

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.

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. "eloquent." It

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

love as Lev gave me, even though it was not requited, without

having something beautiful brought into one's life.

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.

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

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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
hard for her to understand how one could be dumb (and could
1905 Helianthus, I find only 13 names listed in the faculty
be in mathematics. She has remained at Randolph-Macon as head
and 14 instructors and assistants. Dr. W. W. Smith, who was
of the Mathematics Department and as dean, only recently re-
the first president, still was president. His attitude toward
tiring, and now is Dean Emeritus.
his girls was fatherly and affectionate. He was deeply relig-
Miss Louise Smith was head of the Art Department. It was
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.
she did and said, but evidently that was not true of all the
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 11 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 while 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

In those days girls made their underwear by hand, spending hours embroidering and rolling and whipping lace on the hem. Mary and I sewed many hours together on our trousseaus during the winter of 1911-1912. Mary did beautiful handwork. I 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 McMullen and "Miss Mollie," and their daughters Mary and Fannie. Of that family only Fannie is living. She is now Mrs. Buxton 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

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 wote 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