

stay with Elsie Blackwood, now Mrs. Richard Janes of Flushing, New York, came up from Raleigh to Wilmington with us. While her office and work, unlike Mary Smith's, was at the bank, we saw a great deal of her and she proved a real friend and so remains until this day. Later she was married in our home, a beautiful wedding and a beautiful bride.

The boys entered Friends School that fall (1929). Steve was graduated in two years, but we felt that he, just 17, was not mature enough for college. So he went to Phillips Exeter Academy for two years before entering Harvard. Jim left Friends even a year younger and had three years at Exeter before entering Harvard.

The second summer (1931) found us as a family going to Europe again. This time Mrs. Paul Heinel went with us and our time was spent in Paris and London. Steve was to have still two other trips with his father while Gilbert was doing trust research, one in Germany in 1933 and the other in Scandinavia in 1935. Still later Steve and Dick French, an Exeter-Harvard friend, were to spend a summer together in Europe. Jim was not to go again until he went with Steve and Libby after World War II. It has become a habit with Steve that he still keeps up. I was not to go again until 1956.

In June 1933 my Brother Dall's wife (whom I have affectionately referred to in these memoirs as Sis Mattæ) died. My brother outlived her just a few years. Since my brother's work took him away from home most of the time, it did not seem advisable for Martha, then a young woman in her early 20s, to try to keep the house on Norfolk open. We prevailed upon her to come and

Our house at 814 used to be a lively place, especially during the Christmas holidays when the boys came home, often bringing some of their friends to attend the debutante parties. again young people were coming in and out. We had missed them, The first year Steve was to wear a full-dress suit was an eventful one. All he wanted for Christmas was a Top Hat. Bill Laskotte, his dear friend (they roomed together at Exeter the year Bill Metten who went home and told her Brother Murray, who had lived for several years in Asheville, North Carolina, that she had found a Southern girl that he must meet. He did, and soon there was an engagement and the following August there was a wedding at 814 North Broome Street. Martha was married in my wedding dress and veil, a lovely bride she was. They have one son, Billie, a Junior at the University of Delaware (1960). They have recently done over an old house in Wilmington which Martha has furnished beautifully with antiques picked up as bargains over the years.

The years passed, the boys were graduated at Exeter, both went on to Harvard, both did graduate work there also. One of the many satisfactions of their lives was the wonderful friendships made both in their prep. school and college days. Many of these friendships have continued through the years. In Wilmington they had their friends also and were fortunate to be included in delightful social affairs. Their summers were taken up with travel, both having trips to the West. After Steve's graduation he was employed for a while by the Athletic Council of Harvard. All during his college years he had done sports writing on the Boston papers and thus made contact which are for the benefit of his son who ^{now} is a Freshman at Harvard (1960-1961)

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In June 1940 Bill married Elizabeth Kister (Widge). Steve was an usher. One of the bridesmaids was Elizabeth (Libby) Forster of Germantown, Pennsylvania. After the rehearsal dinner the night before Steve came (as was the boys' custom) to our room to tell us about it. Steve said that he had met a most charming girl, went on about her at great length. But we had heard similar explosions before, so Gilbert and I were not particularly impressed. The next day at the reception after the wedding he brought a tall, blonde, slim girl in her lovely bridesmaid's dress, wearing a large leghorn hat, to us and said, "I have from now to midnight to keep Libby Forster from marrying a Yale guy." He succeeded and the next May 24th they were married and have lived happily ever afterward.

Nineteen forty-one was to be an eventful year in our lives. Early in the year Steve accepted a position in the duPont Company's ^{Public} Relations Department and has been with

it ever since, now 20 years. In March Gilbert and I came down of
to Warren Place for a couple of days' visit with his parents.
For some time his father had been failing rapidly but still
wanted to get out and around. The day after we came Gilbert took
him for a ride. Upon getting out of the car and opening the
back door he fell and broke his hip or broke his hip and fell.
Since Gilbert had to go back to attend to his work, it meant
by staying here. We took him to the hospital at Suffolk, bring-
ing him home just a week before he died on April 18, 1941. I stay-
ed long enough afterward to arrange things here. Claudia Mills,
our faithful help for the year past, said that she would stay
on and take care of Gilbert's mother. She, Gilbert's mother,
wanted to stay in her own home rather than go live with us. I
returned to Wilmington just a month before Steve's wedding and
was plunged into great activity. The house needed attention and
renovation. I had to get my clothes for the wedding. I was in-
cluded in many parties for the bride-elect. I never could have
done it without the help of ^{Ruth} Ruth Jacobs whom I had taken up
earlier from Pendleton to live with us. And the added help of
Eliza (I can't remember her last name) who came by the day.
They were so efficient. Steve's classmates from Harvard - Perry
Culver, Si Phillips, Dick French, Lev White, and Bill Rowley -
with Bill's wife, Connie, came. Charlie Dale and his wife came
also. Charlie was a newspaperman who had taken Steve under his
wing, and now is doing the same for Steve's son. Foy Ste- on us
phenson from Pendleton had come up to be a bridesmaid. The
house was bursting with people and excitement. upon our first
at Pear The day before the wedding the ^{female} female contingent from the
for us which was to last four years and to be remembered as the

Forsters came over for lunch. The day of the wedding, instead of breakfast and lunch, I had a brunch at 11 o'clock for all the houseguests. Since it was an hour's drive to Germantown Unitarian Church, where they were to be married, this allowed plenty of time for dressing and being there for the four-o'clock wedding.

After a week's honeymoon at Farmington Country Club near Charlottesville, Virginia, they came back to Wilmington to settle in a small apartment on Delaware Avenue and Broome Street. It wasn't long before we knew that the tiny apartment would not be large enough for them and began to hunt for larger quarters. It ended with the buying of a six-room house in a row of houses on Bancroft Parkway. To this house were to come as babies Thomas Fleetwood Stephenson, Nancy Hall Stephenson, and Susan White Stephenson.

Two weeks after Steve's wedding Elsie Blackwood and Richard Janes were married in our home. Almost immediately after their wedding I went to Norfolk to assist at the wedding of my niece Mabel White to Neil Gilchrist. A busy summer it proved to be. In September I gave a tea for about 20 people to introduce Libby to Wilmington friends.

Even then there was a cloud on the horizon. Japan long had been a threat to us. Much of Europe already was embroiled in a war. While there still were apparently friendly negotiations going on in Washington between Japan and us, Japan sprang on us on Sunday morning, December 7 1941 in what is perhaps the most infamous attack in history - a surprise attack upon our fleet at Pearl Harbor out from Honolulu. That set off World War II for us which was to last four years and to be remembered as the

bloodiest war in history. We realized that Jim probably would go over very soon, since he had been deferred from military service only because he was going graduate work in Harvard. Steve was not called until a year and a half later. They both entered the navy and were awarded commissions - Steve that of Ensign and Lieutenant Junior Grade, Jim, that of Lieutenant. Both were based at Pearl Harbor. Jim, because of his architectural training, was put to designing maps. He was stationed there for the duration, much to his disappointment. Steve was placed in public relations and in that capacity saw active service and covered much of the Pacific. One of the great thrills of my life was the Sunday afternoon Steve broadcast from Honolulu an account of the Battle of Leyte. Notice that he would broadcast had come to Libby from CBS Radio. Dr. Christie had announced it in church that morning. So many of our friends were listening. Over the radio it came in perfectly.

Tommy had been born on February 11th 1942. On December 9th 1944 Nancy was born. Since she was the first girl born in the Stephenson family since the Civil War, it was a special event. Through friends in Honolulu we succeeded in getting word to Steve. We understand that, public relations man that he was, Steve made quite a story of it. It was to the effect that Nancy was the first girl born into the Stephenson family in 300 years.

Jim came home on leave the summer of 1945 and the peace treaty was signed before he was due to return. After he was released he returned to Harvard, and got his degree in architecture. The next June he went to Baltimore to become associated with the architectural firm of Mr. Edmunds. During his

college years he had spent a summer in Mr. Edmunds's office. After the senior Mr. Edmunds's death, Jim practiced on his own. Then he formed a partnership with Alex. Cochran and Eddie Wing as co-partners. It has proved to be a very satisfactory arrangement.

Steve came home in October 1945 and returned to the Public Relations Department of the duPont Company. Two years later Susie was born. Libby had kept her little house on Bancroft Parkway even though she spent a great deal of time with her parents and with us and so the little family was united in their own home.

I really believe that I was a dedicated grandmother. I am sure no grandmother ever enjoyed her grandchildren more. I do feel that I was able to help the parents out. Libby used to say that, if the children were going to be sick, they always managed it when they were visiting me. Tommy had whooping cough at my house when Nancy was about three months old. We managed in this way to keep Nancy from having it. Before we realized it, it was time for Tommy to go to school. They were outgrowing their little house. Steve was advancing in the office; and, so, they decided to find a house in Alapocas, since Friends School was located there and it would be convenient for the children. They did buy there and a few years later bought a still larger one, 106 Edgewood Road, which is their present home.

The years passed happily. There was a good deal of visiting back and forth with Theo and Marie White in Baltimore. Jim was happy in his work. Particularly was he interested in hospital architecture. Steve's little family was growing

fast, Soon all three children were in Friends School. Gilbert's mother was apparently well and happy at Warren Place. Claudia had "retired" and been succeeded by Miss McDaniel for several years. One year she had the great pleasure of having Billy Fisher's mother as a companion, a lovely person both physically and spiritually. Her sudden illness and death came as a great shock and sorrow to all of us. Billy Fisher had succeeded his Brother Ben as manager of our farming operations. At last we felt that Warren Place was "coming to!" After the depression it had suffered so much from during the early 1930s. It, the depression, was the beginning of Gilbert's father's poor health. He was a man of great pride and when he found things were going bad with him he tried to hide it from Gilbert instead of confiding in him. Gilbert did finally step into the picture and then gave all of his wide experience in helping to work out the situation. He secured a young white man (Ben Fisher) to take over the farming. He built across from us a house for him and his family. Ben developed sinus trouble and later was forced by it to go to El Paso, Texas. As I have said, he was succeeded after the War by his brother, Billy. We have referred to Billy so many times that you already know the part he has played, and still does, in the development of our property down here. He and Foy (she was Foy Barnes, born and raised within a mile of us) and their five children live in the house built for his Brother Ben (designed by Jim) but it is now air-conditioned and has central heating, nice landscaping. The farms are now on a paying basis and the dark days of that depression have passed. You children and grandchildren must realize that this has been due to the determined effort of your father and grandfather that

he would keep that land that was his father's and grandfather's. There was born in him a love of the land.

Meanwhile our roots in Wilmington grew deeper. I had enough outside interests - the Junior Board of the Delaware Hospital, Salvation Army Board, the Flower Market, the church - to keep me busy along with my social contacts and my grandchildren. I am tempted to write the names of some of the dear friends of those days in Wilmington but that list would grow too long. In the ten years since we left many have passed on their but there still are many left who make me feel at home when I go abock to visit.

Gilbert was happy in his trust research work and already was known in this country and in a more limited way abroad as a specialist in trust business. For 14 years he had headed the faculty of the Trust Division of the Graduate School of Banking at Rutgers University. He had contributed much of the literature of trust business. He was nearing 65 years and, whereas, he still was vigorous and keen as ever, he felt that he would like to retire from his regular duties to devote his full time to writing and lecturing. The queztion of where we were to spend our years of retirement began to loom in our minds. I don't think there ever was much doubt in the mind of either of us where it was to be - Warren Place.

In 1948, after Mrs. Fisher's death, we closed Warren Place and Gilbert's mother came to Wilmington to be eith us. Though reluctant at first to come she soon adjusted herself and was very happy, enjoying meeting new people, and especially enjoying her great-grandchildren.

For at least two years before Gilbert's formal retirement

quite alone. Her nearest relatives were some cousins. We had in 1950 we spent most of our spare time planning the renovations and changes we would make. We were both agreed that it should be as attractive a country home as we could make it. Already Billy Fisher had started damming up a stream on the place for a pond which was to be a part of a recreational center for community use. There was furniture there from two generations and, beside, my accumulation of 38 years. I began to sort out in my mind what pieces I would keep and how I would dispose of the others. I wanted to preserve the best of the three generations.

The actual moving date was set for May 24 1950. We put up for sale 814 North Broome Street and did sell it to Dr. Vincent Maguire who used ^{it} both as an office and a residence. He died suddenly in 1960 and the house has been re-sold already. I do not know who the present owner is.

When it became known that we were planning to leave Wilmington our friends showered us with many courtesies. I don't believe that we had realized before the place we had made for ourselves in Wilmington. The happiness of these last few weeks was marred by the death of my Brother Theo in Baltimore. It occurred the week before we were to move. That very night the Quill and Grill Club, of which Gilbert has written, was to entertain for us at the Wilmington Country Club. Of course I did not go but since every arrangement had been made Gilbert and the boys went. It was the members of this club who presented to Gilbert that night a beautifully engraved silver tray that we prize so highly.

Theo's and Marie's marriage had been such a close-knit one in spite of the difference in their ages. He had never been a very strong person and for the last year he had been practically an invalid. Her care of him was beautiful. Theo was leaving Marie

quite alone, her nearest relatives were some cousins. We had been close and it made me very sad to go further away from her when she needed me most. She felt that she could not stay in their large house in Roland Park. That would mean finding a suitable apartment and getting rid of many of their lovely possessions. After we made the move to Warren Place I spent as much time as I could with her that summer. She has lived since in the Ambassador Apartments and has filled her life with good works. She gives a great deal of her time to volunteer work at the Union Memorial Hospital.

Jim had come from Baltimore frequently bringing his friends. It was hard getting further away from him. But I may add that he did live in our lives after we came to Warren Place by coming often and bringing friends.

At last the day came when 814 was cleared. The moving van would leave the next day. We were to spend that night with our children. I always shall have memories of driving away the next morning with Libby and the children waving good-bye, the tears streaming down their cheeks as well as mine. So

So ended 21 happy years. If you are interested in our lives in retirement get out your book, We Came Home to Warren Place and re-read it.

THE END

