perfect."

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I am in eighth grade at Anchorage public school in Louisville, Kentucky. As my teacher said on the day of the attacks, “we have now experienced something to such a magnitude today [the like’s of which] hopefully, will never be matched again in our lifetime.” I remember the day of the terrible tragedy like it was just yesterday. When I was in math class and another teacher called mine to tell her of the horrific events, silence spread across the room. I don’t really know what others were thinking at the moment, but I do know that I felt as if I were in a dream. I started crying. I didn’t understand how people could have so much hatred towards others to do such a thing, and I was confused because it was brought to my attention that those who were involved actually thought that what they were doing was right.

The next few days while clues began to unravel, I could only think of all the “what ifs” such as: what if my aunt Deb, who lives in Washington, would have been hurt? What if the terrorists aren’t finished with their plan? What if this leads to a third world war? I soon realized however that all of that worrying would not do me any good and I looked at what had happened in a different perspective. I thought to myself that maybe some good would come out of all of this mess. After all, everything does happen for a reason.

President Bush spoke of “rooting out all terrorism” in the world after the attacks which would be one thing that could result in what happened. I trust him to make good decisions regarding our reactions to the terrorists, and I believe that he has done a good job so far. I admire his courage to stay composed under highly pressured job.

The last thing I would like to mention is how life has changed for me. The main changes in my case have occurred in airport security. Any sharp carry-on objects are being destroyed, only those with tickets may go through security, random bags are checked, and multiple searches are undergone. This has definitely been a hassle for my family and I, however it makes me feel safer on each plane that I fly on. Another thing that has changed due to the attacks are my feelings towards those of Arab descent. As much as I hate to say it, I look at them in a different way because of what happened. I wish that that wasn’t the case, but a few people have ruined it for all of them and it will take a while for me to change my feelings on that subject.

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America Attacked – Barbara Bailey, Pleasantville, NY

Our village of Pleasantville, NY, pop. About 6500, 25 miles or so up the Hudson River from New York City, sadly lost two young men in the World Trade Center disaster – Lt. Charles Carbarini, a New York City fireman and Rick Hall, an accountant. Since my younger daughter, Marianne, works in the Reagan Building in Washington, DC, my anxiety was heightened when learning of the third plane heading in that direction. I consider those passengers aboard that plane, along with countless others, to be real heroes for their sacrifice.

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I was shocked when I heard about the attack. Then I felt afraid and eventually angry. The daughter of a co-teacher of mine had just been at the World Trade Center Towers the week prior to the attack. It means we should be more aware of our vulnerability and we should live every day like it is our last. I was teaching in my classroom that day. We had a TV on in the teachers lounge and heard about it there. Actually my aide told me about it and then at lunchtime I ate in the lounge where I got details from the TV. It made me sick and I couldn’t finish my lunch. My country is guarded much more than ever before. America should be less supreme and more helpful to the countries that are underdeveloped and see to it they get educated. I think Afghans need to become educated and that’s a large factor in why the attack took place. I think President Bush is doing well.

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America Attacked - Evelyn Morrill:

I had just finished studying my daily Bible lesson at 9:15 a. m. I usually don’t turn the television on until noon for news. But, that divine direction had me turning on the TV – I turned to CBS and thought they were showing a movie. Then the words came that a plane had crashed into the N. Twin Tower. And the second crash occurred and it was soon realized that these incidences were an attack on these building and our country. Immediately, my prayer was: “God will arrest these terrorists.” “God is the only power, the only principle in all actions.” Since then, my prayers are constant, knowing that God is at the helm and that He is directing this mental war on good, God and His children. We should all continue to pray and to trust in God’s direction. And if we are constant in this direction, the proof of His wisdom and care will be seen by all – including the enemy of humanity. Thank God that President Bush and his great American leaders are abiding by principles of decency.

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America Attacked -Jean Rawlings Cunningham, Feb. 25, 2002:

The attack on September 11 was horrible but we are hated in the near East and should have never let our guard down. Rather than be selective as to who was let into the country, there have been many persons admitted without means of support and even probably diseases or vermin. English should be our official language. We really should mind our own business rather than tell these other countries what to do and how. I think George W. Bush is fine, but I resent the fact that we are giving monies to the people who hate us!! To me, it does not make sense at all. Cordially,

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America Attacked – Jordan Underhill, Louisville, KY

I'm 15 years old and I live in Louisville, KY. When I watched the September 11th attacks, I was in my classroom at school. I remember that no one really thought it was real. Instead of panicking, everyone just was silent. It was like we were watching a movie. I just couldn't believe what I was seeing. I had seen other countries get bombed, like Palestine, but I never dreamed it would happen to us.

That day, I was just kind of casual about the whole idea of use being attacked. I was like that for a few days, until the tragedy finally set in. I was in a state of shock. The anger and sadness didn't fill me as much for two reasons:

1. It didn't hit really near my home and my family and friends.
2. I still was in denial.

My feelings were basically confused feelings. I didn't understand how people could really have the desire to kill thousands of people along with themselves. Did they really think they were doing something good for their people and God? How did Bin Laden get to be so evil? Did this happen for a reason? Is god on anyone's side? Are all Muslims evil? Do they all hate Americans? Does Bin Laden deserve to die? These along with other questions have all been running through my head since the attacks. Reality has set in a little more, but I still don't think I completely grasp and comprehend all the events that went on that day and what toll it took

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America Attacked – Ann and George Underhill, Louisville, KY

In response to the question, do you remember where you were and what you were doing on December 7, 1941 and on November 22, 1963? The answer is "Yes". In fact, the answer is a definite, "yes." December 7, 1941, was a Sunday. I was sitting at a card table with my mother and dad playing a card game when we heard President Roosevelt's message on the radio announcing the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor. I was 11 years old and was full of concern on what effect this would have on my brother, Homer, who was in R.O.T.C.

On the afternoon of November 22, 1963, "Mema" and I and I believe Valerie and Jeff were with us, had gone into a big store on Shelbyville Road. When the news began circulating that President John F. Kennedy had been shot, we became "glued" to the many TV sets that were recording the tragic events as they unfolded. Mother was almost panicky to return home to dad as she feared he was watching TV at home, he might have another heart attack. We returned home immediately.

Tuesday, September 11, 2001, began as many other Tuesdays. I put a turkey breast in the oven to bake for our weekly luncheon with Jeff and Todd and left the house for my 8:30 hair appointment. Number one of importance on my list for the day was to mail a box of chocolate chip cookies to our grandson, Colin, at the University of Georgia. After Colin's near tragic accident two weeks before when he was hit by a car, I had promised to send him some cookies "to make him feel better." As I was pulling up to the St. Matthews Post Office, a special

announcement came across station WHAS that a plane had hit one of the World Trade Twin Towers. I called George to turn on the radio immediately. That was about 8:50. I talked to Sally in Todd and Jeff's office to confirm Colin's zip code and told them to turn on the TV in the office. Although they had turned on a TV in the Post Office, there still was no doubt that the cookies would be enroute to Athens, GA, in a few hours. The clerk said, "I am sure you want these to get there as soon as possible." (Little did it occur to us then that the box might not be delivered fresh or even arrive there). In the few minutes that transpired while I returned to the car, more detailed reports were being broadcast. I have to comment at this point that for some reason, since I've never thought this before, I wondered, could this possibly be a terrorist attack? Also, I had "goose bumps" immediately. I did two more short errands before returning home where I found George watching TV. By then both Towers had been hit. A message was on our voice mail from (our son) Todd saying that he was trying to contact (his wife) Colleen and that he felt it best that he cancel lunch. I reached him on his cell phone and encouraged him to come to our house for lunch, which he and (our other son) Jeff did.

Todd arrived before Jeff and told George and me that he had apologized to Jeff for his quick reaction and irritability on Sunday during the finals of their doubles tennis match. Experiencing conflict between your children, no matter their age, is one of the most painful things parents can experience so we were particularly pleased that Todd had tried to correct a problem, especially since he had done it prior to the morning's grave news.

The mood of the lunch and short meeting reflected our appreciation to be able to see each other and be together, but also as it should be, that Todd and Jeff were anxious to join up with their families. Deb (our daughter) was thoughtful to send a message to us and the office reporting that she was safe and had left the State Department. We had heard that there had been a car bomb explosion there, which later proved not to be correct. She was in the Capitol with visitors from the British Parliament and they were rushed out of the building by the Capitol Police. I had a good conversation with Valerie (our other daughter) who had heard the news from (their son) Markus.

As the day progressed, we commented numerous times that it was an anomaly that September 11th was one of the most beautiful days, warm with a brilliant blue sky!

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America Attacked – Carl J. Underhill, Allendale, MI

I was in the office working on our education program when my boss told me something was happening in New York. We used one of our training video player units and watched the unfolding events in New York City. Because I am retired military many people tend to ask me what I think about world events. I try to keep my opinions to myself and succeeded on this occasion as well. Frankly, my reaction was one best summarized with "such an event would occur and that it was only a matter of time before it occurred here..." Americans have a rather naïve assumption about the rest of the world, that war and famine only affects others. Too often we fail to account for the lessons of history and I believe history began on that day to catch up to us!

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America Attacked – William Underhill

Regarding the tragedy of 9/11, my wife Connie and I happened to be in Plantation, FL, attending a memorial mass for my brother Jim Underhill who had passed away 2 years earlier September 11, 1999. We didn't return to New York until the following week. However, we were very concerned for my daughter Angela who travels through the WTC to get to work in NJ. She takes a private bus from Brooklyn to WTC and takes a path train to Jersey City. She was at the WTC at 7:30 am that morning connecting to her train. She had purchased a bottle of water and has a receipt for it with the date on it. From her office, as she was watching the building burn, she saw the second plane hit the building. When we returned to NY, we learned of several friends and children of friends who had perished. I am retired from American Airlines, so I also felt remorse for the employees and passengers on board both flights. Our home is located approximately 12 miles from the WTC as well as Belle Harbor where the American Airlines plane to Santo Domingo went down. I have not visited ground zero and I'm not sure I want to go. Most of the visitors are tourists.

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America Attacked – Mel Underhill, Louisville, KY

Tuesday morning, September 11, 2001, found us watching Good Morning America when the first tower was stricken with a plane. At the time Charlie Gibson and Diane Sawyer were not sure what had happened, only that one of the Trade Center Towers was burning on some of the upper floors. We were preparing to leave for our annual check-ups at our doctor's office when we looked up as Charlie said something like "Oh look, there's a plane coming in near the other tower, oh my goodness, it crashed into the building!" We had to leave for our 9 o'clock appointment and listened to more reports on the car radio. At the doctor's office the staff was gathered around a TV set watching the events unfold.

Helen and I went into an examining room for our blood work and then after finishing we rejoined the group at the office TV set. By then more people had gathered around and we were told that the Pentagon had been hit by yet another plane! There before us the Pentagon was ablaze. This was another of those surreal moments, this surely wasn't happening.

We returned home to find that Charlie and Diane were still broadcasting occurring events and then Peter Jennings took over the news desk at around 10 o'clock for the remainder of the day. When the report came in of the fourth plane, possibly heading for the Capitol or the White House, crashing in western Pennsylvania, this was just too much.

It was unbelievable to watch the Twin Trade Center Towers collapse into a huge pile of rubble and the rush of debris and thick gray matter rolling over Manhattan, block by block. People caught in this cloud took on the appearance of gray ghosts, fleeing some terrible thing. The grief and sorrow of the many relatives and friends of the victims of this disaster, as well as for the victims themselves, will be ever present to all citizens of the free world. The heroism of the firefighters, policemen, rescue workers and ordinary citizens will be honored for all time. God bless us all.

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America Attacked - Richard W. Decker, Baltimore, MD

Americans have always been the target of the radicals, ne'er-do-wells and terrorists, but on Sep. 11, we experienced the worst, most diabolical action any human could do. I was numbed by the horror. How could anyone hate America? America, the first to send aid to any place in the world when there is a flood, a tornado, or any disaster. It was just pure evil. I have never known that before. I thought of the times I had flown in those planes, it gave me a chill. We are a good family country, and this will make us stronger. Each family must show their strength by showing love. The Underhill family, being one of the countries most prominent families, must stand up and let their voices be heard. We will do what our great country asks. God Bless America.

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America Attacked - Blake Digue' (17-year old son of a firefighter):

9-11-01

Firefighters and Medics lie nestled in their beds,
while visions of home life danced through their heads.

Their turnout gear was laid out by the rigs with care,
in hope that the shift change soon would be there.

Then out of the calmness arouse such a clinging,
dispatch brought a message of a terrible thing.

The Firefighters and Medics were dressed in an instant,
they jumped on their rigs and raced into the distance.

Through the streets they raced as the sirens screamed,
when they arrived they saw the horrible scene.

Broken glass, injured people, fire and smoke,
when the call came in they all thought it a joke.

The firefighters climbed through all the twisted metal,
to save lives and fight the red devil.

The medics started to tend to their patients,
pulled from the rescue rig was the blue bag full of treatments.
when all of a sudden from about came a rumbling,
down came tower one, rolling and tumbling.

Metal beams, glass dust and concrete,
the impact itself knocked the medics from their feet.

Trapped under the debris were all the firefighters,
they had given their lives to the public in an effort to save others.

This is the reality about firefighters, cops and medics,
they are not selfish and they don't do it to be heroic.

The firefighters and medics hold a special place in their heart, for
the job that they do, from which they could never depart.

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America Attacked - Merrilee A. Morrison-Cotter, Ionia, MI

I never watch the news, but on Sept. 11 I heard it as it unfolded while I was at my ceramics class (a classmate's husband kept us informed), and I went home, I watched until I went to work. My first concern was for my sister's husband and sons, all of who are pilots for Continental Airlines. Thank God they are safe!

At work, one of the dancer's moms reported that her co-worker's wife was missing. She was never found. A man at church said his brother saw the second airplane's impact with the building. It is amazing how my small world and small town had two so very close brushes with terrorism. I am sure there were many, many more. Because I am an old-fashioned believer in God and the Bible (LS-MS), I was taken off guard, but not shocked by the attack on the U. S. I am very old fashioned in my views, so I view Sept. 11 as a wake up call from God. We should heed the message. The latter days are here. God moves in his own time and in his own ways, which we don't understand.

I am glad that President Bush is taking a strong stand and I think there are things that we, the public, don't need to know, as they can compromise our war on terrorism. We also need to be careful that we don't consider all the middle-easterners to be evil. My Indian neighbors are quite nice, although he has the typical expected attitude toward women. Mr. C. was very happy to be quite friendly in greeting me, a woman, on Sept. 12. Perhaps he'll learn something about respect for women, as well.

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America Attacked - Robert H. Jewett, East Hampton, NY:

In his remarks, Bob's reaction was "utter shock intensified by it happening on such a gorgeous, clear, blue-sky, day and that two of the aircraft were my company – American Airlines." He indicated that he learned of a survival "second hand from an Episcopal priest who spent a day at the WTC giving assistance to visiting groups." [Bob was referring to a published report from Rev. Rob Dewey published Dec. 2001 in *EpiscopalLife*, p. 32] In his remarks, Bob reflected this way: "Several years ago, standing at the base of the only skyscraper I've visited where it is possible from the sidewalk to look straight up to the top floor, I had a feeling the building was going to fall over on me never realizing, of course, that such a thing would actually ever happen." Trying to find meaning in all this, Bob noted that there is "a need to examine deeply the reason why so many have such hatred for this country and to explore ways by which their way of life could be improved." As to how his life has changed, Bob said "my daughter's car and purse are searched EACH TIME SHE ARRIVES for work at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington. Her feeling that she is only a half-mile from the center of the bull's-eye (e. g., the U. S. Capitol). Of must less import, I am no longer able to offer reduced=fare transportation to non-dependent family members." In his concluding remarks about President Bush, Bob offered the following comment: "I think he has grown in the job and, hopefully, will continue to do so in the possibly more difficult situation that will confront him in the future."

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incredible devastation and unimaginable human suffering left us in awe. For some of us, tears flowed; for each one of us, the hungry pangs we had for breakfast were now replaced with a sickening feeling. While we expected the activities of the day to come to a halt, we quickly realized that this was not going to be. I delivered Christoph to school just before the bell rang. Everything seemed to be as usual. I turned the radio on again, as I pulled out of the parking lot, wanting and hoping to hear that all was normal. Common sense told me otherwise. We now had a new type of issue that we were going to need to deal with. Luckily, we have a President who has chosen to do just that. Sensible, sincere, and determined, President Bush has proven to be in the right place at the right time. As a true leader, he has helped restore calmness and confidence to wounded population, brought hope and renewed strength to a great nation.

Fortunately, we were neither directly nor indirectly related to anyone involved in the attacks; however, our hearts go out to those who were. We are currently in the process of planning a spring trip to NYC, Washington, DC, and Louisville, KY that we had intended to take last fall. Flipping through a NYC guidebook, I came across an impressive pre-9-11 view of the stately Statue of Liberty with the mighty Twin Towers in the background. With certainty, we will never forget...

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America Attacked - Valerie U. Fuchs, LaCenter, WA:

One month prior to the terrorist attacks on the U. S., my family and I traveled across the country from Portland, OR to Burlington, VT. Due to poor weather conditions in New York, many flights in the East were being delayed. Flexible in our itinerary, the 6 of us gave up our seats from Cincinnati to Boston, and were rerouted through Washington, DC (enroute to Boston). Our 8-year-old son, Markus, curiously asked what that huge building was that we were flying directly over (in DC). We couldn't believe that we were actually just over the Pentagon! After identifying the Washington monument and the dome of the US Capitol, we were on our way to Boston. We spent the next 6 hours in the same airport that the terrorists would visit one month later.

September 11th was a beautiful, peaceful morning in the Pacific Northwest. The alarming news on the radio brought an abrupt end to any enjoyment we were feeling at that time. That early morning hustle-bustle came to an immediate standstill. Instead of using every precious minute necessary to get ready before driving one of my children to a high school class, we found ourselves glued to the television trying to comprehend the incomprehensible. The heinous acts that could cause such incredible devastation and unimaginable human suffering left us in awe. For some of us, tears flowed; for each one of us, the hungry pangs we had for breakfast were now replaced with a sickening feeling. While we expected the activities of the day to come to a halt, we quickly realized that this was not going to be. I delivered Christoph to school just before the bell rang. Everything seemed to be as usual. I turned the radio on again, as I pulled out of the parking lot, wanting and hoping to hear that all was normal. Common sense told me otherwise. We now had a

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SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP 2003

Membership renewals should be sent to Hope W. Conley, 746 W. Main St., Apt. 209, Madison, WI 53715-1471. Renewals were due March 1st for the current year.

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A FAMILY REUNION – CANADIAN COUSINS! – By David A. Avery, Ancaster, ON (Apr. 2000)

Elnathan Underhill, 1760-1845, (a grandson of Nathaniel of Westchester) was a pioneer in the Long Point region of southern Ontario. To day he has many descendants in Ontario and Michigan. The Underhills of this branch in southwestern Ontario have family reunions periodically. One was held last summer in the Community Centre of the Village of Straffordville, near London. About one hundred attended the unstructured event.

ANNUAL MEETING – 2003

This year's Annual Meeting of the Underhill Society is scheduled for October 3, 4, and 5, 2003. Highlight of the meeting will be a visit to Greenfield Village and Henry Ford Museum. Registration details are included with this newsletter. Mark your calendar now for a great opportunity to renew friendships and meet new cousins in Michigan!

Nominations for all officer and committee positions on the Board of Directors should be made as soon as possible. All positions are currently for one-year periods and approved at the Annual Meeting by the membership. Nominations or others interested in a position on the Board should direct their inquiry (letter or telephone call) to the Recording Secretary, Ann Underhill (address on cover). Be bold! Step forward and say, "The Underhill Society is important to me and I am willing to help!"

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BOOK TO NOTE

"Helena to Vicksburg – A Civil War Odyssey" was authored by Christopher Morss (11 Packham Hill Rd., Sherborn, MA 01770). This book has two parts: the Civil War diary with annotations and a biographical piece that places the diary in the context of the war and the life of Joshua Whittington Underhill. Copies are available for \$29.95 postpaid direct from Chris.

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Most of the guests were local but there were representatives from Alberta in the west to Newfoundland on the East Coast. A schedule of interesting and noisy games ensured the presence of a large number of children. The highlight for adults seemed to be a display of family photographs, and a group photo was taken to be added to the collection. The meeting concluded with a very successful "potluck supper".

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