

MEMOIRS
of
ALMA MITCHELL SPARGER

My cousin Albert H. Creasy, 204 S.
Orr Drive Normal, Ill. put my
memoirs in a computer, and then
printed them out. Then he sent
them to a publishing company and
had around 60 copies made and bound
in paper back note-books. In 1984 he
had this hard-back copy made which
I am pleased to present to the Mt. Airy
Public Library

Acknowledgement is gratefully made
to Albert Creasy for a job well done.

Alma M. Sparger
Mar. 18, 1985

MEMOIRS OF ALMA MITCHELL SPARGER

Recording the Highlights
of her long life.
Born May 29, 1892 Died Feb 5, 1987

Written to be given to
Her Nieces and Nephews.

*Funeral & burial in
Mount Airy Feb 7,
1987. Central United
Methodist Church.*

*To Albert - to whom I shall be
forever grateful for typing and
having these memoirs published
With a heart full of love -
Alma*

Mount Airy, North Carolina
June 1982

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Memoirs of Alma Mitchell Sparger,

(Begun in 1979 and completed in 1982.)

I am a so-called Senior Citizen- a retired teacher- having taught 28 years in the North Carolina Schools and Colleges, two years in private schools, and one year in a college in New York State.

When I was young, I put a great deal into life, and I got a lot out of it. Now I am going down hill on the other side. I am long since retired and have plenty of time to reflect on my career as a student; as a teacher; and on other aspects of my life.

Recently, I met a successful young business man whom I taught in the second grade. He put his arms around me, and said he would always remember his first and second grade teachers, because he loved them. I came home and my mind drifted back to the teachers I have had in my long life. I couldn't remember much subject matter that any of them taught me. However, many of them stand out in my thoughts, because I loved them, or for many other reasons.

When I entered the first grade, the Old Rockford Street School was the only elementary school in town. It was very crowded. Prior to this first building of a Public School, there had been Miss Lizzie Gilmer's Private School on South Main Street about where the new Municipal Building is now. There was also a Girls' Academy and a Boys' Academy. My Mother attended the Private School when she was a girl, and walked to school from Bannertown, where she lived. She also took piano lessons and played beautifully. She had an ear for music, which I inherited though I never learned to read music. I tried, but by the time I heard a song a time or two, I had memorized it, and I shoved the music aside. I had a high soprano voice, and loved to sing. I would memorize a song, sing it to my mother, and she would pick it out on the piano, improvising trills, etc, and I would sing while she played. I sang in the choir at West Market Street Methodist Church, when we lived in Greensboro.

I am getting ahead of myself, putting the cart before the horse so to speak, but back to my early life.

I was the daughter of Louisa Diana Mitchell Sparger and James Henderson Sparger, the youngest of eight children. My Mother was born in Mississippi. When she was two years old, her father and mother moved to Henry County, Virginia, and later to Surry County, North Carolina. Grandpa Mitchell's old home still stands in Bannertown, across from the Oak Grove Methodist Church. They had a big family of children, all of whom are gone, but grandchildren and great-grands still live in this community. These are descendants of Uncle Martin Armfield who married my Aunt Pauline Mitchell.

My Grandfather Mitchell didn't believe in slaves and didn't own any.

My Grandfather Sparger was Murlin Sparger. His plantation was on the road from Salem Church Road to Old Springs Road, now called Crossingham Road. He had ten children. He owned many slaves- probably one for each of his daughters. His home stood there, with a beautiful view of the mountains until a few years ago. The plantation was bought by Mr. Crossingham, from Pennsylvania, who came here to operate a knitting mill. He made a cattle farm of the plantation, and built a fine home there. My Grandfather's house had been vacant or rented and it was in a state of disrepair. They decided to sell it. A young doctor bought the house and razed it. A Mount Airy man bought the huge boxwoods in the front yard and moved them to his home. My father had planted two holly trees on either side of the front walk. One had lovely red berries on it, and the other one never had any berries. These trees are still there, together with the very old shade trees, as a sentinel of times long gone. The barn was across the road from the house. The Crossinghams decided to raze the barn and sell some building lots. They found an old loom in the attic of the barn. Mrs. Crossingham knew that I was weaving at the time, so she called me to come and look at it. I decided that I didn't want it when I found that some of the parts were missing. The Jimmy Millers

built on this lot, and when they were excavating, they found pieces of china, crockery, etc. I had heard my Mother tell how they buried these in the ground when the Union troops came through here during the Civil War.

When my parents were first married, they lived in a small house on Grandpa Sparger's plantation. Their two oldest children, Sam and Sister (Alice) were born there. Later they built a house in Mount Airy, on the corner of Franklin and Willow Streets. The rest of their children were born in this house. In those days babies were born at home. We had no hospital here then, and no O.B. doctors.

Uncle Frank Sparger built a house on Franklin Street, next door to ours. A picket fence separated the two lots.

My Father owned the land across the street from us. He gave the land to the Methodists, so they could build a new church in the central part of town. The old church was off South Main Street with a graveyard behind it. Many Mount Airy old-timers are buried there, and in time it had grown up in weeds; stones had crumbled and fallen; and vandals had played havoc with the once well kept graveyard. A few years ago, the descendants of the people buried there decided to restore it. They formed a group, contacted the people who had ancestors there, raised the money and employed someone to repair the monuments. They had a fence with a gate that could be locked, and only certain people had keys to the gate.

When the Franklin Street Church was built, since my father had had much experience in building, he studied the plans carefully. When he saw the plan for the roof, he said that kind of roof would leak. In spite of his protest, they used the plan. His prediction was right. I can't remember a time when there wasn't a leak in the Amen corner, or on the Franklin Street side with falling plaster, etc. No telling how much money was spent replacing that plaster.

My Father and Uncle Frank Sparger were tobacco manufacturers. They built large brick factories on Willow Street, behind our house. They were very prosperous when we

were growing up and we lived high on the hog. The factory worked mostly colored help. They lived near-by and walked to work. In warm weather, my brother, Edwin, and I set up lemonade stands on our side yard and sold lemonade to the factory workers for 5 cents a glass. Mamma made the lemonade and we kept the money we made.

The tobacco factory buildings are still standing and are now used by Spencer's and Renfrow Mills. They have recently been declared historic sites, due to their age and unusual architecture.

I remember they had large vats of licorice that went into the plug tobacco. As a child, I used to love to go to the factory to get licorice. When I grew up and taught school, I couldn't stand the sight of it when the children brought it in the classroom.

We had the first bathtub that ever came to Mount Airy. It was a rubber tub- a real antique.

My Father started his life as a tobacco manufacturer, and became a buyer for Reynolds Tobacco Company, before he retired. He loved a good joke and he loved to tell one on himself. He peddled his tobacco samples on horse-back through the deep South. He had respiratory troubles and couldn't sleep unless he had fresh air in his room. Once when he was in a small hotel in Georgia, the room felt stuffy after he went to bed. He got up to open a window. He groped along the wall in the dark and finally came to the glass. He tugged and tugged but the window wouldn't open. He decided he had to have some air at any cost. He took off his shoe and broke the glass. He planned to pay for the glass next morning. He went back to bed and slept all night. When he got up, he discovered that he had broken the glass in a bookcase.

He was always telling jokes that Mr. Caleb Haynes told him. Mr. Haynes stuttered and Papa always mimicked him.

Alice, my oldest sister, and Edward Hugh Kochtitzky were the third couple to be married in the new church. Sunday night services, and Wednesday night prayer meetings were held in

those days. They are mostly a thing of the past now. My father opened the church doors, and closed them after every service. He and my Mother herded their little flock, and took us to all of the services. I remember joining the church at the altar when I was a very small child. I can't remember how the church was heated, but probably it was by a pot-belly stove like the one they used at most public buildings at that time.

My parents were very religious. We were read Bible stories, and given religious books after we learned to read. I remember a few years ago I tried to find children's books, with Bible stories, but they were few and far between, reflecting the trend of the times.

We spent our Sunday mornings at Sunday School and Church services. We always had a big dinner afterward, with guests many times. In the afternoons we usually went to ride in the surry with the fringe on top. If we stayed at home, we weren't allowed to go out of the yard. We had a white picket fence around the yard. We couldn't cross over that fence to play with Uncle Frank's kids. They could come to see us, so Aunt Betty sent the whole gang to our yard, and she lay down and took a nap on Sunday afternoons.

We had plenty of colored help, and a white housekeeper, who practically raised my brother Edwin and me. She bossed us, and even spanked us sometimes. Her name was Miss Eliza Haymore and she was related to the Haymores toward Westfield. If Edwin and I wanted to make her mad, we would call her "Old Maid".

My father had a large farm. It started where highway 52 and 601 cross Rockford Street now, and ran along the railroad for some distance. He raised the vegetables for our family, and bragged about his corn that was 12 feet high. He had ice cut in huge blocks in the winter, from the river, and stored it in sawdust in the ice house in our back yard. He raised hogs, and brought all of the meat home for my Mother and her help to cure. I've never eaten liver pudding, or crackling corn bread that tasted as good as it did then. It was a tremendous task to process all of that meat, and I'm sure my Mother dreaded to see winter come.

My father had a grocery store- probably a general store, and he got the staples there. He always bought a barrel of Sparger apples and they lasted through the winter. At that time they were called "Smoke-House" apples, for the first tree grew by my Grandfather's smoke-house. Later, the Sparger orchard, run by my uncle and my cousins, grafted the apple, changed its name, and put it on the market. I never remember a time, when I was a child or in later life, when my Father didn't have Sparger apples, as they kept so well. We put them in the basement.

I remember that my father brought his siblings a bag of candy from the store every Saturday night. He also carried children's shoes in his store. My older sisters wore brogans. with copper taps on the toes. Since I was the baby, my shoes were soft red leather, with red tassels on the front. I wore out a pair every few weeks.

My parents had eight children. Samuel Wolfenbarger, Mary Alice, Elizabeth Bethania, Annie Louise, Frederick James, Roff T. Sparger, Edwin Mitchell Sparger, and Alma Mitchell Sparger.

My parents gave Edwin the middle name Mitchell, as it was my Mother's surname. When I was born, they only named me Alma, with no middle name. I guess they ran out before they got to me. When I became a teen-ager, it was customary to put your monogram on everything that could be marked, such as jewelry, silver, linen, etc. A. S. didn't make a pretty monogram, and besides, I felt slighted that they didn't give me a middle name, so I gave myself one- Mitchell- the same as Edwin's.

Roff T. Sparger died when he was two years old with pneumonia. We didn't have wonder drugs then, and pneumonia usually proved to be fatal. My Mother had a book with home remedies, which she used on us: sweet oil and ladanum for ear ache; sulphur blown into the throat when we had sore throat; mutton-tallow to grease our temples and feet when we had a bad cold. (She wasted a lot on us for we know now that our colds were allergies.) She put asafetida around our necks, and onions

under the bed to keep away germs. I have wished many times that I had this book of home remedies which Mamma followed so religiously. Besides this, we had the McGuffie Reader and the Blue-Back Speller. I guess they would be museum pieces now.

Today, I looked up these words in the dictionary, and found the following definitions:

Ladanum: Comes from a species of rockrose. Used in making perfume.

Mutton-Tallow: Comes from the fat of a lamb or sheep. Used to make soap or candles.

Asafetida: The fetid gum resin of various plants of the carrot family. Used in medicine as an anti-spasmodic.

When we grew up, all seven of us were sent to schools that would give us the kind of education we wanted. Sam, the brain of the family, had a photographic mind. He never cracked a book, but made grand grades and offered Edwin and me bribes if we would bring home good report cards. He chose Trinity College (now Duke University). He graduated there and was invited to stay there as a teacher. Annie visited him and fell in love with the school, and told Sam she wanted to go there. Sam said she wouldn't have a chance because it was a boys' school and only a few chosen girls like Mary Duke went there. Annie insisted and put in her application. Math was her strong suit and she worked my arithmetic problems in algebra when I got to class and couldn't explain how I did them. She took the entrance exams, and bragged about passing, the rest of her life.

Sam was in college when I was born, and Mamma said he stood on the roof of our house and threw rocks at everybody who passed by.

Alice and Elizabeth went to Greensboro College, a girls' Methodist School. Fred went to Eastman Business College, in upper New York State.

Since Edwin and I were the youngest, we were at home with our parents for many years, while the others were away.

Edwin went to Horner Military School. This school was near Greensboro, but I can't remember where.

I went to many schools which I shall tell about later in this history of my life.

To get back to my career as a student and a teacher... My Father and some other prominent business men pulled the wires, and finally got a public school for Mount Airy.

As I mentioned before, the Rockford Street school was the one and only school they had. They built a little one-room white weatherboard building on the Pine Street side of the lot, where Will Wolfe's house later stood, and where the Red Cross headquarters now operates. I think this brick building was originally built for the school superintendent, but I am not sure who he was.

When I entered first grade, I was put in this school building. It was a typical one-room school, like those that have been preserved today, for posterity.

Most children love their first grade teachers and carry memories of them throughout their lives. I remember my first grade teacher, not because I loved her, for I didn't. She was Miss Belle Graves, who lived up the hill with her brother, Mr. Porter Graves, in a house that was an historic landmark, but after much argument between the town fathers and the Graves heirs who live in Charlotte, the town recently succeeded in getting the property. The house was torn down in spite of its historic value, and a fine, new City Library is being erected there. It will face south, in the direction of the new Municipal Building, and because of its southern exposure, it will be heated, partially, by a modern solar system. As far as it is known, this will be the only public library in the state with a heating system like this. There is a company in Mount Airy which installs solar heat and a few houses have been built with this kind of heat.

To get back to the subject of my education (after many detours along the way), I want to tell you about Miss Belle Graves. She was an albino, the first one I had ever seen, so

she was a curiosity to me. Her skin was colorless; her eyes were very weak; and her hair and eyebrows were white. She couldn't see all that went on in the classroom, but she had a keen sense of smell, and good hearing. If we ate an apple, or brought roasted chestnuts to school, she could trace the aroma right to the culprit's seat. We soon learned to leave these out of our lunch pails. We also learned from the first day not to raise a ruckus, for she would be sure to hear it, and we would suffer the consequences.

At the end of the year I was promoted to the second grade, which was in the big brick building on Rockford Street. I don't remember who my second grade teacher was, so I guess she was colorless too, or "Odorless, Tasteless, and Colorless" as a friend of mine used to describe a person who totally lacked outstanding personality.

My third grade teacher was my cousin Margaret Patterson. "Glory be", I said to myself, "I will play through this year." I thought she would promote me, regardless, because she was kin to me, and because my father was on the school board. I told her the only white lie I ever told a school teacher. One day she asked for our home work. I hadn't done my home work and I thought up a teeny weeny little white lie, and told her that it blew out of the window. At the end of the year, I got what was coming to me. Yes, you guessed it. I wasn't promoted! I was covered with shame, and afraid to go home with a non-promotion card. I couldn't stand the thoughts of repeating the third grade in Cousin Margaret's room. I got what I deserved, but I learned at a very tender age, not to shirk my duties, and not to depend on lies to get me out of trouble.

As luck would have it, I didn't have to repeat the third grade in Mount Airy, as my parents moved to Elkin during the summer. My father had asthma all his life and the cool mornings and nights in Mount Airy didn't agree with him. Then, too, the Tobacco Trust had put all of the independent tobacco factories out of business, and my father had to make a new start

in life. He bought a wholesale grocery store in Elkin. I went to a private school there, taught by Miss Angie Smith in a one room school in her back yard. There were eight grades in one room. When each class recited, they were asked to sit on a long bench in front of the teacher's desk. The other children were assigned work to do, so they wouldn't disturb the class which was reciting. It was a well-behaved group of children, and since it was a private school, we had the cream of the elementary school age. There were Thurmond and Dewitt Chatham; Catherine Hubbard (later Mrs. Oscar Merritt, Sr.); Margaret Click; Nelle Gwyn; Lucy and Anna Reece (later, residents of Mount Airy); Harold Click; and many others. I made warm friends there, some of whom I kept up with over the years. We all loved Miss Angie, and we worked hard to pass our grades.

As I mentioned before, my Father moved, hoping that a change of climate would be beneficial to his asthma. On the other hand, the dampness, from the Yadkin River, caused his asthma to be worse. Since this wasn't disappointment enough, a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever broke out. We didn't have the medical science we have today, and doctors were few and far between, so the epidemic raged. My brother, Fred, and I both contracted it. I was upstairs with a nurse, and he was downstairs with a man nurse. He was delirious and didn't want anybody to wait on him but my Father. He had to stay at home from the store, and help wait on Fred. I had a very light case and didn't require much attention.

Sam, my oldest brother was at Columbia University studying journalism, as he was very talented in writing. He had to come home and take charge of my Father's business. As a consequence, he stayed at home so long that he never finished his course. However, he continued to write and published some poems and articles in various journals. Later, he went into the insurance business, and lived in Durham, North Carolina.

Elkin, like Mount Airy, had no conveniences, no lights, no running water in houses, no sewerage system, and no paved streets. They had tan-bark sidewalks, and the streets

were muddy. All sewerage had to be taken to an out house. This was an almost insurmountable job for my parents, and my Mother cried buckets of tears before that year was over.

I had made new friends and had a good time. My two older sisters were at the age to have dates. They dated two of the Chatham boys. They had fine horses and rubber tired buggies, and they sported the girls around. They had a large farm, Klondike, and during the cherry season, we were all invited to pick all the cherries we wanted. They had a summer home at Roaring Gap, and my sisters went to houseparties there. Practically every time they came to see my sisters they brought a box of candy. The little sister loved that!

When summer came my parents were ready to pull up stakes and move elsewhere. They decided on Greensboro. My Father found a business partner, and they opened a wholesale grocery store on Davie Street called Scott-Sparger Company. Mr. Scott also had a wholesale piece-goods store, which meant that my mother could buy material by the bolt, at wholesale prices, to make the underwear for her girls, as ready made underwear was unheard of then. We had sewing women who sometimes came to the house and sewed by the day. My sister, Elizabeth, was an excellent seamstress, and she made some of the clothes. As for me, I was the "Little Sister", and I had to wear hand-me-downs, altered to fit me. I never had a store-bought dress until I was sixteen years old. When I had to wear a faded blue chiffon that had belonged to Elizabeth to a dance, I balked, and announced that I was through with hand-me-downs.

When we moved to Greensboro we joined the West Market Steeet Methodist Church. It has always been one of the largest churches in the Western North Carolina Conference, and we were sent the best preachers they had.

My Mother and sisters took an active part in the Woman's Missionary Society. My Father belonged to the Ireland Bible Class. I joined the Epworth League (the young people's organization). I held every office, from time to time. None of my brothers were religiously inclined, so they were not joiners.

I sang in the Choir, though I didn't know a note of music. Mrs. Fred Sparger, my sister-in-law, was the leading soprano and did solo parts. I sat by her, and when she went up on a song, I went up. When she went down, I went down. I went to choir practice religiously.

We had an orchestra composed of the Alderman family and they played every Sunday.

I have gotten ahead of my life history again. To go back to my school days, I was in the 4th grade when we first moved to Greensboro. My teacher was Miss Rankin. She is the one I will always remember. She taught children instead of subjects, and we all loved her for it.

My 6th grade teacher was Miss Lizzie Lindsay. She was old fashioned in all of her teaching methods. I remember her because she was strict and hard-boiled. We were scared to death of her, and we didn't love her at all. When we went out to recess, she'd count for us. One meant to turn and face the aisle. Two meant to stand. Three meant to face the front. Four we marched. She marched with us, and the line had to be straight, and no talking, or else! We were glad when that year was over!

My seventh grade teacher's long suit was arithmetic. She taught me more about it than I ever expected to learn, for I despised it. She had an arm off at the elbow, but she could hold a pencil under her short arm and sharpen it better than I could with two good arms and hands. We didn't have pencil sharpeners then. She was a good disciplinarian, and we couldn't pull the wool over her eyes. We respected her for her ability to overcome her handicap, and for the way she could control a room full of restless, wiggly, kids.

Our school building was an abandoned meat market, with only a sidewalk in front, and a very small playground in the back. It was on Davie Street, a very busy wholesale district.

In those days we only had eleven grades, and the eighth grade was a part of senior high school. This was also an old building and it was on Forbis Street, just behind the First

Church of

West Market Street

United Methodist

Has A Proud Heritage

West Market Street United Methodist Church, the mother church of Methodism in Greensboro, has a proud heritage.

The story of West Market is almost as long as the history of Greensboro itself, just a village known in the early 1800s as the "The Pine Barrens." In this village, soon to become the county seat, chartered in 1808 as Greensborough, were Methodists. They were "shepherded" by circuit riders, those heroes of the Methodist movement in the New World.

In 1830, the Rev. Peter Doub was assigned to what was called the Guilford Circuit. He was soon using his influence and energy in establishing the first Methodist congregation in Greensboro. Up to that time, the Methodists among the early residents shared the Greensborough Male Academy chapel with the community's Presbyterians for services on alternate Sundays.

A small building was soon erected on the west side of South Elm Street as the first home of the Rev. Doub's 64-member congregation. The building cornerstone was laid by Greensboro Masonic Lodge No. 76 and the building was completed in

1831 — "the first house of worship of any denomination in Greensboro."

The congregation grew as Greensboro grew. In 1851, the congregation built a second church home in the 400 block of West Market Street, just east of where the Masonic temple now stands. This building was large enough to accommodate the 1889 sessions of the North Carolina Annual Conference. By 1892, though, the building had become inadequate for the church's increasing membership.

This confronted the West Market congregation with another challenge to its faith. It was the time of the panic of the 1890s and things were tough economically. Again the congregation acted with confidence and decided to build its third and last church home, on the northwest corner of West Market Street and Commerce Place, once called Library Place.

The building of this third place of worship was called a "God-given blessing." because its construction meant employment for many of the town's jobless men. In sharp contrast to today's inflation, the construction cost was \$52,000, a

healthy sum nonetheless for that time.

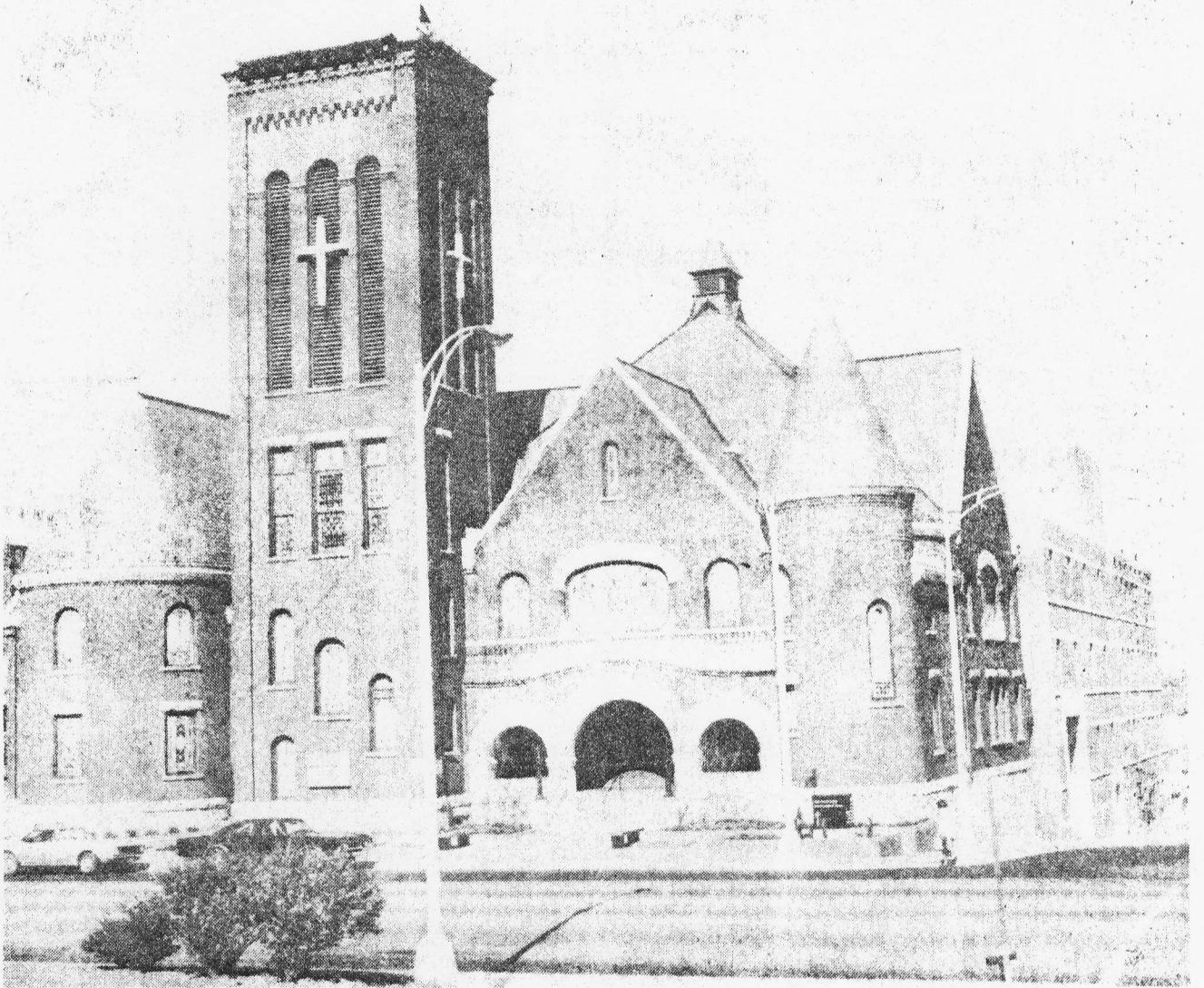
A Sunday School annex was added at a cost of \$30,000 in 1909-10, to be removed as still larger facilities were needed. In 1952, during the pastorate of Dr. Eugene C. Few, the educational building on the southwest corner of Friendly Avenue and Commerce Place was erected at a cost of \$500,000. A second unit was added between it and the sanctuary in 1962 during the pastorate of Dr. Charles P. Bowles. This building, facing on Commerce Place, contains church offices, educational-recreational facilities and Leak Chapel.

The story of West Market's physical facilities would be incomplete without at least mention of the church's imported stained glass windows. There is an indescribable beauty in them that lends itself to the solemnity and sacredness of worship and meditation in the sanctuary.

Incidentally, West Market received the "Greensboro Beautiful Award" in 1976, for improvement and landscaping of its front court.

Emphasis on the involvement of the congregation's youth and contemporaries in the community has high priority in the church's varied and extensive program. West Market's Boy Scout troop is one of the oldest and best in the General Greene Council, and has the longest list of Eagle Scouts in the area. A Girl Scout troop has recently been organized.

the Week



WEST MARKET STREET UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

contributes more than \$10,000 annually to the Greensboro Urban Ministry and provides many volunteers for this program. It is also assisting a local Korean United Methodist congregation.

Special activities and programs for the elderly are emphasized in West Market's ministry, attuned to the needs of a rapidly changing world.

West Market has a commitment to Christian higher education dating back to the pastorate of the Rev. Peter Doub when what is now Greensboro College was founded under his leadership.

The church's benevolence reaches five United Methodist colleges and universities in North Carolina, the Children's Home in Winston-Salem, three homes for the elderly, and missions around the world.



Ministers Of West Market United Methodist

Seated: (L-R) Dr. Charles E. Shannon, the Rev. Earl K. Gibson.
 Standing: (L-R) the Rev. Paul M. Bradley, William H. Jordan, the
 Rev. Lewis L. Poag, Mrs. Bobbie Phillips.

Dr. Charles E. Shannon is in his seventh year as senior minister of the 3,200-member congregation. Assisting him are the Rev. Earl K. Gibson, minister of membership, the Rev. Paul M. Bradley, minister of education, and the Rev. Lewis L. Poag, minister of youth. Other professional members of the 19-member staff are William J. Jordan, minister of music and administration, Mrs. Bobbie Phillips, parish worker, Mrs. Fred T. Jones, music assistant, and Mrs. Nell Davis Abels, church organist.

West Market is said to have one of the finest church choirs in Greensboro, a tribute to Jordan's leadership.

It is appropriate to note in the story of West Market Church that it has been instrumental in helping organize five other churches as Methodism has kept pace with Greensboro's growth.

West Market Church's downtown location may be regarded as symbolic of its mission to be at the center of affairs and problems of a growing city in a complex world.

West Market's ministry is concerned about the church's mission, locally, statewide and worldwide. The church has led in promoting the Rev. Tom Summey's ministry to the deaf in the Western North Carolina Conference. It is pioneering with several other congregations in a medical mission to Peru involving Dr. Henry B. Perry, Jr., and wife, Alice Weldon Perry, from Greensboro. For many years, the church supported Dr. and Mrs. Carl Judy, missionaries to Korea. This past summer, the church was a leader in mission work among migrant farmers in Rockingham County.

The roll of West Market's pastors reads like a "Who's Who" of the Western North Carolina Conference of the United Methodist Church. Dr. Wilson Weldon became editor of "The Upper Room," the international interdenominational daily meditations, after four years as West Market's senior minister. He and Mrs. Weldon are making their home in Greensboro following his semi-retirement. Bishop W.K. Goodson is a former associate minister.

Presbyterian Church (now the Historic Museum). Our playground joined the church property and had many lovely trees on it. City fathers didn't love bulldozers then like they do now, and the trees furnished shade on warm days.

I remember my general science teacher very vividly. Up to this point all of our classes had been inside four walls. She took us to the playground in good weather, seated us on the ground under the trees, and there we had our lessons. She also took us on picnics and chaperoned our parties. We all loved Miss Caudle.

My Mother insisted on me taking Domestic Science. She thought every young girl should learn to cook and sew, or she would never get a husband. She was having a hard time trying to teach me, and she thought a professional might have better luck. Her prediction about marriage came true, but not because I couldn't cook or sew. What she didn't know was that home freezers would be invented; vast supermarkets would spring up all over the country; frozen foods of all kinds would stock their shelves; whole meals could be bought in foil containers; and delicatessen departments would cater to meals. Any moron could buy these meals and all they'd have to do would be to warm them or cook them according to directions. Electric counter ovens would be sufficient for a single person, and save electricity as well as cut down the heat in the kitchen in summer.

I took Domestic Science to please my Mother, but to this day I've never liked to cook or sew. My teacher was Miss Jones, and if we got our stitches too long, or made crooked seams, she made us pull it out. The only thing I liked about cooking was to be able to eat what we fixed.

The teacher I loved the most of all in high school was Miss Elleanore Elliott. She taught English and I always made A's in my English courses, for I loved to write stories and compositions, and she encouraged me so much. If I hadn't been so bent on an art career, I think I would have studied creative writing. I did take a few courses in college, and had a few

articles published. Miss Elliott married Dr. D. D. Carroll, head of Economics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

When we graduated from high school, my Mother made my dress. It was white nainsook and had tucks, 60 yards of lace on it, and a ruffle around the bottom. It also had a hand-embroidered panel down the front. I still have the dress and it is well preserved after 71 years. I have it dry-cleaned and keep it in a plastic bag.

On graduation night I carried a dozen red American Beauty Roses. Now-a-days, a sweet girl graduate would do well to carry one American Beauty Rose, at \$60.00 per dozen. I also wrote and read The Last Will and Testament of our class.

After high school, I attended Greensboro College for two years, majoring in art. Since we lived near the college, and since my father wasn't flush with money after educating the older children, I lived at home and went as a day student. However, I made many friends there, and was usually invited to spend Saturday night with them. Our President was Mrs. Robertson. She was quite old, and very strict. It was a Methodist school and we weren't allowed to dance or engage in any worldly vices. Smoking for girls was unheard of then. Mrs. Robertson retired early, and when the house was quiet and all the faculty were getting their long winters' naps, we went on tip-toe to the auditorium and danced. That is where I learned to dance- with girls as leaders. I can't remember what we used for music. If we had been caught, the boarding students would have been campused, and I don't know what would have happened to me.

My art teacher there was old, and practically blind. She said she couldn't see well, but her hands told her where to put the brush strokes. She gave me pictures from calendars to copy- the same ones that my sister Alice painted when she was in college. I didn't want to take home a Basket of Cherries or a Pastoral scene like Sister had done. One day Miss Porter drew a scene, and brought it to me to paint. That's where I bucked. I

told her that I couldn't paint a picture unless I drew it myself. After that, I decided I didn't want to graduate there as I didn't like the art course.

I stayed at home the next fall, but by spring, I was anxious to go back to school to further my art education. I had been taking private lessons from Miss Lottie Denny, sister of Mr. Robert Denny, my next door neighbor. She said I was so talented in painting small detailed objects that she thought I ought to take lessons in miniature painting.

I had two friends who were in the School of Music and Art, in New York City. After corresponding with them, I learned that I could get a course in miniature painting. I persuaded my parents to send me there for a semester that spring. Since I was such a young fledgling, and had never travelled out of North Carolina and had never been to a big city in all my life, my brother Sam decided he had better go with me, and look the School over. I shall never forget how excited I was as the train rolled through town after town that I had never seen. When we got to New York, my friends met us at the railroad station to show us how to get to the school. We rode on the subway. I sat by the window and when the train came out of the ground a few times, I took in all of the sights, but I didn't let my friends know how excited I was.

The school was operated by a young bachelor, and his sister, a widow, who were typical city people. The teachers did not come to the school to teach art. I found that I would have to go to my teacher, who taught in her studio apartment in Carnegie Hall Building, which was on West 59th Street, I believe.

I can't remember the exact address of the school, but I think it was in the 80's, on the West side of the City. This meant I had to ride the subway or a surface bus. My brother didn't like this idea at all, but he decided to leave me for the spring semester. The Head of the school taught voice lessons, and since I loved to sing, I took lessons from him too.

There were boys and girls there from all over, and we had a good time together. We learned our way around- by subway- and went where we wanted to go in the daytime. We weren't allowed to go out at night without a chaperone. We were taken to Grand Opera, shows, and many other free concerts. None of us had too much money to spend, and when we went to the opera, we sat in the "Owl's Roost" at the top of the building. I'm glad I had better eyes, and better ears than I have now!

I had excellent teachers. I learned a lot about art, and I had overcome my fear of getting around in a big city. All in all, it was an enjoyable year, but I didn't think it was the kind of school I needed, so I didn't plan to go back there.

The teacher I had for miniature painting used real life models, in costume. We painted on ivory, using tiny water color brushes with very few hairs, and water color paint. It was the most difficult painting I had ever done, but I loved it. I did a miniature of Louisa Kochtitzky, as a little girl. I was also sent to the Mellon Art Museum, to select a miniature I would like to copy. I chose the Dutchess of Devonshire. She was a very beautiful lady, and my miniature turned out real well, but it was later stolen from me, and I had little to show for my months of work- only some classroom studies which I still have. I did do a miniature of my brother Sam. When he was married, I gave it to Florence, his wife. She broke the convex glass on it, and sent it away to be repaired. When she died, I wanted it worse than anything she had, but I've never known who got it. The man who repaired it valued it at \$500.00, and that was many years ago.

The next spring semester I decided to go to Art Students League in New York. I lived at the Studio Club at 62nd Street and Park Avenue. This building has now been torn down and the swanky Colony Club was built there. I studied figure drawing with the famous artist Bridgeman. Being a shy little country girl, I didn't relish the idea of painting people in the nude, but I had to do it.

I had learned a lot about art, and had visited many museums and exhibits so I felt that the experience was worth while. On the other hand, I was constantly faced with the idea that this kind of school wouldn't prepare me for making a living. I knew I couldn't make a living as a painter, for only a genius can eke out enough money to do that, without moonlighting.

I hadn't planned to be a teacher, but most of my friends were working and I was restless. Mildred Stafford, my best friend, was teaching in a Guilford County School. She decided to get married in April, to Gregg Cherry, of Gastonia, who was later Governor of North Carolina. She asked me to fill out the year for her, which I did. The music teacher in the school was a friend of mine. When the year was over, she said to me, "Alma, I think you have the makings of a good teacher." The principal also told me if I would go to summer school and get a provisional certificate they would give me a regular job. I did this and taught there one more year.

Lucy Hadley, a Mount Airy friend, was teaching in Mrs. Reynolds' private school at Reynolda. She was having a ball and loved it. I decided I would put my application in as teacher there. Since all of my brothers and sisters were married and I was the only one left with my parents, they didn't want me to leave home. Like all young folks, I wanted to try my wings. I made an appointment with Mrs Reynolds and went to Winston for an interview.

Mrs. Reynolds was a Mount Airy girl, Katherine Smith, the daughter of Mr. Zack Smith, a well-to-do business man. She knew my older sisters, and when her dormitory at State Normal School, in Greensboro, burned, we took her into our home until the college provided rooms for the girls. Perhaps it was due to this that she met me cordially. She didn't ask for any references and frankly I didn't have many. She told me that the salary would be \$100.00 per month, for 9 months, with room and board furnished at the old Francis Hotel on Cherry Street downtown. She said she would send us to summer school, with all

expenses paid. She told me she was building a Teacherage next to the Presbyterian Church at Reynolda. When it was finished she would move us into it, and it would also be rent free. She had employed the same Philadelphia Interior Decorator that did her house.

She said while we lived in town, she would send her chaffeur in a small bus each day, to take us to school. We could pick up some of the city children on the way. She would charge them tuition, but she would give free tuition to all of the children who lived on her estate.

She said she had employed a good looking young man as principal. His name was Edward Johnson. He was a Lieutenant right out of the army, and still in uniform. She hoped that one of the young teachers would set her cap for him.

All of this sounded fabulous to me, so when she offered me the job, I accepted it with alacrity.

I was afraid to go home that night. I knew my parents wouldn't approve of this. I went to a friend's home and called them to break the news. I thought I'd better give them time to get used to the idea, so I told them I was going to spend the night with my friend.

The job turned out to be a cinch. Each of us had only ten children in our home rooms. Mine was a second grade, and Smith Reynolds was in my room. We had special teachers for penmanship, music, physical education, French, and Art. I taught art in all eight grades.

We were all young except for three teachers. When we were at the Francis Hotel, we met many young men. There was a Dance School on West 4th Street taught by the daughter of our landlady, and we went to it. We had a good time from the very start.

Mrs. Reynolds was in deep mourning for her husband who had recently died. The only jewelry she wore was a long string of pearls-the real McCoy- and the only ones I had ever seen. I was very impressed! She was still young at heart, loved social life, but due to her mourning, she wasn't accepting many

Looks Are Deceiving On the Dance Floor

By Jim Norvelle

United Press International

High-pitched trumpet tunes soar to the ceilings of America's ballrooms and concert halls, joined by trombones, saxophones and clarinets.

Down front, couples swing hand-in-hand to the boogie-woogie beat bouncing from the piano and drums as the rest of the throng sways in tempo.

It's 1981, not '41. The dancers are in their 20s and 30s, not 50s or 60s. The children of Bill Haley, Elvis Presley and the Beatles are dancing to Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Kay Kyser and his Kollege of Musical Knowledge.

Thanks to disco, the young have discovered that dancing cheek-to-cheek can indeed be heavenly, and many feel there's no better music to

sway to than the big band sound of the '30s and '40s.

Thanks to the late Stan Kenton and his high school stage band clinics, the resurgence may be here to stay.

"There's something infectious about it and the youngsters have not been exposed to it, but when they hear it, they love it," says Ernie Hecksher of the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, one of the last hotel bastions of the big band.

Hecksher, Wayne Hutchison of the Willard Alexander agency in New York, Charles Bourgeois of the Newport Jazz Festival and others all agree: The big band sound is making another comeback, and their bookings reflect it.

I knew they were dancing the Two-Step and the Waltz to big time bands now, but I didn't know the Cheek-to-Cheek had been revived. Mrs. Reynolds looked a little shocked when she saw us doing this dance!

invitations. She liked Edward, and wanted to entertain him, but she knew the tongues would wag. She got around this by inviting all of us, when she had him for meals. We would have a sumptuous meal, with course after course, and four or five butlers hovering over us with delicious food. After we had finished the meal, we went into the large reception room, where the organ is, the rugs were rolled back, a roll was put on the player organ, and we danced. Our boy friends came out from town when the dancing began. We did the Two-Step; the Waltz; the Cheek-to-Cheek; the Bunny Hug; and the Paul Jones. We loved the Paul Jones because it mixed the crowd up, and you couldn't get stuck with the same partner all the time. We sometimes danced until 1:00 or 2:00, and got up and taught school at 9:00 the next morning.

We lived for these invitations up to "The Big House", which is now called the "Reynolda House", and has been made into a museum.

By this time, we had moved into the lovely new "teacherage", at Reynolda, the house that is now used as the Presbyterian Manse. Our school building was across the road, in one of the little houses near the Green House.

Mrs. Reynolds and Edward Johnson carried on a speedy courtship, and we stood on the sidelines and watched. She was 13 years older than Edward. After I left there, they were married. We all wondered who did the proposing. She was worth millions and millions, and he had nothing, as far as we knew. Her first marriage to Mr. Reynolds was just the reverse. He was a millionaire, and she was working for her living (as his secretary, I think.) Her marriage to Mr. Reynolds certainly couldn't have been for romance, and he knew it. He told her before he died, that he wanted her to marry again, and he wanted her to pick a young man for her second husband.

The Edward Johnsons had one son. I have lost track of what became of him.

There were four Reynolds children, all of whom I taught at Reynolda. Richard (Dick) was the oldest. He resented his

mother's marriage and became very unruly. His mother had an apartment in the Plaza Hotel in New York, and they spent much time in New York. Dick was bitten by the stock market bug, and even as a young chap he was playing the stock market and investing some of his allowance. He drifted around for many years. He married Blitz Dillard, of Winston-Salem. In his later life he settled down, became a civic-minded citizen, and was elected mayor of Winston-Salem. He and Blitz had several sons.

Mary, the oldest daughter, married Mr. Babcock, a stock broker. She bought Reynolda House from the brothers and Nancy, and they lived there during the rest of Mary's life. Mr. Babcock headed the firm of Reynolds and Company, Stockbrokers. When I had some money to invest, they worked out my portfolio of stocks. Reynolda was later given to Wake Forest College and the "Big House" is now used as a museum. It contains paintings, sculpture, and other works of art. It is open to the public, and guided tours, lectures, exhibits, etc, are held there.

Nancy married a Mr. Bagley and lived in New York. She had a son, Smith Bagley, who became a politician. He moved to Winston-Salem and lived in the large stone house on Kent Road that Betty and Buddy Sohmer bought when their family outgrew a smaller house.

Smith, the youngest son, made national headlines in the Libby Holman murder case, and a novel finally came out about it.

One year while I was teaching there, we put on a pageant of Hiawatha. Our setting was on Lake Katherine which was a beautiful man-made lake on the estate. My art classes painted Indian designs on the canoes, tee-pees, and costumes. We designed the costumes and had them made. The audience sat on the ground on one side of the lake, and the action took place on the other shore and in the canoes.

I was distressed to read that the lake has filled up with silt, caused by the building program that went on around it, and neglect of the lake after the estate was given to Wake Forest College.

When I visited Reynolda House a few years ago, I saw a leather-bound album lying on a table in Mr. Reynolds' office. It was labelled "Hiawatha". I got lost from my party and sat down to thumb through the book, and look at the beautiful pictures Mrs. Reynolds had taken of our amateur play. It all came back to me, and I pictured in my mind the happy times I had at Reynolda in my youth.

I have been in the house several times since it has been made a museum, and is open to the public. I not only enjoy the collection of American paintings on exhibit, but also the beautiful porcelains, and other objects which belonged to Mrs. Reynolds. There have been many changes in the bedrooms upstairs. A swimming pool and recreation room have been added in the basement. The large reception room where we danced the hours away; the dining room; and Mr. Reynolds' office look very much as they did when I was entertained there.

After teaching at Reynolda two or three years, I resigned and went to my home in Greensboro. My father became ill that winter and died in the spring of 1922.

We had a house with ten or twelve rooms, and my mother and I were rattling around in it. We decided we would rent it furnished, until we knew what we wanted to do.

By this time I had definitely decided that I wanted an art career. I knew that if I was going to continue to teach, I should go to a professional school where I would get teacher's training.

My Mother and I talked it over, and we decided I would go back to college, and she would live around among her married daughters until I got my degree. I hitched my hopes to the stars, and decided I wanted to go to Teachers' College, Columbia University. I was afraid I couldn't get in, as I was very weak in mathematics. I didn't worry about anything else. I sent in credits for two years work at Greensboro College, and the credits I had earned in summer schools while I was teaching in North Carolina. They wrote me that if I would work toward a B.S. degree in Fine Arts, I wouldn't have to take math. They

required English courses (my long suit), Science, Health Education, Child Psychology, History of Art, and Art electives.

This pleased me very much, so in the fall of 1922 I enrolled there as a Fine Arts major. I wasn't quite sure how I was going to finance two years of study there, but I was determined to do it, even if I had to beg, borrow, or maybe steal the money. As it happened, my brother Sam helped me some, and I borrowed some money from Brother Ed Kochtitzky. As luck would have it, I got by without having to steal.

My tuition was \$2,500.00 per year. I thought this was a tremendous price for tuition. Now I understand at good colleges tuition begins at \$6,000.00, and climbs up scandalously, depending on what Ivy League one chooses.

I had to buy my books, but we had a book exchange, and we could buy and sell used books.

I rented a room from an art teacher who lived near the college. I ate in the college cafeteria, and tried to keep the cost of meals down to the minimum. I wasn't skinny at that time like I am now.

I wore old clothes, hand-me-downs made over for me. I sent my laundry to my Mother in a box which was fitted into a canvas bag. Mamma would get a wash-woman to do it, and send it back to me. We had no laundrettes, or washing machines then--and they called them "The Good Old Days"!!!!

I pinched pennies for the two resident years I was there, but being art-minded, I managed to get to grand opera, concerts, art lectures, etc. It's true I sometimes had to buy standing room, and if I had a seat it was in the Owl's Roost, in the top of the theatre. One night at the opera Aida, I got hot, and went to sleep. On the way back, after the opera, the girls were talking about a white horse. I said, "What white horse?" They said, "Didn't you see the one on the stage?" Then I had to admit that I was fast asleep.

I had some friends who lived in New York, and one dear friend who lived on Staten Island. This made it nice for me, as

they invited me for meals. The friend on Staten Island would have me for a week-end sometimes. I shall never forget the strolling musicians who played on the ferry boat going to Staten Island. On one occasion, I visited the Statue of Liberty. The immigrants used to be held on this island until they had their physical examinations; their papers inspected; etc. I understand they go directly to Manhattan Island now.

When I was a student in New York, times were very different from what they are now. I went from Columbia University to Greenwich Village on the subway in late afternoon to meet friends. I would come back alone, get off the subway at 116th Street and walk to 122nd Street where I lived. I must admit I never felt real comfortable about it, and many times I quickened my pace if I heard a noise behind me. We were just off of Amsterdam Avenue, and Harlem starts at 125th Street. I am sure this neighborhood is "off-bounds" for students now.

Only a few years ago, I was in New York with Mrs. Randall Sparger. We went to a theatre on 51st Street. When we came out we couldn't get a cab. One rarely does after a theatre. We had to walk to the McCalpin Hotel, in the 30's, near the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. We started walking on Broadway, which is well-lighted, with mobs of people walking. However, the streets of New York sometimes twist and turn, and before we knew it, we found ourselves on 7th Avenue. The street was poorly lighted, and had no crowds at all. We really became frightened then, but made it without any trouble.

When I was climbing my mountain, looking for my rainbow, I stumbled many times, but I held my head high and surmounted difficulties as they came.

I was in class with many superior students from big city high schools, and many foreign countries. This made it very interesting, but it was quite a challenge for little me. I kept my nose to the grindstone, and I managed to make good grades. I knew my way around the city, and could go alone anywhere I wanted to. I took in many exhibits, art demonstrations, and lectures at museums. I collected many art

objects to use in my classes if I ever got a job. All of this broadened my outlook. I came home saturated with art.

I was on my own now and I had to make good. I had excellent teachers, and I was old enough to appreciate them, and I soaked up all they could give me.

I spent my summer vacations visiting my married sisters, wherever my Mother happened to be.

During my last year at Teachers' College, our house in Greensboro was sold. The man who bought it wanted to move in, so the house had to be emptied. My sister Annie was the only one who could do it. I'm sure it was a tremendous job, for we had an attic and a basement full of junk. For years afterward I looked for books I loved, my guitar, a teen-age memory book, but they were all gone. A truck load of books was hauled away. The only one which she kept for me was my high school annual which I still have.

During my senior year, my adviser told me it was a pleasure to work with a student who was older and had her feet on the ground. All seniors were supposed to do practice teaching in some New York P.S. (Public School). Miss Dement asked me if I wanted to do this. She said since I had taught for three or four years it wouldn't be required of me. I had heard students tell about their trials and tribulations as a practice teacher, so without any hesitation, I said I would prefer not to do it. In June of 1924 I got my B.S. degree in Fine Arts.

Teachers' College operated an Employment Agency to find jobs for the Seniors. I shall never forget the day I had my interview with the employment agent. I put on one of my best dresses, a white silk, with a navy carnation pattern on it. I wore my best white shoes. I saw that my hair was fixed becomingly, and that my nails were manicured. How glad I was that I had taken pains to look my best. I can't remember the lady's name who interviewed me. She started at the top of my head, took in every detail of my costume, and ended at my feet. By this time I had butterflies inside me. Then she began

popping questions. What kind of art job did I want? Did I have to be near my home town? What salary would I expect to make? And on and on. Then she told me she would look over her prospects and contact me later.

When my senior year was drawing to a close, I felt so full of knowledge that I couldn't wait to get a job and impart some of this know-how to my students. My wings were clipped, however, when I got a letter from my sister. She said Mamma was like a Bull in a China Shop. She was tired of living around with her daughters. She wanted to get her furniture out of storage and have a place of her own. To tell the truth, I think they were tired of Mamma too, as it tied them down. Sister said she had bought a lot on Pine Street near her, and was building Mamma a bungalow. I read between the lines that she expected me to come to Mount Airy and live with her. I didn't know how I was going to cope with this change in my plans, but I knew I would have all summer to work it out.

When I got to Mount Airy, I helped with the moving. I made drapes for the windows and French doors, and block printed designs on them. In the meantime, I was offered a job as Supervisor of Art in the Charlotte City Schools. I accepted it, trusting to luck that some miracle would happen so I could leave home. Our preacher's wife, Mrs. Boyer, called me and said that my picture was in the Charlotte paper with a write-up about me. She saved it for me.

My Mother had a niece, Mrs. McCargo, who was a widow, and didn't have a home. She was hard up, financially. I told her if she would come and live with my Mother, as her companion, we would give her room and board, free gratis. She had been raised in my Grandmother Mitchell's home. She was very little younger than my Mother, and they were more like sisters. They both seemed happy about the arrangement, so the way was cleared for me to go to Charlotte the first of September.

In those days, I curled my hair with an electric curling iron. When I was getting ready to catch the train for Charlotte, I was slightly nervous, and I burned my cheek. It left an ugly red scar.

The Superintendent had gotten me a room in Mrs. Alexander's Boarding House. Mrs. Alexander had formerly been wealthy, and had an enormous house. She had lost her money, so she rented her rooms, and took other people for meals. There were about 65 boarders. Many teachers stayed there, and there were several young married couples. The men travelled and their wives sat around and gossiped. We called them "The Barren Women".

I was put in a room with a young high school teacher from Hamlet. I dreaded going to the dining room the first meal and meeting everybody with the angry red scar on my face. The wives told me after the scar healed that they were so relieved that it was a burn, because they thought it was permanent.

The women on my hall told me when I could get in the bathroom to take a bath. They had worked out a schedule, which really cramped my style. I was accustomed to a room and bath of my own.

For something better to talk about, they talked about us if we didn't date, and they talked about us if we did have dates. There was a nice young man who rode me to school every morning, as I didn't have a car then. One of the women told me long afterward that he said he couldn't marry a girl unless she had pretty teeth. I got the message, as I never had pretty teeth.

Some of the teachers in the house had become very friendly with me. After one year there, we decided we wanted an apartment. A friend who lived in the next block from Mrs. Alexander, had made the upstairs of her house into an apartment. We had played bridge with her and thought we would enjoy living there. Four of us rented it for the following school year. In September, we set up housekeeping. We took turns planning meals, buying the food, and doing the cooking and cleaning. Our hours were long, and we got home from school late in the afternoon very tired. One of the girls was Elementary School Supervisor, and I was the Art Supervisor, with eight schools to be visited, hundreds of teachers, and thousands of

children to deal with. In addition to this, we had a faction on the School Board. Some of the men thought Art and Music were frills and frivolous. We were apt to have them pop into our classrooms at any time, to observe us. Before that year was over, I had developed chronic colitis, which I have never gotten over.

Since all of us were overworked, we decided to pool our meager funds and hire a cook. This was about the smartest thing we ever did. This gave us more leisure time, and we frequently played bridge at night.

The room-mate that I had at Columbia University was Rebecca Markham, from Durham, North Carolina. She was a Home Economics teacher, and a most attractive girl. She was anxious to change jobs, as she was teaching in her home town. There was a vacancy in the Charlotte Senior High School. My room-mate wasn't coming back to Charlotte the next year, so I recommended Becky to the Superintendent, Mr. Harding, and to Dr. Garrison, the high school Principal. They employed her, and she and I roomed together as long as I stayed in Charlotte. We lived one year on Queens Road, in Meyer's Park, with a Queens' College Home Economics teacher. The next year we moved to the Addison Apartments, and I lived there until I resigned in 1932. Becky stayed on in Charlotte and got married. She died a few years ago.

The depression was on, and I saw the handwriting on the wall. I knew when funds became short, Art, Music, and Physical Education would be the first subjects to be dropped. Banks were already beginning to fail. In order to have cash to pay my bills, I cashed my salary checks and kept the money in the safe at the Superintendent's office in City Hall, where my office was.

During the summer of 1932, I was employed to teach for six weeks in a branch summer school of Woman's College, Greensboro, which was operated in Dobson. My students were classroom teachers, who were eager to learn all they could about art, to carry back to their children in the fall. I thoroughly

enjoyed this class, and have never felt more rewarded in all of my teaching career. We studied the color chart, and learned to mix the paints. We drew and painted some. We kept a note book which they were graded on. As our final project, we decided to make a Toy Orchestra. We made tambourines, drums, cymbals, a xylophone, etc. At the end of the session, we put on a concert in the school auditorium. This was a howling success. I thought it was best to leave the instruments together, so they could be used for a concert for the children. I asked the Dobson teachers to take charge of them. I heard afterward that they and the Pilot Mountain teachers practically had a fight over them.

Some of these teachers are now members of the Retired School Personnel. When I see them at our luncheons, they greet me warmly.

At the end of the summer session, I was offered a position in the Training School at Woman's College. I was to teach Art to classroom teachers. I resigned in Charlotte and accepted this job.

By this time, many banks were failing, and teachers were still depositing their checks in banks. I had learned my lesson in Charlotte and I cashed my check and put it into Postal Savings which operated during the depression. One morning I went to school and I saw faculty members with their heads together, in little groups. I stuck my nose in to find what it was all about. I learned that the President had declared a bank moratorium, and all accounts were frozen. Some of the teachers were caught without a penny in cash. I felt very lucky that I hadn't given any checks, but had paid all of my bills in cash.

Sister and Brother Ed Kochtitzky were on a trip, out of state in their car. Since he had a foreign name, they had a hard time passing their traveller's checks, and getting reservations in hotels. They were mighty happy to get back home, where they were known.

While I was teaching at Woman's College, I went to Columbia University the day after school closed and stayed until

the day before the fall session opened at Woman's College. Then I came back there for the winter. I did this for three summers, working on my Masters' degree. I lacked three credits at the end of the last summer session. I was told if I would write a substitute thesis I could earn the three credits. I burned the midnight oil that entire fall, and wrote a course of study in Fine Arts for Elementary School. I sent this in and got my degree "in absentia" the following February--an MA in Fine Arts.

I taught at Woman's College six years. After that I taught at East Carolina Teachers' College in Greenville, North Carolina, and was also director of the Greenville Art Gallery. From there I went to State Normal School at New Paltz, New York. The climate was very cold, and it didn't agree with me. I only stayed one year.

Soon after my sister's husband (Brother Ed) died, I came back to Mount Airy as my sister had asked me to come live with her, as she found it unsatisfactory to try to rent a room; for company; and for protection. I had to teach out of my field, but the Superintendent, Mr. Pendergraph, said I could do departmental work. I took a 7th grade, and taught art in two seventh grades. In this way, I got rid of arithmetic and some other subjects. I hadn't seen in a seventh grade book since I was in that grade. I had to study every night to stay one jump ahead of the kids. I had a tough crowd of boys, most of whom would make two of me. I had the meanest girl in school. A mean girl is worse than a mean boy, and she landed in Samarcand (for wayward girls). Her brother landed in the penitentiary for stealing a car and driving out of the state.

I didn't like children this age but I suffered through it for four years. The strain of struggling with discipline, climbing the steps to my room on the second floor, and climbing the hill from the playground brought on a mild heart attack. My doctor advised me to resign. He consented for me to teach private art pupils. My sister fixed me a studio, in a sleeping porch, in her house. I had five art classes for the next two years, and thoroughly enjoyed them.

Since I had plenty of time to rest, I recovered fully, and went back into public school work. I then taught 2nd and 3rd grades, with some department art teaching. I loved the little children, and I think they loved me.

I taught until I was 62, and retired, as I wanted to do some travelling before I got in a wheel chair. I had a friend, Mary Hollingsworth, who loved to travel, and we took many lovely trips together. I am not physically able to travel any more, but I will always have the memory of these trips. We took bus trips over the USA. We went to Texas one fall and saw many relatives we both had there. We went on theatre tours to New York several times. We went by ship to Hawaii, and flew to the outer islands. We were in Hawaii in 1959 when they got their Statehood. It was a wild, and exciting time, as they had worked so long to get it.

When we came back, we took several lovely bus trips in California. I went on two Caribbean cruises. I went to California, and the Canadian Rockies by car, with friends. I spent three months travelling in Europe. A friend went with me, but flew home before I did. I visited in Germany, then joined a Brownell Tour, and came home on the Queen Mary.

My last trip was to Alaska- by plane and ship- going all the way up to the Arctic Zone.

This was a rugged trip. Travelling was difficult. Streets were torn up from the perma-freeze (ice underground), which causes buildings and pavements to slip. We waded through mud as no motels had dining rooms, and we were on our own to find places to eat. The food was very high, and oftentimes it wasn't fit to eat.

We were in Alaska three weeks, and it rained all except three days. We took spring clothes, rain coats, and drizzle boots (galoshes) which we wore all the time. We wished many times that we had brought warm clothing. When we were in the Arctic Zone, they furnished us parkas.

Everything happened on this trip, except the planes weren't hi-jacked. A motor conked out over the water going from

Anchorage to Kotzebue. They dumped some of the fuel, and we could smell the oil as it went down.

When we got back to Anchorage, after turning around, we sat in the hotel all day (or the airport) waiting for another plane. They served us breakfast and lunch. When we finally got to Kotzebue, late in the afternoon, our tour of the village had to be cancelled. A bus took us up to the fishing area, and the bus broke down. They had the best shop for jade, and we had waited to buy our jewelry there. The shop was closed, and we didn't get in it. However, on the side of the road we did see a rock, labelled the largest piece of Jade ever mined. We saw the fishermen at work with their nets, the dogs asleep on the sand, the women drying fish on clothes lines along with their clothes, and the little children playing on the beach.

The day we left Fairbanks for a ride on a four wheeler, the "Discovery", it poured rain in torrents all day and we had to sit inside. When we got back to Fairbanks, flood warnings were out, and people in low areas were advised to evacuate.

Mr. and Mrs. William Merritt and Mary Hollingsworth were with me. The Merritts picked up a virus and left the party, to fly to Juneau, where they could go to bed and have a doctor see them.

When we got to Skagway we were supposed to fly to Juneau, and join the Merritts there. We sat in the motel all day, and the plane we were to go on had a ground fog in Juneau, and never took off. Finally, our conductor came in and said the ship we were to take for the inside passage was in the harbor, and had room for us if we wanted to board it. We voted unanimously to do this.

One hotel caught on fire. At one place, we stayed in log cabins, heated with oil stoves, and slept in sleeping bags. The trip down the inside passage to Vancouver was supposed to be very scenic and beautiful, but the clouds hung so low we never saw the tops of the mountains. It was rainy and cold and again we had to sit inside the lounge.

When we got back to Mount Airy, William Merritt said he was glad he had seen Alaska, but if he ever decided to go again, he would change his mind. We all said "Amen to that".

I couldn't travel any more as my sister was ill and grew steadily worse. She had nurses around the clock for five years. She died in February 1971.

She had told me that Louisa, her daughter, didn't want her Pine Street house, so she wasn't leaving it to anybody in the family. When her will was read, she had left it to the Town to be used as a Public Library; to buy books; or to be sold and the money used on a new building. If they hadn't accepted it by the first of August, it was to revert back to her heirs.

Just before the end of July, Louisa called and reminded them to come to some decision by August 1.

I was still living in the upstairs apartment. I had let a young couple have the guest room and bath, rent free.

I was called and asked to show the house and grounds to a committee. When they came, I showed them the house and the grounds, which were beautifully kept. The men went into the street to estimate how many cars could park there. After thinking it over, they decided to use it for a library, as the one they had was in a state of ruins.

In the meantime, I began looking for another apartment. I didn't want one in an old building, as I had experienced falling plaster, ceilings which had to be replaced, etc. I heard that Richard Vaughn and John Lewis were building apartments on North Main Street. I went to the building site and watched the work that was going on.

Hale Yokley was the chairman of the library Foundation. He came to see me one day and said they wanted some one to stay in the house for security, and I could keep my apartment if I wanted to. This made me very happy, for this house was home for me. I paid \$125.00 per month rent.

Hale said they would start work soon and the electricians would rewire the entire house, and put in air conditioning on the first floor. They weren't going to use the upstairs at all.

The pretty chandeliers, and ceiling lights had to come down. Some of the chandeliers had been willed, and one of the others was moved to my living room. The ceiling lights were stored in the attic and I labelled them, showing the rooms they belonged in.

I kept looking at the new apartments, wading through mud, and when the walls went up, I walked over the first floor. I didn't like the floor plan. There were no porches, no back door, and a very small inside kitchen. All garbage had to be taken out the front door. Three buildings like this were soon finished, but I still felt that I was better off where I was. I also objected to the one big air conditioner in the living room windows. I wanted central air conditioning.

The young couple I had were students at Appalachian, and they went back to college in September. This left me alone in the house. I had safety locks put on all my doors, and on the basement door, and I wasn't afraid.

The library was ready, and the books were moved by the Scouts and the school children in November.

My family and friends began to worry about me then. They were afraid somebody would hide in the house, and try to rob me. I locked myself in and felt very safe.

After three years had come and gone, I walked on the porch one morning, and found a horrible looking tramp sleeping inside the screened porch. Without thinking, I yelled, "Who are you?" This waked him, and he ran across the back lot before I could call the police. I had the grounds patrolled for several nights, but they never saw any more tramps. Thomas Ashby said five men, similar to his description, had been sleeping in doorways, and vacant buildings on South Street. He didn't think there was any harm in them. They just had no homes, no jobs, and no place to go.

After this, I decided it would be best for me to move. One of my friends in the new apartments called me and said they had bull dozed the trees down behind her apartment and were getting ready to build another apartment house. I went to Clark

Building Supply, and talked to Richard Vaughn. He said there would be six one story apartments, with a front porch and a back porch (patio), and a kitchen with a door that opened on the patio-also a utility room on the patio. He gave me a blue print of the floor plan. Before I left his office, I had signed on the dotted line, sight unseen, for the first apartment on the north side of the building. After that, I trekked up to the site, walked through the mud again to watch the work as it progressed. It was started the first of September and they were finished in December. I moved on January 13, 1974, and Grace Vaughn had moved in the apartment next to me on January 9.

I have plenty of time now to reflect on my career as a student and as a teacher. I am thinking of the changes in the classroom itself, going from a one room school with eight grades to be taught. Now the new schools are air conditioned and have carpets on the floors. I think about the dirt my third graders brought into the classroom, after a play period on the playground. I wonder how they ever get the dirt off the rugs.

Recently, they knocked down the walls of classrooms, and threw rooms together for open classroom teaching. Thank goodness I retired before this came to pass. I could never teach in a state of confusion like that. My prediction is that eventually, if not now, walls will be built back.

The trends I passed through in education were as numerous, and changed as often as women's fashions. When I graduated from high school, the hems of our dresses touched our ankles. Later they climbed slowly up the legs and in the 70's they were six inches above the knees. Then they went down to mini-skirts. This was such an ugly length that not many women wore them. For a while hems could be any length that was becoming to the wearer. Now they are shorter than they were in 1980, and I have just finished making mine a little shorter.

Automobiles went through the same change. They went from the Tin Lizzie- the love affair- so to speak, used for pleasure mainly. Then they changed to the marriage stage when people used them to get to work, or to go to the grocery store

which evolved from the general store, then into the supermarket of today. Many of them have delicatessens where entire cooked meals can be bought to carry out. Short order eating places have sprung up all over the country, so if one has a car, and doesn't want to cook, there are many eating places to go to. I have found it about as cheap, as cooking for one person at home.

When the Tin Lizzie came in, Ford advertised that you could order any color you wanted, just so it was black. Later they began making colored Fords. A boy next door to me had one of the black ones. I was dying to go to ride with him, but my Mother wouldn't let me. I sat on the seat with him and imagined I was riding. Later my cousin had a Hupmobile and I could go to ride with her.

My Father's first car was an Oldsmobile. I remember that it leaked oil all the time. It had curtains under the seats. They were numbered and fitted in certain places. When it rained, we had to get the curtains out, read the numbers, and fasten them to the side of the car. By the time we got this done, it had usually stopped raining.

My Father had an injury to his side when he helped fight a big fire in the business district of Elkin. Volunteer firemen were used and Papa felt that it was his duty to help them, since his business was near-by. He had bought the Oldsmobile to drive himself, but he found it too difficult, what with changing gears on every little hill, changing tires after frequent punctures, and putting up curtains when it rained. The automobile salesman would teach only one member of a family to drive the car. My brother Edwin was two years older than I, so he learned to drive. We had no driving schools then, and no one had to pass the drivers' test as they do now. After Edwin learned to drive, he was to teach me. However, he knew if I learned, he wouldn't get the car as often. He did everything he could think of to discourage me. He told me I was going to "strip the gears" every time he went out with me driving. He said I would never learn, so I might as well give up. This made

me more determined than ever. One day when Edwin wasn't at home, and the car was in front of our house, I took the bull by the horns. I got in the car, drove up the hill on West Market Street where we lived, went down another hill, and turned around in a wide place in the road. When I started back up the hill to go home, the car went dead and I couldn't get it started. A boy friend was sitting on his front porch. I yelled to him, "I can't get the darned thing started." He came out, hopped on the running board, and said, "After all, Alma, you do have to put a car in gear before it will run." After that I drove the car to the country, learned to back, change gears, turn around, etc. I never asked Edwin to go with me any more. I was now on my own and I drove Papa where he wanted to go. However, he wasn't satisfied, as he wanted to be able to drive himself. Electric Run-Abouts had just come in, and we had a neighbor who owned one. Papa thought he might be able to drive one of these. A dealer in town owed him some money. The car was priced at \$3,000- a tremendous price at that time. Papa worked out a trade with him, and bought the Electric Car. The salesman taught me how to drive it, as Edwin had married and left home by then. I had learned to go forward, to back, to turn around, etc, but I hadn't backed it out of the garage. It was operated by a steering rod instead of a wheel. The first time I backed out I pulled the rod too far and the car shot over my Father's fine vegetable garden. Another accident happened with the car when I went visiting one day. I parked in front of a friend's house and she and I sat on the porch. All at once she yelled, "Oh! Alma- your car!" I looked up and the car was rolling down a little hill. It hit a tree, or else it would have gone into the branch that ran below Greensboro College. I dreaded having to go home and tell my Father about the accident. It was dinner time when I got home. Papa served my plate, but everytime I took a little bite I choked and couldn't swallow. My Father asked me why I wasn't eating. Then I decided I would have to tell him. I shall never forget how well he took it. He didn't scold me at all, and I loved him forever for that. It cost

around \$300.00 to repair it, as the very expensive batteries were damaged.

I despised this car. It only ran 25 miles and then the batteries had to be recharged. It ran 25 miles per hour, and we could never go out of town with it.

I taught Papa how to drive it on some of our country roads. Then he decided he wanted to drive downtown. I didn't think he was ready for it, but he insisted. When we got in front of West Market Street Methodist Church, there was a street car coming toward us, and a car parked by the curb. Papa didn't know how to gauge his distance, and he ran into the parked car. That was the end of his driving. He said since I would have to drive him any way, he might as well trade for a gasoline car. It was a happy day for me when I said good-bye to that Run-About.

After my father sold his store and partially retired, he bought tobacco for R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. I drove him to all of the near-by towns and usually filled up the car with the cute young tobacco buyers. I also kept Papa's books. In fact, I was his Chaffeur and Secretary.

During the time I stayed at home, before I began to teach, I took china painting lessons. I bought a set of Austrian china and painted it for my Mother. When she died, we divided the set, and each of us took a few pieces. This was a mistake. It should have been kept together as a set.

just as women's fashions, automobiles, stores, and customs went through many changes, so did school classrooms and trends in education. We have come a long way from McGuffie Readers and Blue-Back-Spellers to the modern text books of today. We have gone from basic arithmetics to the New Arithmetic to the Finger Method to the calculator. I understand that some schools use the calculator from the first grade on, and are even putting in computers. Having taught third grade, and drilled the multiplication tables over and over and over, I wonder how the children will be able to do simple arithmetic unless they take their calculators with them.

Electric Cars, Once Scorned, Now Appealing



UPI Telephot

A bicyclist looks at a Volkswagen Rabbit equipped with a storage battery.

By James V. Higgins

DETROIT (UPI) — Every increase in the price of gasoline is bringing new appeal and maturity to the once-scorned electric car.

People who consider themselves on the leading edge of product innovation can buy one now — at a hefty price.

Or you can wait until 1984, when General Motors Corp. plans to fulfill its promise of fielding a mass-produced electric car at a price competitive with other small commuter vehicles.

It's not that there aren't skeptics.

Some auto industry executives say electric vehicles will remain little more than glorified golf carts until there is a dramatic improvement in battery technology allowing range, speed, durability and performance closer to the gasoline engine.

Combustion Engines

No one in the auto industry believes electrics will replace internal combustion engines in the foreseeable future.

The betting at GM and elsewhere in the fledgling industry is that sufficient numbers of people will want them as second or third vehicles — commuter cars suitable for the 90 percent of family driving that is done in round trips of less than 40 miles.

"You recognize it as a limited-application appliance and you use it accordingly," said John S. Makulowich, executive director of the Washington-based Electric Vehicle Council.

Pioneering Study

The council just completed a pioneering study of 17 electric vehicle manufacturers in the U.S. and found they had produced 1,882 passenger cars and light trucks so far this year. They had back orders for 3,540 more vehicles and estimated the full year production at 9,828.

But those same manufacturers predicted a 1981 manufacturing level of 62,832 vehicles — an astounding annual increase of more than 500 percent.

Makulowich said several other factors point toward a growing vitality in the electric-

vehicle industry, even though he concedes that the 1973 oil embargo prompted a similar increase in interest which waned when gasoline supplies returned.

Corporate marketing departments, schools and colleges, power utilities, auto dealers, parts suppliers and the government are showing more than a passing interest in the electric, he said.

Those people are not awed by the brand-new idea. Makulowich said they are asking sophisticated and practical questions about components, drive trains and marketing techniques.

Although improvements are needed, there have been some major advances in the technology of electrics and of their cousins — hybrid vehicles which operate both electrically and with an internal combustion engine.

In dozens of places around the world, research is going on aggressively.

Ninety years after its discovery, GM has displaced the conventional lead-acid storage cell with a zinc-nickel oxide battery it says can store more than two times as much energy.

The system can provide a vehicle speed of around 50 miles per hour, a range of 100

miles and a battery life of about 30,000 miles, GM says.

Gulf & Western Industries recently introduced a zinc-chloride storage system it says is capable of powering a car 150 miles at 55 miles per hour between charges.

GM President Elliott M. Estes said the company currently is examining both systems in its electric-vehicle project center. The company apparently gives a slight edge to its own system because it can be recharged on wall current. The G&W battery requires separate recharging equipment costing about \$400, but G&W doesn't consider that a drawback.

"The project center is in full operation, the first prototype is now being designed, and we're still aiming to bring it to market in the mid-1980s," Estes said.

"In fact, GM's first production electric car is now listed on our forward product schedule as a 1984 model. I don't know whether we'll make it or not, but that's our goal today," he said.

Because of the low power-to-weight ratio in an electric vehicle, GM will make extensive use of its new wind tunnel to come up with a design featuring minimum air drag. Aerodynamics, he said, is

three times as important for an electric as for a gasoline vehicle.

On a pure heat-energy basis, electric vehicles are at least 10 percent less efficient than the gasoline piston engine, engineers say.

Apart from low maintenance, low pollution levels and reduced noise, their major advantage is that — through the medium of the electric power plant — they run on coal or nuclear energy instead of increasingly dear petroleum.

The prospect that gasoline will cost more than \$2 a gallon before too long — that means a \$50 fill-up for some cars — accounts for the revival of a vehicle that was common on U.S. streets in the beginning of this century.

"You'll all be driving electric vehicles within this decade," Sir Jon Samuel, president of Electric Auto Corp., told a Detroit audience recently.

If that prediction holds up, Samuel hoped many of the hearers would choose his Silver Volt, a full-sized luxury electric car scheduled to go into production next year.

The well-appointed car has a

backup gasoline engine, and its electric powerplant can achieve 70 miles per hour, a constant cruising speed of 55 mph and a range of 80 to 100 miles between charges. Samuel said.

He is aiming at the affluent consumer — the type who was first on his block to buy a color television — and will ticket the car at a price of about \$16,000.

Other companies and the government are taking a different approach, building prototypes with which they hope to prove feasibility and entice full-fledged production by an automaker.

One such is the Briggs & Stratton hybrid, powered by a standard, 18 horsepower gasoline engine and an electric motor rated at 20 horsepower.

Recently, Indianapolis 500 winner Johnny Rutherford drove the Briggs & Stratton to several speed records for hybrid vehicles in a test certified by the U.S. Auto Club at Pocono International Raceway.

He averaged 71.009 mph for 20 miles, 71.548 for 2.5 miles, 71.472 for five miles and 71.302 for 10 miles on the three-cornered 2.5-mile track, the company said.

I have an electric calculator that does higher mathematical problems, that I paid \$100.00 for. I only use it when I have a long column of figures to add. Even then I am not sure I have punched the correct numbers, and I check and double check. Now they have very cheap calculators that are small enough to be carried in one's pocket or purse. These are handy when buying groceries.

When I began to teach, we started with basics, then we went to unit teaching, projects, etc. One year that I taught in Charlotte I decided I needed to be a carpenter, rather than an art teacher. We turned some of the classrooms into living rooms. We got cast-off furniture and painted it. We used cots for day beds. We made draperies and block printed them. We designed and made bird houses. We built doll houses, etc.

When I was working on my Masters' Degree at Columbia University, the activity program was "the thing". Mr. Harding, my superintendent, told me I would have to take Dr. Thordike's course, Philosophy of Education, but not to expect a good grade, for he only gave C's. This discouraged me because you are not supposed to get grades this low when you are working for a Masters' Degree. When I went to Thordike's first class we met in Teachers' College Auditorium, with about 500 in the class. We were divided into committees and were told to meet at regular class hours, under the trees on the campus, and work on a given subject. Then on a certain day we were to come back to the Auditorium. Each committee was to appoint one member, who would bring a brief back to the whole class.

I was very fortunate in being assigned to a group of ultra-smart women. We had school principals, trained nurses, high school teachers, etc, and little me, a struggling art teacher. The person who gave our brief gave an excellent report.

All of the tests at Teachers' College were true-false tests, which I had never taken before. If I didn't know an answer, I wasn't very good at guessing. However, when final examinations came, we were given a book, and told to write on a

certain subject. The professor leaves the room, and leaves a monitor in charge to answer questions and to collect the books when the time was up. Our question was to write up a project that we had worked on in our school. I was very lucky that this was fresh in my mind, so I wrote at length on the projects we had worked on.

The examination books are read by readers. They pick the best ones and the ones that are on the borderline, and these are the only ones the professors read-- and they give the grades. When I got my grade at the end of the course, it was A+. I had a good time teasing my superintendent and telling him I was smarter than he was.

1 9 8 1

On February 7, 1981, I fell in my kitchen and pulled the muscles in my back and hips. I already had arthritis in many of my joints, and the fall made it worse. I also had curvature of the spine, and am now more deformed than ever. I have never had such pain in my life. I was unable to do my work, and I called on my good friend, Annie Mae Mittman, who worked for sister for ten years. She came to help me while I was so ill, and I still have her.

On May 29, 1981, I passed my 89th birthday. My father died when he was 72, my Mother died when she was 78. One brother died in his 50's. Two other brothers died in their 70's. Two of my sisters were in their 80's- one was 85 and the other 86. I have lived the longest of any of my family, save my sister Alice who was 94½. I asked my preacher why he thought I was left here so long, when I'm not physically able to do much for anybody any more. His answer was "Because you are Miss Alma." I couldn't decide whether he meant that as a compliment, or whether he couldn't think of anything else to say.

I attribute my longevity to the scientific and medical advancement; to the valuable advice Dr. Charlie Sykes, my

devoted family physician has given me; and my cooperation in trying to carry out his advice, and that of other doctors.

My good friend, John Jones, was with my sister for around 40 years- driving her car, cleaning, working in the yard, etc. He has worked for me ever since I moved into this apartment- over seven years now. His health has failed and recently the doctor advised him to stop work. I am lost without him, as I depended on him to do so much of my work- and to drive me out of town when I wanted to go. I feel like a part of me is gone.

I remember hearing my Mother say once that she had lived through two wars, and she hoped she'd never live to see another one.

As I think back over the years, there have been very few U.S. Presidents during my life-time who haven't had wars or threats of wars during their administrations. From 1914 to 1918 we had World War I, World War II, followed by threats of World War III- with nuclear weapons. We have also been involved in the Korean War; the cold war in Vietnam; and the many skirmishes and threats of wars in the Asian countries; as well as the seizing of our Embassy and hostages in Iran. Now we are involved with Isreal's attack on Lebanon. We have been a staunch ally of Isreal, and she has gotten herself into serious trouble with the U.S.A. and the United Nations.

As I think back over these wars, the one that concerned me most was World War I. Young men of a certain age were drafted, and after some training in this country, were apt to be sent overseas on warships. There were no overseas airplanes; no radios; and no televisions. Our only war news came to us in newspapers, many days after things happened. I saved these newspapers, but when our house in Greensboro was emptied, they were thrown away.

None of my brothers were drafted. My youngest brother, Edwin, had flat feet and dentures and was turned down. My brother Fred had married and had a wife and children, so they didn't take him. Sam, my oldest brother had passed the draft

age. He wanted to be patriotic, so he volunteered for some service besides military action. The only thing he was offered was Y.M.C.A. work in military camps. Not being very religiously inclined, he didn't think he would qualify for that, so he didn't go.

There was a group of us in Greensboro who went together, boys and girls of the same age. We had dances; chafing dish parties; candy pulls; and serenades. All of the boys were drafted, and the girls were left to make their own fun. We organized an amateur orchestra, with guitars, ukuleles, Jews' harps, etc. I went to a pawn shop and bought a junior size guitar. I had never seen one like it, but since I was a small girl, I thought the size would be good for me. We met in the homes and practiced together, then we serenaded people. We stretched curtains in our rooms, and put on plays. If we went across town, we rode the street cars. Our candy pullings were lots of fun. We also made pulled mints.

Since Greensboro was on the main line from New York to the Deep South, many of the troop trains came through there. The Red Cross organized a group of girls who met the trains and gave the soldiers chocolate bars, cigarettes, chewing gum, etc. I belonged to this group. Sometimes I would meet a cute looking young man, and I would sneak my name and address inside the candy bar, hoping to hear from him. One soldier stationed in Nogales, Arizona, wrote to me for a long time, and finally came to see me.

When we had the horrible flu epidemic, I joined the Motor Corps to deliver soup to the sick. They had a soup kitchen, and the indigent and others who wanted it, sent in their names. We picked up the soup and took it to the homes. We didn't go in the houses, but left it on the porches.

After I came to Mount Airy, World War II broke out. A Red Cross room was opened on Main Street, and we were asked to meet there and work for the soldiers. We had teachers who taught us to roll bandages, knit helmets, socks, sweaters, scarfs, etc. The wool was furnished us and when articles were

finished, we returned them to the Red Cross room to be packed and shipped in bulk to the camps.

We also rationed sugar, and I worked with the Ration Board in my school. We were asked to sell war bonds, and I also did that, though I always felt that I couldn't sell a postage stamp for its real worth. These were busy times- on top of our school work- but we felt that the work was rewarding.

July 29, 1981. This is the wedding day of Prince Charles, of England, and Lady Diana, the daughter of the Earl of Spencer. I spent most of the day and well into the night looking at the pictures that came over TV. I marvelled at the rapidity with which we got the news of the wedding. The pageantry and elaborate ceremony of this wedding has been duplicated over many centuries. England is the only country that has remained a Monarchy, with the traditions long set by kings and queens. They once tried a Democracy, but it didn't work and they went back to the old order.

I was impressed by the bride's long train (25 feet long), which had to be held by the brides' maids. I understand it was late arriving, which made the bride late. The brides' maids were all juniors, some of them quite small. One was a granddaughter of Winston Churchill.

I noticed that all of the ladies who attended the wedding wore hats- a custom we had in our churches until a few years ago- but no more. A lady with a hat on is now an oddity. I imagine the milliners in London made a killing on this wedding.

Pictures and a write-up of the wedding are included in these memoirs.

Later, on March 30, 1982, Princess Diana announced that they were expecting their first child on July 1, 1982, her 21st birthday. I am sure they must be praying that it will be a son- an heir to the British throne.

While thinking of the way hats have gone out of style, I thought of the change in the dress of our young people today. Their dress is not only casual, but many times ragged and



Terry Fincher Outline

The Prince of Wales and his fiancée, Lady Diana Spencer—1981 version.

The Prince and Lady Diana: Two Centuries Later

History will repeat itself—almost—when Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer are married on July 29 at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The fact is that more than two centuries ago, another Prince of Wales asked for the hand of another Lady Diana Spencer in marriage. That tale had a far less happy ending.

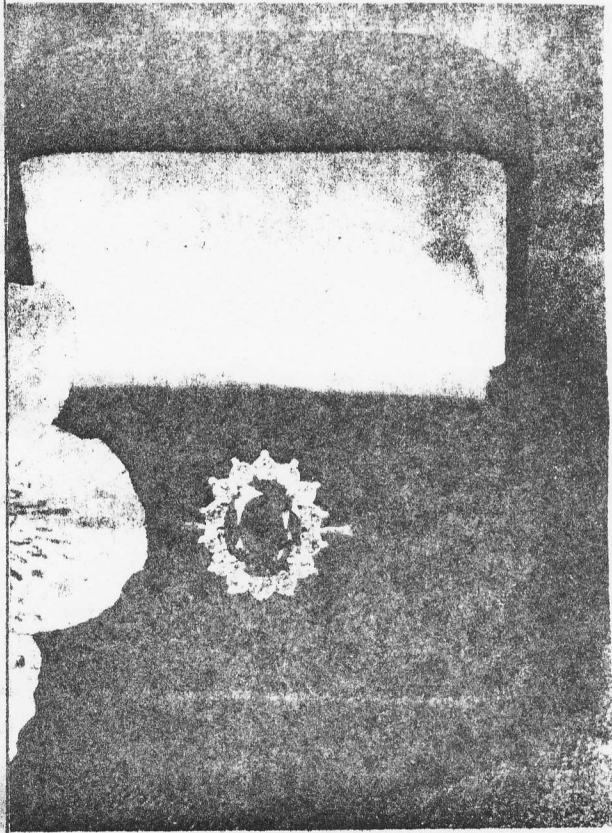
Soon after he became Prince of Wales in 1729, Frederick Louis quarreled bitterly with his father, King George II of England. The subject was money: The high-living Frederick felt that his yearly allowance of 50,000 pounds was barely sufficient. To bait his father and also to raise cash, Frederick arranged with the Duchess of Marlborough to marry her beautiful and accomplished granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, the dowry to be 100,000 pounds.

A wedding date was set, but at the last minute, Prime Minister Robert Walpole, a longtime foe of Frederick, found out about the plans through a hired informant and quashed the marriage. The following year, Frederick married Augusta Saxe-Gotha. Meanwhile, Lady Diana married Sir John Russell and became the Duchess of Bedford. Second-best, but not bad.

Frederick never forgave Sir Robert and conspired against him and his partisans. In 1737, Frederick cut all ties with his father as well, after unsuccessfully petitioning Parliament for a more generous allowance. Openly, he made peace with King George, but the great-great-great-great-great-grandfather of today's Prince Charles continued, until his death in 1751, to scheme against the King's ministers.

A PRECISE REPRODUCTION OF A \$63,000 ROYAL JEWEL.

What a wonderful idea! To be able to wear this precise copy of the exquisite jewel that now adorns the finger of the woman who will be the Queen of England; the same ring that began the storybook romance that has led up to that dramatic moment—in St. Paul's Cathedral in London on July 29, 1981—when she married dashing Prince Charles, future King of England, who has chosen her as his Queen.



I recently read that Prince Charles and Lady Diana both bite their nails, and try to hide them in photographs.

This lovely ring is a precise reproduction of the original work of art that Prince Charles gave to Lady Diana on the day they became engaged. Each stunning ring, crafted in England, is of Sterling Silver, Hallmarked to attest to its purity. The center stone is a royal blue simulated Sapphire, dramatically surrounded by a ring of fourteen glittering simulated diamonds, with each stone individually polished and hand set. The stones are of a gem-like synthetic called Spinel, chosen for its amazingly authentic look. So each reproduction appears as brilliant as the original.

dirty. They think nothing of going to a restaurant on Sunday in short-shorts and barefooted, if you please. Some time ago, one of my young great nieces asked her mother to go shopping with her. To her mother's amazement, she asked her to go to Goodwill, where she bought faded, second-hand blue jeans.

Recently I went to a meeting where we were given questionnaires to fill out. One of the questions was to list things we have in our homes today that we didn't have during our mother's life-time. I thought of the following things: an electric furnace; air conditioners and central air conditioning, electric can openers; electric fans; a disposal; electric dish washer; washing machines and dryers; a self-defrosting electric refrigerator; television and Cablevision; and out door lamp posts. Radios had just been invented during my Mother's last illness, and my sister gave her one. Now-a-days, we have calculators for those of us who are weak at figuring tax forms, etc. As I have stated before, some homes have solar systems, and computers. Public accountants use computers to figure income tax reports, and most merchants use them for monthly bills. Office machines have taken the place of book keeping by hand, and have cut down on expenses this way. However, this has thrown many people out of work- a trend of the times, due to modern mechanism.

As I reflect on the many colleges I attended, I realize that each one added something special to my store-house of knowledge. During my two years at Greensboro College, I got a good background of academic work. Summer schools at Appalachian State Teachers' College and Woman's College enabled me to get methods courses in education. During a summer session at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, I took Dramatics and Creative Writing, both of which helped me tremendously in my work. I did a lot of puppetry, designing of stage sets, masks, etc, with the children. I have always loved to write, and I do to this day.

After I got my Masters' Degree and a Life Certificate, I went back to Teachers' College one summer just to see how it

would be to elect some courses for pure enjoyment, and not for grades or credit. The credits could have gone toward a Doctorate, but I was never smart enough to want that degree. Needless to say, this was my most enjoyable college experience.

I had earned a Life Certificate which paid the best salary at that time. Later, Graduate Certificates were offered us, and I changed to that, as it paid still better.

All of my brothers and sisters got married. I was the only one who didn't marry. Now I know how our housekeeper, Miss Eliza, must have felt when we called her "Old Maid".

Since Sister (Alice) had married before we moved away from Mount Airy, she stayed in Mount Airy.

When Sister was married, the one train a day left Mount Airy early in the morning. Because of this, my parents gave a reception for them, on the lawn, the night before they were to be married. This was in May and the weather was warm. Everybody in town that was "anybody" was invited, and it was a gala occasion. The punch was spiked, and the preacher kept going back for refills. He told my Mother that it was the best punch he had ever tasted!

The next morning the wedding was in our new Franklin Street Church, and the couple left on the train for a honeymoon. I think they went to Richmond, Virginia.

Sister got sick on the trip and from that time until she died, I never remember a time when she was real well. She went from doctor to doctor, in this place and that. Sister had two boy babies- Edward Hugh Kochtitzky and James Henderson Kochtitzky- before Louisa was born. Both boys died as infants.

When Louisa was big enough to leave, she brought her to Greensboro and left her with Mama. She had been born at our house, as Greensboro had a fine baby doctor (Dr. Roberson) and Mount Airy didn't have one. Mama almost felt like Louisa was her child. I was about thirteen years older than Louisa, and I felt like I was the big sister, and she was my little sister.

Later in life, Sister developed such sever allergy, that she left home during the hay fever season, in the fall. She usually went to Atlantic City where she could breath the salt air. One time she went to Nice, France, and took my sister Lizzie with her.

Brother Ed smoked cigars, and I've often wondered if they didn't make her allergy worse.

When I was young, I went with a boy who smoked a pipe. Everytime I had a date with him. I developed what I thought was a cold. He always prescribed hot lemonade, a hot bath, and bed rest. This never did any good. After I heard about allergies and took the tests, I reacted to tobacco. I almost passed out when I lived in Greenville, as I smelled tobacco every time I went out. The air was heavy with the tobacco odor, and the college campus was covered with tobacco stems. I went to Sister's allergist, in Baltimore (Dr. Gay), and he put me in John Hopkins Hospital for infection of the larynx. When I was ready to leave the hospital, I broke out with a red rash. The doctor thought it was an allergy and he kept me another week to treat it. When I got back to the college, in Greenville, I heard that they had an epidemic of Red Measles. So that is what I had!

Sam married late in life. He broke his leg and was in Watts Hospital in Durham. The night supervisor was Florence Wyatt. When he got well, they began going together. I always will believe she did the courting. Sam was a confirmed bachelor, in the 50's, comfortably situated in a bachelor apartment down town, in Durham, with a colored valet. At any rate they were married. They had no children.

Lizzie was married to Oscar Wilbur Kochtitzky at our home on Blandwood Avenue in Greensboro. She wanted me to sing "Annie Laurie", but I refused as it made me nervous to sing solos. A friend, Lawrence Duffy, sang it. They first lived in Monroe, North Carolina, and later moved to Wilson. Their children were Caroline and Wilbur. They were living in Mount Airy when they died.

Annie married Samuel Spencer Steele of Rockingham. They were married in West Market Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Greensboro. I was a Junior brides' maid. I put my hair up for the first time. I wore a yellow muslin dress, made like the Senior brides' maid dresses. My Aunt gave me my first pair of silk hose. She said they cost \$2.50. Annie's reception (as well as Lizzie's) was held at our home. There were no country clubs then.

Fred married Matilda Tatum of Greensboro. He was 18 and she was 16. They hadn't intended marrying so soon, but Eula Adams (daughter of Judge Adams), a wealthy man who lived in a lovely home on West Market Street) told Tillie she was having a big reception at her house, and if she and Fred would get married, she would turn it into a wedding reception. Tillie thought that would save her mother a lot of trouble and expense. She contacted Fred, and he was right in for it, so she told Eula. Fred dashed home and told Mamma. She said "Son, you can't do that. You don't have a good-looking night shirt to your name." He said, "You and the girls can make me one." This was before Lizzie and Annie were married, and they all pitched in and made a couple of night shirts. You couldn't buy ready made ones then.

Fred and Tillie had a rough road to travel, but their parents were able to help them. They had five children: Frederick James III, Hamilton Tatum, Elizabeth, Jean Webster, and James Henderson Sparger, named for my Father. He was Christened in my Father's bedroom after he got sick. Papa bought Jimmie's shoes as long as he lived. I told this at our Sparger reunion in our Church on July 19, 1981. Jimmy and his wife Amanda Belle were there. Jimmy rose up in his seat and said, "That was 60 years ago."

Edwin married twice. His first wife was Kate Hollingsworth, of Mount Airy. Papa gave her a job as book keeper and secretary at his wholesale grocery store. They didn't live together very long, and got a divorce. They had no children. Later he was married to Carrie Smith of Greensboro.

Their children were Alice and Mary Elizabeth. Alice was named for Sister, and Mary Elizabeth for my sister Elizabeth. Sister gave Alice a business education, and she worked as a secretary, and lives in West Lafayette, Indiana. She is married to Hugh Via. I educated Mary Elizabeth as an X-ray Technician. She has been married twice. Her first husband was Rodney Miller, from Greensboro. They had four children, but lost a baby, Timothy Mitchell Miller, and their three other children are now grown. Mary E. and Rodney were later divorced. She moved to New York, and got a job in one of the big hospitals in the Radiology department. I taught school three years longer than I wanted to, so Mary Elizabeth could finish her course. She is now married to John Burke.

Edwin died when his children were minors, and I'm glad Sister and I were able to educate them for a profession so they could earn their living.

I recently heard a sermon in which the preacher referred to "The Good Old Days" and how they affected children.

This brought back memories of my childhood. During the daytime, in winter, we had an open fire in one room in the house. There were nine in my family and we all hovered over the fire with our faces burning up, and our behinds freezing. If someone opened a door to go out, a blast of cold air came in. It was my job to bring in kindling from the woodpile, to start the fires. The boys brought the wood in.

When we finally got a bathroom and the rubber tub, it was on a back porch near the well-house, with no heat unless a fire was made in a small wood stove.

All the water we drank came from a well, with a bucket or pump on the back porch. Hot water had to be boiled on the stove. Our only lights were from oil lamps. It was my Sister Alice's job to keep the wicks trimmed, and the lamps all filled with oil. There were lamps in every room in the house; and a chandelier which hung from the ceiling in the hall and parlor, and perhaps in the dining room too. The nursery was next to my parents' room. We were afraid to sleep in the dark, so my

Mother let us burn the light all night. She liked some light in her room too, so she also kept the lamp on.

When we had company, there were too many of us to eat at the first sitting. Being the youngest, I always had to wait until the grown-folks had finished, and I usually got the left-overs.

When we went to ride in the Surry on Sunday afternoon, I always had to ride on a crack (I called it), a space between cushions on the seat.

We had a riding horse that was very gentle, and we loved to ride him. Our Mother wouldn't let us girls ride astride, like the boys. We had to use a side-saddle, and it was easy to fall off. I fell off one time, but Jim stood still until I picked myself up. My sister Alice fell off, and hurt herself. In her later life the doctor told her she had broken the tail-bone, the end of her spine. She had an operation after suffering with her back over the years.

Our winters were very cold and we wore Long-Johns, and Mamma never let us take them off until a certain day in spring, no matter how hot it was. When we wanted to go barefoot, we had to walk around in our stockings for a while, before we were allowed to play bare legged.

We walked everywhere. We went through mud to our shoe tops. We only used the horse and buggy if we were going to Grandpa Sparger's or Grandpa Mitchell's, or on the mountain. The road up Fancy Gap was so narrow and crooked, if we met a buggy or a wagon coming toward us, we had to drive up against the rock ledge and stop while they passed on the side toward the gorge. My Mother took us in the summer to a summer resort on top of the mountain, called Mitchell's Hotel. I remember they gave us sheep (not lamb) almost every day. Once when they put it on my plate, I stood up in my high chair and said, "Baa-Baa", as loud as I could. After that we didn't have sheep so often. The travelling men thanked me for doing this. My Mother always buttered a biscuit, put sugar on it, and took it to our room, for my afternoon lunch. No wonder I didn't have good teeth. My Mother didn't know sugar was bad for me.

Diseases were prevalent then. Consumption, (tuberculosis), scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, mumps, smallpox, and in later years polio. My Mother kept us away from people who had contagious diseases, and we rarely ever caught them. I did have measles and was very sick. I also had mumps, but it didn't make me sick and I swung on the gate at our fence, and scared all the kids away. There were no vaccines for flu, polio, pneumonia, etc, when I was a child. They did vaccinate for smallpox, and we usually had bad arms, and bad scars.

They called these "The Good Old Days". I call the age we are passing through now "The Good Old Days".

We have furnaces to keep us warm in winter, and air conditioners to cool us off in summer. We have running water in our bathrooms and kitchens, with all the hot water we need with the turn of a spigot.

We have electric lights all over our houses, lamp posts in our yards, and on our streets. No more groping around in the dark!!

We have automobiles, trucks, busses, street-cars, trains,-and what have you- to get you where you want to go.

We have good dentists and good doctors, we have wonder drugs to cure our infections, fine hospitals where babies are born, and the sick are treated. We have the finest equipment that can be bought to diagnose and treat diseases.

We have paved streets and sidewalks, and superhighways in all directions. One can drive many miles over these highways, going on by-passes, and never going through a town. In a matter of hours we can drive to places that once took us days to reach.

We have airplanes that fly to the outermost corners of the earth. One can go by plane now to our 50th state, Hawaii, in five hours, and when I went by ship in 1959, it took us five days. The same is true in flying to many other places. When I was a child, I didn't travel any. Now-a-days, children have lovely trips with their parents by car, plane, bus, train, or ship. Travel can really be an education to a child, and I came

up in an age when children stayed at home. There were boys and girls in our neighborhood and we had a good time together.

There was a Mr. Schaub who had a shop on South Main Street. His speciality was building Billy Goat Wagons. They were an exact replica of the big wagons. He painted them red and used shiny hardware. We kids thought they were beautiful. We persuaded Papa to buy us a Billy Goat so we could have one of Mr. Schaub's wagons. We had more fun with that and our horse, Old Jim, than anything we had. The Billy Goat was the pet of the neighborhood, but true to the nature of all goats, he ate everything in sight. If we left our rubbers outdoors, he ate them. If you took off your Sunday hat and laid it on the porch, he ate it. If your feet hurt outdoors and you took your shoes off, Billy was sure to find them. I think he even ate tin cans. When we moved to Elkin, we left Billy behind, but we took Old Jim, the horse. After we moved to Greensboro, Jim fell on the ice and had to be shot. Thw whole family grieved over that.

I have just read "The Good Lord Made Them All", by Herriott. Animals no longer have to be killed when they have broken bones, if other organs function. Veterinary surgery, like orthopaedic surgery for humans, has made great progress, and there are other ways of treating broken bones, and saving the lives of animals. Another example of "The Good Old Days" that we are now a part of.

Our Methodist Parsonage was across the street, next to the church. They usually don't build the pastors' homes near the churches any more. The preachers want to have some peace and quiet now when they go home. I remember that if we served a meal at our church and ran out of dishes or cutlery, we ran over to the Parsonage and borrowed it. What a nuisance that must have been to the preacher's wife!

Our pastors usually had children for us to play with. One of the first dolls I ever had was given me by a preacher's son. I think his last name was Townsend. The doll had a china head, china hands and feet, and a sawdust body. I made clothes for it- such as they were - and I loved the doll because my boy friend gave it to me.

When Dr. Boyer was our preacher, his daughter, Lillian, and I were bosom friends. When I went to Charlotte to teach, Lillian lived there. She had married a Mr. Garrison, who was principal of one of the schools. Lillian and I renewed our friendship after so many years.

Even though the disadvantages outweighed the advantages when I was growing up, compared to these modern times, there are many things we are confronted with that we did not have to deal with long ago. Crime is on a rampage now. Murders; robberies; arson that causes fires; planes are hi-jacked and hostages held; rape; embassies are taken over with hostages; looting after fires or hurricanes; etc. I could go on and on with malicious behavior now-a-days, such as kidnapping.

Since I have always been interested in young people, I am especially distressed about the low moral standard. Couples are living together before matrimony on a trial basis. Girls drive across the continent with boy friends, without a chaperone, probably posing as man and wife. My Mother wouldn't let me ride to Winston-Salem with a boy, without a chaperone. We always had two or more chaperones for our dances. Mr. and Mrs. Jess Prather were our favorites, in Mount Airy. In Greensboro, some of the parents did it, but not mine because Papa didn't even know I danced. He thought I went to parties. Chaperones are things of the past. According to some of the disgraceful behavior I see on TV Disco Dances, I think the old custom of chaperones is badly needed.

Holiday seasons on our beaches are a pain in the neck for the permanent residents. The kids pour in from the four corners of the earth, and take over the beaches. They cook, eat, sleep- and what have you- on the beach. They wear next to no clothing, and again their behavior is sometimes disgraceful.

Colleges now have mixed dormitories and smoking is allowed anywhere and everywhere, and drinking too, I suppose. They are smoking marijuana and other pot, using dope such as cocaine, and alcohol. When I taught at Woman's College in the 30's and 40's, these things had never been started. How

thankful I am that I didn't have to contend with this when I was teaching. If a girl got married, she had to move off of the campus, and find a room elsewhere. There is a tremendous number of pregnancies now among teen-age girls. The loose morals of young people today are distressing to an old timer like me. I thank the Good Lord every day that my parents brought me up with a strict code of moral standards, and religious background. Many parents today don't take their children to Sunday school- and if they do- they take them home before church services, so one or both of them can play golf.

It is true that prices of food; clothing; rents; tuition; medicine; doctors' and dentists' fees; insurance of all kinds; taxes; and the price of a house have soared out of reason due to inflation, which we never heard of when I was young.

My Father always bought custom-made shoes lined with felt, as he suffered with cold feet. The last pair of shoes he bought, before he died, cost \$12.00. He thought that was an outrageous price. Now-a-days they would probably cost \$75.00 and up. My favorite make of shoes has advanced from \$25.00 to over \$50.00. Needless to say, I don't buy as many as I once did.

Even with the disadvantages I have mentioned above, I still think these are "The Good Old Days".

I have just heard that on November 1, 1981, postage stamps for letters will be 20¢. That is really too bad, because people who can't afford long-distance calls, or are deaf like me, and don't hear well over the phone, like to keep in touch with family and friends by exchanging letters. Also, sending Christmas cards was a nice way to correspond with far-away friends once a year. I think this custom will soon fade away like Old Generals in the army. In cleaning out my desk a few days ago, I found a letter with a 3¢ postage stamp on it. That was "The Good Old Days".

TV could be such a wonderful way for teaching morals to children and young people. However, so many programs are built around crime: murders; suicides; robberies; sexuality;

hi-jacking; kidnapping; horror movies; etc. I think if I had a child I wouldn't want them exposed to trash such as this. I firmly believe some of them get ideas that result in them being criminals, ending in jail sentences or executions. TV is a wonderful invention, and should be put to the best possible use—that of educating the public, and exposing them to first class movies, and programs. Then we would feel repaid for the monthly rent we pay for TV.

January 18, 1982.

I don't usually listen to Phil Donahue's TV programs, as they are usually concerned with sexuality, marital problems, divorces and their effects on children, and problems with children and teen-agers.

Today I turned it on, and Donahue announced he had a group of people that morning who dropped out of school after high school. Later they decided they wanted more education, so they had entered college to work toward degrees.

Being an educator myself, I was extremely interested to hear their reasons for wanting to further their education.

Different people told why they quit school and why they went back.

One woman was a straight A student in high school. However, she had come along at the time when girls were marrying young and settling down to run a house, and raise a family. Later she entered college and was an honor student.

Another woman said she stopped school to go to work, but the longer she worked, the more convinced she was that if she got a better job, she would need more education. She resigned her position, and entered college.

A woman (apparently a Catholic) said she married young and had been busy raising nine children. After the last baby came, she decided to enter college. Her mother was good enough to baby-sit for her.

A lady in the audience said the hardest thing she found about going to college late in life, was being able to get back into the routine of studying.

Donahue admitted that he never liked school, and was always delighted to see the end of the school year come. He said if he went back to college now he would make C's or D's on everything. He didn't tell how much education he had.

The story I liked best was told by a 71 year old man. His wife had died, and he had retired soon afterward. Naturally, he was at loose ends. Time hung heavy on his hands, and he needed to be busy. He apparently didn't have much education, so he decided to go to college. At 71 he had buckled down and was working toward a Liberal Arts Degree. His testimony brought a round of applause from the audience.

All of this brought back memories of my own experiences. After going to college two years, then stopping and teaching three or four years, I decided I wanted to specialize in Art. If I did this I wanted to pick the best school I could find. When I landed at Teachers' College, Columbia University, I was faced with quite a challenge. I didn't know whether I would ever make the grade. I was out of the habit of studying; taking tests and exams; doing research work; and all of the things required of a student. However, my feet were on the ground, I knew what I wanted, and I appreciated the opportunity for getting a fine education, much more than I would have at an earlier age. My instructors noticed the eagerness I manifested and they went all out to impart all the knowledge I so eagerly craved.

Later when I became a college teacher of art, my most pleasant and rewarding teaching were my classes of public school grade teachers, who wanted to learn something about Art, so they could pass it on to their school children. Like me, they were eager to learn; were cooperative; and discipline was no problem with them, with the exception of one college I taught in. It was a Normal School in the grape-growing section of upper New York State. The students were from families engaged in wine-making. We had no dormitories and the students commuted from their homes each day. They were mostly Italians,

warm-hearted and friendly like the natives of their mother country. They were live wires, and entered the classroom each day with things they wanted to tell each other. It took me about five minutes after the bell rang to quiet them down. This was a far cry from my teaching in North Carolina colleges where there was quiet from the beginning of the period. They worked hard, and were thrilled when they found that I had uncovered latent talent they had. Of course these were mature college graduates who already had positions in the public schools. The ones in New York were freshmen and sophomores, who hadn't outgrown the talkative, wiggly stage of high school kids.

March 1982

Recently it was announced that Princess Diana, of Wales, was pregnant. The pictures on the following pages appeared in the March, 1982 Good Housekeeping magazine.

I am interested in the way designers hark back to the styles of the 20's, and even earlier.

I recently played cards with a young matron, who had on a blouse, made just like those I wore in high school. It was tucked under her skirt. Her hair was slicked back, with a knot on top of her head. Her shoes were the only things about her costume that were modern. She was pretty enough to look good in the hairdo.

T H E E N D



*From her favorite designers,
a maternity wardrobe
for mother-to-be*

Diana PRINCESS OF WALES

A Tatters design for early pregnancy: a silk bolero with Turkish trousers that have an elastic waistband.

Also from Tatters: an off-the-shoulder taffeta dress that will show-off Diana's pretty neck and shoulders.

Julia Fortescue designed this demure velvet dress with longer, full skirt and a large organza collar.

A chic gray-flannel dress with Tudor-like tucks and collar and floating panels is also a Fortescue design.



BY ANNA PARKINSON Not all of Diana's favorite designers in Britain would reveal what they had in mind for the Princess of Wales' maternity wardrobe. The Emmanuels, for instance, the young couple who designed her wedding dress, were keeping mum on their plans for her. Some designers would admit to me that yes, indeed, Diana had been in to browse or even that she had ordered maternity clothes (Bellville Sasson let slip that Diana had recently ordered about a dozen dresses from them, all white with frilly collars.) But, happily, still others were willing to talk about designs they had

in mind for the world's most famous mother-to-be. And their plans were most exciting. One such designer-shop was Tatters.

For one of her first public appearances with Prince Charles, Lady Diana Spencer (as she was then) wore a dress from Tatters. It was a silk ball gown adorned with the fine lace that is the Tatters trademark. Designer Missie Crockett (who with Graham Hughes owns Tatters) showed me a long, soft, off-the-shoulder taffeta dress with a bodice caught in a V-line below the bust. Missie, like another of Diana's favorite
continued on page 244

A third Fortescue design for pretty pregnancy is an off-the-shoulder flowing chiffon gown with ruffles—which Diana loves.

Lynda Kee-Scott of Laura Ashley has designed a low-waisted tunic of wool serge with a voile shirt—again with ruffles—underneath.

This fine-cord, pin-tucked dress has full sleeves and lots and lots of room around the waist. It was also designed by Lynda Kee-Scott.



A partial lineage for Alma Sparger

John SPARGER

Born 17 Aug 1754 #378

Marr ca 1777

Died 17 Nov 1840

Christina FREY

Born 22 Nov 1759 #335

Died ca 1833

John W SPARGER

Born 1778 #357

Probably near Friedberg, NC

Marr 10 Feb 1816

Near Hillsville, VA

Died 1834

Surry County, NC

Sarah WARE

Born 4 Feb 1799 #530

Died 1 Jan 1860

Murlin SPARGER

Born 15 May 1817 #2280

Marr 6 Dec 1838

Surry County, NC

Died 16 Nov 1877

Mount Airy, Surry County, NC

James H. SPARGER

Born 10 Sep 1849 #2516

Mount Airy, Surry County, NC

Marr 13 Nov 1873

Died 28 Apr 1922

Henderson COOK

#7522

John COOK

#7520

Marr ca 1816

Bethania (Thany) COOK

Born 4 Jan 1817 #2510

Surry County, NC

Died 27 Apr 1884

Jacob JESSOP

Born 20 Dec 1762 #7523

Marr 1787

Died 1818

Sarah LEE

#7524

Priscilla JESSUP

Born ca 1788 #7531

Died 1817

NC

Alma Mitchell SPARGER

Born 29 May 1892 #3341

Died 5 Feb 1987

Winston-Salem, NC

Louisa Dianna MITCHELL

Born 20 May 1851 #3333

Henry County, VA

Died 30 Apr 1929