

How it all Began

The History of the

Cathedral of the Pines



Douglas and Sibyl Sloane bought this house and surrounding property in 1937.

The Cathedral of the Pines

AND HOW IT ALL BEGAN

By Dr. Douglas Sloane

The Sloanes' summer home was on Cramer's Point, jutting out into the waters of Lake George, N. Y. During the summer of 1935, while walking along the rocky shore of the Point, Mr. and Mrs. Sloane came upon the stone now topping the Lectern in the Cathedral of the Pines. Shaped like an open book, the stone created an urge for an out-of-door chapel.

The location for the chapel was originally planned for the grounds of their Newtonville, Mass., home. The decision as to the right location could not be agreed upon.

The Lake George property was sold because of its commuting distance to Newtonville. Shortly thereafter an agreement was signed and deposit given to purchase, subject to good title, a small summer place on Cape Cod. For two years two Cape Cod lawyers worked to clear the title but without success. Tired of delays, Margaret (Peggy) Sloane said to her father, "Dad, why don't you look at a farm? All of my friends' folks have farms." *Farm?* In the dark days of *The Depression* the suggestion had appeal.

So it was arranged that Edgar C. Gillett show available property within easy striking distance of Newtonville. Two old friends accepted an invitation to accompany them, it being mid-October and coloring of the foliage at its zenith. The Sloanes had seen an advertisement of a place off Route No. 119 in Massachusetts for sale captioned "A lot for a little."

The words should have been transposed. Mr. Gillett said he felt sure he knew just the place they'd like if they didn't mind going on a bit farther. "And the price is right, too."

"How much farther?"

"Only over the Massachusetts line in

New Hampshire."

"New Hampshire! Nothing doing! Too far!" The Sloanes were only familiar with the White Mountain section and had frequently argued the beauties of that region against those of the Adirondacks.

"It's only eleven miles farther on — only an hour and a half drive from Newtonville. Takes that long to get down to the Cape and you don't have the traffic."

Good salesmanship prevailed. Also, the friends were enjoying the outing.

He, in his car, they following in theirs, drove along a winding road, constantly increasing pressure on eardrums indicating they were attaining altitude. Only an occasional house and barn, the country side was rather heavily wooded. Pines, spruce and hemlock contrasted with the fiery maples. A lone birch, or a clump of gray or white birch, emphasized the brilliance of the autumnal colorings. Magnificent vistas opened as almost every bend in the road was rounded. A glimpse of Mt. Monadnock, up and down hills, then up the long climb to Rindge Center, circling around the old Meeting House, off onto a dirt road which eventually skirted the shore of Grassy Pond. Then up, up the "Big Hill."

As they reached its crest they saw Mr. Gillett driving into the yard of the old Hale place, "Interlaken," appropriately named because the property is almost circled by three ponds or small lakes. Later they learned that at sunrise, before the mists rising from the circling ponds are dispelled, they form a *halo* around the Cathedral Knoll, which, when penetrated by the early rays of the sun, has all of the colors of the rainbow. Mr. Sloane stopped the car to make a survey. The sloping fields to the woods which line the shimmering waters of



Douglas and Sibyl Sanderson Sloane
The Founders

Emerson Pond, the distant, circling, Ipswich hills, the carpet of colors, the buildings themselves — barns, shed and house reminiscent of the best of Currier and Ives — they knew at that moment this place would be theirs.

It was. There was no dickering over the price, not even a "walking of the bounds." Before going into the house the group climbed the ridge back of the barn. Atop the ridge they stood and looked. Mr. Gillett explained that the farm comprised the house and buildings and some 128 acres. He

pointed out the approximate boundaries but his words received scant attention. Words could not compete with the scene spread before and behind them. To the south the land sloped to Emerson Pond, to the west and below lay Grassy Pond. Across Grassy Pond, over another ridge and towering over the surrounding region is majestic Mt. Monadnock. What a spot for the chapel! Eventually, stones for this purpose were dragged to this location from the old Perry place.

Within the month exchange of title had been duly recorded in Keene, Cheshire



Interlaken

County seat, and the Sloanes took possession.

Some weeks later, a group of former members of Troop One, B.S.A., Newtonville, Mass., of which Mr. Sloane had been Scoutmaster, his sons Doug and Sandy members, and Jack a candidate, came to spend the day. After the noonday meal an exploratory hike was suggested. It led up across the "5 Acre Piece" mowing, now used for parking. There was a small opening in the old weathered stone wall separating the field from a pine grove. Through this the group passed and onto a narrow trail. Giant pines reared their heads to the heavens. Dead lower branches intermingled and guarded the lush bedding of needles. The huge trunks of the trees and their dead limbs made it quite impossible to see more than 30 or 40 feet in any direction. The heavy upper branches screened much of the sunlight. Occasional shadows of birds winging silently through these Pines seemed spirits from the Beyond. The peace and quietness, the majestic columns, the solemnity of the imprint of the ages — it was like a Cathedral.

From then on the Trail was a treat for all the visitors and for every member of the family.

Came the hurricane and the heartaches of 1938. Months elapsed before The Knoll was visited. Lumbermen from Maine requested and received permission to salvage what they could. Interest had died with those Pines. Then came a day in Spring, 1939, clear and cold. Mr. and Mrs. Sloane and Sandy hiked up through the "5 Acre

Piece" mowing again, climbed over the old stone wall, made their way through the unkept stand of young pines which the wind had spared, through a maze of brush and downstuff, to the edge of The Knoll. Trees lying one on top of the other formed a barricade. They climbed the trunks of these fallen giants as one would a stepladder. They looked out and over. It was many moments before a word was spoken. They saw no destruction. There before them lay the panorama which is the reredos of the Altar of the Nations in the Cathedral of the Pines. At the foot of The Knoll lay Bullett Pond, water supply for the next town of East Jaffrey, assurance that the view would be forever perpetuated undisturbed. Here they would build their chapel.

Time went on. The children, Douglas, Sanderson, Margaret and John, were offered their choice of sections of the farm on which they might, at some future date, erect either summer or permanent homes. Peggy remained undecided as to which site had most appeal. Doug and Jack both chose locations bordering Emerson Pond. Sandy chose "just inside the stone wall atop the 5 Acre Piece mowing." The Boulder is placed at the approximate spot where he would have built his home. In 1940 "Interlaken" became "home" to the Sloanes.

War alarms late that year saw Sandy immediately enlist in the Selective Service. After a year with the 211th A.A.A. at Camp Edwards and Camp Hulen, he reenlisted in the Enlisted Reserves and spent four months at home until called to join the Engineering Corps in Portland, Maine. He applied for and was accepted by the Army Air Corps in 1942, as did Jack, who later returned from active duty in North Africa, Italy, France, Yugoslavia and Germany with many decorations and citations as a pilot officer of a B-26 bomber.

Shortly after beginning his preliminary flight training at Lakeland, Florida, Sandy married Margaret (Pegs) Allen, of Newton



Sandy

Center, Mass., whose summer home, which now belongs to the Cathedral of the Pines Trust through the generosity of Pegs, adjoined "Interlaken". Pegs' mother, Mrs. Arthur M. Allen, relates that her son, Jack, when a very small boy, often called on the Hales at "Interlaken" with the request he be taken up into "God's Pines". This was a child's designation of the old Pine Grove.

Sandy was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant and awarded his wings in 1943. While being briefed for overseas late in that year he learned of the birth of his son, Sandy, Jr., but had no chance to see his boy. (Sandy, Jr. died when he was not quite three years old.)

Commissioned a 1st Lieutenant and pilot of the B-17 Bomber "Peg-O-My-Heart" he had almost a sufficient number of missions over Germany to his credit to entitle him to home Service. Letters came frequently and

many expressed his wish that "nothing be touched" until he returned for he wanted to do it.

In mid-February, 1944, Arch Whitehouse, noted writer and war correspondent and "ace" in World War I, phoned, saying he had just returned from the other side, had seen Sandy who had sent his love and reported that the boy was "well and doing fine." Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse live in Westmoreland, New Hampshire, about forty miles from Rindge. An invitation was immediately extended to them to "come over." They did. Arch Whitehouse graciously recounted his experience in meeting Sandy and the following account is an excerpt from the article he wrote for The Reader's Digest issue of April, 1947:

"I first met Sandy on a dark fog-streaked day of a wartime December in Britain. He and his crew of the Flying Fortress "Peg-O-My-Heart" had just returned from a precarious mission over Bremen. The target had been defiantly guarded and the Forts of the 525 Bomber Squadron had withdrawn from the hostile area, their formation badly dispersed. On their way across the North Sea they were advised of a sudden change in the weather and were ordered to seek emergency landings at any field that could accommodate them. Sandy came into Knettleshaw where I was posted as a war correspondent, and put down safely during the last few minutes of visibility. An hour later I came upon him hunched up over a small stove. He attracted me for several reasons. First, he was still encased in his bulky altitude equipment, whereas most everyone else had by this time changed into clean slacks and smartly pressed blouses. He sat there quiet and unseeing. He might have been tall. He might have been chunky. It was impossible to tell. But he was young even though the light from the puny grate exaggerated the lines about his eyes. Someone had handed him a mug of hot coffee, but it trembled and slopped over as he held it on his knee. I'd met hundreds like him by that time. They were all alike. Just another



Sanderson Sloane

American boy, a long way from home and Christmas Eve only a few hours away.

Sandy considered me with no particular interest as I explained that the Knettleshaw Group was holding its monthly party and dance. Already the long haul was gaily decorated, a G.I. orchestra was tuning up in the Lounge and outside welcoming arms were carrying pretty young English girls gathered from nearby social centers; from the tailboards of Army trucks and across the mud paths to the steps of the Officers' Club entrance.

He explained his being there and I offered to help him borrow more suitable clothing. He thanked me but made no effort to accept my invitation so we just sat there talking.

He told me his name was Sanderson Sloane, that he'd gone to the Newton High School in Massachusetts and for four years to Dartmouth College; that he had married Margaret Allen, which accounted for the name on the battered bomber, and that they had a son whom his wife insisted on naming "Sandy, Jr.". He had a brother, John, train-

ing on bombers back in the States, who would soon be ready for overseas. I asked him where he lived and he mumbled something indistinct about New Hampshire. "New Hampshire!" I answered with enthusiasm, "Boy, do you know you're the first American from New Hampshire I've met since I came over here. I thought I'd never find one before I went back."

"You're going home?" Sandy asked hollowly.

"Within a couple of weeks. Soon as I can get transportation," I explained.

The change that came over Sandy was startling. Suddenly, there was no one else in the room . . . or so it seemed. His eyes glowed. He sat up straight and stared at me like a man from another world.

"Got a notebook or a piece of paper?" he asked. "When you go back, go see my father, Douglas Sloane, of Rindge, New Hampshire." He even gave me the tele-phone number. "Tell Dad and Mom you saw me and that I'm fine and well and getting along swell — and not to worry. Gosh, you might even see my wife and the boy! You'll do that, won't you?"

"Of course", I assured him. "Rindge? Why that's only a few miles from my village Westmoreland. Sure, I'll go and see him."

You do and say things like that without thinking, without knowing what the outcome can be. I knew what *could* happen, but I figured there must be a law of averages that gave a boy a break somewhere.

Sandy went on, staring into the semi-darkness beyond the glow of the fire. "When you go home," he said quietly, "go up and see my knoll. It's right near our house. Remember the hurricane of 1938? Well, it's just as if God had taken a hand in the making of it. Just as though He had finished something that had slipped His mind. My knoll used to be guarded by giant pines and it was like walking into a great green cave, but the big wind came and blew most of the trees

down."

He was talking with poetic ease now as though he'd thought it all out somewhere alone and was now ready for his final recitation.

"For weeks we didn't dare go up and examine the damage. We all felt sick about it. But we had to face it and one late Spring morning, we — Dad and Mom and I — walked up. Instead of the destruction we expected, there stretched before us the most beautiful view God ever put together. No one had ever seen that view before because of those big trees. Only the small ones on the crest were left and they spread their branches and formed an emerald arch through which we looked down on Bullet Pond and Grassy Pond, Mt. Monadnock and the whole Monadnock Divide. Off to one side is Temple Mountain and past it The Packs and Crotched and the rolling hills all the way to Mt. Kearsarge. And over to the west through the saddle between Little Monadnock and Gap Mountain you can see the Green Hills of Vermont a hundred miles away.

He stopped and looked at me curiously. "Queer how I can remember all the details, but I'm not making it up. You should see it in the Fall with all the colors reflecting in the Ponds. You don't notice the fallen trees at all," he assured me. "They seem to have toppled into a gorge so they no longer obstruct the view. But there'll have to be a lot of work done up there, though."

I listened and watched the boy sensing that here was honest nostalgia at its finest. In my notebook I just wrote, "See Douglas Sloane in Rindge, N. H." There didn't seem to be much more to the story.

"When you see Dad," Sandy went on, "tell him not to touch my knoll until I get back. One of these days I'm going to build something there. Something worthwhile. Maybe only a cabin, maybe a house. I don't know what, but it will have to be right. Maybe I shouldn't even touch it," he said solemnly,

"it's just like a cathedral."

And then, as if to cover up his confession, he suddenly slapped me on the shoulder and cried, "Hey, what about the party? Let's go!"

Two days after this visit from the



A Boulder marks the approximate spot where Sandy would have built his home

Whitehouses the telegram from the War Department was received saying Sandy was missing in action over Germany.

During the next 12 months Mr. and Mrs. Sloane often visited The Knoll. After the first snowfall late that year, together they began clearing and burning the brush where the Boulder now stands. This was the approximate spot where Sandy would have his home. After a reasonable sized clearing was made, a narrow trail was cut through the young pines and brush to the edge of The Knoll.

Official notice of Sandy's death came in January, 1945. That summer many friends visited The Knoll. Susan and Genevieve Doran, Everett E. Brainard, Albert Wade, John Salinger, and many others began to assist in clearing away the dead branches of the young pines. Sturgis and Elsie Coffin often came over from Fitzwilliam. The Rev-



Building the Altar

erend Dr. H. Robert (Bob) Smith, the Reverend Dr. A. Vincent Bennett, the Reverend James E. McKee, Bishop George W. Davenport — all close friends of the family — were asked their opinions regarding a memorial "Cathedral". There was unanimous favorable agreement.

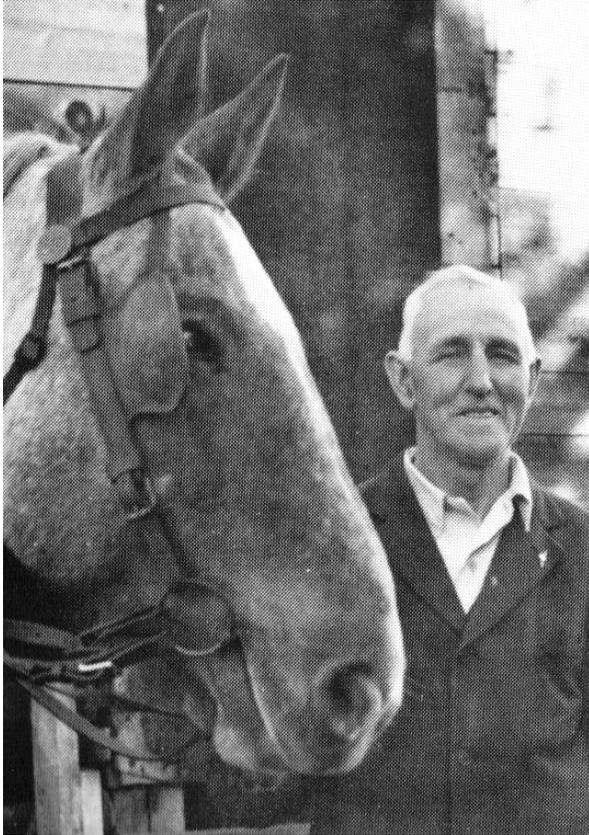
The clearing being sufficiently large by the middle of August 1945, it was decided to hold an out-of-door Service at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the last Sunday of that month. Reverend James E. McKee, of All Saints Episcopal Church in Peterborough, N. H., was invited to conduct the Service. The Reverend Dr. Robert Fletcher, of the Rindge Center Congregational Church and the Reverend Arthur L. Mansure, of the Methodist Churches in West Rindge and Peterborough, were asked to assist and graciously accepted.

The Selectmen of the Town of Rindge, Sidney B. Fitzgerald, Douglas B. Coates, and William Cleaves gave permission to use the Town Hall benches. They were trucked to the hilltop by Walter LaFreniere where he and Seth Cleaves carried them into the

grove.

All was in readiness when, at exactly 4 o'clock the time set for the Service, the clouds, which had had an ominous look all of the day, opened up and down came the rain! Seth Cleaves and Mr. Sloane hurriedly dragged the benches back and under what cover there was. Just as they were bringing the last bench out they looked across the "5 Acre Piece" — being used for the first time as a parking lot — and saw a long cavalcade of cars moving up the road and coming into the field. One hundred and twenty-seven neighbors and friends waited in their cars until it stopped raining. Then they went into the grove under dripping branches, lugging back the benches to sit on.

The clergy were there and so was a small group to furnish the music. Henry M. Hale, with a big double bass Sousa horn, Karl Brummer (father of Edward Carleton Brummer, Peggy's husband), with his trombone, Herman Hill with his trumpet, Mrs. Hill with a saxophone, Joseph Wheeler with his clarinet and Herbert Willard with his trumpet. This band did their best to aid the



Seth Cleaves

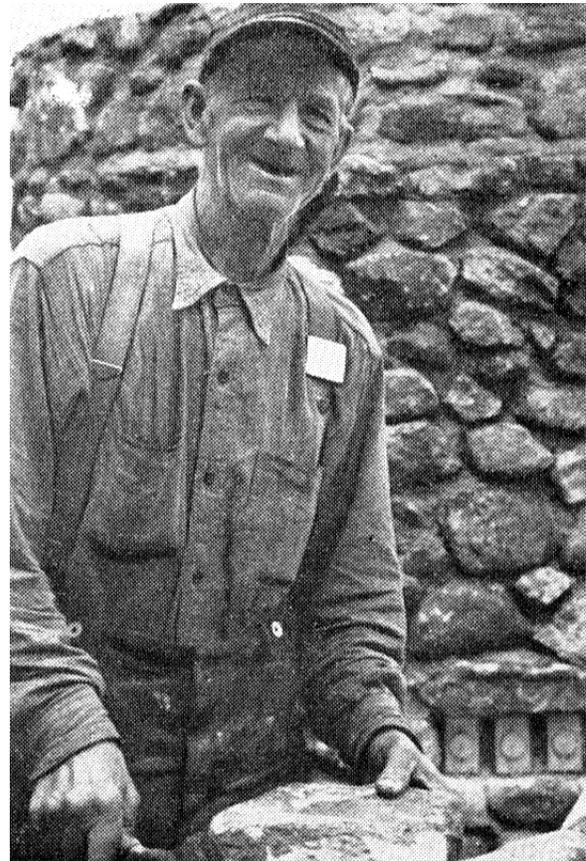
Service hymn singing.

The response by those present at that Service was such that immediate plans were made to go ahead with the development of what is now the Cathedral of the Pines.

During the rest of that Fall, all through the winter — some of the days the thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero with the wind zipping unchecked across from Mt. Monadnock, the job of clearing the grove went forward. Sawing, chopping, lugging, burning — each day saw some progress. By the time the frost was out of the ground in the Spring of '46 most of the crest of The Knoll had been cleared. Seth Cleaves and his old blind mare did heroic work during this period. Dennis Stoddard and his crew began trucking the rocks.

Pegs (Sandy's widow) selected the site for the Altar which met with unanimous approval by all members of the family. All

of the appointments in the Cathedral were designed by Mr. Sloane, who did his share in the work of preparation with axe and saw, pickaxe and shovel. Jason Sawyer sent his bulldozer over to the Knoll and it "persuaded" the large stumps to move so digging could begin. "Old" John Crosby agreed to do the masonry and he came and brought with him his son-in-law, Bill Bryant,



John Crosby

Mason of the Altar of Nations

and Everett Blair as helpers. Don Smith and Ray Hammond, carpenters extraordinary, commenced their continuing valuable services to the Cathedral. At the time, Mr. Sloane was president of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. Harry E. Sherwin, a direct descendant of one of the first settlers of Rindge, was Secretary of this Society. Mr. Sloane requested Mr. Sherwin to ask other State Societies to send stones from their re-



Don Smith and Ray Hammond

spective States to place in the proposed Altar. By parcel post, airmail, freight and personal delivery the stones came.

The reason for requesting these stones was this: all of the hundreds of tons of stone which were being used for the foundations of the appointments and for the appointments themselves, had been dug from the "5 Acre Piece mowing" and the slope from the old Hale house to the lane bordering this mowing. Every year from 1760 to 1937, before those generations of Hales who had owned the old farm could plant their crops, the land was plowed. Each plowing necessitated the removal of sizeable crops of stones. This effort symbolized a determination for better living for freedom and for independence. Men had gone from this farm and from similar farms along the eastern seaboard to populate the other States. It seemed fitting and proper to

ask the descendents of those Old Timers to send back tokens, to bed in with those the Hales had dug I from the land, as a symbol of the unity and strength of a grateful nation.

When the Stones were all assembled Susan and Genevieve Doran assisted in the plan of arrangement for their placing in the Altar. Phil Yon, from the next door town of Fitzwilliam, was engaged to cut the Old Rugged Cross, which Sandy's brothers, Douglas and John, gave in memory of their brother.

Franklin C. McCoy, in charge of one of the electronic laboratories at M.I.T. made the public address system for the Cathedral and his efforts have received commendation from all who have attended any of the Services. L. Louis Stebbins of Rindge, assisted in installing this equipment and from then on has loyally volunteered his efficient service in operating the P. A. System at Vesper Services. Mrs. Stebbins has charge of the transcribed recordings. Ernest A. Hale donated the first hymn books and anthem music for the



Bench making

choirs to use. Mr. Hale also donated the first recordings. He has been present at and made the announcements for every Vesper Service held in the Cathedral. The Selectmen of Rindge had the power lines installed. Val and Bruce Wetmore gave the cable to bring the power underground to the "control" house. Grace Scale gave the

flag pole and Dr. Hartley Thayer, of Newtonville, Mass., the first flag. Marcus Cleaves and Harry Whitney put together some plank benches. Later, at an old-fashioned "Bee", friends and neighbors volunteered their help in putting together 200 more benches.

Sandy's aunt, Mrs. Robert B. M. Cook, and his cousin, W. Bolton Cook, gave the altar rail. John C. Conley, his three sons and a nephew, assisted in preparing the foundation for this appointment.

Although the appointments were not ready for use, the first Easter Sunrise Service in the Cathedral was conducted at 4:45 Easter morning, 1946, by the Rev. Arthur L. Mansure assisted by the Rev. Roger W. Floyd, pastor of the Baptist Church of East Jaffrey. The morning was clear but bitterly cold yet over 100 townspeople and friends from surrounding towns were present. During the entire Service a hermit thrush, the most beautiful songster of the "feathered choir", added his offering with those of the combined choirs of the Rindge Congregational Church and the West Rindge Methodist Church. Mrs. L. Louis Stebbins accompanied on a small foot-organ which Pegs, Sandy's widow, had loaned.

The first Service in the Cathedral of the Pines using the Altar and Pulpit was held July 4th, 1946, under the auspices of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution with Judge Jason Sawyer, of Hale descent, presiding.

Its State Chaplain, the Reverend Sheafe Walker, conducted the religious Service and patriotic addresses were given by Congressman (now Governor) Sherman Adams, State Senator Charles M. Mills and Col. Albert S. Baker. Two of the ushers at this Service were Seth Cleaves and Arthur Wetherbee. Both have volunteered their services for every Service for many years after.

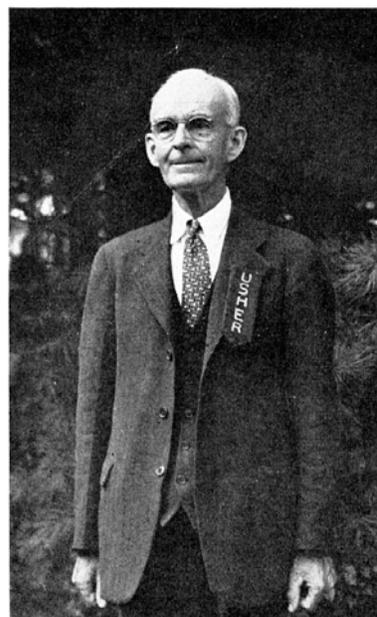
The Service of dedication of the Cathed-

ral of the Pines to Almighty God as a place of worship for all people and a memorial to Lt. Sanderson Sloane was conducted July 14th, 1946, by the Rev. Dr. H. Robert Smith, rector of the Church in Newton, Mass., which Sandy and the Sloane family formerly attended. Mrs. Ernest A. Hale, Director of Music for the Cathedral since its beginning, arranged for the first of several appearances of the Monadnock Choral Society, under the able direction of Kenneth Jewett, to lead the singing. Mr. Jewett not only led the singing but loaned his foot-pump organ on which Mrs. L. Louis Stebbins accompanied the choir. At this Service, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Flagg, Miss Eula Ferguson, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rice, began their loyal and devoted help to the Cathedral.

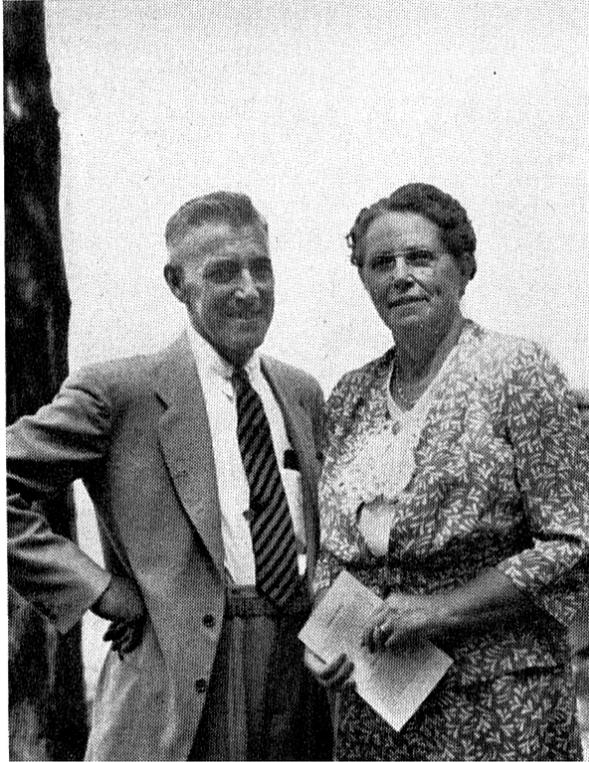
Through the summer Vesper Services were held every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Interest in the Cathedral was being evidenced by persons in all sections of



Gov. Sherman Adams



Arthur Weatherbee

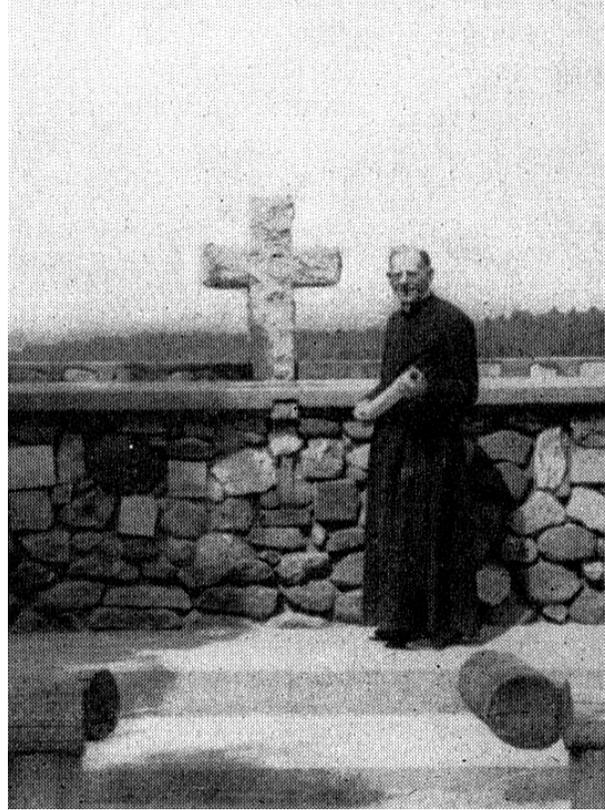


Louis and Emily Stebbins



America and in many foreign countries. Continually increasing numbers of persons visited The Knoll and attended Services. Mr. and Mrs. Sloane at this time decided to give the Cathedral property with its appointments and the parking field to the Cathedral of the Pines Trust, to be maintained and perpetuated as a place of worship for all people.

On September 8th, the Venerable Archdeacon William F. Bulkley, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Chaplain General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, dedicated the "Altar of



Archdeacon William Buckley

Chaplain general of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution

the Nation" as a memorial to the War II Dead of New Hampshire and as a shrine of the Society." Judge Smith L. Moulter spoke. At this Service, Douglas and John Sloane, on behalf of their parents, presented the Trust Agreement. This instrument is duly recorded in the Cheshire County Registry, Keene, N. H.

Work of clearing, cutting, burning, continued around the Knoll for the rest of the Fall, through much of the winter and into the Spring of 1947. The Lectern, a memorial to the boys who were with Sandy on the bomber, was built. Incorporated into it are soils from the battlefields of World War II, collected and contributed by Kenneth E. Crouch of Bedford, Virginia, and stones from all parts of the world, many of them memorials to other boys who lost their lives. The choir mound was built by Konsta Pentilla, Alfred Todd

and Joseph Butterfield. The organ pit was constructed by "Old" John and "Young" John Crosby, and Seth Cleaves, to house the Hammond Organ given by Mrs. Sloane as a memorial to her father and mother, Edwin Nash Sanderson and Sarah Rogers Sanderson. These appointments were dedicated by the Rev. Dr. H. Robert Smith, June 22nd, the first Service held in 1947.

At the Jewish Service conducted by Rabbi David Max Eichorn, August 1st, 1947, the bronze Star of David was presented to the Cathedral Trustees to be used at this and on all similar occasions, through the gracious efforts of Lazarus Aaronson and Morton Rose.

The Aron-ha-Kodesh and Torah were presented to the Cathedral of the Pines by



Rabbi David Max Eichorn

Charles A Gottesman of White Plains, New York, and dedicated by Rabbi Lawrence W. Schwartz, of the Jewish Com-



Aron-ha-Kodesh and Torah

munity Center, White Plains, N. Y., at the Jewish Service on August 6, 1950, to the Glory of God in sacred memory of the four heroic chaplains who were drowned when the transport Dorchester was torpedoed off Greenland during World War II. They were: George L. Fox, Protestant Minister
Clark V. Poling, Protestant Minister
John P. Washington, Catholic Priest
Alexander D. Goode, Jewish Rabbi



Rabbi Gittlesohn

The dedicatory sermon was given

by Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn of the Central Synagogue of Nassau County, Rockville Centre, Long Island, New York.

The Reading Table cover is the gift of the Toy Town Tailleurs of Winchendon, Mass., and was designed and made by Mr. Louis Weinstein of that firm.

The Tables of the Law which surmount the Holy Ark, on which are carved the Ten Commandments, is the gift of neighboring Jewish friends of the Cathedral of the Pines.

At the first Anniversary Service by the Sons of the American Revolution of the



Douglas Sloane
Sandy's Brother

dedication of the Altar of the Nation, held September 7th, 1947, the Reverend Dr. A. Vincent Bennett conducted the religious Service and rededicated the Altar as a memorial to the American War Dead of World War II. President General of the National Society, S.A.R., A. Herbert Foreman, of Norfolk, Va., gave the address. Shortly after this Service the Boulder was placed.

Because of the request by many people from all parts of our country at the Vesper Service August 13, 1950, the Reverend Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York rededicated the Altar as a memorial to all of the American War Dead.

The Rev. Richard Stoughton, Jr., min-



Reverend Richard Stoughton



Rev Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin

ister of the East Jaffrey Congregational Church conducted the first marriage Service in the Cathedral, uniting Priscilla Baird Allord to David Ely, and the first Service of Baptism on The Knoll, christening Lloyd Jerome Kerr. Reverend Stoughton also conducted the first funeral Service here.

Early in 1948 the Stones as tributes from the Commanding Officers of America's Armed Forces were incorporated into the Altar of the Nation.



First Baptism

The Stone from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was placed in the Altar November 1950.

The silk American National Flag was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund J. Saunders of Greenfield, Mass., as a memorial for their son, 1st Lt. John C. Saunders, Pilot of a B-24 Bomber, member of the 445th Bombardment Group in the 8th Army Air Corps, shot down at Magdeburg, Germany. Recipient of the Air Medal with three oak clusters and a Presidential Citation.

This, then, is the story of the beginning of The Cathedral of the Pines. Vesper Services have been conducted by 25 different religious denominations, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant. Congregations at every Service have been persons representing many faiths. The Salvation Army of New England, the American Legion, the V. F. W., the Amvets, the Gold Star Mothers, the Grange, the D. A. R., the S. A. R., and many young peoples religious groups, have conducted religious and patriotic Services here. The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints has not only conducted their Services here but also has graciously and generously supplied the Cathedral with transcribed recordings of the organ and choir music from their Temple in Lake City. Great Choral Societies, choir singers, musi-



John Sloane', Sandy's Brother

cians, together with the Clergy, have volunteered their services before the memorial to all of the American War Dead --- the Altar of the Nation. Organ Recitals have been given Wednesday, and Friday afternoon through July and August. There have been many weddings, christenings, and several funerals in the Cathedral; Services are conducted by a recognize member of an established religious order.

It is estimated that over 425,000 persons visited the Cathedral during the first five seasons of operation. They came from every State of the Union and from all parts of the world.

No collections have been taken at of the Services or organ recitals. There has been no charge for parking. No mention has been made of the need of maintenance support. Voluntary support has come through contributions left in box marked for that purpose and from those who wish to forward the "Cathedral Project".



The Hilltop House, pictured above, was added in 1949 for clergy, choirs and small services. It was expanded in 1982.

The Woman's Memorial Bell Tower (pictured right) was dedicated in 1967.



The Sanctuary was in the pines for most of the Cathedral's life, until they came down in the Ice Storm of 2010, after which it became what we see today