

professional school to go on to or what kind of business or profession should you decide not to go on further in school. It may be, as it was in my case, not until you have tried out a given business or profession and found in lacking for you in some respect. The choice must be made sooner or later and, in most cases, the sooner the better, so as to have a longer period of preparation and an earlier entry into the chosen lifework.

It does not make one particle of difference what business or profession you enter just so it is one essential to the welfare of society and in keeping with your tastes and talents. My philosophy is that if a business or profession is essential to the welfare of society, then there is no superior^{ity} of any one such business or profession over any other. It is the social essentiality of the business or profession that is determinative.

In the horse-and-buggy days this thought was illustrated thus:

For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe, the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.

And he might have added: For want of a ride, the battle was lost. Of these four - the nail, the shoe, the horse, the rider - only the rider, the person, is superior to the others. But the nail, the shoes, and the horse are essential to the rider and to the winning of the battle.

In these automobile days the same thought may be illustrated by these questions about an automobile: Which is the most important part - the steering wheel, the brake, the engine, the transmission, the wheels, the bolts and screws, the rods? The answer would have to be: They all are equally important. Without any

one of them you would not have an automobile, only part of one. Only the nonessential parts of an automobile are the inferior ones. Take everyone of them off and the parts left are equal in standing. So it is with the callings of life.

I never brought any pressure, not even persuasion, upon either Steve or Jim as to his business or profession. Each of them chose an essential - one the interpretation of business to the public; the other, architecture; neither of them law or trust service.

One-half of the battle of life is dealing with people socially. I do not mean "socially" in any restricted sense; it mean it in the sense of dealing with people in all stations of life. No matter what one's business or profession may be, one must deal with other people. Even the research man. Even though he may do his own research work in seclusion, he must add the results of his research to that of other researchers to get the results of his own findings accepted in the life of the world about him and of his generation. No one really lives unto himself nor dies unto himself.

One of the main points in one's education is making oneself acceptable to other people. People must like a person freely to deal with him. This is equally true whether he is a businessman or a professional man.

Since this is, without any doubt, true, everyone who has any part in the upbringing of a child should pay attention to the social acceptability of that child or that youth or that man. This applies to parents and teachers alike. It applies in the home life, in the school life, in the church life, as well as in the social life itself. Children should be taught to modulate their voice so as

to make it attractive to other individuals or audiences. They should know how to greet people, to converse with them, to say good-bye to them. They should know how to dress attractively and not gaudily. A parent or a teacher who himself is not possessed of social graces may be inclined to discount the importance of what I am saying. But that parent's child or that teacher's pupil himself will learn later in life that he will find ease and gracefulness and tact in business and profession, as well as in purely social, life will stand him in good stead. Although, to be sure, ~~as~~ many a man has succeeded in spite of this social unattractiveness, it is true, none the less, that many more men have been helped in their business or professional^{al}, as well as in their social, life by having acquired social attractiveness. *Fatherhood of God,*

So, looking back over the past 70 years I wish that I had paid more attention to the purely social side of life. Had I been more socially inclined I would have been more disposed to associate socially with other people. As it was, realizing my own awkwardness, I retired within myself and let the social world go by. There within myself I made better grades in schools than I would have had I been more outgoing and outgiving. But I would have left college and university a much better rounded man. As I often have said, although I made better grades than either Steve or Jim did, both of them got a great deal more out of their college life than I did. *read it, I fell in love with Robert*

My final but supremely important injunction to you, our grandsons, is that you accept, cultivate, and develop a spiritual interpretation of life. By this I mean that you have faith, as well as belief, in the Friendly Spirit in charge of this universe, whom Jesus called his Heavenly Father and whom we call God.

As I contemplate my spiritual inheritance, I am eternally grateful that I had broad-minded parents as well as Christian-spirited; that, for the most part, I had broadminded and Christian-spirited pastors, such as, Charles Wingate Scabrorough, James W. Lynch, James L. Campbell, Jack Ellis, John Christie, and now Randolph Phillips; and that I came under the influence of such men as Lyman Abbott and Harry Emerson Fosdick. soul.

While I have a deep-seated conviction that you should be affiliated with an active in some religious denomination or sect, I am not much concerned over which one it is. In our own family we have Missionary Baptists, Presbyterians, Quakers, and Unitarians; and Grace was a Methodist. Whatever the affiliation I shall be satisfied if you accept and act upon the Fatherhood of God, the leadership and inspiration of Jesus, and the brotherhood of man. All else I regard as non-essential although helpful.

In the preceding pages I have presented the six decades of my life, 1890-1960, as though each decade was a separate, unrelated period of my life. Not so. Each decade is related to the preceding one and affects the succeeding one.

Writing now this final page, I should like to think of my life as a whole up to 1960 and of my philosophy of life all the way up to the present and, I trust, all the way out to the end.

As a college boy, studying English under Professor Benjamin F. Sledd, upon hearing him read it, I fell in love with Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra, the first stanza of which has lingered with me ever since and often has been quoted by me:

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made;

Our times are in His hand

Who saith "Whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid." "

And, as I have grown older, these lines from Matthew

Arnold's Sonnet to a Friend have struck a responsive cord in my soul:

My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,

From first youth tested up to extreme old age,

Business could not make dull, nor passion wild:

Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

So, I would say to my grandson, from youth through old age, all the way, see life steadily and see it whole. You can if you will to do so.

MY "CHILDHOOD AND EARLY SCHOOL YEARS

A two-storey house with a gravel walk, bounded on either side with daffodils leading up to the front steps; a paling fence, a swinging gate from the road to the yard; beautiful box bushes and shrubbery. All of these made a picture in my mind that many years since have not erased. The house still stands and I have been back to see it. Now there is a cement walkway, no fence, and the box-bushes are gone. It is wonderful to have in one's mind such a vivid picture of one's childhood home. **GRACE'S RECOLLECTIONS** are is exaggerated but it was the beginning of my love for gardens and the beauty of the outdoors.

The inside of the house does not stand out so clearly. I remember the long hall running through the center of the house. At one end stood a combination bookcase and desk, the top filled with books. This lovely old piece is now my desk at Warren Place and in the top where the books once were are an old Ridgeway plate dating back to 1844 and identified by ^{and} the chart on the back of the plate, a milk glass sugar and spoon holder of exquisite beauty, all of which came from the old house. There are also daguerotypes of Gilbert's grandfather when he still was in the Civil War, of his Grandmother Letty holding two babies, his Uncle Wiley and his Uncle Bob. There are two luster pictures, one I found here when we came in 1950 and the other given me by my good friend Mrs. Simpson when we visited them in England in 1956.

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Maggie's marriage in that room. Across the hall was my mother's room. It was a combination family room and bedroom. Back of that was an ell-room, always the room of the baby. I believe the kitchen was separated by a porch from the main part of the house, and the dining room was back of the porch. I presume there was the same number of rooms upstairs.

It was in that house that I first came into touch with a new-born baby. My sister-in-law, Sis Mattie, came there for the birth of her second child, Anna Mullen White. It was in February, and I still remember how bitterly cold it was and the problem that such weather presented with a new-born baby in the house and no central heating system. Even the water froze in the pitcher in the bedroom.

It is interesting that unexpected things make lasting impressions upon a child's mind. It is a warning to be careful what we say and do before even our very young. I still can see in my mind's eye the hearse coming into the yard to take my father's body to the church for his burial. It was drawn by horses with trappings of black cords and a casket covered with black cloth, a sad picture for a little nine-year-old girl.

So, a marriage, a birth, and a death are after 60 years associated in my mind with the first home I ever knew.

I remember the Towses' home next door. Mrs. Towe came from Virginia which seemed a far way off. There was an air of aristocracy and refinement about her that was a little different from most of our countryfolk. They stood in awe of her; she "put on airs," they said. But my mother understood, and they were great friends. Her children were just younger than

I but we grew up as playmates. I can remember Mrs. Towe coming over and wearing a sailor hat which she tilted a little to one side. I thought she was so stylish and promised myself that when I grew up I would wear my hats tilted to one side and "put on airs." ~~come again.~~

Cousin Kate was a half-cousin (whatever that is) and lived across the road. She had been a very beautiful woman but had had smallpox which had left her face marked. Sue was one of her daughters and my playmate. One "Old Christmas" ~~ause~~ (January 6th) I spent the night with Sue. We pretended that we still believed in Santa Claus (then why shouldn't he come on Old Christmas?) and hung up our stockings. Cousin Kate played the game with us, and the next morning the stockings were filled with candy, orange, apple, and niggertoes. I believe that was a greater thrill than the first Christmas had been. ~~are buried by mother and father, two brothers who died in inf~~ My father had a sawmill near the railroad. Occasionally I was allowed to go down and ride on the log-train. I am told that I was a very slender child with very blonde curls, and because I was younger than my brothers and sister I was much indulged. And worse than that, oftentimes a nuisance. I can see my mother now when the family was repeating some choice bit of news or gossip looking at me and saying, "Little pitchers have big ears." Once she did not give the warning in time. My sister had a beau that was ~~mx~~ ^{most} acceptable to the family but not to her. In spite of her discouraging him he persisted in his attention. One day she had a note from him saying he would be passing through and would call. She let out her disapproval in no uncertain terms. I remember my mother shaking her head

at her. But I thought that now was the time to come to my sister's aid. So, when the young man appeared, I met him at the door and said, "My sister does not like you, and neither do I. And we hope you will not come again!" Suffice it to say that he did not come again.

I do remember the great care the help at the sawmill took of me when I went there. I suspect I took advantage of their attention at times and was a little "haughty," (they called it then). I am glad I seldom hear the word now because I dislike it so much. It (the sawmill) was such a fascinating place with its great piles of sawdust. The sound of a mill sawing lumber arouses in me today a feeling of nostalgia.

I remember very little about my church life. In later years I have visited the church many times, and it stands today very much as it did when I was a child. In the church cemetery are buried my mother and father, two brothers who died in infancy, and my brother Andrew, five years my senior, who died while he still was a law student. In the church is a memorial window to my parents.

The schoolhouse was a one-room building near the church, set in a pine grove. Miss Helen Garrett was the teacher, and she was crippled. She probably had had polio but we never had heard that word then. I have no recollection of work done in the school-room but it must have been fairly good, since I went from there to a Washington City graded school and entered the sixth grade. But I do remember playing housekeeping at recess. We made the walls of our rooms out of pine straw, the furniture out of sticks. It was very realistic to us. Perhaps that is where my interest in "fixing up" a house started.

Nothing interests me more than arranging and rearranging my home. I love pretty clothes but something new for the house give me a lift that even new clothes do not. Uncle Kit and Aunt Gertie lived in a little village about four miles away. A visit to them usually meant "spending the day," since to drive that distance a back took quite a while. Ten children of that family loved to be grown and, since there as not too much difference in their ages, there was a houseful when they all got together. It was overwhelming to a little girl who with her brother five years older was the only child left in her home. After one of these visits I remember how bothered I was in trying to distinguish the children. In all ~~After~~ seriousness I asked my mother if she thought Aunt Gertie knew the names of all her children. ~~those days:~~

My adored and adoring companion of those first ten years was my Brother Andrew. From the time that I went away to school in Washington until his death in 1908 we were separated most of the time. He was either in school or working. Brilliant, ambitious, he was anxious to carry on the tradition of some of his forbears. Death claimed him in January 1908 before he was to have got his law degree in June. I visit the Outer Banks. ~~But the Islanders re-~~
I must have been ten years old when I began to make my first visits to Cape Hatteras. My Sister Maggie, whose wedding I remember so vividly, had married a young doctor. They settled in the little village of Woodville under what seemed the most favorable circumstances - an excellent practice, a lovely home. But Dr. Davis was not looking for an easy life but for a rewarding one. Probably there was something of a

pioneer in his makeup. Anyway, there came to him the information that the "Bankers," as the inhabitants of that narrow strip of sandy land that lies between the ocean and the sound on the east coast of North Carolina was called, had no doctor for a distance of 30 miles. At that time that stretch of land extending from the Chicamiconico to Hatteras was as isolated a settlement as could be found on the Atlantic Coast. There were no roads and ferries as there are today, and the only way to reach these Outer Banks from the mainland was by sailboat. Most of these boats depended entirely upon sailing and had no auxiliary motors.

This is what Ben Dixon MacNeill in his The Hatterasman (John F. Blair, Winston-Salem, N. C., 1958) has to say about Dr. Davis and his mode of travel in those days:

As early as 1906 a gasoline engine had been installed in a 36-foot sharpie by Dr. J. J. Davis, who practiced medicine on the Islands for a time, eventually retiring southward in the face of the persistent and unrewarding healthfulness of the inhabitants of these Island. He remembered that he was never, in fifteen years, called upon to treat a case of pneumonia on the Outer Banks, and the disease continues to be virtually unknown. But the Islanders remember his boat, though none as yet has admitted having travelled in it, and just yesterday a visitor - a Midgett, of course - gleefully recalled how, in 1910, the gas boat under contract to carry the mails broke down and how he hitched on to it with his bug-eye, toed it in plumb to Manteo, and was back home before bedtime. (240)

The "schooners necessarily were very small since they

would have to land in shallow water. ca'm, (calm) so the

The only transportation between the villages on this strip of land was by boat and by horse-drawn, two-wheel carts. The latter was necessarily a slow process, since it was so sandy. I have ridden in the carts on the beach when the sand was packed; then the going was a little better.

It was to Buxton (Cape Hatteras) that my brother-in-law came with his young wife and one child. Twelve miles out in the ocean extend the Diamond Shoals, called the Graveyard of the Atlantic. A few miles from my sister's home stood the Old Lighthouse. What a thrill as a child to be allowed to climb to the top and see the big light that was always lighted from sunset to sunrise that warned the men of the sea of the danger of this spot! It was later that a lightship was installed on the Diamond Shoals 12 miles out. Several miles from their home was the Lifesaving Station commanded by Captain Pat Ethridge. Here a little girl with wideopen eyes and ears was shown the lifeboats, told how the men patrolled the beaches, how they shot the lifebuoys out to drowning men, how they manned the boat to go out to the vessel in trouble. No book of adventure ever has been written more fascinating than were those stories of the sea as related to me by those men. So much good literature has come out of the Banks in recent years. David Stick and Ben Dixon MacNeil have written splendid histories. As I have read them I have realized that it is almost incredible what man can do. Now one can, by means of ferries and the roads that have been built, go from Manteo to Hatteras and back in one day. I did that in 1956, when 60 years ago such a trip would have taken several days in a sailboat,

especially if we happened in a "slick ca'm," (calm) so the left story goes. In 1949 in company with our son Jim and Gussie Walker and Sarah Thompson I flew in a small plane from Manteo to Ocracoke and back in a few hours. unduly frightened. I

could. Now the Outer Banks is fast becoming a Mecca for tourists. I think I had not realized until we landed how

concern. Some other recollections I have. The kindness of the people and their honesty. They spoke an idiomatic language - and Elizabethan English. Anyone coming in from the mainland was an "outsider," but the natives were so hospitable and welcomed them heartily.

My recollection of a camp meeting was one held at Little Kinnakeet. I am not sure how I became a part of it because I am sure that my sister and her busy husband did not pitch a tent there for several days, as was the custom. Whole families came bringing provisions to last several days. The religious part of the meeting did not linger with me but the memory of the visting from tent to tent and exchange of news between the residents of the Cape, of the villages of Hatteras and Chicamcomico does. I am told that it was a place for "courting" and that many romances had their beginning at camp meetings.

I'll never forget the fearful storms when the waters from the sea and the sound sometimes would meet. And the wonderful seafood.

One vivid recollection that remains to this day - coming to Elizabeth City on a sailboat during a memorable three-day storm of August 1899. Fortunately the wind was blowing in our

Dear Grace:

favor or I probably would not be living to tell this. We left Trent, several miles south of Cape Hatteras, early one morning. Late that evening we were in Elizabeth City, but what a rough voyage! I can't remember being unduly frightened. I could tell that the crew was serious and had no time for questions from me. I think I had not realized until we landed how concerned our families might be.

My sister and her husband continged to live on the Banks around 20 years during which ten of their 12 children were born. These children grew up dependent for the most part upon one another for companionship and for their education upon the teaching of their parents. And how beautifully educated they were. And mose of that family have become distinguished citizens. When they became of college age the family moved to Beaufort, North Carolina, dividing their time between Beaufort and Washington, D. C.

Even as far back as my childhood many people of distinction found their way to these Banks. Some came to hunt. Where else could one find such wild life. The name of T. Gilbert Pearson, the great naturalist, became a magic word in my sister's family. He was their guest on his research expeditions and would come bringing books to the children and so much information of what was going on in the outside world. Some of the older members still remember Thomas Edison Jr.'s visit to their home.

The following is a letter from my sister Maggie, Mrs. J. J. Davis, now (1961) 88 years old.

Mrs. J. J. Davis
Smyrna, North Carolina

Dear Grace:

I think your memory of your childhood is better than mine, but after 88 years in this world and so much water under the bridge I do well to remember at all. In the days of my childhood fourteen years were mine before you arrived in this world and that goes back before the sawmill or the cotton gin across the road.

I remember when we lived on a farm and I drove them to the mill with horse and cart. I don't think I was ten years old, so that was before your time.

One of the thrills of my life was when the R. R. came through to Edenton. We all were so excited and when the whistle blew we all ran out to see it. I still like the train.

About Buxton, I wonder if they were my happiest days. I didn't think so after Harry's accident (You were there.) Hatteras could hold me no longer. I saw nothing there for me. My husband would have stayed, not me, but he was the one who saw farther than I.

Yes, Thomas Edison, Jr., stayed at our house. Not. Sr. Several others, but not too clear now.

(The rest of the letter is about current, personal, family matters.)

Love.

Sister.

his given MY YOUTH AND COLLEGE YEARS do not know. I still

have a faint recollection of Major as a short, stubby man

with a The second decade of my recollections begins about
January 1899. Identically a good one, was buying chickens and eggs

from the I go to Washington to school. Giving a truck to Norfolk

where. When I was 12 years old a new world suddenly opened up
to me. In October 1898 my Sister Sarah had married D. H. Reed.
He was a government employee in Washington and at night was
finishing up his work for his medical degree. Actually he mar-
ried Sarah and took me on also, for from the first I was a
very intimate part of their household. Always he extended to
me every courtesy.

He and my sister, feeling that the school at Chapanoke
was not adequate, suggested to my mother that, beginning in
January 1899, I come up and stay with them and go to the pub-
lic school in Washington. That was quite a gesture for a bride
and groom to make. In the meantime my Brother Jim and his wife,
Sister Mellie, had come to be with my mother at the old home.

Then came the preparations. I needed clothes. How was I
to make what seemed to them the long journey to Washington
school? I do remember that I had a new green outfit that I
thought was the last word. More about that outfit later.

Chapanoke was on the Norfolk and Southern Railroad, and
there was a train that went to Norfolk. The Old Bay Line was
the name of the steamship line that made an overnight trip to
Washington from Norfolk. But I never had been even to Norfolk,
and I certainly could not transfer alone from the Norfolk and
Southern Depot to the boat. The problem was solved by Major
Jackson. Major was Cousin Kate's husband. Whether Major was

his given name or an honorary title I do not know. I still have a faint recollection of Major as a short, stubby man with a black mustach and an abrupt way of speaking. His business, and evidently a good one, was buying chickens and eggs from the countryside and on Friday driving a truck to Norfolk where, I presume, he put them on the market Saturday morning. Major offered to take me on the truck with the chickens and eggs and other produce and put me on the boat. This wasn't as I would have liked it. I would have much preferred having all the family put me on the train and wave good-bye. Perhaps shedding a few tears, which I am sure my mother did anyway. But the way was a safe way and saved money. As I have said before, I had great pride, "haughty," they called me, and I today remember the embarrassment that the ride through the streets of Norfolk on the truck with the chickens. I kept hoping no one would see me, but I am sure the sight of a little girl in a green outfit jolting along with the chickens caused many to stare. I said "Sat-day" for Saturday.

When it was learned that I was to make the trip from Norfolk to Washington on the boat alone, it immediately became a neighborhood project. I was briefed on what to do on the boat. They told me, so far as possible, what to do under any circumstances.

The address of Sarah and Dr. Reed was in my pocketbook. I was told what to do in case they should miss me at the boat. I was given a lunch. That too saved money, and the awkwardness of my trying to orient myself in a strange diningroom on a boat. I remember very little about the night; but I do remem-

ber the thrill when I looked out the next morning and saw Dr. Reed standing on the dock waiting for me. understanding of the
 Saturday afternoon I paid my first visit to a department store, Woodward & Lothrop's. I had been given money to buy my first pair of kid gloves, and I was eager to have them before I went to church on Sunday. When taken to the glove counter I did not know there could be as many gloves in the world as I saw there. But with all those gloves there was only one pair for me - a pair of the most vivid green one can imagine, almost a bilious green, and they were on sale! and spent the
 I presented a problem when I was taken to school. What grade should I be put in? As for reading, arithmetic, and spelling, I was equal to if not ahead of my age-group. But there were so many other things, such as drawing, modeling, music, et cetera, that I had had no training in. I was first-grade material in those subject and sixth-grade in only three or four subjects. Moreover, I was an oddity to those city-born children. I talked differently. I said "Sat-day" for Saturday. When asked what sort of a house I lived in, I replied, "A cry wood house." I can almost hear their peals of laughter. Children can be so cruel to other children; but, as I found later they can also be so kind.

One rainy day we were playing in the basement. I had begun to feel that I was at last one of them and was joining in their games. A cord hung from the ceiling to pull off and on the light. Remember, I never had seen electric lights before coming to Washington. I jumped up and accidentally pulled the cord and the basement was dark. I was terrified. I thought that I had broken beyond repair the whole works, and the oth-

ers encouraged me in thinking so.

Had it not been for the wonderful understanding of the teacher to whose grade I was assigned, I would never have made it. After 60 years the image of Miss Fleming (I can't remember her first name) comes back to me. And the 103d Psalm, which she used to read so frequently at the morning devotional impressed itself so much on me that it still is my favorite, especially the twelfth verse, "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

I returned to Washington the next fall and spent the entire year there. By that time I had caught up enough in the extracurricular subject to be a fully accredited member of my grade. It was a wonderful year. By then I was "taken in." Perhaps I had lost some of my off ways or, ~~either~~, those city children just accepted them. I still remember some of the friends of those days. I acquired too a familiarity with the beautiful city of Washington. My love for the beauty in architecture and art stems from those two years in Washington. Soon I had learned my way around enough to visit alone the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Museum, and the White House; and I even took my sister's out-of-town guests sight-seeing.

Dr. Reed and my sister attended Mt. Vernon Methodist Church. I revelled in its Sunday School and its many delightful social doings.

One person stands out vividly in my memory. I developed some contagious disease, chickenpox I believe, and was sick enough for my sister to call in a physician. The physician that came was none other than the eminent Dr. Sterling Ruffin.

He came because of Dr. Reed's association with him in the medical school. In those days a doctor's visit meant unusual stir in a household. The sickness of the patient (if he was not too ill) faded into insignificance beside the importance of the doctor. When the eminent Dr. Ruffin arrived and dealt gently with me and talked like other folk I was overcome with admiration.

I do want to express my appreciation of the sacrifice that Dr. Reed and Sarah must have made to have me with them in Washington. Dr.'s mother, Cousin Maggie, a distant cousin of my mother, spent part of her time with them.

In the summer of 1899 their first child, a son, Elwood Reed, was born. So, when I went back the second year, I am sure, it made a crowded household. A teenage girl isn't always a joy to have around. But Dr. Reed and Sarah, as well as Cousin Maggie, accepted me cheerfully. I shall always be grateful.

In a later period of my life I again spent a great deal of time in their home. You will hear much about this later.

I go to Elizabeth City. But before I go, let me quote a letter from my Sister Sarah about my two years in Washington with her and Dr. Reed:

My dear Grace: I thoroughly enjoyed living over those scenes and experiences you had with us in Washington. Some of them may not have been so pleasant at the time, but I assure you it was our pleasure to share with you your sorrows and joys, and you certainly were a great comfort to me. and Dr. Reed loved you and always thought you belonged to us.

In your writing I think you could have said much about the big snow in February 1899. We had never seen anything like

it. I haven't since; maybe, you have. It was a dangerous and difficult experience Dr. Reed had getting home from the State Department, the postman, Mr. Carroll, in whose home we had an apartment, didn't get home for two days, his wife was awfully upset - couldn't get any word from him. Many were lost in drifts of snow.

I remember one Easter when you were so smartly dressed in a new spring outfit. It turned cold and rained all day. I think you covered the time and made an interesting story.

I didn't remember the details of your trip to Washington the first time, but you dressed it up and made it interesting - will be to your grandchildren, I am sure.

(The rest of the letter is about current, personal, family matters.) Thank you for letting me read your notes - very interesting.

Now, back to Elizabeth City.

In the fall of 1900 my mother decided that we could no longer stay alone at the old homeplace and I must be put into preparatory school for college. Mr. S. L. Sheep as a young man had come down from Pennsylvania to Elizabeth City as an educator. Just where he did his first teaching I am not sure but it was soon recognized that he was a "natural born teacher." He married into a prominent Southern family and established what was known as The Atlantic Collegiate Institute, both a day school and a boarding school. The "boarding" part of it did not exist when I attended but my Brother Theo had attended it sometime before I did and (if I remember correctly) there were several

small houses in the Sheep yard that at the time housed a limited number of students. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Sheep was a beautiful house on Main Street that is now occupied by their daughter Margaret, Mrs. Garland Towe. There were out-of-town pupils in my day but they were paying guests or relatives in the homes of Elizabeth City residents.

My Brother Dallas and his wife whom I always call Sis-Mattie (running the Sister and Mattie together) with their two sons and daughter lived across the street from the Sheeps' residence. It was to their home that my mother and I came.

Before I go into my years spent in school in Elizabeth City I want to say a little about the sadness of the breaking up of a home. I naturally take roots very quickly and I have never left any place that I have lived long without a heart-ache. I still become nostalgic for all of the places I have lived - for Chapanoke my first home, for Washington, for Elizabeth City, for Winston-Salem, for Raleigh, for Wilmington, and now how I love Warren Place.

As I have said before, I do not remember all the details of the house at Chapanoke, but I do know that it had a great many valuable things that were disposed of. I suspect some of these things would be found today in the homes in that community. It was at the period when antiques were not so much valued and people were turning to the new and discarding the old. Then a full period of the Golden Oak was on the way in. My mother could take only a few of her possessions to Brother Dall's and so many valuable things were given away. I do remember the four-poster beds. I wonder what became of them. On the other hand, here at Warren Place, where three generations have lived suc-

years preceded by marriage.

cessively, the old has been preserved. Mr. Sheep's private school In 1900 Elizabeth City was a town of possibly seven or eight thousand people on the Pasquotank River. Its main street started at the west end of the town and ran to the river. The upper part of the street was lined on both sides with beautiful trees and was the main residential section. Nearer the water it became business, with Church Street, which ran parallel with Main, and Road Street which crossed it about half-way of its length were residential streets. Downtown Water Street and Poin-dexter crossed it and were business streets. I wish I could describe adequately the Main Street especially upon a summer afternoon or evening when people strolled leisurely along the street, stopping to chat with those who preferred to stay at home and rock on the porch. No matter how busy the housewife might be in the morning, she changed to a pretty summer dress and, if she did not go "calling," (yes, that was done in those days), she sat on her porch and watched the world go by. Usually dinner was in the middle of the day and then the help left. You had a nice "cold supper."

Our neighbors were the Sheeps, the Harneys, the Meekins. Farther down were the Aydletts and the Kramers. It was with the latter that I have kept my contact for these nearly 50 years that I have been away.

The school was a frame building on Road Street. Later, when the nine-month public schools came into being and the day of the private schools waned, Mr. Sheep closed his school and was made Superintendent of the Schools of Elizabeth City. I returned to teach under him in the public schools for the two

years preceded my marriage.

It is difficult to appraise what Mr. Sheep's private school meant to that section of the state in those days. I am sure there must be other living alumnae and alumni who would like to join me in paying tribute to the memory of Mr. Sheep.

I seem to have been oriented very quickly in Elizabeth City. The training I received in the Washington public schools made it much easier than if I had gone from the one-room school in Chapanoke. I had to work hard. I was no brilliant student but an ambitious one. I had keen competition. There was Louise Ferebee who had come from Curricuck County. Our grade ran very close together. Louise had a buoyant personality. I still can envision Louise, Pauline Sheep, Hattie Harney, and myself walking arm-in-arm up Main Street, and Louise leading us all in fun and gayety. Pauline married very young and her husband lived only a short while, leaving her with one child. Later she was married to Powell Glidewell of Reidsville. Both are dead. Louise married Dr. Beasley, and she became very active in the club and church work of the state, and I heard a great deal of her when we returned to the state in 1950, hoping to see her after all these years. But soon after our return she died suddenly. Hattie Harney never married but began to teach immediately after her graduation in 1904. She continued teaching in Elizabeth City for 50 years, and at her retirement a few years ago she was honored not only by her native city but by the entire state as a great teacher. Although she had retired, I understand that her interest in youth has not diminished and that she still is active in many community and church organizations.

if there had been no separation, and so it is until this day.

This incident about Gussie Kramer I must put down on

The Kramer girls, Marie, Gussie, and Maude, are still living, and I see them occasionally. Marie married quite young, before I finished school. She married Charles Edwards, a professor in Trinity College (now Duke University). Charles is dead but three years ago I was in Durham and had a happy visit with Marie. The Kramers came from Pennsylvania to Elizabeth City and established a lumber business known as Kramer Brothers. As far back as I can remember it was one of the leading industries of Elizabeth City and that section. My Brother Dallas, with whom we lived, worked with them. The original head of the Kramers was my friend Marie's father, but Marie was younger than most of her nieces and nephews. The senior Mr. Kramer had married Marie's mother late in life. I'll never forget my sorrow for Marie when her mother died. I never had had a friend to lose her mother before. How did a girl at that age get along without a mother! I was so soon afterward to have that experience.

Although it has been 48 years since I married and left Elizabeth City, my friendship with Gussie Kramer Walker (Mrs. Herbert Walker) and Maude Kramer Banks Harris, has continued. All during these years there has been visiting back and forth. Maude first married Ben Banks, her childhood sweetheart. After his death she married Doal Harris of Durham. He too is dead and Maude lives in Durham. The Kramer girls went to Trinity College (now Duke University), so we were not thrown together all the while I was at Mr. Sheep's school or during our college years, except during vacations. It made no difference how often we were separated, once we were together again it was as if there had been no separation, and so it is until this day.

This on incident about Gussie Kramer I must put down on

paper: Her marriage to young Dr. Herbert Eaker of Cressville, who had come to Elizabsth City to practiced medicine, was the most brilliant social event of the season. Caterers and musicians came from Norfolk. The First Methodist Church was the scene of the marrage; the Kramer home on Main Street, of the reception. The bride herself was a beautiful brunette, and the bridesmaids were charming. Seldom has a wedding been so beautifully planned. Certainly there could e no hitch. The Episcopal Service was to be used, and the officiating minister decided that he would repeat the Service without the use of the Prayerbook. The first part went beautifully bit when he came to the part where the couple plight their troth his mind went completely blank. Then it was that the bride took over and prompted him. So unto this day Gussie says facttiously that she married herself. well he had prepared us in Latin and English.

Our To go back to my school companions and then more later of other friends. when we went to Raleigh to live, he was living there. The Etheridge family came to live in Elizabsth City from Windsor and at once became an active part of Elizabsth City in life. Ethel married Winfield Worth, and Eva married Frank Scott. Willis Smith was a gangling boy in his teens but did excellent work. He was the only child of a widowed mother who centered her all on him. He fully justified her love and care. Later he became President of the American Bar Association and still later United States Senator from North Carolina. "eloquution." It

will Rose Goodman even in her early teens gave promise of stardom in music. She became a protege of Mrs. Isaac Loftin, herself a musician, and studied for many years under excellent teachers. Opera was Mrs. Loftin's goal for Rose, but Rose met and

Married a Baptist minister before attaining stardom. Before her marriage she taught at Chowan College. After her two children grew up and her husband died she came back to Chowan to head the music department. I came back to North Carolina at the same time, and we renewed our childhood friendship. I daresay Rose gave as much pleasure with her beautiful voice as a minister's wife as she would have as an opera singer.

Two teachers stand out in my mind - Mr. Tom Browne and Miss Bessie Jones.

It must have been in my junior year that this tall, thin, red-headed man, fresh from Wake Forest, came to teach at Mr. to Sheep's school. He was not so many years the senior of his students. We immediately recognized the fact that he was a real teacher. How grateful I was when I went to college to find out how well he had prepared me in Latin and English. Our paths have crossed in the years since. He was a classmate of Gilbert's. When we went to Raleigh to live, he was living there. If you have read We Came Home to Warren Place, you will see that he and Maud have come to his lovely ancestral home in Hertford County just 15 miles away. We are dear friends.

But teen-age girls can be very cruel, and he was so easily teased, he blushed so easily. Then, too, he was a romantic figure, and we were at the age to be interested in Romance.

Miss Bessie Jones was the teacher of "elocution." It will be hard for my grandchildred to understand what elocution was. It was when one was taught to pantomime the piece you were speaking. Sometimes someone else would recite the poetry and you would accompany with gestures. Sometimes you would wear

and I would of... refusal. I remember his... resting that I
 a white robe with wings, and there would be much waving of
 not go to college, that if I married him instead he would make
 the arms. Oh, it was beautiful to behold. I'll never forget
 as happy. I believe that it was my first year in college that
 Mary Ehringhaus's rendering of Tennyson's Lady Clare. Then,
 he developed tuberculosis. He went to Denver hoping the high
 when Miss Bessie, the teacher, as a special favor, would say
 altotids would help. But was was too far gone and when I came
 a piece, we would be really enthralled.

I don't know whether Mr. Tom Browne and she were
 romantically interested in each other or whether it was wish-
 ful thinking on the part of the students.

There were so many other dear friends who were away in
 school at that period of my life who later became such close
 friends when I came back for vacations and when I came back to
 teach and later to be married. I shall write of them later.

Two other teachers whose teaching and personality made
 a lasting impression upon me were Miss Kate Albertson and Mrs.
 Poole. Both were real ladies. Not only did they teach history
 and geography but also life at its best.

This period of my life cannot be passed over with ref-
 erence to the romance that came into my life. I must not have
 been over 15 when Lev Winder, a young businessman nearly ten
 years my senior, began to notice me. It was the most open,
 honest expression of affection one can imagine. He did not hes-
 itate to express how he felt toward me, especially to my mother
 and Sister Mattie. I was ~~so~~ absorbed in my schoollife and
 friends of my age that I was indifferent. This was aided by the
 fact that my friends teased me so much that I became too self-
 conscious to want to go out with him. He gave me beautiful gifts.
 I still have a locket that he gave me. There was always on hand
 a box of candy. He would come and ask my mother if he might take
 me to something and then, when she consented, he would ask me

and I would of a refuse. I remember his suggesting that I was a girl more fortunate in her brothers. Theo, Brother Will, not go to college, that if I married him instead he would make me happy. I believe that it was my first year in college that he developed tuberculosis. He went to Denver hoping the high altitude would help. But was too far gone and when I came home Christmas the end was near. I went to the house but, gallant gentleman that he was, he felt that it was easier for me not to see him then. No one can be the recipient of such a close friends.

It was planned that I was to go out to St. Louis alone, but we found that Mary Wood and her Brother Walter (I believe Mr. John A. Wood, their father, went also) were going. So I went with them. They were neighbors in Elizabeth City and I go to Randolph-Macon.

love as Lev gave me, even though it was not requited, without having something beautiful brought into one's life.

In those days it was the custom to dress in mourning. The spring of 1904 approached, and I was looking forward to my graduation and these last months with the friends I loved so much. But there was a dark spot on the horizon. My mother had a cold, pronounced a bronchial cold, right after Christmas. All winter she was frail, indoors most of the time. "But when spring comes she will be all right," we were assured. Sometime during that interval I had mumps and was very ill. She probably used what little strength nursing me. At 17 it is hard to believe that one's mother can leave one suddenly. I was saying good-bye to her one morning in May before going to school when she suddenly collapsed and died two days later, 57 years old. Graduation that I had looked forward to with so much anticipation lost all its charm for me. I did not go to receive my diploma in person.

Late that summer I had the first long trip of my life. I went to the World's Fair in St. Louis. My Brother Theo was working there and he planned for me to come to visit him. It was he who had selected Randolph-Macon as my college and had made all necessary arrangements for my entrance there that fall. Never

was a girl more fortunate in her brothers. Theo, Brother Will, and Brother Jim were holding themselves responsible for my education. I probably would have become too un-

It was planned that I was to go out to St. Louis alone, but we found that Mary Wood and her Brother Walter (I believe Mr. John Q. Wood, their father, went also) were going. So I went with them. They were neighbors in Elizabeth City and close friends.

I go to Randolph-Macon.

In those days it was the custom to dress in mourning. Now it is seldom done. So, here was a slender, tall girl, not quite 18 years old going to college dressed all in black. One wore black for six months without even adding a touch of white. After a year one could wear all white or perhaps lavender. I must have been a pathetic figure. We did not even have lipstick or rouge to give us a little dash.

Nowadays boys and girls are usually taken by their parents in the junior or senior year at high school to look over colleges they might be interested in. So, when the decision once is made, they are somewhat familiar with their new environment. Not so with me. I never had even seen a large college before. But if I had any disturbing adjustments I don't recall it. I was so anxious to go to college that from the first Randolph-Macon was a great adventure.

I was assigned to East Hall, the first addition to the main building. I believe it was opened that fall for the first time. Violet Brown of Danville, Virginia, was my roommate. Violet was a quiet person, a splendid student, taking almost no part in the extracurricular affairs. Almost from the first I was inter-

ested in outside things and not a wonderful student. So, Violet and I were a happy combination. If I had room eith one of my sorority or clubmates, I probably would have become too engrossed in those affairs to the neglect of my studies. Grace Bagley of Danville was Villet's best friend; they had been schoolmates and friends before coming to college. She also became one of my closest friends. She was short, very blonde, with long and braided hair and in 1950 designated as Gretchen in the Helianthus types.

I don't believe I ever saw Violet after I went back to visit in 1907, but later Grace's and my paths did cross. For many years we kept up an intermittent correspondence. Neither she nor Violet married. Grace taught in Danville and whenever I would hear about her it was about her as a great teacher. It seems said to have become separated from two people who meant so much to me as they did.

Maude Riddick of Little Rock, Arkansas, was the fourth of this group. Maude has a Randolph-Macon background that the others did not have. Her Sister Una had been there previously. But Maude had something else that the other three did not have - an honest-to-goodness sweetheart. "Kirby" became a real person to us. I still remember the far-away look in Maude's eyes when she began talking about him. I think she and he married at the end of her second year. Maude's great love at college was Dr. Martin, the science department head under whom she and Una had specialized. Grace's was Dr. Patillo (as he was of countless others) as the head of Math. Mine was Dr. Sharp, the head of the Latin Department. I can't remember Violet's. Anywe she was such a self-contained person that she probably did not enthuse as we

I believe Miss Gillie Larew must have been a vital
did.

part of Randolph-Macon from her student days. When I entered
I am surprised that at the age of 73 and away from Ran-
she had come back to be instructor in mathematics. Her sister
dolph-Macon 54 years how clearly most of the faculty stand
Kanda Larew still was a student. Miss Larew was brilliant,
out in my memory, whereas events of later years and particul-
beautiful to look at, but she could be quite severe. It was
early names and faces slip me so easily. Looking back in my
1905 Helianthus, I find only 13 names listed in the faculty
and 14 instructors and assistants. Dr. W. W. Smith, who was
the first president, still was president. His attitude toward
his girls was fatherly and affectionate. He was deeply relig-
ious, emotional, sentimental, but a man of great vision. It
was he who founded the college and planned to make it the Vas-
sar of the South. He lived to see many of his ideal fulfilled.
We of those first years of the college feel that the Randolph-
Macon of today is what it is because of the untiring efforts
of William W. Smith.

Mrs. Smith was a beautiful woman, prematurely gray,
always beautifully dressed. They lived right in the Main Hal.
She seemed a perfect companion for him. He was so serious and
so engaged in his work that he needed the lighter side of
life that she gave to him and to us all. They had no children.

The Winifreds were perhaps the most beloved couple on
the campus with the students. He was treasurer.

Mrs. Saunders, Professor of French and German, and Mrs.
Harmonson, Instructor, were patronesses of my sorority,
Chi Omega. I don't remember whether Mrs. Saunders was French
or not, but she looked as if she might have stepped out of a
French portrait. On the other hand, Mrs. Harmonson was small,
delicate looking, not prepossessing, but a wonderful teacher.

I believe Miss Gillie Larew must have been a vital part of Randolph-Macon from her student days. When I entered she had come back to be instructor in mathematics. Her Sister Xanda Larew still was a student. Miss Larew was brilliant, beautiful to look at, but she could be quite severe. It was hard for her to understand how one could be dumb (as I could be) in mathematics. She has remained at Randolph-Macon as head of the Mathematics Department and as dean, only recently retiring, and now is Dean Emeritus.

Miss Louise Smith was head of the Art Department. It was my first exposure to art and I was so impressed with everything she did and said, but evidently that was not true of all the studentbody who had had more contacts than I with the arts.

It is interesting how well I remember how all these people looked. Miss Louise was tall, with a large frame, very imposing looking.

Dr. Hamaker was the unmarried professor and the victim of jokes by the girls. I don't know whether he had been at Trinity (now Duke) as a student or as an instructor but that gave us a point of contact. He and Gussie Kramer Walker had been friends. A small, dark, shrinking figure, he seemed to live and be a part of the world of biology, which department he headed. Later he married a charming girl, and we Randolph-Macon girls had to find other victims for our jokes.

Others I could mention but I must turn to Dr. Sharp, Professor of Ancient Languages, under whom I majored. Dr. Sharp was a small near-sighted man with gray hair. His thick-lensed glasses and his having to hold his paper so close to his eyes

made you think that he did not know what was going on. He was the most exacting, painstaking teacher I ever had. With all his apparent diffidence he had a keen sense of humor. Mrs. Charles Cannon A vivid memory is of Dr. and Mrs. Sharp coming into the auditorium and of Mrs. Sharp, tall and stately, leading the way and of Dr. Sharp following several feet behind as if apologizing for his existence. Very secretive. Tuesday was Pi Day.

On that Miss Mabel Whiteside, then a young girl recently out of college, was his assistant. She, like Gillie Larew, spent all her active years at the college, only recently retiring. Her great contribution has been the creation of the Greek dances. First started as a part of the campus activities, they have become famous and have been shown in many places and widely acclaimed. (Smith, Jr.) who now lives in Franklin, Virginia. I suppose Dr. Patello (head of Mathematics) and Dr. Martin (head of Science) were the most popular.

Looking back at my Yearbook for that first session, I seem to have joined some in the college activities. I became a member of the Franklin Literary Society. I was asked to two sororities and joined Chi Omega. I do not know what influenced my decision to join Chi Omega unless it was because it was the oldest sorority on the campus and, perhaps, the persuasive influence of Olive Gatling. She was of the Class of 1905 and seemed so wise that I thought that was the thing to do. I think I must have been the youngest pledge, certainly the most naive. Anyway, they called me Billy (pledges were goats) and the nickname lasted me through college.

North Carolina was represented in the Yearbook by a railroad into a plethora of activities - President of the North Carolina

fence with the North Carolina names upon the fence. As I look back on those names I find that I know about only one of them - Jean Coltraine, who had a tragic death. Her sisters, Mrs. Charles Cannon and Mrs. Robert Jones of Concord, I see occasionally.

The Pi's ll was a social club that had been organized in May 1904. It was purely social but we put on a pretense of being very serious but very secretive. Tuesday was Pi day. On that day we paraded on the campus arm-in-arm with white blouses and green fore-in-hand ties held in place with our pin, a bar upon the Greek letter Pi in the center. The next year we wore a green armband with the Greek letter Pi on it.

The one person out of the group and out of the Chi Omegas that I still have contact with is Margaret Ellis Smith (Mrs. Thomas W. Smith, Jr.) who now lives in Franklin, Virginia. I have in my possession the lovely Chi Omega pin I wore but I have lost my Pi pin.

I came back to Elizabeth City in June brimming over with college spirit. A new world had opened up for me. I suspect I talked so much about Randolph-Macon that I became a little tiresome. I remember Sister Mattie in her gentle way suggesting that perhaps my friends might like to talk about other things.

When I returned in the fall of 1905, a full-fledged Sophomore, I was truly happy. I suppose one's Sophomore year is the most eventful year in one's college life. You feel so superior to the poor Freshman. The reunion with friends of the past year is a great experience. You are recognized by the faculty. You know your way around.

From the Yearbook of that year, I find that I soon plunged into a plethora of activities - President of the North Carolina

Club, Treasurer of my Class, one of five members of my Class on the Student Committee, active in the Y. W. O. A., a member of the Franklin Literary Society (but not active). I had shed my mourning clothes and the big ribbon bow that I had worn on my braided hair. I was growing up. My pictures with my sorority and club showed that. In the statistics of that year in the Yearbook my picture appears with this caption, "Sweet popularity, glorious personality. I'd not exchange for a million or a billion or a quadrillion."

My brothers decided that I would not return the next year. They had been so generous in sending me that far, and I shall always be grateful for it. I had my certificate in Latin and only lacked something like 26 hours for my degree.

So June 1906 found me with mixed emotions - sad at leaving the college and friends that meant so much to me and happy in anticipation of seeing my family again.

That summer Margaret Ellis (now Mrs. Thomas W. Smith, Jr.) came to visit me at Brother Dall's home in Elizabwth City. She was a tall, handsome girl from Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and made a great impression in Elizabath City. It was after Gilbert's retirement and return to Earren Place and Tom's retirement to Southern Pines that we again met, an interval of over 40 years. In the meantime the Smiths had lived first in Sweden and then in Brazil.

I have been back to Randolph-Macon only three times since I left in June 1906. The first time was May 1907. That was a glorious visit. My own Class were Juniors. I was welcomed and remembered by most of the studentbody and faculty. Sometime in the 1930s Gilbert and I spent a night in Lynchburg at the Vir-

olina to locate. Conway then was a very small village located ginia Hotel. We went out to the college that night and heard on the Tar River Branch of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. It an address by Pearl Buck, one of Randolph-Macon's most distinguished alumnae. She came to the college after I left. The next morning we went out again to the college and were shown over by Helen Bleeker Ellis's daughter, Elaine, then a student there. It was hard for me to think of it as the same small college I had attended in the early 1900s. Beautiful buildings had spread like mushrooms over the campus. I was a stranger there. Very few of the faculty I knew were left.

In 1946, after our son Steve had returned from the War, he, Gilbert, Libby, and I took a motor trip, visiting Warren Place, Chapel Hill, Mooresville, and over the Skyline Drive and came through Lynchburg. We drove out to the college. Dr. Theodore Jack of Alabama was the President. He and Gilbert had been friends in the Graduate School of Harvard University, both working under Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart. We went to his office and left our cards. We then walked around the campus and were ready to get back into the car when Dr. Jack hailed us. Then we had the privilege of being given a personally conducted tour by the President.

A few years ago I received a personal invitation to go back to Commencement as a guest of the college. For some reason I couldn't go. I am not sure I wanted to go. Fifty-year alumnae on a college campus are not very much at home.

Let me come now to the years, 1906-1910.

I believe that it was during the summer of 1906 that I first came to Conway, North Carolina. Dr. Reed had finished his medical training and had decided to come back to North Car-

always managed at least a sandwich.

olina to locate. Conway then was a very small village located on the Tar River Branch of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. It was Mr. Merritt, a Methodist minister, who had been the minister at the Oak Grove Church when Sarah and Dr. Reed were married who influenced them to locate there. I came to visit them that summer and had a very fine time - lots of beaux and 20 years young. What a thrilling time in one's life! Gilbert says he saw me that summer (but did not meet me) at a Baptist church baptizing in Stephenson and Sykes's millpond between Conway and Pendleton. I do not remember it. I do remember so well and happily the attention given me by a cousin of his, Pete Stephenson. I also met Will Stephenson. I believe that was the same summer that I had typhoid fever. I remember one morning I went horseback riding with a group of young people. We went as far as Pendleton, three miles. I came back completely exhausted. Dr. Reed took my temperature and found it very high. But I went on to Norfolk to Brother Jim's the next day as I had planned. There I had to give in to it. At first the doctor pronounced it malaria but continued fever made it necessary for me to be taken to the hospital. It was typhoid and the treatment was absolute starvation. I was in St. Vincent for five weeks. And when I finally came back to my Brother Will's to recuperate I was literally skin and bones. I'll never forget the pangs of hunger that I suffered. I think that it was why I never could turn away a person asking food from my door. During the Depression of the early 1930s, when there were so many people out of work, there was a constant stream of people coming to our door at 814 North Broome Street in Wilmington, Delaware, asking for food. I am sure some of them were imposters but I never took a chance. I

always managed at least a sandwich.

I was most of the fall recuperating, spending most of the time in Elizabeth City. I think that it was then that I realized that, since I was not returning to college, I should give some serious thought to my lifework. Up until now I had spent all my vacations visiting in the homes of my friends and brothers and sisters. In those days I would go to visit for a month at the time, taking a trunk. My brothers were good enough to see that I had sufficient spending money. My Sister Sarah, as I already have written, was living in the small village of Conway, North Carolina. She wanted me to come after Christmas and spend the winter with her. Their school had only two teachers. Mr. W. C. Martin was the principal, teaching the upper grades, but the teacher of the lower grades would not return and I might have that position if I wanted it. I often have wondered how she got it for me. As well as I can remember I stood no examination. I had no certificate, certainly no teaching experience.

I arrived on a Saturday before I was to begin school on Monday, January 1907. Sunday I went to church with the family but by the time the dinner was over I began to have a few misgivings. I was not quite sure of myself. One thing I always have been - a great sleeper. So I crawled into bed Sunday afternoon to sleep off my misgivings.

I was aroused by my sister. Will Stephenson, whom I had met, had come to call and had brought a cousin, young Gilbert Stephenson who was taking a year out of college before going to the Harvard Law School. "Put on your prettiest dress," said my sister. "Pshaw," I said; but I did what she said just the same. Sitting in the parlor where he could see me as I came down

Dr. Reed organized a book club. There was a book made up of the steps was my cure husband.

The next morning I walked into a crowded schoolroom heated by a small stove, where there must have been seated 25 children from six years to ten. It is impossible for me to tell you after all these years how I organized them, how I ever taught such a varied age group anything. But somehow, I must have blundered through and somehow they must have absorbed something. Today I run up with collegemen and women who were in that group, and I am proud to have been their first teacher. There were many things to be taught besides their ABCs. Many were from very poor homes where the parents themselves had had few advantages. I felt that I had to get these children as well as their parents to like me if I was to get anywhere. I wanted to inspire them to come to school neat and to learn good manners. I wanted to interest their parents in providing balanced food. Growing flowers and vegetables. I often visited in the homes of the parents. It was a far cry from the previous winter in Randolph-Macon to the little school in a tiny village in what then was an underdeveloped countryside. I hope the children were developing, but I am very sure I was growing up if they weren't. Mr. W. C. Martin, as I say, taught the upper grades and was principal of the school. He expected another year to enter the Methodist ministry.

Aside from my schoolwork which challenged me, I was very happy in the community life. They were a warm-hearted people and so appreciative of any cultural element that might be introduced. Although there was a difference of eight years in my sister's age and mine, there was a close companionship. She was really as young looking as I and much prettier. She and

Dr. Reed organized a book club. There was a band made up of the village boys, and practice was a social event that we all looked forward to. There were a Methodist and a Baptist church, and, if there wasn't at one, then we went to the other. They were also often the center for social gatherings. I saw a great deal of both Pete and Gilbert Stephenson. A diary that I kept that winter reveals that Ed Stephenson, Gilbert's cousin, was engaged to Ella Kearns. We often made a foursome. One memorable weekend we went to "Bossy" and Lucy Woodard's plantation home on the Meherrin River. I suspect I was realizing by that time the "Mr." Gilbert Stephenson, as I still called him, was someone very special. That summer Ed and Ella were married. Gilbert and I were in the wedding, and little Elizabeth Reed (now Mrs. W. C. Johnston of Mooresville, North Carolina) was flower girl. On their honeymoon they went to Norfolk to the Jamestown Exposition. There were no automobiles, so we saw them off on the Tar River Road. They went to Boykins, a distance of about 15 miles, where they would change trains for Norfolk. When Dr. Reed and Sarah came to Conway Elwood and Elizabeth were their only children. The twins, Ruth and Evelyn (now Mrs. George Pate and Mrs. Daniel Pleasant) were born soon afterward. Then came Mildred (Mrs. Jim McKethan). And after they left Conway, they had another son who was for all his short life an invalid. Mr. Martin felt that he could not accept the school for another year, and I was asked to take over with Eva Martin of Pendleton as my assistant. So in the fall of 1907 I came back with added responsibilities. I remained for two years in this a

capacity. Lilli Mann was my assistant t second year.

I think those those two-and-a-half years of teaching in Conway were the most rewarding years of my life. I made lasting friendships with the people of the community. After these 50-odd years I feel as close ties to those of my pupils who still are living. We had no parent-teacher organization then, but I made Friday afternoons program time when the parents were invited. We even ventured into dramatics. What fun we had at rehearsals. Everyone cooperating with the stage setting and costumes. No opening night on Broadway produces more excitement than those opening nights. It gave us something to talk about for days afterward.

We made much of our Commencement exercises. All-day affairs they were. Captain Tom Mason was the speaker for my first one. He was one of Northampton's distinguished citizens and held that title until his death in 1941. He served throughout the Civil War and at the close came to Longview Plantation for the remainder of his life. He has been characterized as "gentleman, a patriot, a scholar, a Christian." We felt very honored to have him as our guest-speaker. I shall always remember his eloquence, his simplicity, and, withal, his dignity.

Another year Judge Garland Midyette, the father of Buxton Midyette, well known citizen and lawyer of Jackson, came to our Commencement. Again we felt fortunate.

The school committee graciously asked me back for another year but I felt it was best to leave while I still was wanted. I had been asked to go to Elizabeth City and teach in the public school there. That presented many attractive features.

It was when I was teaching in Conway at my Brother Andrew, five years my senior, died while a law student in Baltimore.

So it was with mixed emotions that I left Conway in the summer of 1909. For me it had been a growing-up period. We lived in Winston-Salem.

The fall of 1909 found me back in Elizabeth City teaching under Mr. Sheep in whose private school I had been prepared for college. The Atlantic Collegiate Institute no longer existed. The public schools of North Carolina were coming into their own. Elizabeth City had a beautiful new building on Road Street, and Mr. Sheep was superintendent of the city schools. It was in this building on Road Street that I came to teach the sixth grade. I remember that Mr. Sheep taught me one of the finest lessons in discipline I ever learned, one that later I lived to apply in disciplining my own children. I found the "city" boys and girls responding to the same methods that my Conway children had. The noisier and more obstreperous they became the louder I raised my voice until at times it was bedlam. Occasionally Mr. Sheep would walk in, stand perfectly quiet. Before you realized it the children quieted down, they wanted to hear what he had to say. A loud voice seldom quiets a noisy group.

My brother in the meantime had bought a very spacious home on Pennsylvania Avenue. In that block lived Dr. Oscar Mullen and "Miss Hollis," and their daughters Mary and Fannie. Of that family only Fannie is living. She is now Mrs. Suxton White. Mary married a Californian the summer before Gilbert and I were married and went West to live. Because of poor health she never was able again to spend much time in the East. She was a

MARRIAGE AND YOUNG MOTHERHOOD

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Bundle of energy and vitality and taught school because she loved to.

In those days girls made their underwear by hand, spending hours embroidering and rolling and whipping lace on the hems. Mary and I sewed many hours together on our trousseaus during that winter of 1911-1912. Mary did beautiful handwork. I did only fair. There is still some of my trousseau underwear in my old trunk in the third floor at Warren Place. Mary had the first automobile in Elizabeth City and, I believe, the Kramer girls, the second. A ride in an automobile in those days was something you wrote home about. Those two families were generous with their cars and you knew that sooner or later you would be asked to have a ride. The Pat Williamses were our neighbors. They had a houseful of little girls who grew up into beautiful women. Never did I have a more loyal friend than "Miss Ella." One of the little girls was expected at the time I was married. In those days expectant mothers "stayed in" after a few months. Miss Ella was staying in but still wanted a part in the wedding, so she stayed in the kitchen to see that the wedding breakfast was properly served. Farther down lived Ida Flora Johnson, whom I had not known when I was in school because she probably was in college at that time. Mrs. Loftin, who in my schooldays was Mrs. Mitchell, was another dear neighbor. Another friendship that I valued was that of Mae Wood who was also teaching in the same school. As a student I had known her slightly and admired her from afar. I thought she was the handsomest girl I ever had known - a tall brunette with a queenly bearing. The Kramer girls I have spoken of. There were so many others whose warm friendship made those three years in Elizabeth City before my marriage such

happy ones. I think I really knew from the first time I met her. In November 1909 Martha Louise White was born to Brother Dall and Sister Mattie. She was certainly an unplanned for and unexpected bundle of joy. The youngest in the family was eight years old when she arrived. I think from the first I felt that she was partly my own, and I think she expected and received a great deal of my spare time. She soon became the neighborhood baby. During the years before I was married, when Gilbert would come to see me, she was very jealous of him, saying that I was her Grace. In years to come I might have been jealous of him because she gave to him (and still does) a deep affection. You will hear more about her in the next decade of my remembrances, as she spent a great deal of time in our home both in Raleigh and in Wilmington.

In the meantime Dr. Reed had felt that his field was in the ministry rather than in medicine and, so, he was ordained as a minister in the Methodist church and left Conway. I am not sure where his first pastorate was, but I do know that I visited them in White Oak and in Lillington because there were two young men who "courted me." That does not necessarily mean that they were in love with me. But anyway it was lots of fun, and I have such happy memories of the good times we had. One happy occasion was a houseparty at White Lake, then a primitive resort, no electricity, no modern conveniences of any sort. Now it is an up-to-date resort.

In spite of the fact that I no longer had close contact with Conway and, as a result, did not see my friends there very often, no matter where I went or what interesting young men I met, there was always an image of one certain young man - Gil-

bert Stephenson. I think I really knew from the first time I met him that he was the one. But I would not admit it to myself, for I had no reason to think that I was the one girl in his life. During this period he was studying law in Harvard. I would go for months and not hear from him and would think that it was the end of a beautiful friendship. Then out of a clear sky would come a letter. Could it be that he could not quite dismiss me either? Evidently not, because in the summer of 1911 came a letter asking if he could come to see me while I was visiting my brothers in Norfolk. I think I knew from that letter what he had in mind and by then there was no doubt in my mind how I felt. So, when a day in August we went to Virginia Beach and after supper sat on the beach and the actual proposal came, I could not even pretend surprise or doubt as to how I felt. He had been practicing law in Winston-Salem since January 1911 and, of course, was not well enough established for us to marry immediately. We decided to keep our engagement quiet. Besides, I had signed up to teach again that winter in Elizabeth City. But when June 1912 came and I did not sign up to teach another year, my friends suspected something, but it was not until October that our engagement was announced formally. During that year we saw each other very few times. It was quite a distance between Winston-Salem and Elizabeth City, a long trip by train. I do remember that he came to Lillington to see me that summer while I was visiting Dr. Reed and Sarah. That was in August and I did not see him again until he arrived in Elizabeth City on the day before our wedding.

Sister Mattie and Brother Dall announced our engagement in October at a small tea, and for the first time I put on my

diamond ring. The newspaper accounts of the announcement are to be found in our Wedding Book. Soon after that I went to Baltimore to be the guest of my Brother Theo for a month. Although ten years older than I, Theo had not married. Later he was to have a country place which he called Perquimans after the county in which we were born and lived as children. There he had his dogs, his horses, his German housekeeper, and usually some of his family visiting him. Never was anyone more generous to his family than he was. Still later he was to take Marie Cover as his bride to Perquimans Farm. You will hear of these two many times, as there was a close association between us, and, though Theo died in 1950, we feel that Marie still is an intimate part of our family.

But go go back to the fall of 1912: Theo was making his home with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington. They must have been in their late 50s then, no children, a beautiful home full of antiques. It never was said that Theo boarded with them, always that he made his home with them. I have no idea what the financial arrangements were. They treated him as if he were their own son, and he was a real son to them in their later years. After Mr. Worthington died Theo felt a responsibility for Mrs. Worthington and looked after her affairs. And it was Marie who visited her constantly when she lay completely helpless in a hospital for many years. It was to the Worthingtons' home that I went to visit in the fall of 1912. It was Mrs. Worthington who was to help me shop for my trousseau and wedding. Mrs. Worthington knew where to shop for the best, being an old Baltimorean. A dressmaker must be found for the wedding dress, no store-bought dress would do in those days. It was and still is beaut-

iful, even though the heavy white satin has become ivory with age. It is hand-embroidered, trimmed with exquisite duchess lace and pearls, a court train. Two of my nieces, Ruby Davis and Martha White, have been married in it. Who knows but that one of my granddaughters may wear it at her wedding!

On those days one shopped at O'Neil's if one wanted the best. And for hats, there was Madame Stuar's. I remember that one of my hats cost \$28.00. That seemed a fabulous price and it was. My "calling dress" (one made "calls" in those days) was also made by a fine dressmaker. It was a mauve velvet of skirt attached to a rose top covered with mauve chiffon. The "Madame Stuart" hat matched. It was the day of the hobble skirt and it was difficult getting on and off street cars. We were dependent on them for a great deal of transportation since there were few private automobiles. Oh, I still think it was the handsomest outfit I ever had, only matched by the dresses I had for my sons' weddings. Theo had many friends, and they were so generous to me. I can recall particularly the Webbs and Pauline Baldwin and Alpine Parker. I have lost contact with them entirely. Alpine's family was distantly related to us. Stanuch Quakers they were. I often visited in the home of Cousin Eugenia and in Cousin Johnnie. Alpine came to our wedding and was one of the honorary bridesmaids. Returning to Elizabeth City, I plunged into the preparation for the wedding. The date was set for December the nineteenth. There were many parties and showers. The wedding was to be at high noon in the First Methodist Church. It was described by Mrs. Worthington as one of those week-long weddings, for the house was full of guests for days beforehand. I marvel at how