

folksy. I remember so well the dress I wore that night - a pale easily Sister Mattie planned for it. On Tuesday before the green satin trimmed in lace and rhinestones. One incident stands out. Gilbert and I had not been alone a minute. Before he went and as a sort of farewell to my Elizabeth City friends, since we were not to have a reception after the wedding but a wedding breakfast for only the wedding party and the out-of-town guests.

Gilbert and Wingate Johnson came in on the afternoon train the day before the wedding. But my bridegroom-to-be was so exhausted from having entertained William Jennings Bryan on the previous evening and having an almost sleepless night on the train and from being suddenly plunged into a houseful of relatives and friends that he did not "show off" very well. What he wanted and needed was a good nap.

Theo had arranged to entertain all of the men of the wedding party at the Southern Hotel. So we sent him there (he had to see about the license, etc., anyway) while the rest of the wedding party piled into the few automobiles that were available in town, for a ride around the town. I sat in the open car with Melville Broughton, and as we passed my friends all eyes were centered upon him, thinking, of course, that he was the groom. Melville later became Governor of North Carolina and later still United States Senator. His untimely death while in the Senate was a great loss to the state and nation. He married the lovely Alice Wilson of Raleigh, and our friendship continued all during his life and now with Alice and their children.

There was a pre-wedding supper that night, and then the rehearsal and then a theatre party. The theatre party was at the one movie theatre, where special seats were reserved for the wedding party and guests. As we came in the orchestra struck up the wedding march. "Small townish," you say. Yes, but awfully

folksy. I remember so well the dress I wore that night - a pale green satin trimmed in lace and rhinestones. One incident stands out. Gilbert and I had not been alone a minute. Before he went back to the hotel he stepped into the diningroom and slipped the simple goldband wedding ring on my finger to see if it would fit. After 48 years the band itself has grown thinner but the bond has grown stronger. That December night in 1912 was a very stormy one, the rain fell in torrents, the wind howled. It was late before the household settled down. Just as it did I heard Sister Mattie prowling around. "What is it?" She said, "I just left my tongue out." One of the delicacies of the wedding lunch next day was a boiled tongue that had failed to be put into the refrigerator.

The next morning, the nineteenth, dawned as clear and bright as one could dream of. In those days it was the custom for the bride to stay pretty close in her room on her wedding day and by no means to see her groom until she met him at the altar. My breakfast was to be sent up to me. I was to stay in bed so as to be fresh. But I didn't. I heard all the chatter downstairs, and I joined them for breakfast. Many of the beautiful gifts were received, over 300, are still in use. I like to handle them and remember she gave them to us.

One thing I always have been sorry for. I always have worn my hair very simple. My good friend, Mars. Morgan, was to fix my hair for the wedding. I never had been to a professional hair-dresser. But my hair was too fuzzy. I did not look quite natural, but I am sure my dress and veil were beautiful.

It was the day of livery stables and one hired from them for marriages and special occasions certain carriages and horses

that were kept in reserve. So as to be sure there would be no mix-up the owner of the livery stable came to see me beforehand and I gave him directions as to where and when the bridesmaids and groomsmen and various guests were to be picked up. The bride's carriage with my brother and me would be the last to arrive. But what I did not make clear was that the brother I was referring to was not Brother Dall but Theo who was to be picked up at the hotel. So when I came down the stairs with just time to reach the church right at noon my carriage was there but not Theo. Since it was nearing the time for the ceremony I got into the carriage alone and went by the hotel. Theo in the meantime had caught a cab for the church. Instead of having Theo's comforting presence in those last exciting moments I rode alone to the church.

When Filbert and I came back to the house after the ceremony I had the driver come down Broad Street by the school where I had taught. It was recess and there were many of the pupils I had taught waiting to save at us.

After Christmas spent at Warren Place with Gilbert's parents and grandfather, we went to Winston-Salem where we were to have ten happy years. Gilbert has written of those years in detail. They were formative years in our life. He has written of the first four months in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Clark. They were so kind, and she taught me so much. But I always felt like a fifth wheel. Gilbert, along with Wingate Johnson, had lived there before, and there had been such an intimate relationship. Maybe I was a little jealous. I am free to admit that the first year was not as happy as these last years have been.

Steve, he has been ever since to his family and friends.

The people of Winston-Salem were so good to us. I was totally ignorant of cooking and housekeeping. But I wanted to try my hand. Gilbert was reluctant to do so. In May we moved to a little duplex house on Spring Street. I have lived in many houses since then, much more pretentious, but I never got the thrill out of any other house that I did out of that one. My mother-in-law used to say about me that I reminded her of a little girl with a playhouse. I loved so to "fix up" a house. That is true. I can do without new clothes but something new for my house gives me a lift. Later we were to build our own house. At the same time Janet and Dr. Eugene Gray, who were married the same fall as we were, built their house next to Gilbert's and Wingate's face. But an expression of perfect de-

I joined my first woman's club - Sorosis. Miss Adelaide Fries and Mrs. Lindsay Patterson were leading figures in this club as well as in the women's clubs of North Carolina. The Moravian church made a great impression on me. I was privileged to attend their Easter services while the venerable Bishop Ronthaler still was living and to hear him as the sun would rise on Easter morning proclaim, "The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen indeed."

In Winston-Salem our two sons were born. Incidentally I joined the Baptist church. I must admit that I think I joined it because I wanted to be with my husband more than I wanted to be a Baptist.

The Hendrens and Coxes were neighbors. Pauline Cox, now dead, was responsible for our elder son being called Steve to-day. When told that he was Thomas Wilson Stephenson, she said that was too heavy a name for such a beautiful baby and, so,

Steve, he has been ever since to his family and friends.

I think often of the fearlessness of youth. Wingate Johnson came to live with us, and I took on all the cooking and housekeeping. It must have been awful at times, but they were loyal and laughed over my mistakes. When Dr. Livingston Johnson, the revered father of Wingate and a noted minister, came to visit, I immediately asked him to dinner. One of my dishes that I was so sure the boys had been enjoying was grapefruit with a little sherry over it. Very simple! That would be just the thing for my first course for Dr. Johnson's dinner. To make sure that it was good I would add a little more wine than usual. When we sat down I saw a funny expression pass over Gilbert's and Wingate's face. But an expression of perfect delight over Dr. Livingston's face. "This is the best grapefruit I ever ate," said he. The boys could stand it no longer. They broke into gales of laughter and told the teetotler what it was. Lovely soul that he was, he enjoyed the joke as much as they and did all he could to keep me from being embarrassed.

When Wingate, about 14 months after we were married, married Undine Futrell and brought her back as a bride I gave two parties on two successive afternoons. Mrs. Clark and my other friends must have done a great deal of the planning. I could not have done it without their help. I doubt if I would undertake as much now, but nothing seemed to daunt me then.

On August 8th 1915 our first son was born. Gilbert had stayed downtown until midnight hoping to hear a verdict from the murder trial he had been conducting. We were soundly asleep soon after midnight but only for a few minutes. The telephone rang and awoke us to tell us the verdict. But we slept no more

that night. It was soon evident that the baby was on his way. He made his appearance about 7:30 the next morning - Sunday. Both of our babies were born at home with a trained nurse in attendance for a month. One wasn't even supposed to go up and down steps until the baby was a month old, and it would have been immodest to go out of the house until the baby was at least a month old. A far cry from today when the mother leaves the hospital in a few days and in our neighborhood she and the baby are in Sunday School in a couple of weeks. I am not critical of the younger generation. I think their methods are much better than ours were. up there at the first outbreak of scarlet fever. In those days the mother, as soon as the baby was old enough to be out, would dress it up in all its finery and also doll up the baby carriage with fancy pillows and robes and take it for a walk. The first time a young mother did this was a proud one because all of the friends she might chance to meet (and even curious passers-by) would stop to see the new baby and make comments. On my first trip out I met up with one of Winston-Salem's charming young ladies, whom my husband had known and admired before we were married. She inspected the baby in all its finery and made one remark, "Don't you hope he has his daddy's brains?" girl, Sara, whom Steve adored and called "De". It was the custom then to swathe now-born babies, even in summer, in long flannel underwear, bands around their tummies, soolen shirts. My poor little infant must have been really smothering to death that hot August. He developed colitis, and I have often wondered if the heat from all those clothes had something to do with it. We rushed off to the mountains. He soon recuperated and grew into a healthy normal baby. other, Steve

In the spring of 1916 there was an epidemic of scarlet fever in Winston-Salem. My Brother Theo in Baltimore insisted that I take the baby and come to him. He was living out at Perquimans Farms with a German housekeeper. It must have been quite an experience for a bachelor to have a nine-month-old baby in his house. I think his attachment for and interest in Steve, must have started then. One night the baby woke up crying. I could not quiet him. Finally I found a rash on his body. I called my brother. Of course we were sure it was scarlet fever, and my brother immediately censured me for not having brought him up there at the first outbreak of scarlet fever. Next morning the rash was gone. It was just the heat.

In the spring of 1916 we decided to make a venture - to buy a lot and build a house. It was indeed a venture since it meant borrowing the entire amount. Perhaps it was more of a venture for our kind banker friend who loaned us the money than for us. We wanted a nursery-playroom for our fast-growing nine-month-old son, a study for Gilbert, and a yard in which I might garden. Janet and Dr. Gray bought a lot next to ours, and Lois and Allison James bought the one across the street and built. The Allisons had one little girl, Sara, whom Steve adored and called her "Dee." The Grays were expecting their first child. We were a closely-knit neighborhood. Lois died shortly after we left Winston-Salem. Dr. Gray died after we moved to Wilmington. The friendship with Janet and now with her and her second husband, Worth Murphy, has continued through all the years. We visited them in Los Angeles in the summer of 1960. Janet Gray, Jr., the Grays' first daughter, and Steve grew up together, Steve

being just enough older to make her life miserable, and yet they were unhappy apart. Some of their escapades I am sure Janet and I never will forget. For instance, the day they went into Janet's nursery and painted the furniture black that she had just bought for the second expected baby. If only the furniture had suffered it would not have been so bad, but the paint spilled on the floor and penetrated into the bureau drawers where the expected baby's clothes were. Janet, Jr.'s tragic death in an automobile accident in Paris is a sorrow that none of us ever will forget. Caroline, the second daughter, is Mrs. Roy Truslow of Reidsville, North Carolina, the mother of three beautiful children.

Nineteen eighteen came and with it the First World War. We were expecting our second baby. Gilbert had become a member of the law firm of Hastings, Stephenson, and Whicker but he was not content. He was a vigorous, active young man and felt that he should volunteer for duty. This he did, but had not taken into consideration that he had almost no sight in one eye - a congenital defect. So he was turned down for active duty but still felt that he must serve in some way. When Colonel Fries, President of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company and Chairman of the State War Savings Campaign, asked him to become active Chairman of Organization of the Campaign, he did not hesitate a minute to accept. It meant a leave of absence from his law firm and being away from home most of the time.

I must pay tribute at this time to Judge Gideon H. Hastings, the senior member of Gilbert's law firm, and to "Miss Bettie," his dear wife who is still living (1961).

Our second son, Jim, was born June 8 1918, a frail, delicate baby, part of which I am sure was due to undernourishment. In those days they did not feed babies until they were at least a year old. They were kept at their mother's breast. I was not well. I feel sure that he must have been partially starved. It was not until he was six years old that it was discovered that his frailty and the fact that he did not digest his food and thereby gain weight were due to an enlarged appendix.

To go back to the Hastings: Their kindness and helpfulness to me with Gilbert away most of the time, with a lively three-year-old and a crying sick baby never will be forgotten. One day the Judge came by just to see how we were getting along. I was holding the crying baby (shedding a few tears myself I suspect) Steve was playing around my knees. All at once Jim let out a yell. Steve had bitten the baby's toe. Judge Hastings laughed heartily in spite of his sympathy for the baby. Steve had to draw attention to himself and this was one way of doing it.

The War ended. We felt that, if any change in our lives was to be made, now was the time. I don't know whether it was his own desire or a sense of duty that had caused Gilbert to feel that he should come back home and help his father to farm. There might have been some of both in his make-up. He, being an only child, always had a great sense of duty to and responsibility for his parents. There were three courses open to him. He could retain his partnership in the law firm; he could come back to Warren Place and farm with his father and become interested in public affairs in the county; or he could go with the

Steve on her before going, saying how wonderful she was and Wachovia Bank and Trust Company as a trust officer. It was a how I hoped she would be his teacher. I wanted him to difficult decision, one to be considered from many angles. My own male an impression and urged him to answer questions promptly feeling was that his father, robust and active as he was, did not need him yet. He was perfectly capable of running his farms and was of such a disposition that he would do it anyway. Gilbert's grandfather was still living, and for us with two children to move in on them would upset their lives. I am not sure that the security of the income that he would receive immediately from the bank was not a factor in making our decision to go with the Wachovia. We had such a limited income. We owed on our home. A regular income each month would certainly be a relief. I wonder if we did the right thing. It was certainly the turning point in Gilbert's career. I believe now that we did the right thing, for I am sure no man ever has been more dedicated to his work than he has been to the trust business. That he has been successful is attested by the thousands of students of his who now are preaching the gospel of trusts over the world, and by the many books on the subject that he has written and that now are used as textbooks.

It was a happy life we led in Winston-Salem for ten years. Steve developed into a noisy, happy little fellow. Jim was frail but such a winsome little fellow.

Miss Mary Wiley long had been dean of the first-grade teachers, and she was the first-grade teacher that you hoped your child would be fortunate enough to have when he started to school. Her father before her had been a distinguished educator. So I welcomed an opportunity that arose when I could take Steve with me and have a little visit with Miss Mary. I briefed

Steve on her before going, saying how wonderful she was and how I hoped she would be his teacher. I wanted him to make an impression and urged him to answer questions promptly and politely.

"Well," said Miss Mary, "What a nice little fellow! What is your name?"

"Thomas Wilson Stephenson," he promptly replied.

"Well, you are a nice little boy. How old are you?"

Still more promptly came the reply, "Five years old. How old are you?"

If she answered, in my embarrassment I did not hear. At any rate she asked him no more questions.

I see Miss Mary once a year at the cultural society meetings. She still is the same lovely, gentle soul.

Steve did have Miss Mary for one year, and then we were faced with another decision.

The Wachovia was to open an office in Raleigh and wanted Gilbert to head it. It was a promotion for him, but he had become so much a part of the life of Winston-Salem that it was a heart-breaking experience to give up our home and leave our friends.

Once the decision was made to go, we went to Raleigh to find a home. None we did in June 1922, and thus began another cycle in our lives which I shall write about in my next chapter.

Extravagance was to have Elizabeth Thompson, a noted decorator, to design and make the curtains and draperies. They were so lovely and perfect for the room that I think it did not matter that there was little furniture. When I left Raleigh seven years later I took them with me to Wilmington and had them recut to fit the windows in what we called our little sitting

IV

OUR YEARS IN RALEIGH

On one side of us lived the Belvin family. Pullen was the only one. We bought a house at 1603 Hillsboro Street early in 1922. It had been the former home of Professor Harrison of the State College Faculty. But it had been unoccupied for a long time and was in a terrible state of disrepair. I lost my heart to it at once. It had what I wanted, a big yard with trees and the house set back from the street. I needed it for our growing boys. I remember Gilbert calling me aside while we were bargaining with the real estate agent and telling me, for heaven's sake, to be quiet, as I was advancing the price every time I opened my mouth. We decided on the renovation - plumbing, installing heat, papering, painting, doing over floors. We let the bid out to a contractor. It is always unfortunate not to be on the job oneself when such work is being done, but we felt we wanted it to be ready when we reached Raleigh, ^{so} as we would not have to make a second move.

It proved to be a charming house with its large rooms, high ceilings, and broad porches. There was a large entrance hall and on the right was the living room with French windows leading out to the porch. I had very little furniture but this room seemed a perfect setting for the few antique pieces that I had. My one extravagance was to have Elizabeth Thompson, a noted decorator, to design and make the curtains and draperies. They were so lovely and perfect for the room that I think it did not matter that there was little furniture. When I left Raleigh seven years later I took them with me to Wilmington and had them recut to fit the windows in what we called our little sitting

room. Perhaps it was a mistake to have called them an extravagance. On the telephone calling the fire department, I rushed

out to On one side of us lived the Belvin family. Pullen was the only daughter. Charles and Billy were just enough older than Steve for him to look up to and emulate them. There were never two finer youngsters. Dan Long Belvin was several years younger than the others and perhaps a bit spoiled. He was younger than Jimmy and the two were unhappy when they were apart but often very unhappy when they were together. Mr. Belvin was not well and Mrs. Belvin, a wonderful person indeed, assumed the responsibility of the family. She never complained, always had time to be a good mother and a good neighbor. Boys was not to

On the other side lived the Chamberlains. Mr. Chamberlain had come from New York State as a young man to teach at State College. He married Hope Summerell of Salisbury, granddaughter of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, a noted educator at Chapel Hill and for whom Mt. Mitchell was named. Mrs. Chamberlain was one of the most versatile people I ever knew. Mother of three sons and a daughter of her own and foster mother of a niece and two nephews; an artist of no mean ability, and a writer. When we lived in Raleigh Mr. Chamberlain had left the college and become one of the state's outstanding businessmen. The Chamberlain home (now the headquarters of the State Federation of Womens Clubs) was and is a handsome brick house with beautifully landscaped grounds and flower gardens. I had visions of having a similar garden, but I never did. Instead, I had two little boys who played ball, built houses out of boxes, even dug ditches. One day they were doing some Boy Scout stunts in what they called "the field." In some way they set fire to some dry grass. I thought everything was peaceful

and had gone into the house to lie down. All at once I heard Steve on the telephone calling the fire department. I rushed out to find a small blaze which we were able to take care of but too late to stop the fire engines. Needless to say, there was much excitement in the neighborhood and especially for Steve who to this day rushes out from whatever he is doing to see and, if possible, to follow a fire truck. A few years ago, because of this propensity, his office force presented him a fireman's hat. He is certainly a frustrated fireman.

To go back to the Chamberlains: My first impression of Mrs. Chamberlain was that she had great dignity, almost to the point of austerity. My first injunction to the boys was not to go over into the beautiful garden unless invited, and to be sure that no ball fell into the flower beds. But she was not austere; she had raised five boys and understood them and loved them.

Especially did Jimmy become a great favorite in their household. Uncle Tom was the gardener, as quiet a soul as I ever knew. He and Jim proved to be wonderful companions. I still can see them in my mind's eye - the gray-haired old Negro and the little boy digging in the garden. It would be interesting if we had a record of their conversations.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and Mr. and Mrs. Belvin are all dead. But I see Pullen Belvin Jones when I occasionally get to the Tuesday Afternoon Book Club meetings.

Our house and the Belvin house have been torn down and on the site is the beautiful YMCA building.

The years in Raleigh were busy, happy ones. From the

first our lives were busy. Gilbert, naturally, was anxious to make the Raleigh office a success and he did. Young and vigorous as he was, he entered into many outside activities. The boys were older; so I too became active in community affairs. We both taught Sunday School classes. In Pullen Memorial Baptist Church we found many congenial friends - the pastor, Jack Ellis and his wife Helen, Roy and Mary McMillan, Maude and Tom Browne, Bess Mitchener, Dr. and Mrs. Z. M. Caviness, and many others. I served on the board of directors of the Woman's Club, under the presidency of Mrs. Josephus Daniels. Gilbert enjoyed the Watauga Club, and I enjoyed the Tuesday Afternoon Book Club. I wish I might give you the roster of that club through the years but I'll mention only a few of the members when I was there: Mrs. B. R. Lacy, whose husband was State Treasurer; Mrs. J. Y. Joyner, whose husband was State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Mrs. W. T. Bost, wife of a prominent newspaperman; and others. Someway, I felt myself grow up with association with those women. It was with the Parent-Teachers organization that I possibly did my most effective work. Naturally with two boys in school it was of special interest to me.

Our social life was delightful and with Gilbert as head of the Raleigh office of the bank we had many social responsibilities. I am grateful for two people who made this possible. Ambrose Connor had worked for Janet Gray and me in Winston-Salem. He was anxious to go to Raleigh with us. We did not feel that we could afford to keep him full time; so an arrangement was made whereby he was janitor at the bank but could give me any extra time off. He gave me his spare time for the several attacks of colitis. He started to school at six years

first month to get me settled in the new home and did a lot of baby-sitting with the boys. I felt perfectly free to out of town if Ambrose was staying at our house. He was a Christian gentleman if ever I knew one. He has since died. And after he died the Governor of North Carolina, J. Melville Broughton, sent his wife a letter of condolence.

Then there was Cora, our cook, who was equally reliable. When we went to Wilmington, Delaware, Cora went with us. Now she is working for one of our friends up there.

It has been 30 years since we lived in Raleigh (1922-1929) and now that we go back for occasional meetings and for Culture Week, we meet with the friends of those days and experience the same friendship and hospitality.

Gilbert was very closely identified with Wake Forest College, serving as chairman of the board of trustees and as chairman of the executive committee of the board and as chairman of the committee to find the successor to Dr. William Louis Poteat as president of the college, upon his retirement. Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines was the one recommended by the committee and was elected by the board. Later Dr. Gaines resigned as President of Wake Forest College to become President of Washington and Lee University.

Three physicians that I would like to pay tribute to are: Dr. Hubert Haywood, a general practitioner who was our family physician; Dr. Aldert Root, a pediatrician; and Dr. Hubert Royster, a surgeon. From babyhood Jim had not been a robust child. He did not gain weight as he should have. We could find no focus to agree with him, and as a result he had several attacks of colitis. He started to school at six years

of age but was unable to attend regularly. Upon Dr. Haywood's advice we took him to Dr. Root. After many tests and X-rays he found the child's appendix enlarged and diseased. We decided to operate. An appendix operation was not considered as simple then as now. Dr. Royster operated and found his appendix twice the normal size and badly diseased. Immediately afterward he began to gain weight and ^{his} problem today at 43 is how not to gain weight.

Mrs. Franklin, a widow with one little girl, was Gilbert's secretary. If I wanted to go with Gilbert on a trip for a few days, she and Virginia would come out to stay nights with the boys. The first mornigg she was there she asked Jim if he could dress himself. "Yes, Ma'm," he said, "except tie my shoes. Mother and Daddy thought for so long that I was going to die they did not bother to teach me how to." He always could manage an alabi.

Elsie Blackwood, now Mrs. Richard Janes of Flushig, New York, succeeded Mrs. Franklin as Gilbert's secretary. She went on with him in that capacity when we moved to Wilmington, Delaware.

Alice and Melville Broughton were close neighbors of ours. They had four young children then. Melville was a practicing attorney and a valuable member of the Raleigh board of the Wachovia. Later he became active in politics, went on to be Governor and then United States Senator. His untimely death soon after his election to the Senate was a great loss to the state and nation.

In the meantime, back in Elizabeth City things were

not going well for Brother Dall and Sister Mattie. Brother Dall had become an alcoholic and naturally as a result his finances were suffering. Martha was now sixteen and was ready for college. She came to stay with us and entered Peace Institute. Soon our house was a center for young people. State College was near. The University was not so far away but that the boys easily found their way to Raleigh and to 1603 Hillsboro Street. I was firm in saying that they must not come except on week-ends. Occasionally one would sneak in/on a week-end, "checking," they called it, and I would have to meet him at the door and turn him away. Not having any girls of our own, I think Gilbert and I were happy to have this "adopted" daughter for a couple of years. *would be too much to leave them for six or seven*

Some of the unforgettable memories of our years in Raleigh are the evenings when we were invited to Wakestone, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Daniels. After serving as Secretary of the Navy under Woodrow Wilson, he and Mrs. Daniels had returned to Raleigh, building a lovely home of Wake County stone (hence the name, Wakestone* and bringing with them many mementoes of their interesting life and a desire to share with the homefolk. Mrs. Daniels always had been known for her simplicity, her graciousness, and her hospitality. These same qualities made her a noted hostess in Washington. *open very pos-*

From time to time celebrities came to Wakestone. Sometimes we were invited there to meet them. Even then we had that thirst for travel that still continues in our old age. I am sure that we sat around with our eyes and ears wideopen listening to the stimulating conversations of these people who had

travelled. I learned so much from Mrs Daniels. She told me her secret for having such beautiful dinners so easily. Really she had only about four menus, one for each season. She had her cook to perfect these, and she did not try new recipes on guests. She also told me how to bake apples. I have followed her recipe all these years. I use winesaps or some good-looking apple. Peel and core. Arrange in baking dish and cover with sugar and more sugar. Bake in oven until thoroughly done and glazed.

It was in 1927 that we made our first trip to Europe. The question came whether we should go alone or take the boys. They seemed very young, Steve being nearly ¹² and Jim just nine. We felt that it would be too much to leave them for six or seven weeks with Gilbert's parents. The real truth was that I could not bear to leave them for so long. Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, former historian of Harvard, took us under his wing travelling with us most of the time, planning our itinerary, and advising us on every step we took. It was a wonderful experience for us and for the boys. They might not remember too much of that trip but that was probably the beginning of their zest for travelling. At least the boys got to see more of their Daddy in those six weeks than they had before. I think there were rude awakenings on both sides. One day Gilbert had spoken very positively to Jim. He wasn't used to cross-words from his Daddy. So, when Gilbert left the room, he turned to me and said, "Mommie, I don't like Daddy's attitude." During the years there had come offers to Gilbert from metropolitan banks, but there was a reluctance to leave the

South where we had deep roots. One day in the spring of 1929 a message came from Frank duPont, President of the Equitable Trust Company of Wilmington, Delaware, asking for a conference. Instead of turning it down as he had previous ones, he decided to go up for a conference. Later I went with him and we were guests for a day of Mr. and Mrs. duPont. It ended by his acceptance. So, again we were to make a move and again we were to experience the heartbreak attendant upon leaving friends. We sold our house at 1603 Hillsboro Street to Mr. Clyde Dillon.

Gilbert was not to assume his duties in Wilmington until August. So he and Steve went to England for a month, Gilbert to study English trust business. Again Dr. Hart was with them, he being the historian of the Washington Bicentennial Commission. He took Steve for a few days with him on his research expeditions in the Washington country (the Lake District). Gilbert went on to London, and the plan was for him to pick up Steve in York at noon on the following Saturday and go on up to Scarborough to spend the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Southam. Dr. Hart did not take Steve, as planned, to York but put him on a train for York at a nearby station and gave him a pound. Steve went on to York expecting to board the noon train, join Gilbert and go with him on to Scarborough. Noon came but there was no train from London. But there was one for Scarborough later one and Steve took that one, using his head. But he still was lost because he did not remember the name of the people with whom they were to spend the weekend. In the station in Scarborough he found a friend to play with - a dog. The gentleman whose dog it was stopped and said, "You look like an American boy. I am down here to meet an American and his son." Steve reckoned

that he must be the American boy. But he didn't know where his father was. Gilbert arrived later, at another station, on a train that had come up from London by way of Hull, not York. He found his way to the Southams. When he arrived there Mrs. Southam met him at the door and said that her husband and Steve had gone for a wk. I can imagine Gilbert's relief, although he says that he was not too worried because he knew Steve could take care of himself. What had happened was that there were two routes from London to Scarborough, one by way of York and the other by Hull and, Gilbert, by mistake, had taken the one by Hull.

Jim and I stayed on to see the Raleigh house dismantled. We had a visit with Gilbert's parents and a week at Wrightsville Beach. Janet Gray and her girls joined us there.

We all met in Wilmington the first of August. There we were to make our home for 21 years, longer than I ever have lived anywhere else. Their daughter, Tacy, moved next door. Mr. Whitlock had just been made District Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad for that division and the house next door was furnished by the railroad to its superintendent for that district. Tacy was older than the boys but, friendly soul that she was, it did not matter. It brought life and fun not only to their lives but to us. The Whitlocks were wonderful neighbors. Our relationship with the Fords was pleasant, especially with Mrs. Ford who was kind to us in so many ways.

In those days the Wilson Steamship Line operated boats between Wilmington and Philadelphia. Several times that summer

we would pack a lunch, take a morning boat to Philadelphia. Sometimes OUR YEARS IN WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

we would return on an afternoon boat in time for dinner. It took On his way to New York to sail for Europe in July 1929 Gilbert had stopped over in Wilmington to find a home for us. With the bank's help he was able to rent a part of a duplex house on the corner of 10th and North Broome Streets. It was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Ford who lived in the other half. The house was in beautiful condition. It had just been done over, as the owner frequently reminded the boys. But it was a far cry from the big house on the acre lot that we had left in Raleigh. Wilmington is almost deserted in August, so there were no playmates nearby for the boys. Mrs. Coleman duPont, the mother of Frank who had been responsible for our coming to Wilmington, lived in the next block. She invited us to swim in her pool. That took care of the late afternoon hours, but the days were long. Shortly after we moved Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitlock and their daughter, Tacy, moved next door. Mr. Whitlock had just been made District Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad for that division and the house next door was furnished by the railroad to its superintendent for that district. Tacy was older than the boys but, friendly soul that she was, it did not matter. It brought life and fun not only to their lives but to us. The Whitlocks were wonderful neighbors. Our relationship with the Fords was pleasant, especially with Mrs. Ford who was kind to me in so many ways.

In those days the Wilson Steamship Line operated beats between Wilmington and Philadelphia. Several times that summer

we would pack a lunch, take a morning boat to Philadelphia. Sometimes we would take a taxi and ride to Wanamaker's. Then we would return on an afternoon boat in time for dinner. It took care of several long days that summer.

Come September we wintered the boys in Friends School. The Frank duPonts, who then lived at 814 North Broome Street, came back home from their summer home, Hexton on the Sassafras River. They had two boys, Coleman and Eleuthere. Coleman was Jim's age. Eleuthere, a couple of years younger; and then there was Hopebe who was nearly three. The boys and Jim soon became fast friends. Jim's friendship for Coleman has lasted all through the years. Coleman and Joan and their four children live near Annapolis, so there is occasional visiting between Jim and Jeanne and them. Jim would spend much of his vacation with Coleman either at one of their country places or on cruises on the Tech Jr. or other boats. As they got older and Coleman had his own boat, they had trips together and they were no mean sailors either. Jim still loves a boat. Once a year he takes a trip with Alex. Cochran, his partner in architecture, on Alex's boat. How he loves it.

That Thanksgiving (1929) Jim was asked to join Mr. duPont and Coleman on a trip to Pinehurst, North Carolina, near which Mr. duPont had a hunting lodge. The plan was to take an overnight steamer from Baltimore to Norfolk, where a car sent on ahead was to meet them and drive them to Pinehurst on Thanksgiving Day. This called for a stop-over for lunch in Raleigh. Jim was told that, since he had lived in Raleigh, he was to select the place to eat. Or would have expected him to say the Sir Walter Hotel, but he chose the S. & W. Cafeteris. This was where we used

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman duPont. The Frank duPonts were giving up

to go on the maid's night off, often for hamburgers. Mr. duPont made him feel that it was an excellent place for Thanksgiving Dinner. The house always was larger than we needed and hard to

heat. The boys made friends rapidly. Gilbert soon became in-
lated into the work at the bank and gradually into community
affairs. I must admit that I did not adjust as easily. I had
led such a busy life in Raleigh with so many outside activities
that I was very let down. In Raleigh there had been the big yard
with its flower garden to interest me. There was always much com-
ing and going of relatives. I had brought Cora with me to Wil-
mington, and she was perfectly capable of taking over all house-
hold chores. I felt shut-in in the duplex house. Gradually all
this passed, and when 21 years later we left Wilmington I felt
I was leaving associations and friends that would always be a
part of my life. And so it has been. Gilbert was the real archi-

test We attended the Baptist Church on Franklin and 10th Streets,
only one block from us, but we did not find either the spiritual
satisfaction nor social contacts that we had experienced in our
church in Raleigh. Later we were to go to the Westminster Pres-
byterian Church where we had a deeply satisfying churchlife and
where we were to make many friendships that have lasted through
the years. Dr. John Christie was our beloved pastor. anyway.

his In June of our second year (1930) we moved to 814 North
Broome Street, just one block away from 906, our first home in
Wilmington. It came about in this way: 814 had been the home of
Mr. and Mrs. Frank duPont, a large house on the corner of 9th
and North Broome Streets, with just one house between this and
the specious town house and property of his father and mother,
Mr. and Mrs. Coleman duPont. The Frank duPonts were giving up

this house to live at a country place and so rented it to us. Later we bought this place at a reasonable figure (\$10,000). Although the house always was larger than we needed and hard to heat, we loved it and have many happy associations. Its spaciousness afforded room for the boys to come and bring their friends. The former nursery on the second floor served as Gilbert's study and workshop for the 14 years that Gilbert was director of the trust research department of the Graduate School of Banking of the American Bankers Association. It was in this room that Mary Smith presided over as secretary for those years.

Right here I want to say something about Mary Smith. She was very much a part of our life during those years. She came up from Smithfield, North Carolina, to be Gilbert's secretary after he left the Equitable Trust Company to direct the work of the Trust Research Department. Since Gilbert was the real architect of organized trust research, it meant that he could have his office where he wanted just so he was accessible to the American Bankers Association headquarters in New York City. He chose to make Wilmington his headquarters. By that time (1936) we had become very much oriented there, and, furthermore, there was ample room at 814 for his office. Going into New York was ^{just} ~~next~~ a matter of a couple of hours, and, anyway, his work took him to other parts of the country than New York.

So it happened that Mary Smith was in our home almost every day and came to be like a member of the family. She was a part of our joys and sorrows. We saw her develop from a young, unsophisticated girl into a poised, mature woman, now one of the important members of the staff of the American Bankers Association in New York.