

A Story about George Washington

By F. D. MAGA

ONE morning, many years ago, the docks at the British West Indian port of Kingston, Jamaica, were piled high with merchandise. Three vessels had arrived that morning from the American colonies. Boxes and barrels were being weighed, opened, and inspected. If their contents were according to specifications, the official stamp was placed on them. Otherwise, they were shoved to one side to be disposed of later.

The newly appointed governor of the island was making a tour of the docks. At length he and his attendants came upon a number of

barrels that seemed to be of a sturdier make than the others. An inspector glanced quickly at the markings, and, without hesitation, placed his official stamp on the barrels. The governor was surprised at this apparent dereliction.

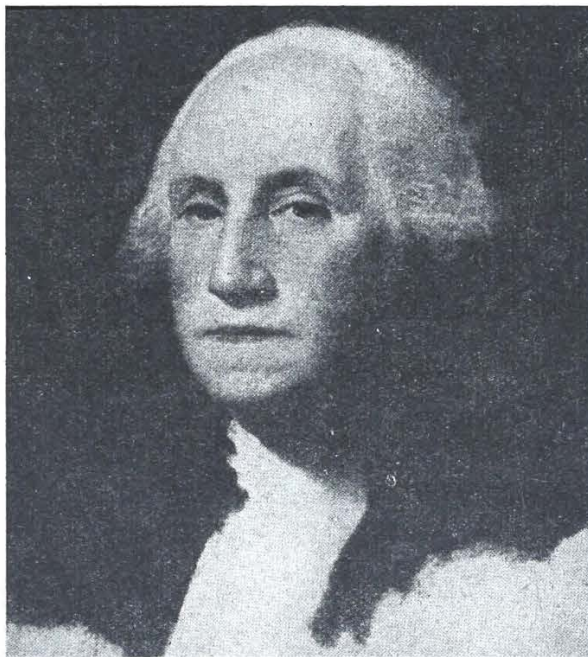
"Look here, inspector," he exclaimed. "You have approved those barrels without making the slightest effort to in-

spect their contents. Why have you passed them by with such scant attention?"

The inspector looked at the governor in surprise. "Your Excellency has not looked at the marks on them," he said.

Examining the tops of the barrels closely, the governor read these words: "George Washington, Mount Vernon."

"Oh, I remember, now," he said. "Yes, in England I was told that the flour manufactured by George Washington at Mount Vernon is of such an unvarying high quality that it always is passed in our West Indian ports with-



*George Washington
Born Feb. 22, 1732*

out inspection."

It is recorded that of the many accomplishments of George Washington, none afforded him greater personal pride than his success as a miller, and the recognition of superior quality everywhere accorded the flour which he ground in his grist mill at Mount Vernon. He was pleased that his name on his flour was the mark of superiority.