

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.

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 Lyster holding two babies, his Uncle Willey 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.

Now the Outer Banks is fast becoming a Mecca for tourists.

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.

I go to Washington to school.

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 married 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 public 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 entire 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 after-noon 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