

City in Maps: Urban Mapping to 1900," 4 June 1986 to 31 December 1987, and published by the British Library, 1986.

² Much of the above information is drawn from the Introduction by Paul Laxton to the facsimile of Horwood's map, printed as The A to Z of Regency London, Lympne Castle, Kent (1985).

³ Much of the historical information in this and the immediately following four paragraphs is drawn from the Introduction by Ralph Hyde to The A to Z of Georgian London, Lympne Castle, Kent (1981) and relevant entries in the important bibliography by James Howgego, Printed Maps of London, ca. 1553-1850, 2nd ed., Hamden, CT: Shoe String Press, 1978.

⁴ See Edward Lynam, British Maps and Map-Makers, London: Collins, 1947, p. 12.

BUDGET

January 31, 2000

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Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" was a question by the Roman poet Juvenal in his Satire #6 in the first century AD in an entirely different context from this

paper. The question means, "Who guards the guardians themselves?" and refers to problems encountered when prominent leaders are afflicted by illness. America has decided that satyriasis does not impair the ability of a President to perform his duties, but there have been many instances throughout history where personality disorders of one sort or another have had a significant effect on history. The brevity required of this paper only allows us to cite a few such instances.

JOAN OF ARC

Jeanne d'Arc was born at Domremy, France in 1412. At about the age of 13, this ostensibly normal, albeit pious, farmer's daughter, experienced a celestial vision that altered the course of French history. The visions recurred with increasing frequency and she came to believe that St. Michael and St. Catherine were commanding her to take up the banner of Charles VII and deliver her people from the yoke of English and Burgundian tyranny. The Hundred Years War had not gone well for France and Charles had been unable to go to Rheims to be crowned. Driven by her recurring visions, she left home over the objections of her parents and visited the King in his palace at Chinon. She was able to convince Charles and he gave her command of the French armies. She liberated the city of Orleans in 1429 and defeated the English in four other battles. She marched into Rheims and the King was crowned. The King persuaded her against her own judgment to remain in command, but things went badly. The Burgundians captured her at Compiègne in May of 1430 and then sold her to the English. The English tried her as a heretic and she was burned at the stake on May 30, 1431. Twenty-four years later, she was pronounced innocent of heresy by the then Pope and ultimately canonized in 1920. A current medical historian with an extensive background in neurology claims that her visions and her subsequent change in personality were the results of temporal lobe epilepsy. He makes a rather strong case for this concept from the descriptions she gave of her visions at her British trial. Whatever is the case, she remains a beloved figure and so long as men and

women must fight for their country's freedom, St. Joan of Arc will be honored and revered.

GEORGE III

England's King George III is remembered with distaste and referred to as Mad King George on both sides of the Atlantic. He took the throne in 1760 and reigned until 1820. He was one of the most conscientious sovereigns who ever sat upon the English throne. He possessed great moral courage and inveterate obstinacy. Under his rule, the British Empire expanded immensely. There was the conquest of Canada, the discovery of Australia and New Zealand, the annexation of the West Indies, and the final triumph in India. All along, though, George III suffered from an inherited illness, acute intermittent porphyria. This disorder, a hereditary defect in the manufacture of the pigment of red blood cells, is traced back to Mary, Queen of Scots and affected many of the royal line, including George III, George IV and even Frederick the Great of Prussia. The disease, once inherited, is always present and is characterized by intermittent exacerbations. These latter are characterized by limb, back and abdominal pain, mood swings and, sometimes, acute psychotic episodes. His first attack occurred in 1765, but further clear signs of the disease did not show up until 1788. From 1811 until the time of his death in 1820, he became progressively insane and died behind bars at Windsor Castle in 1820.

It was his stubbornness that brought George III to grief regarding the American colonies. He was determined that the colonies should pay their share in the expenses of the empire and in the garrisoning of the New World. The Stamp Act of 1765 started the friction of the colonists. Though later repealed, it was followed by an act that authorized the East India Company to sell tea without paying duty direct to the colony. This led to the Boston Tea Party and then to a series of events that culminated with the loss of the colonies to England. Whether these errors in judgment were due to the underlying effects of his disease, or to his need for cash as occasioned by the tremendous

expenditures of his son, soon to be George IV who was a wastrel and a spendthrift, will never be known. None the less, the responsibility of George III for the final breach with the colonies is a high one.

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson, the 28th President of the United States, was one of the most remarkable men in American history. Before reaching the height of popularity as a world statesman, he had achieved success in two other careers. First, as a scholar, teacher and university president, he greatly influenced the course of education. His term as president of Princeton University from 1902 to 1910 was marked by educational reorganization that affected higher education throughout the nation. His personality characteristic of refusal to compromise and inability to negotiate, caused him two defeats there and cast a shadow on the future. His hypertension was already diagnosed in 1906, and was, even then, accompanied by well-advanced vascular disease of his retina. None the less, he resigned from Princeton and campaigned for the governorship of New Jersey in 1910. He was overwhelmingly elected and this ultimately led to his nomination for the presidency in 1912. He was overwhelmingly elected, once again, and his first term from 1913 to 1917 marked a series of successes and advances. Though he had campaigned for his second term on the slogan, "He Kept Us Out Of War", events made it necessary for him to request a declaration of war against Germany in April of 1917. he was a superb leader of America during World War I and formulated his Fourteen Points to be the basis of the peace treaty after the armistice of November 1918. Wilson led the American delegation to the Paris Peace Conference which was held from January to June 1919. He committed a major error in judgment by not appointing any of his potential Senate adversaries to the United States delegation to the Peace Conference. He was totally committed to the Fourteenth Point, the League of Nations. He made a number of concessions to Clemenceau of France to preserve the League that increased the antagonism of his enemies in the Senate. He was unable

or unwilling to negotiate with the Senate and took his case to the people in the election of 1918. He asked the voters to elect Democrats to Congress as a sign of trust, but they elected more Republicans than Democrats. During the summer of 1919, he still could not bring himself to negotiate successfully with the Senate and decided, once again, to take his case for the League to the American people. Throughout that summer, he had shown increasing loss of memory and was ever more irascible and petulant. On September 4, 1919, he began a speaking tour throughout the Midwest and Far West. On September 25, he spoke at Pueblo, Colorado urging approval of the League but that night he collapsed. The remainder of the tour was canceled and Wilson returned to Washington. On October 3, he suffered a devastating paralytic stroke that made him an invalid for the rest of his life. The Treaty of Versailles was never ratified, and the United States made its own separate peace treaty with Germany in 1921.

Medical historians now believe that a series of small strokes beginning in 1918 produced organic brain disease that was progressive and made the difficult job of getting the Versailles treaty ratified impossible. After the stroke, the President helplessly watched from his sick bed as the fight for his Treaty was lost. The Treaty that was finally signed in 1921 did not involve the United States in the League of Nations.

For almost three years after his term ended in March, 1921, Wilson lived in quiet retirement in Washington. He formed a law partnership with a colleague but was unable to do any real work though he had regained partial use of his arms and legs. On February 3, 1924, he died in his sleep.

On looking back, it is now apparent that Wilson was severely impaired for the last two years of his Presidency.

There are more records of world leaders who suffered impairment at the height of their powers. Some of these are Napoleon Bonapart, Joseph Stalin, Franklin Roosevelt, and John F. Kennedy but these will

have to wait for another paper. Nonetheless, the question still remains "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"

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John W. Vester

2

Bruschetta

I shall never answer another "Alternative Life Styles" personal ad again. Unlike many men my age, I do not read them for titillation. Instead I use them professionally to explore contemporary relationships and build a common vocabulary with my students. If someone had not left the newspaper open in the university cafeteria, I would never have seen the ad.

Mushroom seeks kindred spirit. Likes dining out, movies and quiet evenings at home.

Possible LTR. NS. Drug free. No mind games, please.

What struck me first was that there was no age limitation. Then I concentrated on "mushroom". Perhaps it was a code word for some unpublishable fetish or perversion. Intrigued, I tore out the ad and slipped it into my jacket pocket. To test the hypothesis, I used the term three times during my two o'clock lecture. No one even looked up.

There are many reasons not to call a 900 number, and I shall add another. To avoid embarrassment, I bought a telephone charge card and called from a phone booth outside a convenience store. In a voice of indefinite gender, a recorded message promised to return all calls. Chest tightening, I asked it to call the pay phone number at precisely 3:45 the next afternoon. After a sleepless night and the worst presentation on Thorstein Veblen I have ever made, I was in the phone booth at 3:45. The phone rang.

"Hi," the voice said. "This is Bruschetta."

There was something not quite human about it, as if the syllables were enunciated by tearing some flaccid substance.

"Hi," I replied.

"You sound nice," the voice ventured.

A bus stopped beside the phone booth, disgorging teenagers into the convenience store.

"What's that?" it croaked.

"I can't talk now," I said nervously. "Can we meet someplace for dinner tomorrow?"

The voice gave the name of a new restaurant on the square.

"Ask for me at seven-thirty," it said.

Another sleepless night was followed by another lecture on the foundations of sociology to which no one, not even myself, paid any attention. I arrived at the square early and waited on a stone bench, watching the singles on the patio. At each arrival my stomach clenched, until another single greeted the newcomer. Perhaps she was in the restaurant, waiting, like me, and watching. How would we recognize each other? How would I begin the conversation? "What is the meaning of mushroom?"

Inside I was the only single. The waiter suggested a pinot grigio and returned, expectant, with that look they have when they have been talking about you in the back, or think they have spotted a type.

"Brushetta," I said thickly.

With the same little smile as the clerk at Hustler®, he retired.

Twenty long minutes later, he returned with a plate of bread and chopped tomatoes. In the center, splayed and marinated, was a huge portobella mushroom.

Had it all been an elaborate put on to attract new business or humiliate the inquisitive? Without thinking, I cut off a piece of the mushroom and placed it in my mouth. It groaned, as if in delicious agony, while I chewed.

As a sociologist, I must not let this incident pass without scientific reflection. I reconsidered whether it was a bizarre advertising campaign, but rejected that as a working hypothesis. What rational restaurateur would want to attract people, who would respond to an ad like that? After much consternation, I postulate a bolder yet more tenuous theory. We are well aware of diseases and plagues from other species that have infected us. For untold millennia, we have suffered small pox from cows, leprosy from water buffaloes and rabies from dogs. AIDS from chimpanzees is only the latest.

Now the process has reversed itself, with infection spreading from the higher species to the

lower. If humans respond to alternative life style ads, why should not animals or, indeed, the fungi, the most primitive form of life? If we tempt ourselves to self-destruction through anonymous pleasures, why not they? Is there not some principle of unity that makes the fate of one species the fate of all? The Internet is no more wonderful than the cries of whales that resonate around continents and through vast oceans to lonely listeners in the depths. If we turn inward and away, why not they?

I do not share these thoughts with my students. Indeed, I rarely speak with anyone outside the classroom now. Yet I sometimes feel that I have touched the madness of our age, and rejoice that I recoiled.

Frederick J. McGavran

3

Movement on the Outer Banks

This is the year 2000, my 29th year as a member of The Literary Club. During that time, I have given or listened to the literary efforts of Club members more than 1,000 times. Some of the papers have been outstanding and worthy of their retention for posterity. I do not have the temerity of Robert Hilton, who a few years ago selected less than 50 papers for publishing in the Club Sampler. In my opinion, Bob did a good job as a literary critic in his selections, a task which was made easier by the quality exhibited by the authors.

I am not sufficiently presumptuous to propose that this paper belongs among them; however, since I was put on the calendar by our clerk, Bob Watkins, I am obligated to fulfill his request.

This past summer at the recommendation of our son, Edwin, our family gathered at Frisco, North Carolina for our annual get together. Running south from Norfolk and Virginia Beach, which abut the Atlantic Ocean, is a 130-mile narrow peninsula in North Carolina known as the Outer Banks. Located there are Barco, Corolla, Kitty Hawk, where the Wright Brothers flew the first airplane, Kill Devil Hills, Nagshead, Buxton, Hatteras, Avon and Frisco, 29,000 acres of their lands comprise the Cape Hatteras National Seashore. As one drives south down the Outer Banks, lighthouses are seen, the most northerly of which is the Currituck Beach Lighthouse at Corolla. This was built in 1875, is 158 feet high and can be seen 18 miles at sea. Proceeding south along North Carolina State Route 12 for 40 miles one comes to the Bodie Island light, originally built in 1859, destroyed by Confederate troops in 1861, and rebuilt in 1872. The next lighthouse along the highway is the Cape Hatteras light, built in 1871 to replace previous towers which had been victimized in the Civil War. It is on the ocean shore opposite Buxton, North Carolina. It was the furthest south of the lighthouses we saw and about 20 miles north of Frisco.

Our oldest son, a resident of Manhattan, and our daughter, also a Manhattanite, had taken the train with their respective spouses to Norfolk where they rented cars for their drive to Frisco. Our second son and his family drove from their Bexley home, a distance of 725 miles. Our third son with his family flew from their home in Sandy, Utah to Norfolk from where they also rented a car. My wife and I drove from Cincinnati to Frisco, stopping overnight in Charlottesville, Virginia. We all arrived within a few hours of each other at our vacation home.

Our family group was ensconced in a new four-story frame house in Frisco, lying between Pamlico Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. On the top floor was a generous room and bath for yours truly and his wife, a large kitchen, a dining room with a table that comfortably seated 14, a lounge with a 24-inch tv, couches seating eight, and an eight foot deck on the north and west sides. On the third floor, our daughter and son-in-law had a large bedroom, parlor and bathroom. The suite

was allocated to them because the 15th member of our family was a boy born on May 12 to our then 47-year old daughter, her first child. Also on that floor were bedrooms for our three sons and their respective wives. A wide deck facing west contained a large hot tub. On the next floor down, our teen-aged grandchildren were situated. The two sons of our second son had a bedroom and bath as did the two daughters of our third son. The next floor down contained nothing but space because the building code required that nothing be built on the first or ground floor. Pamlico Sound was reached by a 150 yard walkway at the back of the house while within walking distance across the road on the other side lay the Atlantic Ocean, with a broad, sandy beach.

We enjoyed beautiful weather while we were there, as well as golf, kayaks on the sound, the water, the ocean beach and the birthday celebrations for five of our group, held on Ocracoke Island, a 20 minute ferry ride away. But the standout of our visit was watching the lighthouse at Cape Hatteras in the process of being moved.

The first Cape Hatteras lighthouse had been built in 1803 but was only 65 feet tall and its light was so weak that captains often ran their vessels aground on nearby shores while searching for the signal. It was proposed to be rebuilt but the intervention of the Civil War delayed the reconstruction until 1870. At that time, the government constructed what remains the tallest lighthouse in the country, 208 feet. It was built on a granite foundation set atop iron pilings and a grillage of pine timbers.

Over the years, incursion by the Atlantic Ocean from hurricanes, high tides and steady winds took away so much land that at high tide the water was within five feet of the lighthouse base. The National Park Service, which is in charge of lighthouses, finally put out requests for bids to remedy the problem. The answer decided upon was to push the lighthouse Southwest 2,900 feet to a location 1,000 feet away from the Atlantic Ocean. The contract was let to International Chimney Corporation which subcontracted the foundation work to Masonry Building Corporation of

Virginia Beach. The specifications required that the contractor not damage the lighthouse in the move.

To move the tower, a grillwork of oak beams was constructed which supported all 9,600,000 pounds of the lighthouse. Hydraulic push rams were connected to the lighthouse base. There were 100 hydraulic jacks supporting the lighthouse, each of which was connected to a roller, which carried the weight of the lighthouse during the move. Each of the rollers was lubricated by a material familiar to all of us, namely, Ivory soap. At the point of destination where the lighthouse would finally come to rest was a newly constructed concrete pad foundation 60 feet square and 4 feet deep, which had been poured May 1.

The movement began on June 17, 1999 in the presence of reporters and other interested spectators. The first move was only two inches, to check that all of the preparations had been successfully accomplished without distortion. The next push was the full extension of the push rams, five feet. That was the scheduled move for the first day. It was originally estimated that the entire mover would take 58 days, the additional time being taken up by moving the travel beams from one side to the other at the conclusion of each forward push. But the workmen were so efficient that we witnessed the completion of the 2900 foot move on July 8, 1999, just 21 days later. Thereafter 140,000 industrial grade bricks had to be placed between the concrete base and the lighthouse. It was hoped that all of this work would be completed by Labor Day to avoid any problems of hurricanes.

We watched the completion of the lateral move on July 8, 1999 and a week later our family members repaired to our respective homes. Meanwhile workmen were engaged in filling in the space between the concrete base and the lighthouse. But before work had been completed Hurricane Dennis appeared and wouldn't go away. Finally, it came ashore on August 28 and cut a mile wide channel across the peninsula near Buxton, isolating the southern portion of the banks. Within two weeks Hurricane Floyd made its appearance and compounded the damage.

Repairs were undertaken as soon as the hurricane subsided and were completed in October. This enabled the Park Service to schedule a happy event for November 13, 1999, the re-lighting of the Cape Hatteras lighthouse. This was accompanied by songs, prayers, speeches by local and federal officials and a Coast Guard flyover. After the speeches a park service ranger sent up a flare and a ranger inside the lighthouse saw the flare and flipped the switch. The Cape Hatteras Lighthouse was whole.

Alan R. Vogeler

SEPTEMBER 3, 1943

February 7, 2000

Guido J. Gores

As I was finishing my evening meal at the Wequetonsing Inn on my 1937 vacation in Northern Michigan, the news in the chatter in the dining room was about Neville Chamberlain and his trip to Munich, Germany (or maybe it was Prague, Czechoslovakia) to see Adolph Hitler about keeping peace in Europe. Chamberlain was assured of peace and no New World War was to occur. My mother who was a widow of nearly a decade became pensive and began to talk of a new Western European conflict. She became insistent that I accept the advice of her lawyer to prepare for war. At 18 I would be unable to avoid participation in the conflict, so shortly after my return to Cincinnati I had a session with Robert L. Black, her lawyer who adamantly reinforced her fears. I needed to be prepared for military service pronto. I quickly realized that I did not want to be a foot soldier. What to do?

By summer of 1938 I had made my choice; I would be a naval officer. This I was able to accomplish when I registered for Harvard Law School that autumn. I talked fast and apparently persuasively enough to be