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*Gilbert Thomas Stephenson*  
 Gilbert Thomas Stephenson

*Grace Morris White Stephenson*  
 Grace Morris White Stephenson

Warren Place,  
 Pencilton, North Carolina,  
 March 1 1961



JOINT INTRODUCTION

In our little book, We Came Home of Warren Place, which was published in 1958, we wrote jointly because we had lived jointly since we had come home to Warren Place in 1950. In this volume, which is not for publication but for our children and grandchildren, we write separately. During most of the early years we write about we had lived separately. Twenty-six years of Grace's life and 28 of Gilbert's had been lived separately, until our marriage in 1912. The recollections of our respective childhoods, youths, and college years are different. Trying to merge our recollections during these three decades, which we tried first, proved to be confusing. Beside, in these recollections Grace writes from the girl's and woman's and Gilbert, from the youth's and man's points of view.

Each of us has introduced these recollections in his or her own way - Grace as a woman; Gilbert, as a man.

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 March 1 1961

...the conditions and surroundings that prevailed in the South during the latter half of the nineteenth century, including the Civil War and the Reconstruction Period. Such records would be invaluable to the historian as well as cherished family possessions.

Although my recollections herein recorded are, unavoidably, autobiographic, they are not so in the sense of being about myself only or even mainly. They are my recollections of other



## GILBERT'S INTRODUCTION

people and other things as well as of myself only and of things

that affected other people as well as myself - all in my life-

Don't you, whoever you are, wish that your grandparents  
 time. Perhaps, indeed, this should have been called Book of  
 and then your parents had written out and left for you to read

their recollections of their own life and that of other people

around about them when they were your age? In this young coun-

try of ours so many and so great changes take place in one

person's lifetime that anyone's grandparents, anyone's parents,

and oneself seem to have lived in a different world.

In what I am writing out in the following pages I am  
 trying to do partly for our children but mainly for our grand-

children and possibly for our great-grandchildren what I wish

my grandparents and my parents had done for me. Among my cher-

ished possessions are: my Grandfather Fleetwood's Diary, 1850-

1850; his letter to his fiancée (my grandmother) six months be-

fore they were married; and my Grandfather Stephenson's one and

only letter, that has been preserved, to his wife (my grandmother)

while he was a soldier in the Confederate Army. And I have the

letters I received from my parents from 1899, when I entered

college, down to their death. Suppose I had and in due course

could pass on to our children and grandchildren diaries and

letters descriptive of the conditions and surroundings that pre-

valled here in the South during the latter half of the nine-

teenth century, including the Civil War and the Reconstruction

Period. Such records would be invaluable to the historian as

well as cherished family possessions.

Although my recollections herein recorded are, unavoid-

ably, autobiographic, they are not so in the sense of being about

myself only or even mainly. They are my recollections of other

and, with time out for the War year 1918 when I was engaged in



people and other things as well as of myself only and of things that affected other people as well as myself - all in my lifetime. Perhaps, indeed, this should have been called my Book of Remembrance.

I have divided these recollections into six sections or parts. Each of the first four covers roughly a decade; the fifth two decades; and the sixth is a message addressed to my grandsons.

In the first part I tell what I remember of my childhood and early school/days. That was the decade, 1890-1900. In 1890 I was six years old and in 1900, 14, having been born December 17 1884. During this decade I reach elementary school-age and by the end of the decade I already was in college.

In the second part I tell of my youth and college years which, I hope, will be of special interest to our grandchildren as they enter and pass through the corresponding period of their life. I was a teenager. In 1899 I entered Wake Forest College and in 1902 was graduated. Then after a sabbatical year at Warren Place there followed three years of graduate-school work, one at Wake Forest and two in Harvard. After another sabbatical I spent three years in the Harvard Law School, being graduated in 1910, the end of the decade.

In the third part I tell some of my recollections of my early years in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. This brings me to the decade, 1910-1920. In the summer of 1910 I took a refresher course in the School of Law of Wake Forest College, passed the North Carolina Bar Examination in August of that year, made a visit to and decided to open an office and "wait for clients" in Winston-Salem. I opened an office there in January 1911 and, with time out for the War Year 1918 when I was engaged in



war work, was engaged in the practice until 1919. In 1912, December 19, Grace and I were married in Elizabeth City and thereafter made our home in Winston-Salem until the summer of 1922. During this decade our two sons were born: Thomas Wilson (Steve) August 8 1915; James Henry (Jim) June 6 1918. During this decade we were in the midst of World War ~~II~~, 1912-1918.

The ~~third~~ <sup>fourth</sup> part covers the decade, 1920-1930, which we have called our period of major adjustments. It was during this decade that I began my active career as a trustman; that we left our home in Winston-Salem for one in Raleigh, North Carolina; and that, near the end of the decade, we left our home in Raleigh for one in Wilmington, Delaware. It was during this decade also that I left the employment of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company to enter that of the Equitable Trust Company. I was becoming more and more active in the affairs of the Trust Division of the American Bankers Association and, unrealized by me at the time, was on my way to becoming President of the Division in 1930. Steve and, perhaps to a less extent, Jim have their own recollections of this decade. In 1920 Steve was five and Jim two; in 1930 Steve was 15 and Jim, 12.

The ~~fourth~~ <sup>fifth</sup> part covers two decades, 1930-1940 and 1940-1950. They were the years of the Great Depression of 1929 and the early 1930's, of World War II and its aftermath. Steve and Jim have definite recollections of both these decades, for during the first one they were in prep-school and college and during the second one they were in military service. Thomas Fleetwood (Tom) and Nancy Hall (Nancy), our two oldest grandchildren, must have some recollection of the latter part of the second of these decades. In 1950 Tom was eight and Nancy, six. Susie (Susan White)



was only three and, of course, remembers little or nothing of even the latter part of the decade.

The sixth and final part is a message addressed to our grandsons and a brief statement of my philosophy of life.

This record of our recollections does not extend beyond 1950. That was the year we left Wilmington and came to Warren Place. Eight years later, in 1958, we wrote the book, We Came Home to Warren Place, descriptive of our life here at Warren Place during this eight-year period.

My part in these recollections really is a supplement to my Journal which I have kept without a break since Christmas 1902. Furthermore, preceding this Journal is another volume with an introductory sketch of my life up to 1902. All this is, in a measure, anticipatory to our life since we came home to Warren Place in 1950.

While I have had to depend in the main upon my own memory for most of these reminiscences, I have called to my aid a few of my contemporaries who, as it turned out, remembered names and details which had escaped me. For example, my closest blood kinsman, William Maddrey Stephenson, just 11 months younger than I, read and helped me with the decade, 1890-1900, when we were boys together; Thomas E. Browne, my classmate at Wake Forest, with the decade, 1900-1910, when we were undergraduates together; and Dr. Wingate Memory Johnson, the most intimate friend of my early manhood, with the decade, 1910-1920, when we were young professional men in Winston-Salem. Here and there from many others I have picked up dates, names, and details which had escaped me.

Gilbert Thomas Stephenson

Warren Place,  
Pendleton, North Carolina,  
March 1 1961 1961



## GRACE'S INTRODUCTION

My contribution to this book of memories will be much less vivid than Gilbert's, especially those of my early years. This is due primarily to the fact that I did not have "roots" as he did.

The first break came at ten years when my father died. Two years after that I was sent away to school in Washington. After two years there I went to the Atlantic Collegiate Institute in Elizabeth City for four years and then entered college.

I shall attempt, however, to write out some of the few recollections of the first ten years of my life. Then I should like to tell of the two years in Washington City when a shy little country girl who had attended only a one-room school was thrust suddenly into a graded school in a big city.

Then come recollections of my pre-college and college years. Somewhere in that period I shall attempt to tell of my experiences as a girl visiting on the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The years following my college years (1907-1912) may have something of interest to contribute to this book. It was during that period that I taught school. I began my schooling in a one-room school. ~~Twenty years later~~ I began teaching in a two-teacher school.

It was during this period, too, that I met and married the man who has been my husband 48 years (December 19 1912). It was when I married him in 1912 that I began to take "roots." From



then on I became a part of Warren Place. Absent<sup>ly</sup> as we were most of the time for 40 years, it still was "home" to us.

Even our wedding and early years of married life contain some customs and incidents that soon will seem incredible to our grandchildren.

Many of the changes that we have seen take place in our mature years have been written about in our Letters to our children and grandchildren and in our book, We Came Home to Warren Place. These Letters were the source material of our book. But I hope, even at the risk of some <sup>real</sup> competition, to record some recollections of these years in the following pages that may be of personal and even historical value in the future.

*Grace Morris White Stephenson*

Grace Morris White Stephenson

Warren Place,  
Pendleton, North Carolina,  
March 1 1961.



1

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY SCHOOL DAYS  
1890-1900

My first recollection of any sort, I believe, was of January 1892, when my Grandfather Stephenson took me to Pendleton to enter the Pendleton School taught by Mr. David Kindred of Boykins, Virginia. I had turned seven the December before. I had not been put into school before because I was so young and lived so far from the school - two miles on a dirt road. There was no school bus then.

Several other things about my life before 1892 had been told me so often that I seemed to remember them myself. For instance, about my Grandmother Stephenson's cousin, Eldah LeDay (or a name something like that), coming up from Louisiana to visit her Aunt Shilometh (Losey) Darden and my grandmother; but I doubt that I really remember her visit.

Even with respect to my early school days I am somewhat doubtful of my honest-to-goodness recollection. For another example, I seem to remember, but am not quite sure, that when my grandfather took me to enter school, he told Mr. Kindred, if I misbehaved, not to whip me himself but to send me home and he would do it. How like a grandfather! I may have heard my grandfather tell my grandmother and my parents this so often that I came to believe that I had heard him say so himself.

It may be as well for me to begin my recollections of my early years and school days with what I really do remember about school life between 1892, when I just had turned seven, and 1900 when I had become 15.

School Days

During this eight-year period I attended three schools -



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School Days

During this eight-year period I attended three schools -



first Pendleton, then Severn, then Conway for only a half-session, and finally back to Severn for the latter half of the 1898-1899 session. As we shall see, all three of these schools had much in common. I am sure, some of us used a more natural, if less sanitary. Each of the three was a one-room school. The Pendleton and the Conway school house each was a two-storey building but only the one room on the first floor was used. Each of them was a wooden, weatherboarded, unpainted building. I do remember in the Pendleton School sitting next to the wall on the east side and through a knothole in the weatherboarding seeing hogs rooting the ground outside. in the 1890's.

The desks were homemade with a flat, slanting board top for book-rest and writing and a shelf below for books, slates, pencils, rulers, and other school paraphernalia. The seats, also homemade, were hard wooden benches attached to the desks. That is, the desk and the seat were made together. The room was heated by one or two wood-burning stoves. The fires were started and kept going by the older schoolboys. The water supply was a bucket filled at the school or at a neighbor's pump or well. There was <sup>a</sup> single dipper for all of the pupils to drink from. The wall behind the teacher's desk, consisting of a chair and a table, was a blackboard of canvas or of black paint on the wall itself, with a supply of chalk and erasers. On the Pendleton School, some teacher, perhaps it was Mr. Kindred himself, had written at the top of the blackboard, "Order is Heaven's First Law." This remained on the blackboard as long as I can remember. looked up to as the educated man of the co. Instead of tablets and lead-pencils the pupils had slates and slate-pencils. On slates the younger pupils learned to write



their ABC's, to copy sentences put on the blackboard by the teacher, and, as they advanced, to do their arithmetic. For cleaning their slate they were supposed to have sponges or rags but, I am sure, some of us used a more natural, if less sanitary, method of cleaning our slates.

The once-famous and still-popular song, School Days, with its "School days, school days, dear old golden rule days, with reading and writing and arithmetic taught to the tune of the hickory stick," and with "He wrote on my slate, 'I love you so,'" must have been written by one who was familiar with the country schools in the 1890's.

It is accurate to speak of the teacher, not teachers. I never went to any but a one-teacher school. In the Pendleton School was, first, Mr. David Kindred and, later, Mr. Jeff. Joyner; in the Severn School he was my Uncle Wiley Fleetwood; and in the Conway School, that one half-session, Mr. Andrew Britton. I do not know the educational background of either Mr. Kindred or Mr. Joyner. My Uncle Wiley was a graduate of Wake Forest College, Class of 1883. Mr. Britton, the adopted son of a well-to-do farmer, named DeLoatch, of the Conway (then Martin's Crossroads) or the Zion community, was a graduate of the University of Virginia. At that time a degree from this university gave a graduate as much prestige as a Ph. D. degree from Yale or Harvard does now.

In a rural community, in which a farmer's education consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic - the three R's - the local school teacher was looked up to as the educated man of the community, in respect and deference ranking alongside the minister. The consequence was that many an ambitious boy re-



garded teaching school the highest secular calling in life. It came next to the ministry into which latter one had to be specially "called." In the teaching profession the summit was a college professorship.

Pupils in these schools were known commonly as "scholars." In a one-room, one-teacher school there could, as a matter of course, be only one schoolroom. This was true of all three of the schools I attended between 1892 and 1900. All of the pupils, from the beginners to those who would have been 12th-graders in a graded school, sat, studied, and recited in the same room. Being deskmates in one of these schools was like being roommates in college. As a rule, the boys sat, two at a desk, on one side of the room; the girls, also two at a desk, on the other side. The older boys, perhaps naturally, gravitated to the rear on the boys' side and the older girls to the rear on the girls' side. The younger boys and girls were seated up near the front where they would be under the constant eye of the teacher. During my last half-session in the Severn School my Uncle Wiley permitted me to have a desk to myself over on the girls's side next the desk of my Cousin Betty Fleetwood and her chum, Verona Pruden, because we three were the most advanced pupils that session and had courses in common.

Imagine, if you will, the noise and confusion that were to be expected in the one schoolroom in which were heard consecutively, in sight and hearing of all other pupils, classes in ABC's, in reading, in geography, in history, on up to classes in Latin and Greek. Yet, as I remember, the confusion was not nearly so great as one would expect. We ~~we~~ learned to learn to concentrate



In our writing lessons we ruled straight lines across  
in the midst of the noise and the moving about of other pupils.  
Present-day pupils, I understand, do their homework while the  
radio and, sometimes, the TV are going full blast.

Nor was the teacher's problem of discipline nearly so  
acute as one would expect. Each of my four teachers was a mature  
man. Each of them had the respect of the older boys and girls.  
The younger ones, having been taught in the home to obey their  
parents, looked upon their teacher as having the disciplinary  
authority and disposition of a parent. I remember one morning in  
the Pendleton School, soon after two Collier boys had entered  
school, one of them said to the teacher, "Mr. Joyner, can (not  
may) I go out?" The older brother said to him, "There's the door;  
go on out." He was only trying to be helpful, not at all impert-  
inent.

Although the song, School Days, refers to reading,  
writing, and 'rithmetic being taught to the "tune of the hickory  
stick," I do not remember ever having seen a pupil whipped by a  
teacher. Punishment was "staying in" at short recess or after  
school in the afternoon and possibly doing sums in arithmetic or  
writing or copying.

Already I have referred to the fact that in these one-  
room, one-teacher schools there were courses from ABC's on up to  
Latin and Greek and all in between. Now let me go into a little  
more detail about these courses of study.

The pupil started with his ABC's, getting the shape and  
the sound of each letter of the alphabet. He might have to write  
the letters out on his slate and then read them back to the  
teacher.



In our writing lessons we ruled straight lines across our slates and copied words and then sentences put on the black-board or read off to us by the teacher. We had exercises in what was known as Spencerian writing - well rounded and well shaped letters slanting to the right. Reading the handwriting - my Grandfather Fleetwood's, for example, and being able to read every word of it - and comparing it with my own, my children's, and my ghandchildren's handwriting, I sometimes wonder if more attention should not be paid to handwriting in present-day elementary and secondary schools. My Granddaughter Nancy recently said of my own handwriting that it is series of straight lines with bumps on them.

In spelling is where, I think, the school of the 1890's starred compared with the one of the 1960's. Back in those days there was such emphasis on spelling. We had the Blueback Speller and Harrington's Speller. We had classes and recitations in spelling. But of more effect than spelling books and recitations, I believe, were spelling matches.

By us they were called spelling matches, not spelling bees as they often are called in literature. In the Pendleton School especially they took on the interest and enthusiasm of an athletic event.

There were two types of matches. In one type two leaders were selected, by the teacher or by the spellers themselves. Then the leaders, each in his turn, chose the spellers for his side, starting with the older boys and girls who were to participate and who were regarded as the best spellers. With the two sides chosen and the participants in two lines facing each other, the teacher called the words, and the spellers on one



side began to "cut down" or be cut down by the spellers on the other side. The pupil who misspelt a word was cut down by the one on the other side who spelt it correctly. The one cut down retired to his seat. This went on until only one pupil on one side was left standing, not having misspelt a word. He or she was the star and his or her side, the winning team.

In the other type all of the spellers were lined up in a single row. The teacher called the words, starting with the pupil at the top of the line. When one misspelt a word he went to the foot of the line. This went on until there was only one speller left standing or until time ran out on them.

The net result of making a game of spelling, as well as a regular course of study, was that pupils in the 1890's became and remained better spellers than their own children and grandchildren. When I got after our son Jim for his bad spelling, his answer was that, when he grew up, he would have a "stenographer" to do it for him. He did.

As regards reading, at the present time there is an almost universal complaint by educators, as well as the general public, about the low state of the reading habits of high school pupils. For example, the November 1959 issue of The Atlantic Monthly had five articles totaling 17 pages on the reading and writing (composition) of students. Everyone of the authors deplored the state of present-day pupils' reading and writing.

In the 1890's pupils were subjected to a series of upgraded readers. My series was Holmes's. I still have in my library Holmes's Fifth Reader, though I do not remember ever having studied it in class. Also, I have a copy of Appleton's Fourth



Reader of my mother's school days - back in the 1870's. All of these contained selections from classics of literature. In Holmes's Fifth Reader, for example, I find selections from the writings of Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Everett Hale, Charles Dickens, and many others. In my mother's Appleton's Fourth Reader I find the writings of such persons as William Wordsworth, Louisa M. Alcott, Lewis Carroll, Sir Walter Scott, Henry W. Longfellow, and many, many others.

I wonder - I simply do not know - whether the pupils of the 1960's are being brought into knowledge of these and other masters of literature as were the pupils of the 1890's. As for myself, I know that whatever appreciation of good literature I have stems back to my introduction to such masters in my reading classes in these local, country schools in the 1890's.

Geography we studied in Maury's Geographies. Maury was a Virginian and had been an officer in the Navy of the Confederacy. There may have been some element of loyalty to the Confederacy that made us use Maury's Geographies. I do not recall anything distinctive about our study of geography except that we did have to learn to draw maps on slates or sheets of paper.

In history we studied North Carolina History, United States History, and World History. For North Carolina History my textbook was Cornelia P. Spencer's First Steps in North Carolina History, published by Alfred Williams and Company, Raleigh, in 1889. Before Spencer's there had been Wheeler's and before Wheeler's, Moore's. Wheeler had been a native of Murfreesboro where there is a marker to his memory. I shall say something of Mrs. Spencer when I come to my Harvard years.

In our library here at Warren Place we have the His-



tories of the United States which my father and mother of the earlier generation - in the 1870's - used. For example, I have my mother's Derry's History of the United States published in 1875 and used by her when she was a student in Chowan Baptist Female Institute, Murfreesboro, 1879-1881, a teen-age girl. I have photographs of her first as a freshman and then as a sophomore. I only hope - and I do believe - that our Granddaughter Susie will be as pretty as her Great grandmother Susie was. On the flyleaf of my mother's history someone - perhaps not my mother - had written these lines:

Love is a funny thing

Beauty is a blossom

If you want to get your finger bit

Poke it at a possum.

The one who wrote it had written "Original" after these lines.

I have my father's Goodrich's Pictorial History of the United States, published in 1873, and used by him as a textbook when he was a student at Woodland Seminary in 1874. This is my only source of knowledge that there ever was a Woodland Seminary.

I have one of my own textbooks, Goodrich's American Child's Pictorial History of the United States, published in 1865, the frontispiece of which is the likeness of an old man with a game leg and foot resting on a stool and under the picture the legend, "Come, come, boys and girls, no laughter, no tittering, while I tell you my stories about America - and, mind you, take care of my great toe." At that stage of my life, I see from this book that I signed my name "T. G." - Thomas Gilbert - perhaps



after the fashion of my father - J. Henry. Later, of course, I had more advanced textbooks in history but I do not have a copy of any of them.

The World History I have is a much abused copy of Myers's General History for Colleges and High Schools, published in 1896. The frontispiece of this volume is a picture of a View of the Attic Plains, with a Glimpse of the Acropolis of Athens.

Sometime, when I retire, I should like to go back and re-read these geographies and histories and see what changes in our knowledge of and approach to these subjects have taken place in my lifetime.

In the 1890's, in our community at any rate, the school year was eight months, broken into two terms of four months each. The first four-month term was "free school," That is, the school was maintained and the teacher's salary paid out of tax-money. The second term was known as subscription or 'scription school, in which the same schoolhouse and equipment were used by the same teacher whose salary, however, was paid by the patrons of the school. It was much later, well up in the 20th century, that the State guaranteed an eight-month public-school session to all pupils, white and colored.

It may be of interest to our grandchildren to know that their <sup>great</sup> Great-grandmother and Great-great-Grandfather Stephenson gave the land on which the first Pendleton School building was erected back in the 1890's or before. They conveyed the property upon the condition that, if it ever should cease to be used for school purposes, the land and the building should revert to them or their heirs. It did cease to be used as a school after the Pen-

Now let us tell in some detail of our schoolyard games.



dleton pupils had been transferred to the Severn Elementary School and the Conway High School, the American Legion bought the building, and I gave it a quitclaim deed to the land and building.

During the subscription-school term the parent paid his child's tuition by the month. Among old papers here at Warren Place I have found several receipts for my tuition at the Pendleton School. It was \$1.50 a month. One of my somewhat younger friends who attended a subscription school in the town of Scotland Neck, North Carolina, says that his tuition was \$1.25 a month.

What the teacher's salary was I do not know. It was for only eight months of the year. It must have been very small compared with teachers' salaries at the present time - perhaps not over \$75 or, at most, \$100 a month.

Before going into schoolyard games and the lighter side of my school life in the 1890's, let me pay my respects to the one-room, one-teacher, ungraded, half-free-half-subscription village school of that decade. The school building itself was only a step removed from the log schoolhouse of pioneer days. Yet the one and only teacher was competent. He had to be competent to teach all courses from ABC's to Latin, Greek, and advanced mathematics. He had to prepare for college the few boys and girls who were going on to college. Since the school was ungraded he could push a pupil along as fast as he could go. My Uncle Wiley so pushed me along that, by the time I was 14½ years old, I was prepared, scholastically, not otherwise, to enter and did enter the Sophomore Class at Wake Forest College in 1899.

Now let me tell in some detail of our schoolyard games.



Schoolchildren in the 1890's, no less than in the 1960's, full of energy, liked to play games during the mid-morning and mid-afternoon short recesses and during the longer mid-day recess. I cannot speak for the girls' games. I hope Grace will do that. But I remember the boys' games of straight car, round cat, hail-over, marbles, stickfrog, and mumblepeg.

For straight car, round cat, hail-over, and all other ball games, our balls were all homemade - either all-thread or a rubber-ball core wrapped in thread until it was the size of the modern baseball. For their balls the boys obtained thread by unravelling the worn-out, home-knitted socks and stockings their mothers gave them. I do not remember ever having seen a store-bought baseball until I went to Wake Forest.

The bats, too, were homemade, of hickory or oak. In some cases they were not bats but flat paddles.

Straight cat was a quick game designed especially for short recess. It could be played by as few as four boys or girls. Girls inclined to be tomboyish sometimes joined in the game. Two players, each with a bat or paddle, stood 30 or 40 feet from each other. Another player, a catcher, stood behind each of the batters. The ball was pitched to one of the batters. If he missed and the catcher behind him caught the ball, he was out. If he hit the ball, he and the other batter had to exchange places and run the risk of being tagged by one who had caught the ball on the fly. Other players than the four could participate in the game by catching the ball on the fly and beating the runner to the base. Straight cat was not so exciting as round cat but could be played more quickly and by fewer pupils.



Round cat was the forerunner of modern baseball. Two leaders - captains - were selected or, possibly, selected themselves. One then pitched the bat to the other who caught it. Then the two with their hands climbed hand-over-hand to the top of the bat, until the hand of one of them reached above the top. Then, if his hold on the bat was secure enough for him to throw the bat over his head, he had the first choice of players; if not, the other captain had first choice. After nine on a side had been chosen alternately by the captains, they proceeded to play the full nine innings or as many innings as recess-time would permit.

The rules of the game were substantially similar to those of baseball. I enjoy baseball more than I do football because I learned the rules of the game playing round cat.

Hail-over was not a standard game on those days. But it was played often at Pendleton and Conway where we had a two-storey building. The pupils who were to play - and it was open to all of them except the very small ones - were divided into two groups and each group took its place on its side of the schoolhouse. Some member of the group that had the ball threw it over the top of the schoolhouse. The one on the other side who caught it ran around and tried to touch with the ball - tag - some one on the other side and take him over to his side. The object of the games was to tag one after another every player on the other side. When that was over that was the end of the game. Hail-over was not welcomed, perhaps it was only tolerated, by the teacher because the window-panes were put in jeopardy.

One knew that spring was nearing when the boys began to play marbles and go barefooted. My grandparents would not let me



go barefooted until the "dog days" in March were over. Dog days, I think, were the days during the early spring when dogs were likely to go "mad", have rabies. ~~driven it into the ground, none the~~

So far as I know the rules of the game of marbles were the same then as they are now. Each of us who played had and kept his pocketful of marbles of different sizes and colors. For the game we made a ring, put a big marble into the center of the ring on a low mound, and put smaller marbles on the circumference of the ring. Then we stood off a certain distance and, one after another, tried to hit the big marble in the center and the smaller ones on the circumference. From then on we chased one another's marbles and pocketed the winnings. I do not recall that we played for "keeps" that is, kept the marbles of the other boys that we won in the game. ~~other games or exercises on the~~

Stick-frog and mumble-peg were associated games. Stick-frog was a game played with a pocket-knife and mumble-peg usually was the aftermath of stick-frog. A boy's early coveted possession was a pocket-knife with a big and a little blade. The game of stick-frog consisted to make <sup>and</sup> the blade - usually the little blade - of the player's knife stick up in the ground through out a series of manipulations with his knife. I do not recall the series of manipulations that constituted the game; but I do recall that several of the boys were adroit players. The one who lost the game had to "root the peg." This latter was known as mumble-peg. The loser was blindfolded. A peg an inch or inch-and-a-half long was set in the soft ground. The loser, blindfolded, had to hit or hit at the top of the peg with the back of his knife. Whether or not he hit the peg he had to "root" it. That is, he had to root it out of the ground with his mouth and run with it. ~~If he dropped the peg before~~



the ground and run with it. If he was caught, he had to come back and do it all over again. If he had hit the top of the peg with the back of his knife and driven it into the ground, none the less he had to root it out. Mumble-peg was, literally, a dirty game. But it was a lot of <sup>fun</sup> for us boys. baseball, football,

badminton. I understand also that leap-frog is a game now as it was in the 1890's. I do not remember that there were any set rules of the game. The boys lined up, bent over, and the boys at the foot of the line leaped over the head and shoulders of each of the boys up the line and then himself bent over for the boys behind to leap over him. They could go on indefinitely. I do not recall now what winning the game meant. It was good exercise and horseplay for boys brimming over with energy. a day rather than

and even. There were several other games or exercises on the school grounds - swings, acting poles, see-saws, fox-and-hounds. We made swings from grapevines. We made acting poles by cutting and fastening a pole into the forks of two trees. We made see-saws for ourselves and for the smaller children by placing a board on a log or on a pole between forks. We played fox-and-hound by having one of the boys play fox and the rest of us, hounds. We hounds chased the fox through the woods, giving him a little headstart on us. There was one acrobatic stunt called "skinning the cat," the details of which I do not recall. In the spring of the year, when the "sap was rising," and the trees were budding we made squeelers of sourwood bark. We would cut a straight sourwood branch ten or 12 inches long, rub it with another piece of sourwood until the bark broke loose from the wood. Then we twisted the bark off the branch without splitting it. We made that into a flute-like instrument with which we could play or, at any rate, make noise.



Douglas B. Let no elementary nor even high school pupil of the 1960's get the idea that the schoolboys and schoolgirls of the 1890's did not have as much fun with their games as they themselves do, although they did not have - not in the country at any rate - the modern games of basketball, baseball, football, badminton, hockey, tennis, and the like. The difference is that their games were mostly homemade and costless. Furthermore, in the making of the things they played with - balls, bats, swings, acting poles - perhaps they learned ingenuity and dexterity that stood them in good stead later in life.

Commencement was the one big school event of the year. It was a one-day and all-day affair. Because of the condition of the roads and the modes of transportation <sup>it was</sup> a day rather than and evening affair. Usually it came in May or June at the end of the eight-month school session. <sup>later I shall speak of the social</sup>

<sup>life, as</sup> On Commencement Day the schoolgrounds were congested with horses and mules and buggies and carts and a few wagons. There would be dinner on the grounds. <sup>things as buggy-rides, hay-</sup>

<sup>rides, par</sup> The program consisted of recitations, usually poems by the girls, declamations by the boys, and an address by some well-known officeholder or educator. In 1899, my last year in the Severn School, my declamation was Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua. It began, "Ye call me Chief, and ye do well to call him Chief who for six long years has met in the arena every shape of man and beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish and who never yet has lowered his arm." From there on I warmed up and indulged in real grandiloquence. Much of the traditional Southern oratory - the last disciple of which, to my knowledge, was



Douglas Southall Freeman - was born and nurtured in these school Commencement. That year of 1899 the Commencement Address was made by Professor W. J. Ferrell who had been a classmate of my Uncle Wiley at Wake Forest College. His subject was Climbing Fool's Hill. His theme was a warning to boys and girls against doing foolish things, which they would live to regret, as they climbed the hill over from youth to manhood and womanhood. That I remember the title and the theme after all these 60-odd years shows that the address made a lasting impression on me.

The social life of the schoolchildren of the 1890's was not confined to the schoolgrounds nor to the homes of the parents of the pupils, but a great deal of it started in one or another of these places. Now I am reminiscing about the social life of schoolchildren of the 1890's; later I shall speak of the social life, as I remember it, of the adults of that decade.

As I recall, the social life of us schoolboys and schoolgirls of that decade consisted of such things as buggy-rides, hay-rides, parties in one another's home, corn shuckings, and group gatherings.

Although there were no automobiles nor hard-surfaced highways then, there were horses and buggies and passable dirt roads. Just as the thrifty farmer, as well as townman, now had his spic-and-span automobile, so then he had his pleasure horse and buggy. My father always had one or more blooded horses and a homemade buggy for pleasure. By homemade I do not mean a buggy made on the farm but one made by a not-too-distant shopman who made a specialty of making buggies.



A boy would borrow his father's horse and buggy to take his "girl" for a ride Sunday afternoon or sometimes a weekday afternoon when he was not busy on the farm. If his girl had a girl friend visiting her, he would take her for a ride too. This was a courtesy paid a guest. Today boys and girls voluntarily sit close together on the front seat of the automobile. In the 1890's they had to sit close together on the narrow-seated buggy. Although the distance covered during the ride was less in mileage and the jostling less pronounced than now, I daresay the pleasure of buggy rides in the 1890's compared quite favorably with the automobile rides of the 1960's. Furthermore, there were more privacy and togetherness in the buggy rides. Whereas the automobile ride of the present day may be for a hilarious party of four or six or even eight boys and girls, the buggy rides of the 1890's were just for the two of them.

Then as now, there were hayrides so called, but with a difference. They were taken on a wagon and pair of horses or mules; now, on a motor-power<sup>ed</sup> truck or trailer. Then the bottom of the wagon-body was covered with hay or fodder or corn shucks or wheat straw or pine straw; now, the truck or trailer bottom is covered mostly with blankets. Then as now the boys and girls would pile in. Then the driver and his girl would sit up front.. The horses or mules moved slowly - not over three miles an hour - and the whole distance covered would be only a few miles and those miles in the immediate neighborhood. Sometimes an older person went along as chaparone. But for the most part the boys and girls were trusted by their parents to behave themselves. The noise - the chatter, the squealing, the shouting, the loud laughter - the



slow-moving hay-riders could be heard as they passed along by farm after farm, as they cannot be heard now in the fast-moving trucks or trailers. friends. Then the group of boys and girls would visit. There were home parties - parties at one another's home - not house parties in the modern sense of that term. Friday or Saturday evening, with no school work to do and no pressing farm work, the boys and girls would meet at one another's home. They would play games - gussessing games, blind man's buff, They would have a candy-pulling and a corn popping. They would melt and boil sugar, sometimes molasses, pull the syrup in <sup>a</sup> lengths and shapes for candy, let it cool and harden, and then cut it up into edible lengths. They would pop corn over the open fire. Sometimes they would play dominoes. At these home parties there were few kissing games. The few kisses were either penalties or rewards. Speaking of kissing, as I remember, public - I cannot speak for private - kissing, it was confined largely to "kissing cousins." It was entirely proper for a boy and girl who were first cousins to kiss each other in public. And sometimes, I am sure, the cousinship extended beyond the first degree. bands and wives, bringing new. These home parties were altogether wholesome in every way. If chaparonaage were needed, the parents of the girl would be on hand, but usually behind the scene in their own sitting room. They, no less than their daughter, would want her friends to have a good time and would help them do so. Warren Place. The farmer would harvest. Along with these home parties, but somewhat different, were what I call here group gatherings. Groups of boys would gather Sunday afternoon or evening (sometimes a Friday or Saturday or



and boys would come and shuck the corn, throw the shucks be-  
 other weekday evening) at some neighborhood girl's home. If  
 she knew beforehand that they were coming, she would invite  
 in some of her girl friends. Then the group of boys and girls  
 would visit with one another most of the afternoon or evening.  
 If the girl did not know about the boys' coming and had not  
 brought in any of her girl friends, the boys would stay only a  
 while and move on to some other girl's home and make several  
 calls during the course of a Sunday afternoon or an evening.

If a local girl had a girl guest from outside the  
 neighborhood and, especially, if the guest was good-looking and  
 attractive, the local girl would have no difficulty in getting  
 the neighborhood boys to give her guest a good time. Many of these  
 visiting girls, who came for a visit and brief stay, remained for  
 life after an interval of courtship by a local boy. Thus there  
 was a continuous exchange of boys and girls - girls coming into  
 the community to visit or teach and remaining to become wives and  
 mothers, boys going out of the community for some purpose and  
 remaining to establish a family. This, in my judgment, is a  
 wholesome exchange and interchange of husbands and wives, bring-  
 ing new blood into the community and giving new blood to other  
 communities.

Cornshuckings have been written about more than exper-  
 ienced. Yet, as a boy in the 1890's and later I did attend several  
 cornshuckings and we had some here at Warren Place. The farmer would  
 harvest - "house," he called it - his corn, haul it up to his horse-  
 lot, dump it in a long row before his corncrib. Then he would invite  
 his neighbors to come one evening to his cornshucking. The men



and boys would come and shuck the corn, throw the shucks be-  
 surfaced or even the sand-clay road. In town and cities there  
 hind them, and tote the shucked ears of corn into the crib.  
 Meanwhile the women and girls in the kitchen would be preparing  
 a big, heavy meal for them all after the corn had been shuck-  
 ed and housed. Writers, many of whom probably never went to a  
 corn-shucking, say that, when a boy found a red ear of corn, he  
 was free to chase the girl of his choice and kiss her. This may  
 have been so in some places; but I do not recall ever having  
 been the victor nor any girl, the victim of my red ear.

Spending the night during the schoolweek was a form  
 of social life of the schoolchildren of the 1890's. Every once  
 in a while the parents would let their daughter go spend the  
 night with one of her girl friends and their son, with one of  
 his boy friends. Then, of course, the girl and the boy each had  
 to return the visit.

In a later section, on the social life of adults in the  
 1890's, I shall mention some of the events in which teen-age boys  
 and girls, as well as their parents, participated. But at this  
 point I am confining what I say about social life to the school  
 boys and girls of that period.

### Transportation

I leave now the general topic of schoollife in the  
 1890's in which schoolchildren were concerned mainly and take  
 up the general topic of transportation in which grown people as  
 well as children were concerned. Transportation covers roads,  
 personal vehicles, business or work vehicles (other than trac-  
 tors and farm equipment), and railroad trains.

The 1890's was a long time before the coming of the hard-



mobiles came into use, passengers in them as late as the 1910's surfaced or even the sand-clay road. In towns and cities there were paved street and sidewalks but no such roads between towns. In wet weather these roads were a mass of mud and mud-holes. On

When our grandchildren go riding over highways and superhighways and toll-highways, with two-lane, three-lane, four-lane with one, two, three, even four lanes each way, toll roads speeded up to 70 m. p. (miles per hour) I know that they cannot envision a time when, with the lifetime of their own grandparents, there were no such things as hard-surfaced highways of any sort within rural areas or connecting towns and cities.

In my boyhood Warren Place was on a dirt road. The road was wholly ungraded. There were wheel-tracks - tracks made by the wheels of carts, wagons, and buggies - on the sides; the horse-track - the tracks made by horses and mules in the middle; the the largely unused portion of the roadway between the wheel-tracks and the horse-tracks, used only by mules or horses or oxen drawing two-horse or two-ox vehicles.

The roads were "worked" by hand-labor several days a year. Every resident man was under a legal duty to work the road by his land. If he could not or did not want to do it himself, he could hire and pay a substitute to work the road for him. The tools and implements for working the roads were hoes, shovels, spades, axes - farm implements and the most primitive. There was a road overseer to direct the work.

The over-all result of this kind of road-work was that the roads were in bad condition most of the year. In dry weather they were dusty. Ladies and gentlemen going to church or to visit or to any social, dress-up affair wore dusters. Even after auto-



mobiles came into use, passengers in them as late as the 1910's still wore dusters for their clothes and goggles for their eyes. In wet weather these roads were a mass of mud and mud-holes. On a clay hill or in a "bottom" (low land), wheels were likely to mire up to the hubs.

Bridges over the small streams across these roads were made of poles or little logs cut from the surrounding woods. Only those over the creeks or larger streams were made of planks or split logs. Many of the creeks and larger streams had sandy bottoms. These were not bridged at all and had to be forded. Except during high-water, they were passable even though the water might come up to the wheel-hubs or the bottoms of the carts, road-carts, or buggies. In the event of high-water, travel over these roads simply stopped for the time being. Acceptance of invitations and keeping engagements always was conditioned upon the weather and the consequent state of the roads.

As might be expected, travel over such roads was exceedingly slow compared with today's rate of speed. A horse's or mule's walking gait is about three miles an hour. On a good road and in good weather a horse or mule might trot ten miles an hour for a few miles. Warren Place, then as now, is 18 miles from Jackson, the countyseat. Even in good weather it would take my grandfather or father three or four hours to drive between the two places. I remember my grandfather taking me with him half-way between home and Jackson one Sunday afternoon, spending the night with a friend, Mr. Turner Lee, and getting an early start Monday morning so as to get to Jackson by the time the Commissioners Court met - that was the name of the meetings of the Board of



County Commissioners. At best, a visit from Warren Place to our countyseat was an all-day affair. At the present time, of course, it is less than a 30-minute drive by automobile.

To give you a further idea of the slowness of travel in the country before the automobile came: Grace and I were married in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, December 19 1912. We were to make our home in Winston-Salem which was over 200 miles to the west and then reachable only by train. On our way to our future home we stopped over several days at Warren Place. While we were there one of Grace's old beaus, Hugh Pete Stephenson, complimented us by coming and taking us for a ride on his Hudson automobile, perhaps the only automobile in the neighborhood. When the time came for us to leave Warren Place and go on up to Winston-Salem, we decided, upon my father's advice and planning, to drive to Weldon, 30 miles distant, and take the train from there. He then had no automobile in which to take or send us; he did have an Oakland about 1915 when Steve was a baby. So, my father put us on a buggy. Hitched to it were his two pleasure horses, fine ones each of them. Grace and I drove the 18 miles to Rich Square, it taking us fully three hours to do so, and spent the night with John and Grace Holloman, friends of my parents. The next day we drove the balance of the way, about the same distance, to Weldon. My father came up from Boykins by train, took over the horses and buggy, and drove back to Warren Place that afternoon or night. It had been a hard day for the horses, nearly 40 miles on dirt roads. Altogether, it had taken us six or eight hours or even longer to drive from Warren Place to Weldon. Today we allot 40 minutes for the drive



and at that stay well within the speed limit.

When I see the public-school buses for the colored schoolchildren parked on the Willis Hare High School grounds and when I see the school buses for white children come for and take the Fisher children to Severn or Conway five miles each way and bring them back in the afternoon, I cannot help contrasting their way of getting to and from school with our way in the 1890's. Warren Place was two miles each from Pendleton and Severn and five from Conway. Every day, weather permitting, I walked the two miles to Pendleton or Severn and back. After I <sup>e</sup>gr<sup>n</sup>w up and transferred from Pendleton to ~~Conway~~<sup>Severna</sup> I sometimes rode muleback - a mule named Logan - taking corn in a bag and fodder in a bundle tied on the back of the saddle for Logan and housed him in Mr. Buck Howell's stable which was near the Severn School. It was the same saddle my grandfather is said to have ridden through the Civil War, which I ride on every morning, and which you ride on when you come down to see us.

In rainy or snowy weather or very muddy weather my father would take or send me to school and go or send for me after school. This was on a boarded cart.

This leads me now to tell about the vehicles - first the pleasure vehicles, then the work vehicles - that we had here as Warren Place and on other farms during my boyhood and let you contrast them with the vehicles - pleasure and work - here at Warren Place now.

The pleasure vehicles were mostly buggies. There were a few phaetons, perhaps left~~o~~-overs from earlier days, drawn by a pair of horses or mules. Occasionally in some communities one



might see a carriage with a driver up front on a elevated outdoor seat and the passengers on the two enclosed seats facing each other and the folding, disappearing <sup>steps</sup> seats for the passengers, usually the ladies and girls, to alight and enter. But by the time of my boyhood we had passed beyond the age of the carriage. Our churchgrounds on Sundays and our schoolgrounds on Commencement Day were crowded with buggies.

My father was a lover of fine, blooded horses, and always kept one or more for pleasure. On the churchgrounds he had a special place of "hitching" (fastening) his horse or horses to a pole suspended between two trees, I think one might find in the minutes of the conferences of Roberts Chapel Baptist Church an entry giving him the privilege of preparing such a place for his horses.

As for the vehicles themselves, there were single buggies and double buggies. The single ones were for one passenger only; the double ones, for two or more - for husband and wife on the seat, the smaller children in the foot, and the larger boys standing on the axle behind.

Every buggy had its whip-socket. The whip-socket usually held a store-bought buggy-whip. Sometimes the "young bloods" of the community would have a ribbon of some sort tied around the whip.

When I was a very small boy the buggy wheels were all steel-tired. Then came the day of the rubber-tired buggy. The latter was the equivalent of today's sport models of automobiles.

While buggies were the common pleasure vehicle, "boarded" carts and, occasionally, single-horse or two-horse wagons were used for pleasure as well as business and work. On a Sunday it



would not be unusual to see on the churchgrounds these carts and wagons all mixed in with the buggies and the few carriages.

For business and work there were roadcarts, boarded carts, carry-log carts, steer carts, log carts, log wagons. And there were the shops in which these vehicles were kept in repair.

At the top of the list of business- or work-vehicles was the roadcart. This was a two-wheel vehicle, not unlike a present-day horse-racing two-wheel vehicle. As in the case of buggies, there were both single and double roadcarts. Again, it was not unusual to see on the churchgrounds these double roadcarts on which the husband and wife and, possibly, one or more of the smaller children had come to church. My father always had a single roadcart in which he drove to and through his farms and over the neighborhood. These roadcarts, as did the buggies, went through the steel tire and then the rubber-tire stage.

The real work vehicles were carts and wagons. There were several kinds of carts. First, the boarded cart. That had boarded-up sides and a tailgate. The passenger or passengers sat on a riding board which was a plank board extending from side to side of the cart. It was a two-wheel vehicle. The axle was placed under the body of the cart so that there was enough but not too much weight on the back of the horse or mule hitched to it. The harness of the horse or mule, besides the reins of rope, were collar, hames, cart-saddle, saddle cloth, backband and girth (pronounced girt), all of which were homemade. The collars were made of corn shucks and were known as shuck collars. There were a few store-bought leather or canvas collars.

The boarded carts were designed for hauling small, compact articles, such as store-bought things. In the fall of the



year, by placing stakes around the sides of the cart and fastening cotton bagging to the stakes, cotton in the seed could be hauled to the gin and cotton seed hauled back. They were used also for hauling things around the farm - cotton in bags out of the field, peas, corn, peanuts, manure. know that most of the framing

and weathe A grade under the boarded carts were carry-long carts. These were one-horse carts. They did not have a plank floor but only rungs (called rounds) and sticks (stakes) at the sides. They were called carry-long carts because they were used mainly for hauling fence-rails, peanut-poles, firewood for the residence and kitchen, and other things too long or too heavy or too bulky to be loaded into a boarded cart. While the boarded cart usually was shop-made, the carry-log cart was homemade.

There were steer-carts, both boarded and carry-log. In build they were not different from horse-drawn carts. The difference came in the gear of the steer (ox). It consisted of only a yoke and bow. At either end of the yoke were rings into which the cart shafts were placed and pinned. These carts were used mainly for heavy work around the farm that did not require speed. Also, they were used for hauling cordwood from the woods to the railroad to be loaded into freight cars and shipped away. Think of its taking one man's whole time to load, unload and drive these steer-carts at the speed of perhaps  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. for a very brief

period. We must not confuse log-carts with carry-log carts. Log-carts were used for hauling logs from the woods to the saw-mill and hauling the sawed timber back to the farm. They had the very high wheel - called log wheels - with curved axles. By means of a lever the log of the pile of timber was swung up under the wheels, with the log-chain so placed as to give proper weight on



the steer-yoke. The front of the log or pile of timber was fastened with a chain so as to stay in line and be clear of roots and stumps. Only steers were used for pulling these two-wheel log-carts.

You will be interested to know that most of the framing and weatherboarding and other outside timber of the present Warren Place was hauled as logs to a local sawmill by steers yoked to a log-cart as I have described it, and, having been converted into boards and framing, hauled back to the spot on which Warren Place now stands. This, however, was in the decade of the 1900's, not the 1890's. The present Warren Place was built by R. H. Stanford of Rich Squate, 1808-1910, at a cost, I have heard on my father say, of about \$10,000.

For many years my grandfather and then my father had a regular steer-drive. His name was Ben or Benjamin Parker. My father always addressed him as "Colonel." In those days a white person never addressed another white person by his given name in the presence of colored people lest they do so too. Mr. Parker was a faithful and loyal laborer but was something of an alcoholic and never was able to get ahead in the world. He lived on with us into old age. The last years he spent in the house in the yard now occupied by Lucile Sledge and her parents. When he became completely invalided we had to let him go to the County Home for a very brief period. He was a Confederate veteran.

Log-carts and log-wagons were different vehicles. There were two-horse log-wagons. They were four-wheel vehicles with the two big wheels, like those of steer-drawn log carts. But, in addition, there were two wheels in front. The logs or sawed timber was swung under the big wheels at the rear by means of a



lever and the tongue of the rear part of the wagon fastened into the carriage of "bed" on the axle of the small wheels in front. Then the horses or mules were hitched to the carriage in front, and the log-wagon was ready for the day's work.

Today, when we see the log trucks with 20 or more sizable logs moving along the highway at 25 or 30 miles an hour, one cannot help contrasting them first with the steer-drawn log-carts and then with the mule-drawn log-wagons moving at only one, two, or at best three miles an hour.

In my early boyhood there were comparatively few farm wagons, either one-horse or two-horse, in our neighborhood. Only a few of the more thrifty farmers had them. As far back as I can remember my father did have a two-horse wagon. I remember now going with him through the rain the 10 miles to Potecasi to get a new wagon he had had built over there, and plodding through the mud, especially near Potecasi Creek, on our way there and back. Now a built-up highway and bridges over the creek make the approach to Potecasi from our side smooth and passable in all kinds of weather.

These wagons had boarded-up sides to their bodies for the hauling of cotton or corn or peas or other farm products. The boarded body could be removed and a frame, like that of a carry-log cart, substituted, for hauling peanut poles, forewood, rails for fences, and other lengthy or bulky objects.

As I think of the farm vehicles of my boyhood - the carts and the wagons - I am impressed by the adaptability of them. Most of them were homemade or made in a local shop. These shops deserve mention too.

There were carpenter shops where woodwork was done and



and blacksmith shops where the ironwork was done. The latter included the shoeing of the horses and, in some cases, of the mules. In the carpenter shops the carts and wagons were made from timber straight from the sawmill to the finished product. Even the wheels - the hubs, the spokes, the rims, and the axles - were made or, at any rate, were fitted together in these local shops. In some cases a cart- or a wagonwheel axle would be all iron, in which case it would have to be bought and brought in from the outside. In other cases it would be wood with an iron strip at the bottom to take the pressure and grind. In still other cases it would be all wood. If the steel tire on a wheel became loose, as it sometimes did, the wheel would be taken to the blacksmith shop and "shrunk" back onto the wheel.

No wonder we children of that day liked to hang around the blacksmith shop while the bellows was blowing, the sparks, flying, and the iron or steel was turning into glowing red as it became "red hot" and then paled down to silver and then back to black as the horse-shoe was ready to be fitted or the wheel-tire ready to be shrunk on the wheel. I still hear, with my mind's ears, the sizzling when the hot shoe was stuck into the bucket of water standing hardby the furnace before the shoe was fitted onto the horse's foot.

There was a self-sufficiency and a self-dependence (a better word for my purpose than independence) in farm life in my boyhood far more than is true of it at the present time. When anything broke or went wrong or needed fixing then, we had no 'phone to call anyone from a farm-implement store or plant to come and fix it. We had to do it ourselves if we could. If we could not fix it ourselves we had to depend upon some local carpenter or blacksmith or wheel-



was ready to go to school in 1892, Pendleton had become a village with a postoffice, a schoolhouse, and one or two other stores.

The inevitable result of this self-sufficiency and self-dependence was a self-reliance that only adventurers in other fields of exploration now possess and exercise. The spirit is not gone; only it has gone into other fields and left the countryman to share his dependence with other persons who, in turn, have The Murfreesboro Road was not a financial success. The town issued bonds to finance the railroad. As I remember or have been told, Murfreesboro defaulted its bonds. The road was abandoned and they can do better than they.

It is not amiss to include railroad trains as a means of transportation of both persons and things. In the 1890's there were no mercantile trucks nor log-trucks nor passenger buses plying on and frequently cumbering the highways. If one wanted to transport himself or his goods beyond the hauling- or driving-distance of horses or mules, one had to depend upon railroad trains.

What about railroad transportation in those days? Most of the time there was a train a day each way between Boykins and Lewiston - to Lewiston in the morning, back to Boykins in the afternoon. In Boykins it connected with the Portsmouth-Norlina Branch of the Seaboard, and the Tar River passengers or freight would go on to Portsmouth or to Norlina and, if the latter, connect with the mainline of the Seaboard.

I remember somewhat vaguely when the Tar River Branch of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad was built from Boykins, Virginia, to Lewiston, North Carolina. At that time there was no Pendleton. Stephenson and Sykes ( David N. Stephenson and Wiley P. Sykes) had a general store at what then was Stephenson and Sykes's mill - that is, on Highway 35 between Pendleton and Conway. After the railroad was built, they moved their store from across the road from the millhouse up to the railroad. The new and present site was named Pendleton for one of the Seaboard Railroad men who had been active in the building of the Tar River Branch. By the time I



I was ready to go to school in 1892, Pendleton had become a village with a postoffice, a schoolhouse, and one or two other stores.

Later still - and this I do remember clearly - a spur of the Tar Rive Branch was built to Murfreesboro. It came into Pendleton alongside the present postoffice and Roger-Davis home. The Murfreesboro Road was not a financial success. The town issued bonds to finance the railroad. As I remember or have been told, Murfreesboro defaulted it bonds. The road was abandoned and the roadbed torn up, and no one cannot tell where the roadbed ever was. I do remember that it crossed what is now Highway 35 between the present, in-town site of Roberts Chapel Baptist Church and the cemetery on the original church site.

What about railroad transportation in those days? Most of the time there was a train a day each way between Boykins and Lewiston - to Lewiston in the morning, back to Boykins in the afternoon. In Boykins it connected with the Portsmouth-Norlina Branch of the Seaboard, and the Tar River passengers or freight would go on to Portsmouth or to Norlina and, if the latter, connect with the mainline of the Seaboard.

The trains were a combination of passenger and freight, with the freight cars up nearest the locomotive, the mail-express car next, and the passenger coach at the rear. The coach was heated in winter by a coal-burning stove. The white and colored passengers were seated each in a different end of the coach or, if there were two coaches, in a separate coach.

The arrival of the morning and the afternoon train was quite an event for the village. The people came down to the station to see the passengers get on and off and to get the mail



and express. railroad bed, ties, and rails were kept in repair or

replace One of the events that I remember clearest was the excursions from Lewiston to Portsmouth. A Sunday School class or some other organization, wishing to make some money, would charter a coach or coaches for a stated amount and then sell tickets more than enough to cover the cost. As I recall, an excursion return-ticket from Pendleton to Portsmouth - 75 miles - cost \$1. I believe that there were reduced rates for children under 12. I recall two events of these excursions, one of which still makes me smile.

The first and the serious one was that my father took Isaac (Ike) Thorne, Jesse Paul Stephenson, and me to Farber's, log-photographer, and had our photographs made. That photograph still is in existence, in my office in the yard at Warren Place.

The other - the one that makes me smile - is that on one of these excursions my father took me to a firestation in Portsmouth or Norfolk and told the firemen sitting around the station that he, horselover as he was, wanted to see how the firehorses acted. And they, to humor him, set off a firealarm inside the station; the horses jumped out and took their places beside the fire-truck tongue ready to be harnessed. No sense of impropriety whatever in asking the firemen to show him - and me - how firehorses acted when a fire alarm came in. to some extent, to private plane.

One of the things we sometimes would bring back from Portsmouth was a bag of bananas; they were not to be had in our local stores. and South, East and West. They practically eliminated passenger Even as early as the 1890's there were, no doubt, through trains between the North and South. But I do not remember riding on any train except the Tar River and the one to Portsmouth until I rode off to Wake Forest College in 1899. and Alx Mine now are



The railroad bed, ties, and rails were kept in repair or replaced by roadhands, under a superintendent or overseer, who were moved from place to place on the road by hand-propelled hand-cars. A good deal of the energy of the roadhands must have gone into pumping the handcar along the roadway.

Think of the change that has come in our lifetime as regards railroad transportation. When I was a boy the railroad companies were the big corporations - Big Business. They were the money-makers for their stockholders. In state legislatures and in the Congress their lawyers were the highly paid lobbyists. In their attitude toward the general public and even toward the legislators they often were high-and-mighty. Sometimes they really were arrogant. Little did they realize that time would come within the lifetime of some of them when railroads would be fighting for their lives, when they would need every friend they could get, and when passenger traffic would be the losing part of their operation.

But with the coming of the automobile and the hard-surfaced highway and the airplane and the mile-a-minute speed on the <sup>highway</sup> ~~highway~~ and the three-mile-a-minute speed on the plane and with the bus fares and even the plane fares less than railroad fares, passenger traffic began to shift from railroad to bus to private automobile and commercial plane and, already to some extent, to private plane.

The railroads were driven by force of necessity to curtail their passenger traffic. They reduced the number of through trains North and South, East and West. They practically eliminated passenger traffic on branch lines, such as the Tar River. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has eliminated its trains between Washington and New York, and now all of the traffic goes to the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Air Line now are



in process of consolidation into the Seaboard Coast Line Railroad.

Despite the fact that the railroad companies have improved their coaches, their chair cars, their sleeping cars, they have not been able to recifer a great of their through traffic even. How can they expect to do so! Between Pendleton and Seattle, Washington, the best time we can make by train would be three or four days and nights without any stop-over for sightseeing. By plane we can leave Richmond, Virginia, early in the morning and be in Seattle by mid-afternoon of the same day. The same difference of time would apply to San Francisco or Los Angeles. And with the coming of the jet-propelled planes - already a reality - the time will be reduced still further. Recently our flying time between Los Angeles and Baltimore was two hours and forty minutes. (?)

The net result is that we now have a generation that knows from experience little or nothing about railroad passenger transportation. There are boys and girls in their late teens who never have ridden on a train. Parants take their children for a short train-ride in order for the children to be able to say that they have ridden on a train - perhaps the smaller ones would call it a choo-choo train. Billy Fisher took his little girls to Boykins, put them on the train, beat the train by automobile to Branchville three miles away, and took them off, so that they could say that they had ridden on a train. In the fall of 1959 Grace and I, coming up from Florida, saw a group of little children from a children's home get on the train, be shown through the coaches and sleepers, including our own room, and get off at Savannah, their teachers or chaparones saad, so that they could say that they had ridden on a train and seen what it looks like.



on, by Sixty years ago no prophet would have predicted that in one person's lifetime the passenger traffic on railroads would have diminished to the point where railroads would be trying to get out of the passenger-traffic business and people would be spending years and years of their life without ever darkening the door of a passenger coach or sleeper. Yet, although the buses and planes have taken over a great deal of the lighter freight, the railroads still are handling and perhaps for time to come will handle the bulky freight. Pulpwood, logs, heavy machinery, oil in tank cars, and heavy items of that character going long distances belong in railroad box-cars and flat-cars and tank-cars rather than in buses, planes, or motor-driven trucks.

I, for one, would like to look ahead another 50 years and see how the railroad, the plane, the automobile, the bus, and the truck will be related to one another and will adjust their respective fields of service.

Today, out in the country as well as in village, town, and city, our lighting is by electricity and, for an increasing number of us in the country, our heating is by oil and electricity. Nor so in my early boyhood days. In the 1890's lighting was by open fireplace, tallow candle, and kerosene lamp. I refer to them as open fireplaces to call attention to the fact that light rays as well as heat rays emanated from the hearths of farm and town homes. The original Warren Place was lighted in one or more of these three ways. First, there was the open fireplace. In the fall, winter, and early spring, after dusk and then night came