

WE CAME TO HOLLAND POINT IN 1892

Perhaps it may be interesting to some of you dear children in the future years to read of some of the incidents of your lives when we first came to "Holland Point," and if possible I will try to write them as the years go by.

To begin with, we came to "Holland Point" from Baltimore City in June 1892. Our first day here, the day we began to live here, was June the eleventh, Saturday.

Our family consisted of "Papa," myself, Grace, 16, Etta, 14, Cary, 11, Ashcom, 9, Elizabeth, 7, Lorena, 2 years of age. One dear little boy, Howard, died two years before we came here, while at Sheridan's Point in this county and was buried in St. Paul's Church Yard July 1st, 1890. This was the only shadow that had ever darkened even for a day the lives of these happy children.

The summer of 1892 was the first summer in our new home. While it was not unusual to spend the summer in the country, it was new and very delightful to spend it in our own home, in the country. To eat our own fruit and vegetables, to catch fish, oysters, and crabs right out in front of our own door, makes everything taste sweeter, fresher, better than any we had ever eaten before. Papa declared he had "never tasted peas until now."

Every day brought some new pleasure, some new discovery. I lived over again the pleasures of my own childhood in the joys of these dear children.

We had some company from Baltimore, among them dear Auntie, Lura, and Bess. Minnie Moog and Lew Holthouse came to see the children. They had a merry time.

The summer slipped away very rapidly. September was here and Grace was to leave me for the first time. I went with her down

to St. Mary's Seminary. We stopped at Judge Crain's, where we dined, and were then driven over to the school. Miss Lizzie Thomas was in charge of the school at that time.

It was very hard to leave Grace as I had never been separated from any of them before. She wrote some distressingly homesick letters and I used to worry that she did not get enough to eat. I soon learned not to take these letters too much to heart. Papa laughed at me.

When I got back from the seminary we had to see about beginning school here. Miss Florence Hemstreet came as Governess, a very refined, cultured girl who proved very satisfactory in the school room, and was very agreeable in the home.

The school room, with its four windows through which the sun beamed every hour, from the time it rose until it set behind the hills, was a bright, sunny room. With its desks and blackboard and quiet, it was very unlike the big, crowded rooms the children had been accustomed to in the public schools in the city. The day they all trooped into that room with Miss Florence was an event. To have to go "upstairs to school," not to have to put on hats and coats, was a novelty. When school was out they would come tearing down the steps. The pleasure of those days they will remember. I hope they will. Better than I will, I am sure.

Through the lovely autumn days, almost every evening I would have the carriage ready when school was out and as many as could fit in the Dayton went, sometimes all of us. Miss Florence, Etta, Cary, Elizabeth, Lorena (baby), and Ashcom. I drove, and what a delightful drive we had.

We would get home at twilight just in time for supper, for which they were always "nearly starved." After supper there was study hour, and then bed.

Perhaps some persons would have thought that these dear children, now that the restraint of school was put upon them, pined for the old life again in town, their merry companions, the big school, and the many diversions which city life alone can give. But they did not. They seemed as happy as the days were long. There seemed to be no looking backward, no drooping heads, and they just grew like young plants when planted in good season and in fertile soil, took root and went right on growing as if they had never been moved.

Perhaps some thoughtful person may say, "But how about Mother? She was not a young plant. She must have been right firmly rooted where her life had been spent."

No, Mother was not so young, not so old either, just 36 years the month we came. It was not as easy for Mother. The larger the tree, the greater the shock in moving. There were some tears in tearing up the well established roots, and she was conscious that some of the fibers were left behind, but she was so busy setting out the young plants, watching them to prevent wilting, doing all in her power to

keep them from feeling the transplanting, that she forgot herself and soon found she was as firmly rooted as they were.

But there were many longings. It would seem disloyal to some dear friends I had, to my church, and my dear doctor, if I had not felt homesick for them all, particularly since I had so few friends here. But when one is very busy trying to make everyone comfortable and make everyone believe they have the sweetest home in the world, one comes very near to being as happy as we get on this earth.

And I was happy. So was Papa.

One thing this autumn brought that the children had never known before was hunting for chestnuts. We would drive up to the woods, they would scramble about in the autumn leaves and shout with delight as they picked up the shining brown nuts; gathering too the flaming red and orange leaves; then coming home in the crisp evening air, into the glowing firelight, where lamps were forbidden until we went to supper.

So the lovely autumn days passed. Preparation for Christmas had begun when I became alarmed by a cold Ashcom had taken and which seemed to defy all remedies. I took him to Baltimore on the boat the week before Christmas to our old physician, who after examining him told me to "take care of him," give him sherry wine and egg three times a day. I did this for three months. "Protect him from exposure, but let him have all the air possible," to spend time outside when spring came. To this healing (Dr. Hill says now) Ashcom owes his life, for Dr. Hill had no hope for him living out the year.

Christmas came, and with it Grace from school. What a joy it was to me, as well as her, to have her home. They had a merry Christmas, our first in the big old country house. The tree was in the sitting room.

Ashcom's condition was a shadow over all of it for me, yet the others did not know this and were happy.

When the holidays were over Grace went back to school and Miss Florence returned to begin her school duties here. Then came real winter, the first in the country, with new pleasures. To awaken in the morning and find we were having a snow storm, a real country snow storm, not a pile of snow on sidewalks and in the back yard, but out over the broad fields, river, and hills, the soft white flakes were coming down, covering up the brown cold earth in a beautiful mantle of snow.

Then, when it stopped snowing the sleds were gotten out and such fun coasting not down over the sidewalk and street crossing, but down the hillside. One morning at breakfast someone said they expected the "sleighting was fine."

Then such a chatter about a sleigh. "If we only had one, Mother."

Mother always wanted to give these dear children pleasure, but a sleigh cost lots of money and money doesn't grow on trees. I thought very hard for a while but said nothing, until a thought came to me and I found I could carry out the thought, and then I told them.

The large piano box in which our piano came down from Baltimore was in the barn. I sent for Jim Smith, the tenant, and set him to work to make a sleigh out of the box. Then I sent it up to the blacksmith to have runners put on. Then, with straw in the bottom, sides lined with robes, it was comfortable and gave as much pleasure as if it had cost fifty dollars. With one string of bells on old Kate and Milly, we had a jolly time.

Then the freeze came. The little pond at the foot of the garden, where Ashcom sailed his fleet of boats in summer, now became the scene of all of their pleasure. When out of school, as soon as their duties were over, down the steps to get coats and caps and skates. Down the hill they would go, and often I left my own duties to run up to the school room window to watch them and listen to their merry laughter.

A fire was always built at the edge of the pond for Etta to warm her feet which were always "frozen". What happy days those were.

They would all come up when the sun went down beyond the river, come in a hungry, rosy-cheeked lot, with an appetite that made everything taste good. Then study hour, after a little game of rummy or some music. Then their prayers and off to bed.

So the first winter passed and spring came to them for the first time here, with the full meaning of spring. From the first twitter of the black bird to the full chorus of the summer song birds, every day unfolded some new pleasure. They awakened in the morning to hear the pigeons cooing under the eaves and while they dressed watched these busy little home makers fly down on the lawn, pick about for material to suit, and with a stick or a feather fly up again to add it to the building of their nest.

The burning of the marshes was another excitement. All along the shores as far as we could see of Prince George's, Charles, St. Mary's, and Calvert Counties there were great marsh fires burning both day and night all through early spring.

Then to find a new colt in the stable that would come close up to them and look at them as if to say, "Who are you?" Then again, for John to say "Mind you all don't go fooling around 'Old Puss'. She's got her a calf." That was enough to send all scampering off to the barn, where the wobbly calf with its soft lovely eyes would charm them until the school bell would have to be rung more than once before they could tear themselves away.

Then the dear little lambs and the cute, frisky black pigs. The nests of fluffy chicks and turkeys, and the prettiest of all young

things, the goslings.

What is so pretty dotted about on the lawn as these lovely little golden balls, like big yellow dandelions? Then the joy of seeing the dear little birds building their nests and sometimes peeping into the shrubbery to see the little brown mother bird sitting quietly on the tiny blue eggs. When the birds hatched all over the lawn there was great anxiety for fear dog or cat might get the little birds before they learned to fly.

So spring merged into summer and June, with the roses and soft evening skies, and brought us to the end of our first year at Holland Point. Miss Florence closed the little school and went home. The children were happy with their vacation before them, the river to bathe in, to fish and crab. The fruit again was ripening. Reveling in all of this they entered upon their second year. Ashcom had steadily improved, growing stronger each day.

The summer of 1893 had come. We had so many pleasures. Ashcom had several sail boats which he sailed on the pond at the foot of the garden where they skated in winter. He would start the boats from the north side of the pond with a fair wind, then run across the dam to meet his fleet of ships. Lewis (a negro boy) spend most of his time playing with Ashcom. I spent many hours doing Lewis' work so he might run and play ball or amuse Ashcom, to keep him out doors. Daily he grows stronger.

The children all enjoyed their summer. Grace had returned from the seminary in June so well and rosy. She and Etta went to a party at Dr. Jones', given for Anna and Elsie, about the same age. They wore dotted muslin dresses (about to their shoe tops) and when they got in the carriage to go I felt quite surprised that they seemed to be getting to be young ladies. I did not like the thought. I wanted to keep them young. But it was a young people's party and they had a "lovely time." Grace thought Etta the prettiest girl there and Etta thought none could compare with Grace. In my opinion they were both right. To Mother both were lovely.

We had some company from Baltimore. The summer passed rapidly away. The children had all grown so much. Lorena was now three years old and had commenced to tell us about "Miss Lorley" and all of her family, who lived in the Leeda Tee (cedar tree). These people seemed to fill her happy days. When the autumn days came she wanted to rent a room for the winter upstairs for "Miss Lorely" as it was "too told in the tee."

In September preparations were made for school and Grace leaving home. On the 23rd of the month our dear little Louise was born. Grace went back to the seminary and a new governess came, since Miss Florence had gone abroad to study music. In her place we had Louise Houston. She was a very sweet lovable girl and I shall never forget her kindness to me throughout that winter. The children never referred to their city life save to rejoice at the freedoms and happiness of their lives here.

Christmas came again and again the house was full of merriment. After the holidays Grace went back to school; school began here. There was never any monotony here for me; there was much hard work, so much to plan and think of, that I did not have time for worry. The winter's pleasures were all satisfying to them all. My dear little Louise seemed to grow by the day and Lorena was delighted with her. So another winter slipped away. Easter came and Grace was home for the holiday, bringing Lucy Wilson with her. But Grace was so broken down that we did not send her back to school. She was sick through the whole spring, then as summer came on she grew better and stronger.

In May I gave a little dance for Louise Houston. She had been entertained everywhere. Of course, my girls took no part in this party, as they were too young, save Grace and she was not well.

Grace and Etta had a good deal of company that summer. Essie Todd, Mabel Jones, Minnie Moog, and Harry Gourley stayed with us. The latter part of August I gave Grace a dance. She was nearly eighteen years old. There were about fifty people here. Lloyd, the steward of the boat, with the waiters, served things. They all had a lovely time.

This was Grace's coming out dance. There were a great many who came by boat, among them Bess and Mary Turner (since married to men in St. Mary's). They danced until dawn, as so many came by boat we could not accommodate them. The rooms were all filled with house guests.

DANCE AT HOLLAND POINT

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Gourley amply sustained their well-established reputation for hospitality at a pleasant social event given by them on Wednesday evening last at their beautiful residence at Holland Point. The occasion was a delightful dance in honor of their charming daughter, Miss Grace.

The evening, which at first was threatening, gave place to lovely moonlight, and by ten o'clock the ballroom, which was artistically decorated with fern and golden rod, presented a scene of beaming faces and graceful figures moving in happy rhythm to the strains of the opening waltz.

Mrs. Gourley and Miss Grace Gourley received, assisted by Miss Estelle Todd, of Church Hill, Queen Anne's County, Miss Minnie Moog, of Baltimore City, and Miss Mabel Jones, of Leonardtown, St. Mary's County. A string band from St. Mary's County furnished the music.

At midnight a variety of ices, fruits, and other delicacies were served, after which intermission dancing resumed and it was almost dawn when the

company, with manifest reluctance at the thought of leaving a scene of so much enjoyment, began to take their departure.

Those present were the host and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Dowell, Misses Estelle Todd, Minnie Moog, Mabel Jones, Daisy Turner, Lidie Duke, Bessie and Mary Turner, Maude Stubbs, of Baltimore, Bessie and Susie Roberts, Nina Bond, Sallie Downing, Bessie Billingsley, Elsie Jones, Eloise Williams, Nellie Parran, Messrs. Lewis Holthouse and Harry Gourley of Baltimore, A.B., W.W., and Parker Duke, John Bond, Jr., George Williams, J.M.B. Morsell, Richard Roberts, John and Benjamin Hance, Tazwell Thomas, of St. Mary's, and Willie Parran.

About one week after this dance and after our guests had gone (for which we were sorry), Dr. Jones gave a large dance. I took the girls. Grace met Tom Latimer. Tazwell Thomas was there from St. Mary's and a good many from Charles County. Grace wore pink, Etta red.

Doctor Jones was noted for his delightful entertainments and was a charming host. It was a lovely party.

Then there was a dance at "Sheridan's Point." The girls had to go without me. This ended the summer. It was Etta who was to leave this autumn for the seminary. She was gotten ready with Aunt Lizzie's help. (She came to Holland Point this autumn.) The night before Etta left they all had such a happy evening. Mr. Latimer came (first time) while the girls were at church. As I had to take care of Louise, Ashcom thought it was his duty to entertain him, so he proceeded to talk boats, a subject they have never yet seemed to tire of. The girls had several other callers. They all stayed for tea, as is the custom in the country. Richard was here, I remember, also the Morsell "boys". Cary and Elizabeth peeped through the shutters at Mr. Latimer. Since he was a stranger they were too shy to come in, yet wanted to see him. Etta left for the seminary the next day.

We did not have a governess this autumn. Grace opened school with Ashcom, Cary, and Elizabeth. She had many other duties because there were only Grace and Mother to look after all the children and the big old house.

One thing I will always remember of this year. The children were all a happy, healthy lot. Grace was happy as a bird and so pretty. I had nothing to make me sad, yet I had a big burden of work to carry each day and it was made lighter not only by her two willing hands to help, but by her cheerfulness, ready sympathy, and real companionship.

This is what I will always remember, though. She would, after getting things all right for the children in the schoolroom, run down here in the old sitting room where I would be sewing and watching the two little children. She would tell me something bright or

entertaining she had read. I can see her bright face now coming in through the door, with "Oh Momma, I want to tell you this." Down she would sit on a little box just by the door, and rattle away, only a few moments, and away she would go with the backward smile over her shoulder as she left me brighter by her little story, and work seemed easier. She little knew how much it meant to me because I had so little time in those days to read.

The autumn days were full of pleasure for us all. Christmas brought Etta home from school, so pretty and dear. We had a jolly Christmas as usual. Mr. Latimer took dinner with us.

We had two Irish servants then, Charlie and Alice. It was a great comfort to have a man to look out for things, as this was a very cold winter. The river was frozen over for weeks. Your father came down on the train through Charles County, and crossed the river on the ice. I drove on the river in a two horse sleigh. The oystermen cut holes in the ice to get the oysters.

Even though it was so cold, we spent a very happy winter. A house full of bright-faced happy children required something more than the icy breath of winter to chill. There was no day that was not full to overflowing, from early morning until bedtime. We were so glad to have Papa home. Etta had returned to St. Mary's Seminary after Christmas. We had a blizzard on February 7th and we were snowed in for weeks. I made old Charlie take the sleigh with the two horses (and one string of bells) and break a track around the field back of the barn, and you all drove there while the snow lasted, which gave us an outing though we never got very far. You all enjoyed it as only happy, healthy children can enjoy fun of any kind.

(Emma Robinson came here in the autumn of this year, 1894. She was ten years old, a very frail child. She had her faults, as all of us have, but she was faithful in her duties to us all, and loves Louise. Her baby, she called her. I wrote this several years later. 1899.)

The winter soon slipped away. When it did begin to go, the spring and garden-making time came around. June was here bringing Etta from school. She had improved wonderfully in her music and sang some very sweet songs which gave us all much pleasure. "Ferryman John" was one I shall always recall. Through the spring Mr. Latimer used to come often. I know he and Grace will remember the evening they went to Jones' in the pony cart and the pony came home and left them. Mr. Latimer took one of Dr. Jones' horses and caught the pony up here in "Folly Woods." Those were very happy days for them. In the summer Grace and Etta went to Kent County to visit Lillie. She gave them a lovely dance. Etta was not well but they had a happy visit. Dear Auntie used to laugh at them, dancing her matting out, but she enjoyed so much having them with her. She did not mind the matting, she said.

In the autumn Mrs. Richards, an Englishwoman, took charge of the school room. She was a typical Englishwoman too. She had a full face, florid complexion, white hair, done in a knot in the back, with

two soft little white curls hanging back of her ears, and long carbuncle earrings. She shook her head often to emphasize her words, which made her curls and earrings the most noticeable things about her.

She taught Etta, Cary, Ashcom, and Elizabeth. The latter two took German. Grace helped me with the work. As she learned, she gradually began to do the cooking this winter and took much of it off my hands.

In October Christine was born. She lived only eight days, dear sweet little flower. Louise called her Isabell. She was delighted with this baby sister but she and Lorena were too small to miss her. Papa came just as she died.

Christmas came. There was no one to come home from school. Mrs. Richards went away for the holidays.

We started another year, 1896. Mrs. Richards came back after Christmas and it was a busy, happy winter for them. Tom Latimer used to come for the week-ends. He and Grace became engaged in the spring. There was never a sweeter love story than the one that had this old place for its setting in those days so happy for them.

Etta cried herself sick because she thought someone had come between she and Grace. They had been so devoted to each other. By this time Louise was large enough to play with Lorena and they had a great deal of pleasure playing housekeeping. The summer was a long happy one for them all.

Mrs. Richards returned in the autumn and remained until Christmas. But she did not return after the new year. (Therefore, Grace taught the children until June, 1897. Also through until 1899.) Lorena started school to Mrs. Richards in the autumn of 1896. Dear baby, she was so glad to go into the school room. What a sweet, winsome little "girlie" she was. From the time she was two years old she began to talk of "Miss Lorley, my friend," she called her, and as she grew older Miss Lorely grew a family. There was Aunt Prock, Mr. Goodwide, Furdiefreddie the cook, and others I cannot recall. She dressed Louise up fantastically and would bring her in to introduce "Miss Katie Lou." Sometimes she called her Halifax.

Lorena said, when Elizabeth tried her first harmony exercises, "That's the first piece she ever organized."

About this time we had a pet lamb we had to raise in the house because its mother died. We called her Bettie. She gave the children much pleasure and afforded a great deal of amusement, particularly when she would run into the dining room when we were at table, stick her head up under my arm and bleat. There would be a shout of laughter all around. Emma would try to get her out but she always protested with many ba-ba-bas. Once, after she was full grown, she ran into the sitting room and up to the sofa where your father was asleep and bleated right in his face. It is not necessary to say he arose instantly with, "PUT THAT LAMB OUT!"

One autumn day I remember so well. I took Emma and the children up to the big walnut tree. The great limbs were bare of leaves, only a few walnuts remained up on them, but the ground was covered with the nuts. We filled several bags, which the man was to come for. Occasionally they found under the leaves a walnut from last year, and on the big, flat stone they cracked them and ate the sweet brown kernels. They played, climbed the old sugarberry tree, and ate the berries. I can never forget how lovely it was. The river lay like a great mirror, reflecting the hills of Charles and St. Mary's and the clumps of trees in their gorgeous autumn coloring. I called the children and they all scampered homeward down the road to supper. How they are growing!

I used to have a great many chickens then, and I can never forget how much I owe Elizabeth for her every ready, ever willing help. I really do not believe I could ever had gotten through so much without her. Child as she was, her assistance was invaluable. I feel I want to say this, and all of you, who know, I am sure you feel it is due her.

As I write, a picture comes before me of a little girl in a blue dress dashing across the yard, curls flying, eyes as blue as her dress, and cheeks like Killarney roses. She and Ashcom were always playing together. We called them "the pair." They used to play some very pretty duets together, and when they tried to talk German to each other they were very funny.

This summer over, Cary went to St. Mary's Seminary. Ashcom and Elizabeth went out to Miss Daisy Turner to school. They drove in the buggy with the old horse, Milly. Grace taught Lorena.

Grace taught this year, 1898. Ashcom and Elizabeth went to Miss Daisy and Cary was still going to the seminary. Louise and Lorena had grown large enough to make a play house out of doors and a jolly time they had out behind the fig bushes where they had a stable for Nick and Nancy, two fox terriers. With an old oil stove and broken dishes they played many happy hours away.

These were all busy, happy days. There were no idle moments for me, but I had no thought save for my church, home, the training of my children, and Papa's homecomings. Elizabeth went to Washington College from autumn 1902 to 1903, St. Mary's Seminary in 1905 when she graduated. Cary left the seminary in 1900. She was so attractive.

It was on June 17th of 1901 that dear Grace was married. We had a little house party from the day before. Laura Latimer, Maude Roberts, Tazwell Thomas, and Harry Jones were here.

BEAUTIFUL WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S

A wedding that will long be recalled for its beauty was that of Miss Eleanor Grace Gourley, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Gourley of Holland Point, to Mr. Thomas Edwin Latimer of Cambridge, Md., which took place at St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church on Mon-day morning last. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by the rector, Rev. Benjamin B. Lovett.

The bride is very popular in this county, as well as in Baltimore and Kent County. The groom is a rising young lawyer and editor of the Dorchester Standard.

The decorations in the church were on a lavish scale and very beautiful. The chancel was massed with laurel, asparagus, and roses. At each end of both aisles were large arches of cedar and honeysuckle.

The letters "G" and "L", made of marguerites, surmounted the arches nearest the chancel in the left and right aisles, respectively. The bridal party passed under the former as they approached the chancel and the latter as they left the church.

Another arch at the alter railing was covered with roses, lilies, and honeysuckle.

The wedding procession entered as the bridal march from "Lohengrin" was played by Mr. E. Milton Wells, of Baltimore. "Thine Own," by Lange, was softly played during the service, the bridal party leaving the edifice to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

The bride entered the church with her father, by whom she was given away. They were preceded by the maid of honor, Miss Henrietta Ashcom Gourley, a sister of the bride; the bridesmaids, Miss Laura Edith Latimer and Miss Anne Cary Gourley, sisters of the groom and bride, respectively; and the ushers, Mr. Harry Mitchell Jones of Leonardtown, Mr. J. Briscoe Bunting, Mr. William W. Duke, and Mr. J. Frank Parran. The groom and his best man, Mr. Tazwell Thomas of Baltimore, entered the church from the vestry room and met the bride at the chancel.

The gown worn by the bride was of white chiffon, trimmed with duchesse lace and rows of white satin ribbon. The wedding veil was of tulle and reached from the crown of the head to the edge of the train.

It was held in place by a spray of Bride roses.

The bride carried a bouquet of carnations, Bride roses, and maidenhair fern. Her traveling gown was of gray cheviot.

The maid of honor wore a gown of French mousseline with a bolero jacket of roman lace. She wore a large leghorn hat, trimmed with pink roses, and carried a bouquet of La France roses. The bridesmaids were costumed exactly alike. Their gowns were of white organdy, with insertions of lace and ribbon. Their large hats were of picture

style, trimmed with white mulle. They carried honeysuckle. The bride gave each of her three attendants a ring set with moss agates.

Mrs. Gourley, mother of the bride, wore a handsome gown of black silk, with an overdress of black chiffon. A bonnet of black chiffon, trimmed with pink rosebuds, completed the costume.

The groom and men attendants wore black sack coats, white vests, striped trousers, black satin four-in-hand ties, and cream rosebud boutonnieres.

The wedding was the occasion of the gathering of a large number of friends of the bride and groom.

Those present from a distance were: Mrs. Mary Latimer, mother of the groom, Mrs. Richard Roberts, of Baltimore, Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair Bowen, Washington, D.C. Miss Alice Bond and Mr. James Bond, Westchester, N.Y., Mrs. Nathaniel Duke, New Haven, Conn.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Latimer left on the steamer for Baltimore. On Tuesday they went to their future home in Cambridge.

The wedding gifts were many and handsome. They included a splendid collection of silver, glassware, table linen, and works of art. A Haviland china dinner and tea set was a gift of the officers of the Weems Steamboat Company.

That was a never to be forgotten day, the day when we realized as our carriages drove from Mr. Grey's gate that our roads lay in different directions. It was a long time before I could quietly think of this. I was too busy to grieve or worry. I had too much to do.

How we all remember their first homecoming about twilight one evening! I heard a cry of joy from some of the children. When I went to the door Grace was running in around the driveway. Tom was with her. Oh, the joy of having them home! Then there were many homecomings. They got a boat, and I think when they were not here someone was always looking down the river for their coming. And when they did see them the cry went up (sometimes from Nannie). "Miss Grace comin'." And sure enough, way down beyond the point we would see the white sails of the Bozman or the Albatross. (Which ever it might be; he owned both at different times.)

Cary taught school, private home in Virginia, for two years. The winter Grace was married I was very ill for some time. It was April before I recovered.

So the years were slipping by fast, so rapidly and busily. Louise and Lorena had such wonderful days of keeping house and building all sorts of houses and stables for the dogs, Nick and Nancy, whom they would hook up to the wagon "Brother" made. Down under the fig bushes and quince trees there was an incongruous array of things; old oil stove, broken china, and such things out of which they seemed to

get much pleasure. The house behind the dairy, "Miss Lorley's House," that was the name Lorena gave it, as Miss Lorley was her imaginary friend. Elizabeth labored very hard over this house. A floor was laid of heavy boards and a door put up at the end next to the river. Elizabeth, Emma, and the two little ones played in this house for a long time. Even the servants called it "Miss Lorley's House." It was a long time after they had ceased to play house, their thoughts now occupied with other things, Elizabeth grown, before I could consent to have this entirely demolished. No one but a mother can understand this. But the time came when all evidences of outdoor playhouses, the stable, bridge from the fig bush, and all this valuable furnishing had drifted to the dump. All toys and dolls, with the little rocking chairs, high chairs, and school room desk were one by one sent to the garret. This garret was a sad place for me to visit after they were grown.

After Cary and Elizabeth were grown they began to have house parties. To me it was easier to have all at one time than have a few at a time stretching out through the summer. I can see Elizabeth and Cary now, getting us, Dad and me, in the hall to talk of "when we can have the girls and boys."

Well, there is plenty of fruit by the first of August, also quantities of vegetables. "Now, how about the moon?" A full moon, next to a full larder, is the most essential thing in giving a house party. Someone would get the almanac to find when the moon is full. Then the time was set and at the time appointed the house was all put in order and invitations were sent. Then the days were full of chatter and anticipation.

At last the day would come which brought the girls and boys invited by Elizabeth, Etta, and Cary. The little girlies had not commenced to have house parties. Then the week was spent in gay doings. There was always a dance at Prince Frederick. Often other persons would entertain. We would have a party and sails on the river. So the time passed quickly for them all. It always made me very happy to see them have their friends. Some who came to their parties were Beck Hepburn, Mattie Hepburn, Mary Broome, Nancy Coombs, Bess Richardson, Corinne Marsh, Elsa Sweat, Spencer Crain, Harry Jones, Scott Beck, Clarence Gould, and Sarah Cruickshank. Others I remember who never came to our house parties but visited were the Thomas boys, Tazwell, Douglas, and Roderick, Walter Blackstone, Ruth Evans, Miss Moore (Cally). Many I cannot think of, but when you read this, if you do, each name will recall some pleasant recollections, I am sure.

During these two or three years Grace and Tom lived in Cambridge. There were many happy visits home. They arrived here at all hours, just as the wind brought them. Some times before we were up, sometimes after we were in bed. Sometimes guests were with them. Among those who came were Florence and Elizabeth Henry, May Phelps, Ethel Rose. Often some of the girls went back with them. They had some wonderful trips on those boats. I never went, but I had some very pleasant trips to Cambridge and they were something I always looked forward to with great pleasure, to visit Grace in her own home, and

she was always lovely to Mother. So was Tom.

Lorena had quite an accident there. She fell from a wheel and cut her knee. This kept us there for several weeks over our visit because she could not walk.

In 1904 Lorena went over with me and remained. She went to school there until Grace left that year.

This year, 1905 brought changes. Grace and Tom went to Baltimore to live. They bought a house on 23rd street. Tom entered University of Maryland Medical School. Lorena remained with Grace until February, 1905 and went to school in town, but her health became impaired, so she came home and did not go to school until the autumn when Bess Kilmer came.

Tom and Grace spent the summer at Holland Point. Ashcom went to college from 1898 until 1900. Elizabeth went to Washington College 1902 to 1903, then to the seminary, graduating in 1905. Lorena and Louise were confirmed at St. Paul's Church in June of this year, 1905. Etta entered the University of Maryland Nursing School in April, 1905. Ashcom went to Pennsylvania. In the autumn of this eventful year Grace was extremely ill, was taken to the hospital. I went up and stayed four weeks, then Tom and I brought her home. Tom did not remain because he was in college (university, I mean). Etta put her cap on the day Grace was taken to the hospital. We had the first shadow on our Christmas. Etta was not here, yet we were all so thankful to see Grace improving that we put all other feelings aside. The two little girlies were happy as "butter bees," as "wees" used to say.

This had been a most eventful year. Within the year Tom had entered the university to study medicine, Etta entered nurse's training, Grace scared us all nearly to death. She was so extremely ill. Ashcom went away some distance to take a position, Lorena and Louise were confirmed at St. Paul's Church, your father sold part of the farm to Mr. Hall. Cary, well she did something. Anyway, it was an event at the time. Perhaps someone else can remember what it was.

Strange how even mountains grow smaller and gradually fade into the distance as we go on our way. How fortunate this is so. None of us would like to stand always facing a mountain when there can be found a way over, around, or through it.

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At the top of the page here: In the summer of 1906 Tom had typhoid fever again, came home. Grace nursed him.
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Elizabeth graduated this year in June at St. Mary's Seminary, so we see that each member of the family did something which was really an event and something each will remember for long years. Each member, I say, and all except Mother. Nothing happened to her personally. She was the one who watched this year of events pass by and around

her and perhaps felt it more keenly than some of you who passed across this stage set for 1905 and remembers it quite clearly, as does Dad.

Bess Kilmer, who taught the little girlies, went home for Christmas but did not return because of the death of her father. Edith Jenkins came and taught until June 1906.

This winter of 1905-06 was a very severe one. The river was frozen for a long time but we spent a very pleasant winter. Aunt Lizzie was with us and helped me in many ways. She was devoted to the children too, as she has always been.

Ashcom went to Cleveland in 1906. Lorena visited Cambridge this summer. She was just 16, so sweet and attractive. In the autumn of this year I took her to Fauquier Institute in Warrenton, Virginia.

All came home for Christmas and such a happy Christmas we had. I often wonder if many families are as happy at Christmas time as we are. How I do thank God for the peaceful, happy lives we live.

Lorena went back to Warrenton after Christmas. Louise continued to go to Miss Daisy Turner as she had been doing since September 1906, boarding with Mrs. Dowell. They were lovely to her.

Grace and Tom moved on Carey Street, 1907. Tom graduated this year, took the full course at the University of Maryland and passed the state boards in two (2) years. He began the practice of medicine on Carey Street.

I went to visit Rose this autumn. The first time since I have been married. I packed a suitcase and went on a real visit to Philadelphia. A long trip?? It seemed so to me. I left from Grace's. She put me on the car, gave me a postal card, and told me to "write as soon as you get there." Which I did. Dear me, we have all stayed home so much it seemed quite an event, but what a lovely time I did have. I will not soon forget it. I had a sweet, com-fortable, bright room. When I unpacked I hung up my dresses (I suspect they were one), fixed my things, dressed, and went down to dinner, I felt as if I were playing a real lady. And Oh, how sweet they were to me.

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At the top of the page here: It was before Christmas of this year, 1907, that the St. Mary's burned off where the red beacon is now. Your dear father was ill over it.
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When I came back I stopped with Grace for a few days. Louise was going to school in Baltimore that autumn and was with Grace. We all went there for Christmas because Tom could not very well leave. So we packed up Cary, Aunt Lizzie, and Emma, and we all went up on the boat with Papa. The others all came on Christmas Eve. We had a lovely Christmas, and many of our old friends came to see us.

Auntie was taken quite sick during the holidays. I sat up with her all night for one week and was taken quite sick. Dr. Thomas

E. Latimer attended me. Of course I soon got well.

Then I went to the hospital for an operation. I did not get home until the middle of February. Nannie and Emma were here doing the work, Cary keeping house. Ashcom had come home. Aunt Lizzie was quite sick. She was in her room when I got home. I did not leave my room until the last of March of 1908

Auntie, my dear, dear Auntie, died during this month. I was in my room and I never saw her after I went to the hospital. This was a great grief to me. I loved her next to my mother. So dearly.

Louise had to leave school (as Lorena did in 1905) and came home on account of the measles. When she recovered she went to school with Cary out here.

Then came the most important change to Grace and Tom. They moved to Hyattsville. It was a venture, but ventures make merchants and I hope it will make them. They deserve it, both of them. Grace and Tom have had rough places in their road of life. But they have been so happy together that I do not believe they mind the jolts. Lorena did not come home for Easter. She spent it with friends in Warrenton, Virginia. Grace and Tom cannot come home for their summer vacation as they used to. He is working very hard. Practice increasing.

This summer was a bright one for the girls. Laura Carpenter came to visit Cary. They went to dances and had good times. I did not give a dance for them because of dear Auntie's death. Lura and Bess came down in the autumn. I enjoy Lura so much. She and Bess are all I have left of dear Auntie, my mother's sister.

Etta graduated in the spring of 1908. She could not come home. I missed Grace and Tom coming to spend some time with us.

All were home for Christmas and what a wonderful time we had. The same old time Christmas. We decorated the house abundantly with evergreens, a wagon load brought to the door of pine, cedar, holly, running cedar, and crows foot. All of the presents were piled in a place each had selected as their own. A big fire in the fireplace, odors of the spruce and cedar all through the rooms. We all go in together. The tree standing in the same place, filling the corner, with its garden and little animals enclosed with its iron fence, all kept from years ago, yet giving the same pleasure to us all.

How lovely and Christmas-like the old rooms looked and all of the dear happy faces around. Each one opening packages with glad expressions at their gifts. Dad sitting looking at his. He is always so funny about them. Then he gets them open. There is always a suspicion of a tear. Like me he feels so deeply his appreciation of so much kind thought. It is always a struggle for me to keep back the tears. I feel so happy with all I have.

To complete the picture of Christmas morning I can not leave

out Nannie standing in the door, her cap on and big white apron. Old John by her side dressed in his best, both of their black faces expressing their happiness too, for Santa Claus has remembered them as usual in a most generous way. Emma had a goodly share of presents and she is most appreciative (I neglected to say Cary entered the hospital to take nurse's training this year. Dear child.)

They all stayed Christmas week, left the day before New Year's. Etta remained several days. Cary came home with her knee in a cast. I was so distressed. I did not know she had been operated on. I do not approve of cutting into a knee. It seemed such a serious thing. I hope it will be all right.

Cary stayed home a while, poor dear. It made me heartsick to see her hobbling around on crutches. She had such nimble little legs and feet, dancing about the house.

We had so many fogs this winter. It kept me quite worried about the boat and Papa. Elizabeth and Ashcom went to several nice parties. One particularly they have mentioned often was a Valentine Party at Governor's Run, Mrs. William Dorsey's. Lorena and Ashcom went to this party.

We had one of the most terrible storms on the 4th of March, Taft's inauguration. Wires down everywhere, travel impossible on account of trees blown down.

Corinne visited Elizabeth in the spring. Nan and Arthur visited here often this year. Etta and Cary were both operated on in May for appendicitis. Etta on the 14th, Cary on the 22nd. I felt desperate, both sick in the hospital, and I had to come home as soon as possible. Oh me! Life has worries.

Harry Gould was married. He came here several times this year. Lorena was ill with typhoid in August. Etta came home and nursed her. Sue Gordon Lewis came in the autumn of 1909 and taught Louise. She was a lovely girl. We were devoted to her. She married the next year, Mr. Charles Durkee. We were all home at Christmas, such a happy Christmas too. (Elizabeth went to Mrs. Wilson to study kindergarten work in the fall of 1909.)

We spent a very happy winter. Lorena and Louise at home. Ashcom came home for a while. Lorena went to several dances. Miles Woolford, Bernard Wilson from Virginia, were escorts. Also John Broome. Phyllis visited me for the first time this summer, 1909. Elizabeth went to Hyattsville with Grace and Tom. She did not accomplish what she went there for, but got a school, and taught until she was married in 1913. Tom and Grace kept her with them.

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Written in the margin: I can never tell how you helped me with the serving. Etta said when she went to the hospital in April, 1905, "Elizabeth will take my place at the machine and help you more than I can." And you certainly have, dear. Etta began when she was 18 and served until she left. I thank you both from my heart for your

help.

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In the fall of 1910 we were all surprised at Cary's sudden engagement to Dawson Reeder. There was much excitement at the announcement that she was to be married one month from the time she decided to take this "fatal?" leap. I say fatal because she had always seemed to think such a step "fatal." However, we persuaded her, and the Reeder's convinced Dawson, that one month was giving me very little time to prepare for such an occasion.

Well, it really was rather startling all the way around, because I had come to the conclusion that Cary would not entertain the belief of really being in love with any one long enough to allow enough time to make any preparations. But this was the man at last, and so far, at least (written in 1912) none of us think she has made a mistake. We all love Dawson.

We got ready for Christmas and the wedding at the same time. For the first time since Grace was a baby we had no big Christmas tree in the parlor, since it would take up too much of the room needed for the wedding arrangements. But I had a small tree on the table trimmed for my baby (Louise) who was coming home from the Seminary, and Etta who was coming from North Carolina. I knew it would not be Christmas for Louise without some kind of a tree.

Louise came home for her Christmas holiday. Etta did not get here from North Carolina until the day before Christmas. Grace and Tom came down to Benedict and crossed the river on the ferry. Elizabeth, Ashcom, and the others were here. Your father was home. Christmas Eve I shall forever remember. We had such a happy time.

I had my new rag rug, for which I had sewn the rags, put down in the old breakfast room. The boys, Tom, Dawson, and Ashcom thought it was so comfy. They rolled it out on the floor and laid there and talked. The girls were full of fun and happiness.

Christmas morning was a repetition of the many lovely Christmas mornings with one more person added to our number. The house was very lavishly decorated, as "Folly Woods" gave us an unlimited supply of holly, cedar, pine, running cedar, and crows foot. All of you surely had a hand in the preparations for the wedding, which was to be that week.

Mrs. Briscoe gave a dance the day after Christmas. She asked particularly for Louise to come. She had not yet finished school so she had never been to a party down here. She went with Elizabeth, Lorena, and Ashcom. Lawrence Briscoe was her escort. Poor boy, that was his last dance.

Then came the eventful day. Mr. and Mrs. Reeder, Maurice Reeder and his wife, and several of Dawson's friends came on the early morning boat. It was not a bitterly cold day, but we had big fires on the hearths in the sitting room, parlor, and dining room.

They were married under an arch of evergreens between the two

west windows. Mr. Lovett stood behind the arch against a background of evergreens. The boys had made an aisle of green.

Etta came down first. She wore rose satin. She looked lovely. Cary came down with her father. He looked fine. She looked so sweet and pretty and I never saw Tommie look nicer. Dawson and Maurice met them at the improvised altar. Mr. Lovett read the service very impressively.

As soon as the service was over we had the wedding breakfast in the breakfast room, which looked very sweet and old fashioned. We served broiled oysters, chicken salad, little biscuits such as only Nannie knows just how to make, olives, and coffee; also the lovely things your dear father brought from Baltimore. A beautiful wedding cake and several wonderful ices. Dawson seemed quite proud that everything for the wedding breakfast, except the cake and ices, came off the place and our own oyster beds. We had two of the waiters from the boat, and old Harriet, with her shining face, big white apron, and cap, felt the dignity of the occasion rested on her shoulders.

Elizabeth played the wedding march. I stood by the door so I might see them come down the stairway. The picture Etta made coming down alone in her lovely rose satin, then the little bride on the arm of her father, coming down the old stairs with the rail trimmed heavily with evergreens is one I will always remember.

Reeder ----- Gourley

"The old colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Biscoe Gourley, located at Holland Point, on the picturesque Patuxent River in Calvert County, Md., was the scene of a beautiful wedding Friday morning, when their daughter, Anne Carey Gourley, became the wife of James Dawson Reeder, a member of the faculty of the University of Maryland and one of Baltimore's prominent surgeons.

The bride came down the wide staircase escorted by her father, who gave her away in marriage, and passed through the parlors to the altar, where Rev. Benjamin B. Lovett of Prince Frederick, rector of St. Paul's parish, read the Episcopal service. She wore a charming princess gown en train over messaline, trimmed with baby Irish lace and garnitures of pearls. Her only ornament was a diamond cross, the gift of the bridegroom, a rich heirloom of the Reeder family. Her tulle veil was caught with pearls and lilies of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley. Her going-away gown was gobelin blue broadcloth, with hat to match.

The maid of honor, Miss Henrietta Ashcom Gourley, sister of the bride, wore rose satin trimmed with bands of silver, and she carried a handsome

bouquet of Marechal Niel roses. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Maurice Lanaham Reeder.

A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, attended by the immediate members of the families of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends.

Reeder ----- Gourley

Miss Anne Cary Reeder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Biscoe Gourley, was married yesterday to Dr. James Dawson Reeder of Baltimore. The ceremony was performed at Holland Point on the Patuxent River, in the beautiful colonial home of the bride's parents, which was artistically decorated with holly, cedar, and mistletoe. The bride descended the wide staircase with her father to the strains of the "Lohengrin" wedding march, preceded by the maid of honor, her sister, Miss Henrietta Ashcom Gourley, and was met at the folding doors of the large parlors by the groom and his best man, Mr. Maurice Reeder, where the betrothal service was read. They then advanced across the parlor to an improvised altar, formed of arches of holly and mistletoe, from which a large evergreen wedding bell was suspended.

The ceremony was performed there by Rev. Benjamin B. Lovett, rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, of Prince Frederick.

The bride wore a beautiful princess gown en train of crepe meteor over messaline, trimmed with baby Irish lace and garnitures of pearls. Her only ornament was a diamond cross, an heirloom, the gift of the groom.

We had only a few dear friends. Mr. and Mrs. Grey, the Buntings, Edith Cassard, Will and Sallie Dowell, and several others.

Etta went back to North Carolina where she was in charge of a hospital in Fayetteville. Ashcom went to New York, Grace and Tom went home.

They went across the river with Cary and Dawson, then to Washington.

Cary and Dawson went on to Baltimore where they remained in Dawson's house until the next day, then went to New York City. Phyllis entertained them at dinner that night.

That afternoon, after they were all gone, Elizabeth, Bert Force, Lorena, Louise, and I took down all of the evergreens and straightened up the rooms. Bert sat by the open fire and told us some stories he had been told about the sign language he had learned at college. We had all spent a very happy holiday season. Your father went to Baltimore and we started on the new year of 1911, which brought changes. Elizabeth went back to Hyattsville. Lorena was home all winter. Louise came home from St. Mary's Seminary in June, 1911, the

Last one of my dear girls to go or come from the old seminary. Louise and Lorena visited Grace on Johnson Avenue in Hyattsville, where they had moved in 1910. The girls, Lorena and Louise, had a lovely summer, danced almost nightly at the Porter's. They met Dwight, Kenneth, Hugh, Warren, and Robert Ramspeck.

The autumn came with all of its gorgeous coloring. We enjoyed it so much. I had only my little girls with me, both grown now, so bright, making the old house, now beginning to grow empty, very cheerful for Mother. No one to go away to school, no governess to come, no dolls or toys scattered about the rooms. I miss the childish things, yet they are still my babies and I am kept busy with their clothes, my poultry, and this big old house to look after.

It was in this year, 1911, that Grace and Tom came home in their automobile. In April they came to Benedict and crossed the river on the ferry in time for breakfast. The next Christmas they came home in the car.

Lorena visited Sue Gordon this summer. Etta was ill and returned from North Carolina. Elizabeth went for her. It was sometime before she got back to normal.

Then the holiday season was on us again. Everything was prepared for a joyous Christmas. As always, Daddy always arrived from the boat with lots of cake and big boxes of goodies, which were stored until the big day. The house was decorated and a big tree stood trimmed in its accustomed corner, this for Louise.

On Christmas morning the boat arrived at five o'clock (an unearthly hour). I went down stairs to be there to meet Cary and Dawson. The room was warm and comfortable. I can see it now. I stood in the big dining room, which was only partly lighted. The rooms looked very mysterious and Christmas-like with the glistening tree, the piles of presents, and rows of stockings over the fire-place. Yes, we were still hanging stockings up for Santa Claus to fill with good things.

Well, Cary, Dawson, and Dad came in, Dawson carrying a basket all covered. He set it on the dining room table. I pulled back the cover and there, blinking in the lamplight, was the darling pink baby in his pink and white basket. Oh, what a precious baby. We all stood looking at him and adoring him, our dear little grandson Dawson.

No baby ever came into a home more joyously welcomed upon a Christmas morning than this dear grandson. We had had a lovely, happy time last year, such a happy Christmas, when the wedding took up our every attention, but now this baby, our first grandchild. He was the center of attention.

Everybody was home for Christmas. How the boys all enjoyed their usual Christmas morning breakfast; sausage, scrapple, and buckwheat cakes. What a happy time. The Christmas dinner was the old time country Christmas dinner, everything good and beautifully cooked by Nannie. And now Emma was waiting on the table. I will always

remember Tommie, how happy you looked at the foot of the table, while Tom carved the turkey. Oh, you scamp, but who would not excuse you?

The holiday season passed so quickly and all left, except my two baby girls. Your father went back to the boat. The girls attended some dances in Hyattsville, and one in Baltimore at Ethel Gwynn's. (She was Tom Latimer's niece)

In the summer we gave a large house party and big dances. The girls invited two of Lorena's friends from Virginia, Ethel Gwynn, Elizabeth and Mary Porter, also Robert Ramspeck, Warren Whiting, Dwight Galt, Kenneth, Hugh Ott, Clarence, and Dana. With Louise and Lorena, it made seven couples. A happy summer they all had.

Christmas came again. All home and well, thank the dear Lord for all of his goodness to me to bring my children home to your father and me, and the dear baby now fourteen months old. Such a perfectly lovely boy he is. We had a tree for him and Louise. His toys were all put on the floor where he could see them but what did he do but go out in the kitchen and get a tin cup and egg beater from Nannie, with which he played all day long, not ever noticing his pretty toys. But he was the center of our Christmas. Tommie and I thought he was wonderful, our first grandchild.

Everyone left after Christmas. Elizabeth, Lorena, and Louise went to visit Ethel in Laurel. She had a big dance.

This year, 1912, Nannie left. She has been with us since Cary was born, a most faithful servant, lovely to all of you, giving her service cheerfully. I felt it a great loss, yet she was not herself. Her mind was completely upset by her son Toby's behavior. I am so sorry. I will always miss her.

During this winter it was delightful to go in my garden. Looking over my diary I see we had no bad weather until quite late. Little baby stayed with us until the 6th of January. I took him home.

Through this winter the grass remained green in my garden. On the 17th of January Dad and I found dandelions blooming around the sundial. He was delighted to see the hyacinths peeping up and the yellow jasmine in bloom.

Dad had a little holiday as the Anne Arundel went aground off Brinkley's Point, remained there one week. The Revenue Cutter Apache stood by, trying to get her off. Lorena and Louise will remember we entertained the captain and two of his lieutenants at supper. Also had an oyster roast for them later. Don't you remember how they admired the lovely white lilacs? The whole corner of the room was filled with the beautiful blooms and springtime green of the leaves. They said they never saw anything lovelier than those white feathery flowers here in the dead of winter.

It was a mild winter, too mild. We got only two loads of ice

that was only two inches thick. Yet cold or mild, the winter is pleasant to me. I love it. All seasons are beautiful in the country when one is happy. The bare branches of the trees are lovely against the gray skies. Winter passes quickly though, no matter what the weather when we are busy. We find things poking up from the cold brown earth, buds swelling on the lilacs and all things telling us that spring is on the way.

Early summer days brought many friends of the girls. Flo, Ethel, Hugh, Alvin, Dwight, and many others made merry week-end parties. Then a surprise to me. Elizabeth, after she returned to Hyattsville, wrote that she was engaged to Dwight. I went up in a few days and shopped with Elizabeth getting her dresses. When I came back we were all busy getting ready for the wedding. Your father got all of the ices and cakes from Baltimore. We had two waiters from the boat to serve the wedding breakfast. Grace brought Virginia, her maid. I had Emma and another woman. We had twenty-nine to supper and sleep. A big breakfast at 8:30, a wedding breakfast at noon. Among the guests from away were Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Estabrook, mother and grandmother of Dwight. Karl Seeboth, Elwood Berkley, Frank Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Gibe, two sons, Dorothy Galt, Phyllis and Sallie Gourley.

People from the county were only a few dear friends. Sallie and Will Dowell, Daisy Turner, and others you will recall. Elizabeth was an ideal bride. Grace was beautiful in corn colored crepe duchenne over satin. The flowers were wonderful, roses to match her dress. Elizabeth's flowers were the loveliest I ever saw. Oh, how lovely they all looked. Your father looked so fine (sweet, I told him) in his white flannel trousers, blue coat, and white shoes. I shall always recall how Sallie, Dad and I laughed up in my room over his spilling a box of powder all over his nice blue coat, and on the floor. I covered "it" with a rug. ('member?)

Galt ----- Gourley

A quiet but lovely wedding took place on Friday morning of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Gourley, at Holland Point, when their daughter, Elizabeth Gould Gourley, was married to Mr. Dwight Beebe Galt, of Hyattsville, son of Mrs. Mary E. Galt.

The lovely colonial home was made more lovely by the lavish decorations of white hydrangeas and ferns, and the parlor facing the river, where the ceremony was performed, was transformed into a veritable bower. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Benjamin B. Lovett, and witnessed only by members of the families of the bride and groom and a few intimate friends. The wedding music was played on the piano by Miss Dorothy Galt, the sister of the groom.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white crepe meteor, trimmed with lace and orange blossoms. Her tulle veil was fastened with orange blossoms

and she carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Thomas E. Latimer, sister of the bride, was the matron of honor. The groom's best man was his brother, Mr. Frank T. Galt, also of Hyattsville. A wedding breakfast was followed by the departure of the couple on their honeymoon trip. Mr. and Mrs. Galt will reside at the home of the bridegroom's mother until fall and will spend the winter in Washington.

When they were getting ready to leave the four boys, Dwight, Karl, Elwood, and Frank, came halfway down the steps and stopped, then sang the "Hymn of the Old Church Choir." It was lovely. Reverend Mr. Allison spoke of it several times afterward.

Elizabeth and Dwight left for New York, the others all left the next day, but there were guests all during the summer. We often served tea on the lawn. The girls looked sweet in their pretty summer frocks, but summer days can't last; soon autumn came with all of the beauty it ever brings, and gorgeous coloring.

Winter days came and brought Thanksgiving. Then preparations for Christmas. Lorena and Louise decorated the house with everything the woods gives us, cedar, pine, holly, running cedar, and crowsfoot. Cary, Dawson, Baby Dawson, and Etta arrived on the early Christmas Eve boat. To our great pleasure and surprise, Dad got off too. Tom, Grace, Elizabeth, Dwight, and Ashcom arrived in Tom's automobile. After supper Tom gave me the Victrola. What a joy it has been to me! We spent a lovely evening, Dwight's first Christmas with us. Everyone helped to trim the tree.

Christmas day brought hard rain all day long, but the house was full of sunshine. We all received many gifts. They all danced by the Victrola and Emma fed us a lovely dinner.

"The day was full to overflowing with happiness. We never had a happier Christmas." This quotation is from my diary written that night. The evening was completed by Dad and the boys playing their usual game of poker. They all left on the 27th and how big and silent the house seemed, but Aunt Lizzie and I enjoyed the music from the Victrola more and more each day.

So we came to the end of another year and I thanked God for all of the comforts I have, and the happiness He has given me in my husband and children. (I quote again from my diary) "I pray to be always thankful for His blessings and be able to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me."

We started this year, 1914, with just Aunt Lizzie and Lorena; Emma to do our work (Oh, how I do appreciate her); and Tommie's visits on boat days and Sunday, which are something I look forward to. January was bitterly cold, yet my diary tells me, "it was such a happy month."

I was getting Lorena ready for a visit to Washington and Grace's and she was so sweet and made the month one of sunshine.

Clarence lived up at the tenant house, so we were alone in the house at night, but we had no fears. Our evenings were pleasant and happy, the victrola added much to our pleasure. We got ice early and good ice too.

Cary, Dawson, Baby Dawson, Tom, Grace, and Kenneth came for Easter. We had perfectly lovely hyacinth in the rooms and on the table. Easter was the 12th of April. I shall always remember the winter of 1914. From the 1st of February when Lorena went to Grace's, we, Aunt Lizzie and I, were alone with just Emma. Yet I was so well. I am now. Tommie's mornings and the week-ends we had such happy evenings, and turning back to my diary I see this. I want to quote it to let you all see how I felt about all being away.

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At the top of the page: England and Germany are at war
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"A radiantly beautiful day after the storm. Who would not go through such a storm like yesterday to look out upon such a day. It is glorious to live a day like this. Dad and I walked out and in the evening he, Aunt Lizzie, and I had our tea, which Emma served us, in the sitting room.

"I miss the girls but I am so happy to get their letters and know they are all having such a happy time." Oh, the letters were a joy to me. I am glad you were all away, for shut in by ice and snow would have been isolation to you, but all through these diaries I can find no expression of discontent or loneliness. I felt none. Happiness is a quality within the heart. I thank God He gave me that quality. With all of our cares, economies, and work these years have been happy ones for Dad and me. We planted the two Norway spruce trees in the front yard by the river on the 4th of May.

The summer of 1914 was very pleasant, but I kept no record of the fact that Kenneth visited Louise several times. They were very happy.

We had a happy Christmas with everyone home. They left the day after. Ashcom and Lorena went back to New York. Ashcom did not leave until January 6th. I wish they had never seen New York.

In January dear little Dawson made me a visit. I went for him. He and 'Dada' had a fine time walking about to see everything. Anne was born February 23rd, 1915 and was quite ill. Cary came home with me April 16th and remained until May 21st. Dawson came down several times. Anne improved wonderfully. Dawson, Jr. is lovely. I enjoyed having them so much.

This winter brought the first real heartache to me. Lorena, after her visit to New York, decided to stay in Washington and take

a business course. To give up my daughters to go to their own homes is hard enough, but it just breaks my heart to give up one of my baby girls for this. Yet we must all live our lives as we see fit, I suppose. I must not worry. I have too much to be thankful for.

The water was brought into the house in June of this year and for the first time the mail came to our door on June 16th. We have rural free delivery at last. Mr. Pickett accomplished this, delivering a letter from Cary, the first letter to come to me by the R.F.D. I called Aunt Lizzie (we were alone) to go to the door with me to meet the mail and thank Mr. Pickett.

Your father had trouble with his eyes in June. I gave up all work to sit beside him, applying compresses. All I knew I did. This was very alarming to me. He was home several weeks. I felt frantic over it.

On the 22nd of July, Cary came down again with the children. All of the girls came home (except Etta, who went to Dallas, Texas in April). Cary stayed until September, then visited Mrs. Wise. Eva Miles came September 3rd. She was only eight years old. A very nice child and soon she became a great help to me.

I had such nice visits to Grace and Elizabeth this fall. I can leave everything to Louise and Emma. What a sense of freedom to be able to go away for a while and not feel that I was neglecting anything. Both were competent to take charge of the house and such a lovely visit I had with Grace, Elizabeth, and Cary. All so comfortable and happy in their own homes. (God is good) Louise visited Grace later in Hyattsville. I visited Mrs. Marsh while I was in Baltimore.

(Etta went to Dallas, Texas in April. After that went to Galveston, then to California. Spent the summer on the west coast. Long Beach. Lovely trip.)

Ashcom and Lorena were home for a while from New York. We had a very nice summer.

All came home for Christmas. I had not seen Etta for nine months. The girls decorated the house as usual and everything was lovely. We had a new grandchild, dear little Anne Ashcom Reeder, too young to enjoy Christmas.

The table was lovely for dinner. Etta lighted candles. I can never recall any dinner more vividly. Since our family has so increased, the table was set with the foot of the table at the double doors. Dad looked so happy smiling at his new granddaughter. We were all so well and the dear faces around the table were bright and happy. The holly on the table with its bright red berries made it very Christmassy. Such a happy day. God is good to us.

The day after Christmas Tom, Grace, Lorena, and Louise left. Ashcom, Dwight, Elizabeth remained for several days. Etta stayed

until after New Years. Quoting from my diary, 1915, December 31st, I said this year has been the most peaceful and, apart from Lorena leaving, the happiest year since we came to Holland Point. I don't know why, unless we had less financial worry, and to Dad and me things seemed to go more smoothly. We enjoy knowing that the girls who are married have such good husbands. They seem like our own children, and we have two dear grandchildren. All are well physically and mentally, and we think very good looking. All of them are.

This is 1916 and it has been two years since I wrote, so I must try to recall events as best I can since I had no diary for 1916 and 17. The war, which seems something to have had little to do with in 14 and 15 grew so rapidly in length and breadth that by the year of 1916 it had grown so terrific we could almost feel the heat of battle. Men began to discuss the probability of our men going overseas. Into every home this fear came. Perhaps some loved one might be called to go.

All came home for Christmas and we had a happy time. We missed Elizabeth and Dwight. I just remembered why they were not here. We sent her Christmas to her.

Our principal conversation was the war. It was a daily question: would President Wilson declare war.

Emma left and was married in July to Irving Buckler. I missed her in every way and every day. She was a faithful servant to me and I shall always miss her thoughtfulness for my comfort, no matter what she did do, or did not do, she did the best according to her intelligence.

Louise went into the kitchen and stood by me, whenever I had no one, in heat and cold, doing what she could to save me, and always making me feel she did it gladly, her joyous way of living those days was a help to me mentally and physically.

The year 1917 is a year we shall all remember, even to those to whom no real heartache came there was the shadow of a great world war hanging over us all. Hearts could not be gay with such slaughter going on in Europe. Then came April 6th, 1917 when Woodrow Wilson, our wonderful president, stood up before Congress and declared we were "at war with Germany."

The terrible things that happened before this came to an end, all of you know. The preparations, the thousands of men sent over, giving their lives for what they believed right. "What Price Glory!"

Lorena went to work at the War Department in Washington and did her work faithfully until the close of the war. Ashcom left the bank and went with the Expeditionary Quartermaster in the Port of New York, loading ships for the Allies. Later he was sent to Nashville as an inspector in the big powder plant. He had packed his trunk and sent it home, preparing to go to Camp Gordon when the armistice was signed. He came home and was then sent to Wilmington, Delaware.

I neglected to write of one of the great events of the year, to us at least. Dear little Betty Galt was born on January 6th, 1917, and such a darling. I went up and stayed with Grace, but went over to Elizabeth's every morning and stayed until that precious baby was put to bed. They were living with Mrs. Dobbs at that time. This little girl kept her mother quite busy. A mother's duty comes first.

Now to go back to the war records. Grace gave up her front room, second floor. Here they made surgical dressings. Grace was Red Cross Supervisor for Prince George's County. She did a big work and half of the time she had no servant to help.

Etta, in addition to nursing, spent every afternoon by the railroad tracks at Union Station in Baltimore, meeting all troop trains and giving first aid to the men going overseas, many of whom never came back. This was volunteer service. Then she was appointed to take charge of the Red Cross hospital at the station. After the war she went to different camps as hostess; first Holabird and Lee. When the latter broke up she was transferred with the 62nd and 43rd to Fort Meade, where she remained until August 1922. She re-signed and came home.

Anne was here all summer (1917). Our men began to go overseas very early in the summer. The year was full of dread and heartache. All of the boys who came here on those happy house parties went over or were in camp here. Aunt Lizzie, Louise, Eva, and I were here alone most of the time. Wesley lived up in the tenant house, a big rascal but he took good care of us through that terrible winter. Emma's little girl, Elizabeth, was born in June of this year.

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In the margin: Both phone and cellar in this year.

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All were home for Christmas. I feel that the first shadow that ever fell across our bright sunlit Christmas days came this year. Though we had a nice Christmas and Dad did his share, as he always did, he was happy because he did not know of or see the worry I had. They all came in Grace's big Cadillac. She bought it to accommodate the family and the car certainly proved its capacity to do this at all times. Manning Leffer came down for Christmas day. We had a large tree as usual for the children, Dawson, Anne, and dear little Betty, just not quite one year old.

Elizabeth said Betty cried all the way home. This was the time Ashcom tells Betty of. He tells her that he "saved her life because her mother was going to throw her out of the car." She has been amused by this often. She was a darling baby.

My poor Baby was unhappy on Christmas for the first time in her life. Kenneth went home to be with his mother. I do not blame him for that. Neither does she now.

Daddy remained after Christmas, but it turned so cold the day

before New Year's, that he went up on the boat because ice was forming so rapidly. We never saw the boat again until the 17th of February. The river was frozen solid for weeks. Aunt Lizzie, Louise, Eva, and I were here alone all those weeks, except Wesley, the man who lived up at the tenant house, came to make fires and wait upon us. You all don't know what we went through. Aunt Lizzie, old as she was, was brave and cheerful. Louise and I protected her from the cold in every way possible. We all slept in my room, which had the two beds and a cot for Eva, who was a bright, happy child, and very helpful.

This winter I can not pass without giving credit to the one who went through it with me, cooking in a room where the water stood frozen on the table three feet from the stove; shut in by ice and snow; seeing no living faces except our own and Wesley for two months; and never once in all that time did you, Baby, give evidence, by word or look, that you were unhappy, tired, or wished anything except to do just what you did do, help me in everything, cheer and make the days brighter, even under such circumstances, for me and one who never forgot it, and has now passed on. We had cozy little suppers around the stove in here, and called the stove (the air-tight) our 'parlor cook.'

But this all ended at last; the ice broke up. With it went the wharf and the two beacons. Mr. Northern brought Dad across the river from Benedict on the 1st of March, 1918.

I got Clarence and John Mason to begin digging a cellar. I had looked forward to this for so long.

In March the weather improved. Louise went for a visit to Grace's and while I know her heart was yearning to see Kenneth, she was so sweet about leaving me, and got me a cook, Mary Hite, before she left.

Emma brought her baby to see me. A pretty baby. Anne was here, darling baby. I cut my roses. They were all dead to the ground, but I had lovely roses in June.

After Louise came back I went to Hyattsville in the later part of March. Elizabeth and dear little Betty came back with me for Easter. Kenneth was here to see Louise. Oh, how I did enjoy that baby. I was so sorry when Elizabeth left. She was so lovely to me.

About the first of May Louise went for another little visit, because she thought Kenneth might be going away. In four days Grace and Tom brought her back and told me it was arranged that Kenneth and Louise were to be married on the eighth. (This was the fourth) I scarcely know how I got through this, putting things in order to go. Emma came to stay with Aunt Lizzie, who was sick at the thought of Louise "leaving home and not coming home to live anymore."

Monday Elizabeth, Louise, and I shopped. Tuesday I took care of Betty. Grace and I put the house in order, since Grace gave Louise a reception that night. Wednesday, the 8th of May, they were married, Kenneth and Louise, at Pinkney Memorial. The church was beautifully

decorated. Ethel was Maid of Honor, Anne a most adorable flower girl. They left on the noon train.

Miss Gourley Weds K. F. Brooks, Jr.

Hyattsville, Md., May 8 --- A beautiful wedding took place this morning in Pinkney Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church, when Miss Sara Louise Gourley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Biscoe Gourley, of Holland Point, Calvert County, became the bride of Kenneth Fuller Brooks, son of the late Thomas R. Brooks and Mrs. Nellie Fuller Brooks of this place.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles E. McAllister, rector of St. Matthews Parish. Miss M. Ethel Gwynn, of Baltimore, was maid of honor and Thomas R. Brooks, brother of the groom, best man. Little Miss Anne Ashcom Reeder, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. James Dawson Reeder, of Baltimore, and niece of the bride, was flower girl.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a gown of white Georgette crepe with a picture hat to match and carried lilies of the valley.

The ushers were Dwight B. Galt, brother-in-law of the bride, and Edward A. Fuller, Jr., nephew of the groom.

I came home the next day to a house where there were no daughters to meet me. She was my Baby. I do not love her anymore than any of you girls, but she was Baby to Dad and me and our last to leave us. We felt it very deeply. Poor Aunt Lizzie looked so white and I knew how she felt about not seeing Louise married. I just forgot myself in trying to amuse her by telling all about the wedding, but we were alone and it was very hard to forget that all were now gone. There were no 'little girlies' to come running back from a visit. Yet as the weeks went by I kept busy and the day came (23rd of May, after their trip) when Grace and Tom (always Grace and Tom to bring my dear ones home) brought Kenneth and Louise for the week-end. What a lovely visit we had.

Then Elizabeth, Dwight, and Betty came. They were here over the 4th. Louise, Grace, Tom, Etta, and Mr. Porter were all here. We made quite a ceremony of raising the flag, the one Ashcom sent me from Nashville, Tennessee. Elizabeth played The Star Spangled Banner. I raised the flag and I think we all shed some tears. I know Mr. Porter did, and said he "was not ashamed of it." At that time the fighting was terrific in France and we all felt thrilled to see our flag flying in the breeze. I love it. The only flag!

Grace and Tom stayed two weeks. First time in years. Louise went to Norfolk. Kenneth is stationed there. Louise came back in September. She and Cary stayed while I went to Baltimore. Cary called me on the telephone while Dad and I were at her home. It was the first

time the phone was used. It was put in that day, September 13th, 1918. It was a joy to have that means of communications with the children.

I went to Braddock Heights for ten days. I enjoyed it, as I have always enjoyed the mountains. All of them came home quite often this autumn. Elizabeth made me a lovely visit. I did enjoy every moment, she and Betty. While she was here the Armistice was signed. The boys were ordered to stop firing. The world went wild. There was rejoicing throughout the world.

Grace was worn out with all of her work, besides house and cooking. She looked very badly. She and Tom came home. He too was tired out. The flu had been terrible. Ashcom and Louise came with them. Dawson at this time was very ill. Cary sent Anne home. Tom went for her and brought her down from the District Line.

Ashcom left, went to Wilmington. The war was over but the colonel sent him up there until further orders. Cary brought Dawson home on the boat. He was very weak and looked badly. I was so glad to get him home. Aunt Lizzie was taken ill the day after he came. Mary Hite carried her upstairs. Those few weeks were strenuous ones. I was having hogs killed, the plastering was all down in the breakfast room, and no cook except a girl who knew nothing. How I did miss Louise. Cake to make all alone, because all came home, and all preparations to make. Sallie Gourley came the day before Christmas. She was so helpful. Louise went to New York to be with Kenneth, who was at Pelham Bay.

We had as nice a Christmas as was possible. Aunt Lizzie was in bed quite sick. All left the day after Christmas except Dawson, Cary, and children. Dad, to our delight, had a holiday. I had no cook, but Dawson said he enjoyed my cooking. Dad, Dawson, and Cary had a gay time playing cards every night. They stayed until the middle of January. Your father stayed the month of January. We had such a cozy time. Aunt Lizzie was able to come downstairs. She seemed very bright and much better. The last of January, on the 30th, Louise came home and insisted upon me going up to Grace's for a rest. She and Emma would take care of Aunt Lizzie.

So I went up on Friday. Fowler took me to Owings Station. Sunday morning Kenneth called Grace. Aunt Lizzie had died. It was a dreadful shock to me. I had left her standing at the window in the sitting room, seemingly comfortable. I was so glad Kenneth was there. He got his release from the Navy and came down from New York Friday. He came right on down, so was with Louise. Aunt Lizzie had been so anxious to see Louise and Kenneth, since they were not here at Christmas. It seemed strange that they should get here just in time to spend a nice evening with her Saturday evening.

We all came right down Sunday. Mrs. Bowen had taken care of everything. I don't know what Louise would have done without her. Aunt Lizzie was buried on Monday at St. Paul's Church yard. I missed her terribly. She had been with me since 1894. Her unself-ishness, her ever-thoughtful consideration of me, her devotion to Dad and the

little children, whom she clothed for years at much sacrifice. She was good to all of you, and loved you all, but Louise was a baby when she came here and Lorena only four years old, both babies to her, as to me. Four years now; I have missed her. So has Dad. She was always here when I went out. She greeted me when I came. If it was cold she was ever ready to do something; push a chair near the fire.

When I went away her welcome at my return was so sincere in her expression, "So glad to see you back home." I missed that.

Louise stayed with me a while, then I went up to Grace's for several weeks. When I came back it was indeed lonely, just Eva, sometimes a cook in the kitchen. I had Helen and Herman a while. She was a poor cook, but very considerate of me. The days your father came were red letter days. How I watched for the boat in the early mornings. Half a day in the middle of the week seemed so short. Then I began to look toward Sunday. That day and our quiet evening. I read a great deal to him. When the spring came and the flowers began to come up in the garden, Dad and I spent a part of the time in the garden. When the flowers bloomed he would take basketsfull every boat day. We gathered them together. You know how he loves that garden.

In May, Cary let that precious Anne come stay with me. What a pleasure she was to me, bless her heart. She and "Dada" certainly do have a time, but he loves her just the same. She is an imp, but a dear one, and always will be.

Anne stayed until late September. Summer passed as usual. I had very little help. Eva and I often alone, got along until the girls began to come, then I got someone. Louise kept house for Grace as she had begun to do early in the winter of 1919. She went on with it. Elizabeth and Dwight bought a sweet house in Riverdale. It was a long time before I got up there, as I was so tied down this year, having no one to leave to care for the house. The last of November they persuaded me to go to Hyattsville. Laura Willis had been here for several weeks. Etta came down to help close the house. I said nothing but it just nearly broke my heart to shut up the dear old rooms, close shutters, and go away, I knew until after Christmas. Fowler came to stay in the breakfast room and kitchen.

So with heavy heart I left my home, knowing Dad would miss me on Sunday, the day the boat came, when he would be here. But I could not get any help. Eva and I were so much alone. He and they thought it was best for me to go. The week before Christmas, Louise and I came home. If you read this, Baby, you will remember. Kenneth and Tom took us to the District Line for the evening train. It was then dark. The ground was covered with snow. Mr. Buckler met us at Owings Station in his old Ford car. We got home about nine o'clock. Can you remember that ride over the frozen snow in that old touring car, Baby? Yet as with all other things, we just made the best of it. We laughed and talked. When we got here, Fowler had made a nice warm room, the breakfast room, and then he "lighted us up" to my room, so nice and warm. You, Eva, and I slept in the old room and were comfortable.

Next morning you got breakfast with Eva while I did some straightening up. I had the hogs killed; had someone to help that day, but you and I, Baby, did most of the work. We cut up the lard, made the sausage and scrapple. We got everything done and cleaned up, left for Hyattsville on Saturday. We were home one week and we left here with sausage, scrapple, and poultry. We left Clarence and his wife in the house. (disastrous thing it was!)

We had Christmas at Grace's, as Tom said Elizabeth could not take that ride home. Grace had the whole family. We had a lovely Christmas, but Daddy and I thought of the dark rooms at home which had always been so bright and full of joyous Christmas spirit for so many years.

Grace and Tom had a wonderful dinner, with all of the children, Daddy and me, three dear grandchildren, Dawson Reeder, Jr., Anne, and the baby Betty Galt. What a darling little baby girl. Daddy had very little holiday. He had to go back. How glad we will be when he comes home to stay.

I had intended to go home after the holidays but Elizabeth was not very well, so I went up there the second week in January and stayed until the second week in April. Dwight was born the 31st of March. When he was about two weeks old I went to Baltimore and got Mildred. It was a responsibility but so far I believe she will prove a help to Elizabeth. Eva was a great help in the work. Elizabeth was not well and could not get around very much. At times she felt wretched, but in spite of that we spent a very happy winter. I shall always look back with pleasure on the many happy memories. Betty was such a darling to do anything for, and she loved to have me sing, "The Golden Shore."

Dwight's kind thoughtfulness, his praise of everything done for him, I shall never forget. On the bitter cold nights, Eva and I would make a blazing fire when we knew it was time for him to get home. Through ice, snow, and rain, no matter what he had on that walk from the station, he would come in as if he had come in from a world outside of summer temperatures and sunlight. Dad was like that when he was younger, never minding anything he had to do.

When I got home it was nearly May. What I found I just can't recall. I never expect to get to the point of finding what I lost in those four months away. Things are gone! It could not have been prevented and under the circumstances I would do the same thing all over again. Elizabeth needed me and every moment I spent there I gave gladly.

Clarence moved right out!

I got Lou Henson for a while. Ashcom, who was still in the government's employ, went to Hyattsville and Riverdale often this winter of 1920. His visits were such a pleasure to us at Riverdale.

When I got home, I began to set hens and raise chickens. Eva

helped me before and after school. Often I had no one.

Ashcom came home in June and told me he was going to be married. I felt heartsick, for I did not know the girl then. He brought her home for a week-end. Grace brought her down. They were to be married the 9th of July. They came home in August and September. Then he got his discharge from the government.

I learned to like Helen. She possessed what I most admire, a wonderful poise. She spoke beautiful English. I never heard her use a word of slang or express herself carelessly. She was lovely to me and to Daddy, and he was so sweet to her, but whoever comes under the shelter of his roof that he does not extend to them beautiful hospitality.

The girls were home for a while. Helen was here, Cary and Dawson, the children, Grace and Tom.

Ashcom and Helen left the first of October and then I was alone in the house with Eva until Christmas except for my red letter days when Tommie came. I read to him on Sunday mornings while he picked his walnuts and ate his cake.

Before Christmas Etta came down for a while. I went to Baltimore to get a man to stay here since we were going to be away again. I got a man, Paul Williams.

We got through the hogs, Eva and Tommie and I closed the big part of the house, and Eva and I went with Mr. Buckler to Owings Station and took the train to the District Line, from there to Baltimore on the B&O. It was raining hard when we got to Cary's and I felt worn out and heartsick leaving home. I will never forget going in the front door and meeting Dawson seeming so glad to see me. I went upstairs and found Cary in the kitchen. My dear, when you read this, if you ever do, I want to tell you that you had no idea what it meant to me when you turned around and saw me standing in the doorway, and you said, "Oh, Mother, I am so glad to see you." You put your arms around me, oh dear, you just don't know how tired I was. I had worked so hard, no cook, closing the dear, dear home, the long trip and the cold rain, to arrive in the light, warmth, and to a lovely welcome. I will never forget it.

We had a busy, but such a nice evening. The next day, Christmas Eve, I went downtown to shop with Eva. That night we all helped with the tree in the back room, where I slept. Then Christmas Day they all came to dinner. Grace, Tom, Elizabeth, Dwight, Betty, and the dear baby, little Dwight, just nine months old. Louise and Kenneth, Ashcom and Helen all came from Washington. Lorena came from New York. Dad and I made quite a big party.

Ashcom, Helen, and Lorena went back to New York. The others all went back home. Cary and Dawson went to New York on the Tuesday after Christmas. I took the children over to Riverdale. Cary and Dawson came back on New Year's Eve. We went to Elizabeth's for New

Year's Dinner.

[Before Cary and Dawson left for New York, they put Eva on the train to go to her brother in Painesville, Ohio for a visit. She did not come back. I felt shocked at first. I had gotten to depend on her. I had no one else with me except the servants and sometimes no one. She was a great help, and a good child. She was with me six years. I do not blame her. She has a comfortable home with her own people. I hope she will be happy.]

Tommie could not come over but wrote me a nice letter on the 5th of January. We have been married forty-five years. We have had cares, responsibilities, much hard work, but we feel no regret for the step taken that day in 1876. I hope we may celebrate our golden wedding anniversary.

In February I went to New York. (Ashcom called and said Lorena was not well.) "She looked very badly." Helen came to meet me. She and her mother took me to the Capital Theater. It was wonderful. Then they took me to tea at some lovely place. (Lorena better, so I went back.)

When I got back to Baltimore I went to the "Home" to get another girl. They promised me one when I left home, so when I came back I brought Silvia Meissinger with me as far as Grace's.

Life has changed very much. Here we are, Dad and I, alone as we started out. All are gone. The house seems so big and empty, no songs or laughter. Oh, I am just seeing things through dull gray glasses. My trip to New York and Lorena's face at parting seems to shut out all sunlight. Well, this won't last. I am not made that way, but just now I cannot "turn my cloud inside out to see the silver lining." Life, after all, is just a game of waiting for something better, being as just, as charitable, as generous as we can. What has it given? A good understanding of humanity, a love of all beautiful things, hard work but a good husband and children. Also a sense of duty, the willingness to perform my duties, and an unwavering faith in God.

When I came home I brought Silvia with me. The man who had taken charge was here. Once during the month of January, I awakened one morning at Elizabeth's and found it to be a lovely day. I was just so homesick I nearly died. I did not say a word to Elizabeth. I called Grace. I said, "Oh, Grace, isn't it a lovely morning?"

We talked for a few minutes and she hung up. In a little while the phone rang. It was Grace. "Momma, do you want to go home?"

I could hardly say a word. She said Tom says he knows you are homesick. I said, "Oh, Grace, Dad is to be home today. I just want to see him so badly and see home."

"Get ready. Tom has one patient and then we will come for you."

How lovely they have always been to me, and to all of you girls and Ashcom. When ever we need them they are ready to help.

We came down. Grace, you remember. The white hens were on the lawn, the yellow jasmine was in bloom by the garden gate (January). Woogie ran out to meet us. Althea too. Dad was taking a nap, but came out when Paul called him, and I just put my arms around him and cried. I told him I "wanted to stay home."

"No. Not until we can get someone. You would be here alone," he said. "I only come home occasionally. Paul looks out for me."

I hated to leave, but I knew he was right. Oh, Grace, how I did appreciate you and Tom giving me that pleasure. You can never know what it meant to me. We went back that evening.

Before I came home we went to Camp Meade to see Etta. She had gone to Baltimore. What a desolate country that is. We saw a good many men in uniform. It still looks like war time.

When I got home in March, 1921, I got Lou Henson to help me. Paul Williams was still here. We began to look about and watch the paper in hopes of getting a man and woman. At last Ashcom saw an ad in the Sun. He followed it up and sent me Sam Carter and his wife. They are the greatest comfort I have had in years. We had a fine garden this summer and the yard was kept in such nice condition. My roses are a joy.

The girls came quite often during the spring and summer. Little Kenneth was born July 9th. (This is an error. July 12th is the correct date.) My Baby, it seems very strange for her to have a little boy of her own. She came home and brought him to see us when he was not quite two months old. A darling baby. Louise and Kenneth looked so happy.

Helen and Ben Hance, Jennie and her husband came over and brought their babies to see Louise. She stayed a while, then went back home. The work which has occupied my thoughts for so many years was begun on August 4th. They all thought I was going to ruin the old house, but after it was completed! September the 4th Mr. Dorsey left and what comfort we had. Dad said, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I am satisfied it will be all right," and he was delighted with the improvements.

Grace and Tom came for week-ends several times. It was so nice to have a good cook, Lee, when they came. So often in the last two or three years when they have come Louise and Grace have put on their aprons and gone right in the kitchen as soon as they got here, and did it all while they were here. It is such a comfort to have Lee and Sam, so willing, so polite always, always glad when any of the family come, and they seem to love all of the children. I will never forget Sam's shining black face and white teeth, showing them all in his happy smile. Being alone so much I do appreciate the kind

consideration of these wonderful negroes.

Helen also came for a visit in September. I enjoyed her very much. She worked in the roses and sprayed them all. Consequently giving me an abundance of blooms later on.

The cold weather came on, hog killing was over, and we began to, Lee and I, to get ready for Christmas. We were to stay home. Oh, how glad Tommie and I were. I had a very busy autumn. After the house improvements were completed I had a great deal of painting. I could not get anyone to finish it. I painted the back stairway, also the doors. Then we had curtains to put up, and we upholstered several chairs. So Christmas found me kind of tired, but Lee and I got the house in order, made cake, and decorated the house. Christmas Eve found us all ready, and we had a nice supper ready.

Dwight called from somewhere up the road, so we had everything ready for them. I will ever recall them all coming in that happy Christmas Eve night. Grace and Tom, Dwight and Elizabeth with their dear babies, Kenneth and Louise with their Baby Boy. They all came into the room with its blazing fire. The children were all bundled up. We sat down and unwrapped them, blinking eyes and rosy cheeks.

Ashcom and Helen, Dawson and Cary and the children came with Dad on the boat next morning early. Also Etta. Lorena came with Tom. What a wonderful evening we had. Soon the children were asleep and the tree was brought in and all had a happy time trimming it. Stockings were filled, and so were the grown-ups, for you all know how your father provides for Christmas. No matter how lean the year, Christmas has been a time for feasting. "Christmas only comes once a year, Mama," he always says, and the abundance of supply comes.

What a wonderful day we had. Lee cooked a marvelous dinner and Emma served it. All of the children were very glad to see her here again. I know you can all see that table. We set it with one end to the double doors, which were open. The children sat in the other room (the parlor). In my imagination I can see you all as you sat that day on each side, Dad smiling and happy at the foot of the table, while his oldest son carved the turkey. Nineteen of us in all. Such a happy, happy day. Dad and I were always so happy to have you all, but having been away two Christmas Days made us appreciate this one more.

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Added at the top of the page. "January, 1926: I little thought when I wrote this page it would be the last Christmas we all would spend at Holland Point together.

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All left the next morning, then Lee, Silvia, and I, Dad and Sam helping, put the house in order to close. We were leaving for Baltimore, and Sam and Lee were going home for a visit. I left Silvia up at the house with Emma. Dad and I went to Cary's for New Year's Day. I hated more than ever to leave home.

One thing I have not mentioned regarding the improvements. Of course everything done has added comfort. You all agree, but the one thing which has given your father and me more pleasure than anything is the dear little room always called the Breakfast Room. With my nice rag rug on the floor, our desk between the windows, the big couch against the wall next to the kitchen, our dear little mahogany table in the center of the room, Dad's big easy chair, my chair, pretty curtains and pictures, we loved this room from the day it was done. Dad never comes down the steps in the morning without stopping to look down at the breakfast table and saying, "How nice it looks."

We spend our mornings here, the day the boat is in, except when it is fit to go into the garden, and Sunday evenings are so cozy. I read while he picks his walnuts. I read whatever he wants to hear. Then Lee comes in to see about breakfast, and when it is cold Sam fixes the fire, and they bid us goodnight. I could not finish this year of 1921-22 without speaking of how much pleasure we have realized in this sweet room. And it is nice to be near the kitchen, being so much alone, just Silvia when Dad is not here.

We went to Cary's for New Year's, 1922. She invited some friends in the afternoon. We enjoyed seeing them, particularly Hal Bond. He came about four o'clock and stayed until nine. The girls teased him about going to a reception and spending the whole evening, but he didn't care. We never saw him after that. He died that year.

After New Year's I took Tommie shopping, as he said, "Unbeknownst to himself." Got some new underwear and a new bag to carry his clothes on the boat. We had such a nice time. Then he went back aboard the boat and I hope sincerely it is the last year and he can rest always at home.

We had a very pleasant week at Cary's. I went to see Laura Willis and Rose. Mrs. Reeder gave a lovely dinner. Cary and her family, Ashcom and I went. We all enjoyed the evening very much. I did wish for Tommie. We have very little of the pleasure of going around together. After I went home I found I was not very strong. Something happened to me. Etta called one morning about eight o'clock and because I had not been downstairs she at once called Dr. King and sent him down. Wasn't that like Etta! Dear child, always thinking of Mother.

Dr. King examined me and called Tom. He and Grace came down that evening. I was distressed that I would not be able to work in my garden, but I found Tom and Dr. King were right. I could not without much suffering. All this year I have been deprived of one of my greatest pleasures, working with my flowers. Maybe next year I will be stronger.

The girls came very often. Kenny was getting to be a big baby and so sweet. Elizabeth's children were growing by the day. Cary came for August as usual. Anne is growing so pretty. Dawson a big boy now and such a good boy. Ashcom came home several times from Baltimore. Poor boy, he had such troubles and any trouble my children

have is mine. I may not say much, but I feel it just as much as persons who express a great deal.

We had some trouble also about Sylvia through no fault of hers, but I will not record it. I think if disagreeable things are not recorded upon your memory, time will erase them, which is the best thing to do always. What a fog of disagreeableness we would wade through if we kept in mind the little irritating things we daily meet with. They are many.

Being always busy, the autumn days passed quickly. Sylvia was in school all day and I was alone except when Lee or Sam came in to consult with me about something. I was out in the garden a great deal. Sam was wonderful with the hog killing and lard. We had such a nice lot too.

Then we got ready to go away again. This was hard for us, but best. The children have the same right to have their Christmas in their own homes, the little ones growing up with their thoughts and memories of Christmas twined around their own firesides with Mother and Father the ruling spirits.

I have realized this for sometime. Cary made many sacrifices to come home and it is not right. Dear Cary.

Tommie and I got ready to leave. We left on the 22nd of December. I went across the river on the boat with Tommie. Grace and Tom met me at Benedict. I went home with them. I hated to leave Tommie. I knew he would have a hard trip, and he dreaded this Christmas trip. Sylvia went to Cary's.

Tommie came over to Grace's on Saturday. We went to Elizabeth's for Christmas dinner. We had a wonderful time with the children. The others all came up Christmas night, so we had a lovely evening as we always do when we have our children around us, yet the happy Holland Point Christmas Days, I am afraid, are over. The children had such happy times around their own tree, and so many nice presents. We have had ours, dear Tommie, have we not? And a wonderful lot of happy days too, to look back upon.

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Added at the top of the page: "I wish we had not gone away for Christmas ever again."
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After the holidays I visited the girls for a time (Grace Elizabeth and Louise in Hyattsville), and then was talking of returning home. Before I left Grace took me into town. (Washington) The girls went with us. Tom wanted me to have a new coat. I expect mine did not look so stylish, yet I had thought very little about it. I knew I could not afford one, consequently that settled it with me.

But Tom wanted me to have a new coat. Grace took Elizabeth with us because Grace thinks Elizabeth's judgement worth something

when one goes shopping. I do too. So we got the coat. Elizabeth superintended the fitting. I did look quite fine.

Then Etta wrote me that she thought Lorena was not very well. When she was there (Etta, in New York) Lorena's blood pressure was very low. So I wrote to Laura Taylor, asking her to meet me, with Lorena, and, if convenient, I would stay with her (Laura) for a few days.

Looking over my diary I find it was on February 6th we had that terrible snow storm. Traffic was suspended. Trolley cars did not run into Washington from the suburbs. A large moving picture house (the Knickerbocker at 18th and Columbia Road, N.W.) collapsed killing a number of people. I was staying with Elizabeth at that time. It was a storm to remember.

After the middle of February I went to New York. Grace took me to the Union Station. Elizabeth, Louise and the children went with us. It was a perfect day. I said to Grace when I got in the car it was much too warm for my new fur coat. She said, "But you may need it before you get back."

I have often looked back at that day nearly a year ago and thought how happy I was, so proud to have my dear lovely girls and their children with me. I wonder sometimes how anyone can feel as really joyous as I did that day going on a trip which ended as the girls said, "so disastrously." Yet no shadow crossed my vision.

A bride and groom came on at Union Station in Baltimore. I enjoyed seeing their happy faces. When we were getting ready to leave the train in New York he was helping her with her coat. I extended my hand and told her I want to wish them both a very happy life. They seemed very pleased. I said, "I have been married for 47 years. I hope if you both live so long you will be as happy and as well satisfied with each other as we are, my husband and I."

When I arrived in New York Laura Taylor met me. She has always seemed devoted to me, and I was glad to see her. She did not tell me why Lorena did not come to meet me until I got to her house. Then I found that Lorena had been sick in bed. We went to see her that evening.

Just one week later I was taken ill. Tom and Etta --- God bless them --- came as soon as Lorena called. I only recall Tom coming into the room and saying, "What do you want to do, go home?" and all thought or care seemed to shift away when he said, "You shall go."

I remember nothing of the trip. I know only that an ambulance took me to the Pennsylvania Station, one met me in Washington and took me to Tom and Grace's. Grace and Louise had everything ready for me. I don't remember very much of the days that followed, but I know my dear children and the boys always seemed to be about. How lovely they all were to me, and I never really knew I had been very ill until I got ready to finally come home. Tom said I was to go to Baltimore

on the train with Etta, then go to the boat, and go to bed.

Oh, those long months after I came home, when Ashcom walked every step with me. He remembers twice I went alone to the poultry house and fell down. What would I have done without him, here alone with none of my children, Dad away, if Ashcom had not been here.

Elizabeth sent Beckie Chase and Perry. The latter was no good here, but Beckie helped to bring me back to be some use. I will never forget Elizabeth sending her or forget what Beckie did for me. Sylvia left in the fall. I miss her in everything. She had her faults, but she was faithful to me. Lorena came home for Christmas.

Christmas of 1923 is something I cannot write of. All of the happy Christmas days I have written of. This one, to Dad and me, was too miserable to refer to. We came home New Year's Day. Kenneth brought us to Benedict, Lorena, Tommie, and me. We crossed the river just in time to escape the wind. A storm was brewing. Kenneth did get home before it struck. Bitter cold and snow. Since he had left Hyattsville the day after Christmas, Ashcom met us. Beckie had the house so nice and comfortable. But I was so unhappy that for once I felt no joy in getting home.

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At the top of the page: "I am writing this in 1926."
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Tommie put his hand on my shoulder, tears came to his eyes, and he said, "Mother, we will stay home hereafter for Christmas."

I said, "Yes."

The winter of 1924 was a most unhappy one. I could not adjust my mind to the conditions existing in the family. Dad talked to me when we were alone, always the same. "Don't worry, Mother, surely this can't last. They are sisters. 'It' will be all right. After a while they will come together."

"I hope so. I hope so."

The winter passed. Lorena was a treasure. No time was I well. A whole year, yet not strong, and the conditions existing have kept me from being able to make the effort. Elizabeth is blaming me for something. I have no idea what. I am innocent of doing, or thinking, anything to cause this. It seems I can never get over Christmas Day, 1923.

I bought a little dog in October, 1924. I called him Tinker. He is so cute. Lorena loves him. A tiny little puppy, fox terrier.

Two whole years have passed. I have written nothing and kept no diary. I remember so little of 1924, this unhappy year. I know that Beckie stayed until spring. I can't remember who I got.

Dad's first year home. We had looked forward to it with

pleasure for years. Yet we, he and I, could not shake off the trouble between the children. He enjoyed working about among the chickens with Ashcom. He and I would work around among the flowers (I could lift so little). In the garden we were happier than anyplace. He still loves to gather the flowers. Oh, the baskets and baskets we have cut for him to take to the office in Baltimore. Such pleasure it was for him to carry lovely flowers to those who had none.

His health has improved so much. Being out of doors fussing about the chickens with Ashcom, and all sorts of things. He was interested in all sorts of things, as I am. Our interests were the same, each thing we planted. He brought most things here, many given to him, and he delighted to bring any plants, flowers, tree or shrub, and put them where they lived and grew. And when they bloomed he would come tell me as if I had not seen them. Often I have to go out to see something I have seen many times, for it is the pleasure of life to enjoy things with one who loves them as you do.

We get good prices for the eggs. Lorena, bless her dear heart, packed hundreds for shipment. Dad was very happy to see all those eggs day after day. He felt we were making a living. (Oh dear. Oh dear.)

The year slipped by. Christmas came. We were of course to stay at home. And oh, the heartache caused by the remembrance. Elizabeth and her family remained at home, as did Louise and Kenneth. Well, that's all right. Their children should grow up around their own fireside at Christmas. Their stockings, like our children's, should hang over their own fireplace around which memories will cling in after years. We have lived our life, such a full life, and so happy until the past year.

Grace, Tom, and Etta were to come for Christmas. When I heard the car stop we went to open the hall door and who should burst in the door on us but those blessed Reeder children. How glad I was that we were going to have some children for Christmas after all.

Then in came Dawson and Cary, with Tom, Grace, and Etta. We had a very nice Christmas with dinner in the old dining room, which pleased the girls very much. Lorena and Ashcom were here, of course. Oh, if we could all have been together as in the past, in love and peace, for it was Tommie's last Christmas with us. He missed, as I did, all those who were not here, and felt the shadow of the trouble between the family.

Any of them would have done anything for their father, I know, but could not forget the things that had happened between them, could not put aside the petty things which hurt them, cease from criticism, and forget all disagreeableness, remembering the same blood flowed in their veins, humbly asking God to clear their hearts of all resentment and make their dear father happy that he might know, even though not coming for Christmas, there was no trouble between our dear children.

It just seems impossible to write of this year, a year which

here at home began so peacefully, Tommie so well, having improved steadily. Even on cold days he would busy around with something, in the evening sitting here in his chair. I seem to still see him as I would look up even when he did not speak we could just smile. He looked so content, so at rest in his corner. Sometimes I read to him, not as much as when we used to be alone.

He got a cold in February. We thought it was a cold until Tom came down and said, "Dad has whooping cough."

For the first time I thought Tom was mistaken, but as time went by, weeks and weeks of that terrible wracking cough, I found he was right. All through the spring I never slept a night until he was asleep. Oh, My Lord, I can never get over seeing him cough and cough and I could do nothing to stop it.

Toward the latter part of May he insisted on me going to the girls for a little visit. I was very weak and worn out from loss of sleep. He seemed much better, coughing very little. So I went up on the train. I got to the District Line about 8 a.m. Dwight and those two dear children were there to meet me. I so often have thought of that lovely morning, getting to Elizabeth's; everything so lovely. The breakfast table was so sweet and attractive, a big bowl of Sweet Williams in the center of the table.

I had such a restful visit and came back much stronger, but if I had dreamed of what the next few months held I would never have gone away for a day. He looked badly when I came back and from that time I gave to him --- I am so thankful to remember --- every hour, every attention, although I did not know then that anything serious was the matter.

The sultry summer days dragged out to the cooler days of autumn. Emma was with us all summer. I don't know what I should have done without her in the kitchen. We looked forward to lovely October days, but they never came. I have in all my life never seen such an October, cool, rainy, disagreeable all through. Tommie with Edward gathered the apples and pears, then the nuts.

I was constantly after him about doing things to tax his strength, but nothing could stop him. His energy never lessened with his strength. We spent pleasant evenings after we came in off the porch, which was late, quite cool, because he wanted to sit out there.

Then as November came I became terribly depressed. He was no worse, seemed all right, but I could not shake off the feelings. One day he came into the sitting room. I was at the window, crying. He said, "Ashcom sent me in."

I said, "Yes, I have been so worried about your being out, Tommie. It is getting cold."

"Why, what is the matter, Mother? You are crying."

I said, "I just don't know. I feel terribly depressed. I have been for days."

He talked to me, as he always did if I had worry, but I could not see ahead.

On the seventh of November Elizabeth, Dwight, and the children came. We had such a nice week-end. I was so run down Elizabeth stayed with me. Dad did not seem to be feeling badly. He was going about doing things with Ashcom, and I watched him that he did not over-tax his strength.

We enjoyed Elizabeth. She was busy all week fixing up things as I had not been able to do anything and Martha was old. So Elizabeth put the house in such nice order.

Friday afternoon, the 13th, Dwight came, and after supper they left. I hated to see them go. We had such a nice week. Elizabeth was so lovely. She gave me things to build me up and I felt like a different person. That evening Dad, Ashcom, and I sat and talked. We had a pleasant evening.

Saturday, the 14th, Grace and Tom came. She came home to spend her birthday, Sunday, the 15th. We had such a lovely evening. Dad, Tom, Ashcom, Grace, and I. Tommie kept the boys in peals of laughter, but after we all went up he had a coughing spell and a heart attack. Grace called Tom in. He gave him something and we went to bed. Oh Lord, I often wonder why I did not realize what was wrong. I did not know then it was his heart. In all my life I had never seen anyone with an attack of the heart, so I had no idea what was the matter.

We talked a while. I had for months helped him getting ready for bed, so to me there was nothing unusual. I wish they had told me.

The next morning Grace and I were in the breakfast room when he came down. He stopped on the stairs as he always did, to look around. He loved that little room with the table set. I said, "How do you feel?"

"Fine as silk," he said.

I did not know Tom had given him something to make him sleep all that time. It was ten o'clock.

Grace and I got his breakfast, and how he enjoyed having them to that birthday dinner! Such a nice day it was. Everything connected with those days comes back to me. Grace and Tom left after supper. He was sitting by the window when they went out. I went and stood by him, talking about the car, what a nice, big, closed car it was. I said, "Would you like to have gone with them?"

"Not for twenty-five dollars would I go out tonight."

We watched the car go out. Both of us waved to them. Then we sat and talked. Oh, how little we know of the future, yet if Ashcom and I had known that this would be the last evening we would ever sit in this dear old room with him, we would have been utterly miserable. We had a nice hour, and all, he, Ashcom, and I, went up together. I gave him a tablet Tom had left and we went to bed. We did not dream of anything happening.

The next morning, Monday the 16th, I did not awaken him. I had not awakened him for a long time. He would get up, dress, come down, and I would fix his breakfast. He seemed very bright.

(Oh, I just can't understand yet why he should have been taken and not me.)

They all came. It was like a dream. I did not realize he was going. I suppose it was God's merciful kindness which kept me blind to the realness of it all. But one thing stands out, that in his last really conscious moments he talked to me and when I said I was sorry to give him such a bitter dose (digitalis) he raised his arms, put them around me, held me close and kissed me, and the last words he spoke the morning he left us were, "Etta, Etta." He called me twice.

So in our parting until eternity, in his last consciousness, as in all of the fifty years of our lives, an instant response to "I am sorry." All forgotten.

To say we never had misunderstandings, little upset conditions; no human beings ever lived so long without some troubles, yet never anything that was not cleared up, wiped out, forgotten, before we went to sleep. I could have held nothing against him and gone to sleep. And years have convinced me that he could not have gone to sleep without feeling that everything was understood. I am glad to remember the faith I had in him, absolutely, and he relied upon me to do my duty always to him and you children.

This is 1929. I have torn out some leaves because after writing them and reading over what I had written, I did not want to leave a record so unlike I feel after a day or two. I wrote the pages which are gone on a day when I had no perspective, a funny thing for me. The clouds of depression seemed to shut me in.

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These are the pages that were enclosed: 1926, 1927, 1928
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When I tore out the leaves of several years it was because I was disgusted at my pessimistic attitude toward life, and overly depressed, and being deeply hurt by many things, being found fault with in and about things (he always seemed to think were all right).

I was heartsick over failure of what I thought we would succeed

in, our poultry. We lost so much. At my age it did seem pretty bad. I could not see how we could ever pay the interest and the taxes. When one of them, knowing this, suggested all help me (I knew nothing of this) Tom and Kenneth took as their part the interest and taxes, "to relieve you of the greatest responsibility," they said. And they have attended to this matter promptly and made me feel that it was nothing to what Home meant to them. Could I have remained here?

There is not one of you who would not be just as glad to have done this, to have kept me in this dear old home, and you have all come and had happy restful days in this place, which we could not have kept. There is no way around that. I could not have paid the interest or taxes. They have, and I know the sacrifice one made to do this. They do not know that I know what sacrifice they made, but I want you who read this, if you are the ones, to know that I knew. And never once have I been made to feel for one moment that it was not an easy thing to do and gave them pleasure.

Lorena went back to New York in February, 1926, the winter after Tommie left me, and for the first time in my life I knew what real loneliness was. I don't know what I would have done those short, dark, dreary days if it had not been for Jane (Miss Tongue). She was lovely to me. There was no one here but Jane and Ashcom and servants. Missing Tommie every hour, trying to think he was "just away," but the boat to bring him never came in. Oh, how lonely waiting for someone who was never to come.

Grace made me go to Hyattsville for Christmas in 1925. I did not want to go, but I knew it was best. I went up to Owings Station and stopped at the churchyard on the way to leave evergreens on the graves. I hated to leave. He had always made our Christmas. I spent that day with Grace and Tom. Ashcom and Lorena came up but left the day after. It was bitterly cold.

I spent New Year's Day with Elizabeth, then came home. The winter of losses and loneliness began but it passed as all things do. I sprained my ankle on the first of June and was unable to walk for some time. Louise came (after Grace took care of me for several days) and stayed until after the Fourth of July. Since my cook had left, she kept house for me.

Lorena and Stuart came for the Fourth. She was engaged to Stuart.

I was determined to have all of my children at home on Thanksgiving. I had had such heartache and I just wanted this, so they came, and oh, how happy it made me.

I was very glad to know I could still make all of the cake. This pleasure in anticipating and looking back upon this holiday helped me through the gloomy days of November, which brought sad memories of Tommie's illness.

Then darling Betty came to make me a visit. How glad I was

to have her. She had some trouble with her eyes.

About one week before Christmas of 1926 I was taken quite ill. Dr. King came, but I got so much worse Ashcom called Tom. They came down in a terrible snow storm. I don't know much of that week. Etta came, Tom and Grace went. She had one day to get ready for Christmas. They brought Lorena with them Christmas Eve and left Christmas afternoon. I was not able to sit up. Tom gave me \$100.00 to pay my taxes. I had worried so over it that when he gave me that note I could not speak for a while. It meant so much to me. God bless them all, for they all helped me as much as they could.

We struggled along. Ashcom worked for a while with the hens, but our losses were so great we could not make them up. Feed went up so high in price and eggs dropped to twenty-five cents a dozen. We sold all but a few hens.

In the spring of 1927 Etta was married to William Dowell. They came home to live. How glad I am to have her here, but OH!

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Latimer, Johnson avenue, Hyattsville, Md., was the scene of a quiet wedding Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, when the latter's sister, Miss Henrietta Ashcom Gourley, daughter of the late Thomas B. and Mrs. Henrietta A. Gourley of Holland Point, Calvert County, Md., became the bride of Mr. William H. Dowell of Prince Frederick and Sheridan's Point, also in Calvert County, Mr. Dowell is a former State Senator and county treasurer of Calvert County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Henry L. Durant, rector of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Parish of Hyattsville, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Dowell will reside temporarily at the home of the bride's mother, at Holland Point.

The summer came and each of the girls made their visits. Eleanor Brooks came and stayed a long time, also little Dwight. Poor little fellow, he was in a bad condition, Dawson thought. Dwight and Elizabeth left him with me until September. He went home looking like a different boy.

Lorena and Stuart Memhard came for a visit. They were married in the fall of 1927.

Etta, Will, Ashcom, and I went to Cary's for Christmas. Lorena and Stuart were there. Elizabeth did not go because the children had the measles. Louise and Grace were both sick. Grace was very sick. I went there after the holidays. I never knew she was sick until Lorena wrote to me from New York. Then I went over and stayed. Etta, Will, and Ashcom went home right after Christmas Day, not knowing about Grace.

I stayed with Grace until the 11th of March, 1928, when I came

home. I had Thelma Wolfe then, a good for nothing girl. Essie was here.

The year went on. The girls came in their turn. Kenny was operated on for tonsils. On the Fourth of July Laura Taylor and Norman came and stayed until the next day. I was so glad to see them. I have always loved Laura, and I know she was devoted to me. That was the last time I saw her. She died in December of 1931 at Norman's.

This summer was intensely hot, terribly hot. On my birthday, June 20th, Grace, Tom, and the Brooks were here. The table was lovely with candles and flowers. Laura Willis spent some time here this summer. No one came for Thanksgiving. Lorena and Stuart were home during the summer. I can't imagine why she married him.

Grace and Tom came for Christmas in 1928. Frances Hagner, Tom Hagner, Lorena and Stuart were also here. They left about 3:30 p.m. So we came to the end of another year. Ashcom, Will, and Etta here, and I do thank God for having Etta and Ashcom with me. Yet I miss Tommie all the time. Christmas will never be Christmas again.

He made our Christmas, no matter how lean the year. He supplied us with everything good at Christmas. He loved to see you all have a happy time. He enjoyed the music and laughter of you all. I have oh so many happy memories. I can't be altogether miserable in remembering past years; such happy Christmas times, so full of laughter and song.

Lorena's marriage, and Etta's, seem to me rather ----- well, I won't say it, but I do wish they had not.

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The end of the inserted pages.
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This summer of 1929 has just passed. I felt engulfed by this summer. It is over, a long, tiresome one. The heat affects me more than it used to. I wonder why I seem to have gotten so many things wrong. Dad and I planted the trees and if he was not here when I planted the shrubbery he approved. We thought it all right. Oh, some others have too. The old trees gave lovely shade when they were most needed. You all enjoyed it then, so why ----- Oh dear, I am running into a bad rut and I must pull out. I must not remember this summer. I wonder though if I will ever see another. If not I hope God will bless them all, and those who think all the things I have done here are wrong will change.

We have had wonderful weather in October, real golden days, with such gorgeous coloring all about us. We have had something done I had never hoped for, at least in my time. The house has been painted. White trim, Cream house, green shutters. It looks fine. Dear old house, all dressed up, and every time I walk out I think, "Oh, if Tommie could just see it. He would love it." We enjoyed everything here together. And to see this old house looking so fresh in its new coat

of paint would have given him such pleasure. Whenever Ashcom and I do anything, we talk of what Dad would think. After fifty years of talking to him about everything, is it not natural to know what he would think?

Oh, the things I used to have accumulated in the days he was away, things to talk over (and whether some believe it or not, I made no change, moved nothing without his full, free consent. How can anyone gauge another who knows so little of the other's inner life.

Kenneth gave me the paint for the house. You all help me in many ways. This was their way.

The 20th of November, 1929, four years since Tommie went away. Such long years. When he was here he saw a hen house full of lovely hens, nearly five hundred. We were "getting on." He never knew what came upon us; what losses, eggs dropping in price, feed going up. He did not know the heartache of disappointment, failure. It has taken all of my courage to stand up against it. Poor Ashcom. Tommie gone. Oh, to talk to him. Things got worse. Etta came and all on earth a child can do, she has done.

No one knows but these two how desperately we needed money. \$35.00 per month for all expenses. Lord! What would I have done were it not that Tom and Kenneth pay the interest and taxes. What? Why just sell out.

The money the others give helps me with needs. Such needs. Such heartache. Oh, here I am again now. I must not be so pessimistic because bills come in, and no money? Where is my faith?

In November I went up to visit the girls. I had such a nice time. They were all so sweet to me. How happy it makes me to see them so comfortable in their own homes. No real lack. I know they now are not worried by bills, bills. They have no real needs unsatisfied. Ashcom came for me in the Buick, consequently I had a very nice drive home. (I had Thanksgiving with Grace.)

In December Etta and I got ready for Christmas. I am still able to make some cake. I made a nice big spice cake with nuts, oranges and coconut. Etta a chocolate cake and jumbles. Etta decorated the sitting room, hall, and a few rooms. No one here Christmas Eve except Etta, Will, Ashcom and me. Quiet, so quiet. No stockings to hang. I filled Eva's plate --- the housegirl --- and Essie's --- the cook. Just a little tree on a table for Etta. They trimmed it. No laughter, no singing or happy voices through the house. No footsteps up and down the stairs or hurried feet running about. Christmas Eve?

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At the top of the page: Sunday before Christmas Louise, Eleanor, and Kenneth came to get their holly. I was so glad to see them. Happy day. They left early with a load of evergreens.
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But Christmas Day came bright. Frances Hagner came. Also Grace and Tom. We had our usual Christmas dinner and all were bright. They all left early, just us four left to a quiet evening. Yet how the memories crowd in through these rooms. Happy days, happy Christmas times. How fortunate I am to have such memories of full years packed up behind me.

New Year's Eve the Galts came with "bells on." They were late and hungry and enjoyed their supper. Oysters, hot rolls, and the things that make up a good hot supper on a winter night.

Dwight and Ashcom played a long time. Will was entranced. We all sat up until after twelve o'clock. They made all the noise possible; went around the house blowing horns. Dwight and Elizabeth danced by the radio. We were all sleepy and glad to go to bed. Old year gone. Will I see 1931?

New Year's Day we enjoyed very much. They left early, but they left us all brighter. The dear children's bright faces did us all good.

February 8th, 1930: We have had gray days, wintery days, yet not a long bitter, cold winter so far. We got ice on the 31st of January, but the pond was not frozen over more than five or six days. The King boys got the ice.

The days slide by uneventfully. I can not go out as I need to, so it is a bit more monotonous than when I spun through the house and over the place "like a top," as Aunt Lizzie used to say, all day long a round of duties. I often sit here now, and think of the house as in the past, teeming with life, song, and laughter. The old music case piled with music, each girl had her shelf. The piano open, music scattered over it, books and magazines littering the tables, children's toys, girls' belongings here and there. The music shelves long since have vanished. Books are set orderly in the cases. Quiet hours, quiet house. We get only the music of the radio. Oh, for the piano with one of my girls playing the old tunes, Tommie sitting comfortably back in his chair, looking blissfully happy as always when they played. Oh, happy days!

February 11th: I have some worry. First I must tell of my little dog, "Tinker." He went away one morning and never came home. Ashcom found he had been shot. This has given real worry. I had him six years and he was devoted to me. I sometimes think I hear his little feet running up the passage to my door again, scratching on the door to come in. He was a wise little doggie. Oh dear, I do miss him so. Yet so much other worry, so much.

No money, bills, bills, and no money. I am desperately in need of money. I never knew I would be so very poor. Of course, I have this dear home, but that must go to my dear children. Some days Ashcom and I don't know which way to turn. Today is one. But for our faith in God to help those who trust him, what would we do? Oh, I don't know.

Several days have passed. Etta gave me a check today. God bless her. No one on earth will ever know what she has been to me. From the time she first began to nurse she has helped me in every way. Now, since she has been home, she spends nearly everything she has on me. How could we live on \$130 per month without her.

I wonder if any of them ever wonder how I do get along on that much. Oh dear me, I do try to be "brave and courageous" but it is hard. Oh, Tommie, you did not know I would ever be in such a condition, such worry of mind. Now what good are all my prayers unless they clear the way to God. The way will be dense, my prayers do not go far. They do not clear the channel or bring me light, unless I feel the need of God to help me. Well, I surely do need all the faith I ever had. I pray I may feel the assurance of God's loving kindness in this hour of need and perplexity. I must turn my cloud inside out to see the lining, which is supposed to be silver.

May Day was gorgeous, a typical May day.

"We glimpse through fairy vistas where the feet of spring have trod.

"Right down in all her glory, from the paradise of God."

The spring flowers have gone, all except the spirea and wisteria, and the tulips, which are a lovely sight just now.

Etta is away. I am glad, but sorry she did not see the lovely tulip bed in bloom.

I sold over five hundred lilac bunches and got a check for over fifty-two dollars.

I am so sorry there was trouble about the boxwood bushes. When the check came at last for \$250 I was afraid to spend it. I don't know why, but I am thankful for my caution. Ashcom, knowing my need, asked Dwight about it. He said send it to him so he could see it. That is all I knew until Dwight called and said he had the check for \$1,000. It was a great surprise to me. He sent it to Cary. I was looking for it, of course, but when it came and not a word from Cary, all pleasure was gone. I am foolish to let such things hurt, but I expected a letter from her saying how glad she was, for if she was anxious for me to have this much, oh so much needed, why shouldn't she have been glad? It hurt me so for knowing Cary I knew as soon as the check was opened without a word from her that something was wrong. After thinking about it, I supposed it was because I sent the check to Dwight.

So I wrote, asking her not to be worried with me, and explained. But that did no good. I had committed an unpardonable thing. I lost all interest in the money. No loss could hurt as much as she hurt me. I wonder if she knows how the things she says hurt. Poor child, I feel sorry for her. I come so far short of being her ideal mother. Never but once has she ever commended anything I ever did. I feel

sorry for anyone who must feel as she does about me. So sorry. Poor child. I am, so far from what she thinks a mother should be. It is not my fault either. I am, I know, very deficient in the traits which make an ideal mother. No one was ever more conscious of that. I wonder why Tommie thought I was "a wonderful mother."

May 11th: I went to Sheridan's Point today, the second time since Sallie died, and the first time for three years. I don't think I will ever go there again.

When I went in the gate I could just see Sallie coming out with her welcoming smile. (Oh, the years!) When I walked around the house and looked out over the river, the wharf, I felt almost engulfed by a flood of memories. Just fifty three years ago this beautiful month of May I went to Sheridan's Point with Tommie and my dear baby Grace. What a kind welcome I received from them all. Dear old Mr. Duke, a rough diamond with a heart of gold, and that sweet, gentle old lady, Mrs. Duke, both so lovely to me, and all through the time I went there, until they died, I enjoyed their love and kind hospitality. And Sallie, dear bright happy girl, what happy years of sincere loyal friendship. In all those years (it all comes back to me) and the happy Sundays Tommie and I spent under the trees with the children and down on the shore. How he enjoyed those Sundays with us.

When the children were in bed, we sat there and built air castles in the future. What we would do if we could ever have a home like that. Oh, how we dreamed of this, and to think our dream really came true, for we at last came to live at Holland Point. His hope for years was to own this place. How he loved this home, and I too, every door, window, every spot I love so dearly.

Sometimes I feel to go back to those happy days I would go through all of the work, anxieties, of sickness and care, privation, everything to live over again the first days of housekeeping, the joys of having a home, a whole home where our children could live in freedom. Then buying our own home on Gilmore Street. I recall all of those days, of contemplating the purchase of, then of moving into our own home. Seven happy years we lived there, then "Holland Point". Our one thought and interest then was centered here in making this a real home. We lived and worked with that end in mind, and we did have many happy years. We have had much responsibility here, but we bore it together without complaint because the reward was great, having a home we loved, and such a dear home.

This was such an intensely hot summer. Quickly the year went by. Grace and Tom were here for Thanksgiving. They were here again on Christmas, also the Reeder family. We had a nice day. The Reeder's left early. No Christmas Day could come or go that is not full of memories of happy days.

Christmas of 1930 is over. Louise and Kenneth came down two days before and got their evergreens. Christmas day Grace, Tom, Dawson, Cary, and the children came for dinner. Dawson, Jr. is home from the University for the holidays. They left about four in the

afternoon. Grace and Tom stayed until about 9 p.m. We enjoyed having them all so much. We had a small tree to make the rooms look Christmassy.

Of course memories of other days fill much of my thoughts. The other children called on the telephone. They had a full day, of course, and it is only right to spend it in their homes with their children, but oh, how can there be the true spirit of Christmas without love and charity to all. I can not see it. It does not matter what any one did to me. I could not hold that resentment toward them. Why, what could one sister do that could not be overlooked in a short time? Born and raised together, eating, sleeping, and living in the same house, and after seven years still not reconciled. It seems unbelievable in a Christian family.

You all continue this way because you resent any word toward the making of peace. Not all of you. Some are more than willing to be as sisters should be, but some are not. These are wrong, very wrong impressions you have, which I dare not try to clear up. Imaginary things. Oh, girls, why not put it all behind you!

If you have no love, at least try to treat each other as you do your friends. You can be courteous and polite as you are to so many you meet, don't catch each other up, don't suspect each other of saying things, said lightly, as being something to hurt. Very few persons agree on many things. You do not have to agree, but you would not get mad with a friend who differs with you. Just say, or think, "Oh well, we don't agree."

Oh, I pray most earnestly that God will let you see the sin of holding this in your hearts, and allow you to be at peace, before any of you go hence. You could have made dear Dad and me very happy just to have forgotten yourselves and your own disagreements. God bless you all.

1931: Another year of grace for me. Not many more can I expect to see. This year I have reached the seventy-fifth milestone. I began this book in 1892, thirty-nine years ago. I was then thirty-six. I felt as if I was getting on, but looking back, how young I was! Life held so much. Busy, busy days, busy years. My whole life seemed centered here. Tommie, children, home. Looking back I see so little done. Yet I do know this: it was my daily prayer to do my duty, to live up to my standard of right, as a mother and a wife. I felt so incapable of doing all of the things I wanted to do, being the kind of mother I wanted to be. That Tommie thought I did all things right pleased me, yet I felt it was only that he saw me that way, because I pleased him. I felt that I was so inexperienced in things I should have known, so ignorant of what I wanted to show them. Oh well, I did do the best I knew how and some of you have made me feel --- God bless you --- that I have not been a complete failure.

Phyllis died in this year, my own cousin. She was lovely to me. Rose died in September. She was very near to me in all of my childhood and girlhood. She left Maryland and did not come back for

years. Then last year she went to California. There she passed away. I loved her dearly.

October was perfect. Beautiful weather. I had some old friends to visit me. Julia Rochester Sudler, her son Dr. Sudler, and Helen came to dinner. Louise and Kenneth were here. Later, the Stablers came, then the Marshs and Katie Stirgis. I had visited her in the spring, such a lovely visit with her.

I went up on the 17th with Elizabeth and Dwight and went to Louise's. She was waiting supper for me. All seemed so glad to see old Mother. How lovely. Oh, if I could have them all together once more.

Grace took me to her house then and I was sick for two weeks. Then I visited Elizabeth. Such a nice time. Then to Cary's. She gave a lovely tea for me. I enjoyed so much seeing Sue Gordon, Kate, Corinne, and all the others. I went back to Louise's and after one week came home. Louise, Kenneth, Grace, Palmer, and Lorena came for Thanksgiving. We had a lovely day.

Lorena and Palmer had arranged to be married Christmas week. We are very much pleased for she has been so unhappy. We had a very happy Thanksgiving. Grace, Tom, Louise, Kenneth and the children all left that evening. Lorena and Palmer left for New York the next morning.

Then we were busy getting ready for Christmas and the wedding. Time flew. In a short time the day arrived. Christmas day Lorena and Palmer came first. Then Linda and Oscar Palmleaf, then Grace and Tom. We had such a nice day. The next day, the 26th, was the wedding day. The rooms looked lovely, decorated with holly, pine, cedar, and running cedar. A garland was festooned between the double doors. Between these they were married.

Lorena looked so sweet in brown velvet. Ashcom gave her away. Anne Reeder was in lovely green velvet. Tom was best man. Mr. Ensor married them. It was a lovely wedding. Then we had a wedding breakfast served, and they left for Washington. The Reeders, Latimers, Brooks, and Galts all came. Mr. and Mrs. Palmleaf and Miss Brown from New York. They had much laughter and fun.

Palmer and Lorena went to the Shoreham Hotel and spent the week, entertaining and being entertained by the family generally and others. They came down here and spent the day with me before they returned to New York. They arrived home in New York on the 30th, so they began the new year in their own home together, beginning a new life and I pray they may ever be as happy as they are now.

Ashcom, Etta, and I sat up to watch the old year out, and I am so thankful for the many blessings we have. And memories

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Mrs.
Lorena Gourley Memhard to Mr. B. Palmer Lewis,

which took place at noon, December 26, at Holland Point on the Patuxent River, the colonial home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Thomas B. Gourley.

The Rev. E. E. Ensor of Prince Frederick, Md., officiated.

The bride entered the drawing room with her brother, Mr. T. Ashcom Gourley, who gave her in marriage.

She wore an Empress Eugenie gown of negrita brown shadow velvet trimmed with alencon lace and a corsage bouquet of gardenias.

The maid of honor was Miss Anne Ashcom Reeder of Baltimore, who wore Persian green shadow velvet and carried Mme. Butterfly roses. Dr. Thomas E. Latimer was the best man.

Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Palmleaf and Miss Mary Louise Brown of New York, Miss Jane Tongue of St. Leonards, Md., Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dowell of Holland Point, Dr. and Mrs. J. Dawson Reeder and Mr. J. Dawson Reeder, Jr. of Baltimore, Mrs. Thomas E. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight B. Galt, Mr. Dwight B. Galt, Jr., Miss Betty Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth F. Brooks, Mr. Kenneth F. Brooks, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Brooks, all of Hyattsville.

Throughout January and February of 1932 we had unusually warm weather. The flowers in the yard bloomed all through both months. I went to Hyattsville on the second of March. It was a lovely, spring-like day. On the sixth we had a terrible storm, terrific wind. I did not get back home until the thirteenth of March.

The storm, March sixth to eighth, set back every growing thing. Fortunately for the fruit, the apples were late blooming, usually after March was over. In April I had my garden renovated. It had gone so long. It took several days. From the sixth of April it took five days and cost \$15.00, but now it looks lovely.

The girls gave me some new roses, Palmer gave Etta lots of seeds and plants, therefore the dear old garden got a fresh start. But oh, my enthusiasm! Where is it? Where is my interest? It was perfect happiness I once found in that spot of beauty. But I am so glad to have it fixed up for Etta. She is growing to love it.

It was a very pleasant summer, not hot. The children, Eleanor, Dwight, and Kenny Brooks, were here most of the time. Louise and Kenneth had their visit. Lorena and Palmer, Dwight, Elizabeth, and the children. Then Louise and Kenneth back again. Grace and Tom were on their boat all summer. They were here only once. This is a bad shore for them, I guess. I had a short visit with the girls the last of June.

Eileen McKenny visited Etta. I had such a nice visit from an old friend of other days. Katherine Stirgis came here. We entertained Cary's club in May, ten of them. We had a lovely day.

I had several luncheons for Etta and myself.

In October I went away and visited all of the girls. I was entertained by Mrs. Tingley, Mrs. William Howard, Mrs. Herring, and Frances Cleary. Then in Baltimore Corinne Stabler had me to supper, Katherine Stirgis had me to lunch, and Ethel Gwynn Carmen entertained me at lunch. I went with Eileen McKenny to see "The Cat and the Fiddle" and spent a lovely evening with Maggie Gourley and her family. They were all lovely to me. The girls took me to shows quite often.

I had a lovely visit with Grace at Thanksgiving. Louise and her family were there. Mrs. Brooks took me to a show and lunch. My last Sunday I went to church with Louise and my grandson, Kenny Brooks. This gave me much pleasure. Louise and Kenneth brought me home. The children came also.

Thanksgiving now past, we began to look forward to Christmas and their homecoming. We were busy making some Christmas things. I made some lovely little pincushions to sell and sent them up to Grace. Etta made some rag dolls for a group of poor children.

I made spice cake and Etta made everything else. Dwight came with little Dwight on Friday, December 23rd. They went into the woods for evergreens. They got lovely holly and other greens. They brought our presents and we sent ours. They stayed to lunch.

Then Kenneth and Louise, with Kenny, came to get their evergreens. They left their presents and took ours. We also gave both of the boys oysters, pickle relish, and wine (grape wine). Now we were all ready for Christmas, but I must tell of the snow storm on December 10th. The storm was very general. The snow drifted and we were shut in. A heavy blanket of snow covered the earth as far as we could see. It stayed untouched by the sun until the next Friday when it rapidly melted away. The entire week was bitterly cold but Christmas Day was warmer, although not clear.

Palmer, Lorena, and Nancy Mead from Alabama came on Christmas Eve in time for supper. They had lunch in Baltimore with Cary. We had a very nice evening. Etta, Nancy, and Ashcom trimmed the tree. Ashcom went out. (INCREDIBLE!)

Christmas Day Grace and Tom came to dinner. We enjoyed them all. We had many presents. Memories, oh memories of days gone by. Happy, happy days.

They all have gone on their way. We are missing them terribly. Etta and I alone tonight. He went out again! The old year is passing as the old clock measures the time. God, make me thankful for all I have and give me the strength and grace to meet the new year.

Yet another year, 1933. Etta and I sat alone last night, yet we have so much to be thankful for. This dear old home, how dear it is, and how reassuring to know it is ours, when so many are homeless. So I begin this year with thanksgiving for all I have.

Will was taken sick, not very, but he caught a cold, gave it to Etta and she has been two weeks with a cold. Ashcom too has been sick during this month of January. It has not been very cold, but much rain and wind. No ice except a fringe of ice along the shore and icicles on the water tank, but altogether it has been a rather remarkable winter as the buds are swollen and showing color on the japonica.

Grace, Tom, Louise, and Kenneth, with the children, came down all together. Oh, how glad we were to see them.

Easter came, but Will was sick and was taken to the hospital in Baltimore. He had a very serious operation. Dear Etta! They were up there for six weeks. I sent lovely flowers. While they were away we had the most beautiful snapdragons I have ever seen. We also had tulips and many other beautiful flowers.

Eva, the girl I have had for over two years, went away. She was a great help and I miss her

The girls came right often during the spring and early summer. On the first of July Elizabeth, Dwight, Betty, and Dwight, Jr. came. On Monday, Kenneth, Louise, Kenny, and Eleanor came. They all had a wonderful day on the Fourth of July. Such a happy day. They left that night.

On the sixth Dwight was taken desperately ill. On the seventh he was taken to the Washington Sanitarium and operated upon. He was there all through July and August. Finally he went home and was in a terrible condition, in bed for two months.

During the year something happened which none of us can forget; the terrible storm of the 23rd of August. It began in the night. Rain and wind. It blew a gale and the rain came down in a torrent. The river seemed like a boiling cauldron, the wind whipping the waves to a white fury. The tide rose over seven feet. The water came way up over the meadow. The road to the wharf was submerged as far as the walnut tree. The entire bridge of the wharf was swept away. All wharves on the river were torn away by the wind and tide.

Grace, Tom, and little Kenneth, with guests, were on their boat in Solomons Island harbor. We were anxious to hear from them until Mr. Northern told us all boats were up in the creek. It was a storm no one will ever forget because no one living has ever seen such a storm or such high tide in this part of the country. The damage done in the tidewater sections are beyond estimating. All wharves are gone. The children were very much excited all day, running from one part of the house to another to see the river. Dwight and Eleanor were here.

Dwight was taken to Garfield Hospital the first part of November and was operated on again. He was desperately ill, did not go home until the fifth of January. He went to his office for two hours on

the first of March. It was a terrible illness. What worry and anxiety we all went through during those awful months!

Dear Elizabeth, she was marvelous by his side through all of those months. What a brave, wonderful woman! I am so proud of her and the dear girls. Also Tom, Dawson, and Kenneth stood back of her in the worst hours. How thankful we all are that now he is talking of coming down home. (And thank the Lord this terrible illness brought them all together.)

I went away in October. I visited the girls in Hyattsville. Dwight was so ill. We went to the hospital a great deal. I went to Baltimore with Dawson and spent six days. I went to see Maggie and spent two very nice evenings there.

Cary was busy with Anne and clothes. She is to make her debut in December. She has lovely things. Bless her heart.

We were going to spend Christmas at home, but Louise came down and said they did not expect Dwight would live, so Etta went right up with Louise on the twenty-second of December. Ashcom and I went up on the twenty-fourth. We went to Elizabeth's. Etta and I stayed with her for the night.

Christmas morning we tried to make it as bright as possible for Elizabeth since Dwight was so ill. They all went to the hospital, then came back to Grace's for Christmas dinner. Ashcom came but had to go back home. I came home just before New Year's. Etta stayed away with Elizabeth until they took Dwight home. He could not lift his head, but in a week he had improved.

I was taken sick. Ashcom called Etta. My joy at seeing Louise and Etta come into my room can not be expressed. Ashcom went out New Year's Eve, but he came back early to be with me. This ended one of the most terrible years the whole family have ever had (except for the year Tommie passed away), but we all have much to be thankful for. We are all in the land of the living.

We all think Dwight has improved rapidly since coming home. He went downstairs on the 25th of January; came down home with Grace, Tom, and Elizabeth on the 18th of March.

January, 1934, was not so cold but it turned bitterly cold on January 28th and since then until after the middle of March we had the worst weather we have had since 1895. It is now the 28th of March and nothing has been done outside because of the cold, snow, and rain.

We did not get the plowing done until late. Not one leaf out on the trees. The last of April all of my roses are dead to the ground. So are the figs and crepe myrtle.

Storms and illness visited us within the year, but a great happiness came to me because I see them all once more reconciled and

visiting each other. Nothing could give me greater happiness than to have them all together. I believe, after such suffering, such anxiety as we all went through, only the kindest impulses and feelings of charity for all others can remain in our hearts.

August 31st. The summer has passed. A hot, trying summer, yet not unhappy save for financial worry. The children have been home at different times of the year. On the 4th of July Elizabeth and family, Louise, Kenneth, and children, and to our delight Grace and Tom, came. Such a happy day. Not one thing or word to mar our happiness. The Galt's and Kenneth left that night after the fireworks, but Grace and Tom remained, also Louise and the children. She spent the week with us, leaving Eleanor, who was here all summer. Dwight, Jr. and Kenny have had this week here also.

We have had so much anxiety about Anne. She had two accidents, then the third very bad automobile accident, which nearly cost her life. She was here last week, September 17th, well, but with a bad scar on her face. She is very brave with it all. I wish Cary had the same attitude toward life. I hate to see her face marred by the look of bitterness. Why should she? We all have our troubles, some more than others, but why let our faces register it all? I feel heartsick that this is so.

I would not like to think my face showed the awful anxiety I am feeling these days, of "how are we going to manage?" I must consider the lilies of the field.

Anne was well enough to go to Jamestown to the cup races. I was glad she could go, poor dear child. What a blessing she is alive after such a terrible accident. Other than her face she was not serious injured. Cary has a lot to thank God for. Anne is alive.

We have had a lovely autumn. Ashcom has harvested loads of nice hay, but our tobacco brought nothing. The girls have all been home. Louise has moved into Chevy Chase, a lovely home. I am so glad. They had outgrown their bungalow. I am glad for many reasons.

They have had to make sacrifices, I know, to pay the interest and taxes to keep this home for me. Oh, I do feel so deeply grateful to them but it is not right that they should have to do without things to keep this home for me, and they have done this. I know in those first years it was by great sacrifice that they helped me, yet I never by word or action have been made to feel from either of the girls or Kenneth or Tom that it was anything but a pleasure.

I went to Baltimore with Ashcom. Went up on Wednesday and left there for Hyattsville on Saturday as I did not feel equal to the trip home from Baltimore. Ashcom came to Grace's for me on Sunday afternoon. I was very much surprised to find that Louise had moved into her new home. They have bought a very nice home in Chevy Chase. We all went over there Saturday evening. How lovely to be there with them all, the Galts, Latimers, and Kenneth and Louise in their new home. How very happy it made me. Kenneth brought Louise a large bunch

of gorgeous chrysanthemums.

I came home Sunday afternoon. We had rain day after day in October, then it was quite cold. Some of them came down for evergreens. Ashcom trimmed the house. No one came for Christmas except Grace and Tom, but oh, what a different Christmas from last year. Still, in this year we had that terrible accident of Anne's. But she is well and going every place. Her sweet, pretty face is not spoiled. Thank the Lord all of our family is well again.

This year of 1935 began with quite a shock. Katie Briscoe was killed by something flying out of the furnace. Terrible thing!. Ashcom went to the funeral. Lawrence died the day after she was killed and they were both buried the same day at St. Paul's Church. It was a miserable rainy day.

Etta's cold is not much better. Her cough is rather persistent. Rain and fog was followed by bitter cold. Snow and sleet began about the middle of January. A terrific sleet storm on January 23rd. The ice and sleet remained for weeks. It was very beautiful, like thousands of diamonds sparkling on every branch. It has been a very hard winter, snow, ice, and sleet. The roses are dead to the ground, the crepe myrtle and figs are all dead. In April there was not a leaf on the trees, not a bud showing on the roses. The whole garden looked dead, but it will soon be spring.

Louise was very sick for so long. I was not told.

We had another terrible shock. Betty Galt was in an awful automobile wreck on the road to Richmond. The car turned over and over. The seventh vertebrae was crushed. Tom put her in a cast for over two months. Poor Elizabeth, she has gone through so much with all of Dwight's illness and now this.

Palmer came in March. It was a cloudy and disagreeable week but he seemed to enjoy it all the same. He got a good rest.

We had a lovely day on the 12th of May, Mothers Day. The whole family came down and brought the whole lunch with them. Grace has a big new Buick car. What a wonderful day. How blessed I am to have such children all together.

I went to Hyattsville on June 1st, had rheumatism. June the 20th was my birthday, 79. Louise gave a lovely lunch. All of the family was there except Palmer and Lorena. Mrs. Brooks came.

I went home on the 13th of July. The children came many times through the summer. Palmer and Lorena came, and Gertrude and Clarence Gould came from Ohio. I was so glad to have them.

After such a terrible winter we had excessively hot days this summer. Much rain early in the summer, dry later.

Laura Willis visited me in September and Miss McKenny visited

Etta about the same time. Palmer came again in November. So the year came to an end with a quiet Christmas. Grace and Tom came about noon for dinner and left about four. Before New Year's we were nearly snowed in. Dwight and Elizabeth came on the 29th. The storm got so bad they had to leave early. We saw the old year out closed in a white world of falling snow and all things were beautiful in a blanket of white.

The new year, 1936, came in with sleet, ice, and snow. Ed came up and brought coal and wood. We are shut in but have plenty to eat. The cook went home and did not return. How many worthless negroes I have had in the past year I cannot recall. Murray and Ed dug out the road, so in few days Mr. and Mrs. White came down. We had a pleasant afternoon. I served tea. Then the Hardin's came. We had a lovely evening.

Tommie and I were married just 60 years ago this week. The 5th of January.

Sleet and rain again. Terrible weather. February 7th we were completely snowed in again. No cook, Etta away. After we struggled to get along, I sent for Etta. I just could not do the work. After a long terrible winter the poor people of the eastern states from New England down, and as far west as Pittsburgh, have suffered. Thousands are homeless from the floods. All rivers running south carried death and destruction with them.

And after a month of harangue and argument Hauptmann paid the penalty for killing the Lindberg Baby. Horrible thing.

The weather is beginning to settle and the days are lengthening. The children began their week-end visits and life once more seemed bright. Tulips bloomed about the garden, all things are coming to life.

We had quite a worry about Tom. He has been quite sick. We are so troubled over him. How good he has been to me.

On May 15th we got what really seemed an impossible thing. The Electrolux, a refrigerator run by coal oil. We now have such a comfort as we have never had before.

I went to Hyattsville on the first of June not knowing they were to give me a birthday party on the 20th of June. I was 80 years old. Grace and Tom gave me a lovely lunch. All of the family were there. Palmer and Lorena came down from New York. Grace also invited two of my oldest friends, Laura Willis and Julia Sudler. Dr. Sudler and Helen came to bring Julia. It was a gorgeous day and a beautiful luncheon in Grace and Tom's lovely new home. God is so good to me and all of us.

I came back home with Louise and Kenneth. The day was quite cool. We had a fire in the living room fire place. June! This was the last fire until the 29th of September.

On the 8th of October we had our homecoming at St. Paul's and the ground was broken for our new Sunday School and Parish House. Grace, Tom, Cary, Dawson, Anne, and Dawson, Jr., Louise and Eleanor came. We had lunch around our cars. Sadie wrote the pageant. We had a marvelous day. More than six hundred persons were there. Old families were well represented. I was appointed to the receiving committee with Annie Briscoe Pye, Admiral Pye's wife. After the pageant was over they all drove down here. Mrs. Dorsey, Bishop Paret's granddaughter, came with Cary. A day I shall always remember as a very happy day. A red letter day in my life .

I was so well all of the fall. I did not go away. We had a nice Thanksgiving. Grace, Tom, Palmer and Sidney, his brother, came. We had a lovely dinner.

Christmas Eve Elizabeth, her family, and Bill Blanding came. Elizabeth brought her maid. We had a lovely evening. Elizabeth filled stockings.

We have not had such a Christmas Eve for a long time. We all enjoyed it. Christmas Eve brings back so many happy times of past years. Christmas Day was a very happy day. Grace and Tom were here. They all left before night.

No one was here on New Year's Day, but the Sunday after I had the Brooks family and Reverend and Mrs. Hardin for dinner. Then I went up to Hyattsville with the Brooks family and stopped at Grace's, where I went with them to a reception at the John Howard's. A lovely party. I went on to Chevy Chase with the Brooks' and then went to a movie with Eleanor.

A friend of Louise's had a tea for me at the Westchester Apartment, Mrs. Morris entertained me, and Louise had a tea for me, so I had a delightful week. I have kept well throughout the entire winter. Etta got in bad shape from nursing Will. She had a bad fall and went up to Tom's on the 18th of March. She was in a miserable condition and didn't come home until May 30th. Ashcom was taken sick the last of March.

I went to church, to a lovely Easter service and communion on March 28th. I was taken sick the Thursday after. Elizabeth came that night and sent for Dr. Briscoe. Saturday night Ashcom sent for Tom. I was ill for days. Louise was here for three weeks, Grace for two, and Elizabeth for a week after the first three days. If I had not had such nursing care I would have died.

The spring and summer have nearly passed and I am still not strong. Mr. Grey passed away on August 12th. I will miss him very much in church. A friend for over 50 years. That family and others were so lovely to me when I was sick. Lorena came down from New York and told us of her wonderful trip around the world. She left last September and did not get back until the last of January. She brought us all lovely things; each of us a camphor wood chest from China to keep our furs and winter things in.

October, 1937: This was a very hard summer, sweltering hot days and rain, rain, rain. Ashcom has had no rest at all, all summer. Etta sick so long. She went up to Washington several times for X-rays. Then, at last, had to go away on the 23rd of September for treatment. Miserable. Dawson spent ten days with us. All have been down for week-ends all through the summer.

On Monday October 3rd we began painting the rooms; the breakfast room, my room, and Etta's room. I also had some work done in the breakfast room. I hope they will all like it. Anyway, it will give us comfort having more space in the breakfast room.

Etta came home first with Elizabeth and Dwight. She still looks badly but better. They all like the alcove I have built in the breakfast room. Since then all have been home and like it very much. I am so glad.

Dawson had a visit. He seemed to enjoy it very much. Palmer, Lorena and Sidney came for Thanksgiving. Grace and Tom came also. We had a lovely dinner. I am glad they all liked the alcove we put in the breakfast room.

I could do very little for Christmas, but I made spice cake (two of them). The house was not decorated as of old. There is no use. I invited the Hardins down for Christmas day. Grace and Tom came, of course. It was so nice to have a little child in the house. Little Holms is such a nice child. We had a tree and toys for him. He sat by me at the table and I did enjoy having a child at the table. What a change from when there used to be seven of my own children, but I had Ashcom, Etta, Grace, and Tom. I am blessed to have them. It was a very pleasant day. Essie waited on the table. Ella Toy was in the kitchen.

The beginning of this year, 1938, was rather bad for us. I had a cold, Ashcom was in bed with one for several days. It was not so cold, but very disagreeable with much rain. Ella went home in February for a rest. I got Marian Hicks. She stayed until Ella came back the last of April.

Etta is not at all well. She went up in January but of course could not stay on account of Will.

We had the lovely maple tree taken up. It died. It always was such a gorgeous color in autumn. I planted it while Ashcom was in college. He sent it down.

Mr. Hardin left in February. This was something I felt deeply. He was so lovely to us all. He came down often in the afternoon and we would have tea. I had them down for lunch before they left. And that dear little boy, Holms. I miss them but I never blamed them for leaving Prince Frederick. It is the last place on earth I would want to live. They went to Easton, Md., where they have a very nice rectory, parish house, and a fine old stone church. And such nice people, but

I do miss him so much. They came over for Mr. Hardin to dedicate the window that the Greys put in the church as a memorial to their father and mother.

We have a new minister, Mr. Jones. I called on them and had them down. He does not visit.

The girls have all come often during the winter. Also Betty Galt and Bill Blanding. Etta so far from well. I just hate to see her do the things she has to do, and no gratitude.

A very rainy spring. I went to Hyattsville on the 24th of April to get something for the wedding, Anne's wedding in June. Grace gave me a lovely dress, blue, and Louise gave me a new hat. I came back with Grace and Tom on the 15th of May. Etta went to Baltimore to get something for the wedding. She could only stay one day, of course. Too much for her.

Then came the time for getting away for Anne's wedding. A great event for us all. Ashcom took me up to Grace's. The next day I went over to spend the day with my Baby. I must not forget this: Anne came down on the 11th of April and brought her lovely things to show me. That was so sweet of her. Such beautiful things they were.

I spent the 3rd of June with Louise, poor child. She had to sit all of the hot summer in a dark room. She lost sight entirely in her right eye, but it is a little better. On the 4th of June Tom came over for Eleanor and me. We stopped at Grace's for my clothes for the wedding. Elizabeth was there packing my bag. She went to the car with us. I saw her no more until late in June. She did not come to the wedding. I looked for her until the last moment to come into the church. I was heartsick. I never knew the cause and I certainly had experience enough not to ask. It would have done no good and only made an unhappy time. When I see my children I do want the hours spent with them to be happy ones and they would not be if I questioned them about what they did.

Well, Palmer had engaged two rooms at the Belvedere Hotel. We went to Baltimore. Tom drove up to the door and there stood Palmer waiting for us. He took us, Eleanor and me, up to our room. Lorena came, then Etta. We were having lunch in Lorena's room when I discovered my hat, the hat for the wedding, had been left in Hyattsville. I will never forget Palmer saying he would go over to Hyattsville for it. He and Ashcom went and were back in time to dress for the wedding at four o'clock.

We walked across the street to the church, Christ Church on the corner of St. Paul and Charles. To me it was a beautiful wedding. The bridesmaids were in yellow with large hats and carried purple iris. They stood on the steps under large palms. The boys, in their white Navy uniforms, stood in the chancel.

Anne came in with her father. Dick met her at the altar. As they turned from the altar they came under the crossed swords.

It was a very lovely picture. Then we got in Palmer's car, Philip driving, and went to Cary's where they had a lovely reception. Anne was lovely when she cut the cake with Dick's sword.

I had a really wonderful time. Cary and Dawson had made this a beautiful wedding for Anne. We were all there after the reception was over. Palmer took Lorena and me back to the Belvedere for supper which he ordered in our rooms. How I did enjoy that. After supper we went back to Cary's for a while, then back to the hotel.

I had such a nice large comfortable room. It was so quiet and restful to me. How marvelous Palmer and Lorena were to me. Ashcom and Etta went back home. Eleanor went back with Grace and Tom. I saw all who were there, but my poor Baby lay in a darkened room with her poor blind eye. I felt this deeply, leaving her. Of course Kenneth would not go without her. Kenny was still at school, Virginia Episcopal School in Lynchburg, Va.

Sunday, the next day, we went around to Cary's. Then Lorena and Palmer went back to New York. I went over to Laura Willis' to supper. I enjoyed being with them so much. The next day Anne came back from Washington, since Dick had to meet the ship in Annapolis. Anne wanted Cary to go over to Grace's with her as they were to meet the ship in Washington the next morning. Cary said, "Why, I can't do that. Mother is here."

I said, "Why, I am going home this afternoon," and so I was, for I made up my mind at that instant I would not deprive Cary of that pleasure. So I called Ashcom and told him to meet me in Prince Frederick. I had intended to stay, but I went downtown with Laura, shopped and had lunch. It was wonderful. I do not believe I will ever be able again to do what I did then. I came home on the bus! Such a nice time I had and I was glad to know Cary could have that visit after her trying days of preparation for the wedding. I came home on the 6th of June. Etta and I made covers for the furniture and got everything ready for Palmer and Lorena. They came in their car on the 10th. Philip, the chauffeur drove. Elizabeth, Dwight, and Betty came. We went down to Parran's. Lorena showed her pictures taken on her trip around the world.

We had a luncheon on my birthday. Elizabeth and her family, Grace and Tom, Lorena and Palmer. Dawson, Dawson, Jr. and Cary did not get here from across the river until the others had gone. Why?

Of course Louise could not come as she is still in a darkened room. Lorena and Palmer left on the 26th of June.

Louise did not come until late July. They all came. The children went to a dance at Taney Place. The weather in July was extremely hot. Etta, Elizabeth, and I went over to call on Mrs. Ross. She lives in the old Parran place, "Trap." We like her. She is manager of the United States Mint, and was the governor of Wyoming.

In September Etta and Ashcom went to supper at Frances Hagner's. Palmer and Lorena came the first week in September. They were here about a week. Cary and Dawson came for a few days. Cary was quite sick. Ashcom was in bed. He seems to be suffering a great deal. Dawson sent him to Tom.

Eileen McKenny came with Dawson and Cary. The boys went fishing over at Sheridan's Point several times. When Colonel Hodges and Dwight came down I went up with them. I went shopping with Betty and Elizabeth to get the curtains for the living room. I visited Julia, my old friend. A friend of Louise's, Mrs. Olds, entertained me at a delightful lunch. Grace took me to see the gorgeous picture, "Marie Antoinette." Marvelous. Margaret Dawson had me there for a charming tea.

Lorena went abroad again. She went to Belgium, Holland, Germany, and England, then back to the Orient.

I came home the last day of October. I must say this. Ashcom put up the coal stove on the 22nd of September. Unheard of doings!

Will was taken sick November 1st. He passed out on the 7th. Elizabeth and Dwight came down, also Grace and Tom. All came to the funeral on the 9th, a release.

I neglected to say in August we had the most excessive heat we have had in years. Days and days of terrible, exhausting heat. Terrible.

November 24th: Grace and Tom came for Thanksgiving. It was cloudy to begin with. Essie cooked us a lovely dinner. They left early in a blanket of dense fog, which enveloped the earth as far as we could see. The next morning was very cold and the ground was covered with snow. This was the 25th of November.

We had terrible weather for about one week. It stayed cold and disagreeable until Christmas. I went up with Tom on the 21st. Grace's house was beautiful, all lighted up on Christmas Eve. Ashcom and Etta came up on the 23rd.

They did not let me go out. I was not well. Christmas Day the Galts were at Grace's with us. Grace had a lovely dinner. We had our presents around in piles in the morning as we have always done here at Holland Point, but I was so far from well it did not seem like Christmas. Everybody came in the afternoon and evening. The day after Christmas we all went to Cary's for lunch. Anne and Dick were there. They showed us her beautiful things for the coming baby. So many lovely things. We went back in the evening. I do not remember anything more that day.

The next day Ashcom and I came back home. Etta did not come. Ashcom kept me in bed every morning. Etta came back on New Year's Day. It was so good to have her back.

On December 31st Daisy and Olive came. We served cake and wine. Ashcom was in. We had a very nice party. I was so glad to have them.

New Year's Day Elizabeth and Dwight brought Etta home. She had not come with us the day after Christmas. It was a clear, fine day. They were here for dinner. They left early. We were having nice days the first part of January. I felt well and could go out. I had the peonies covered and I took Edward over to the hen house while Ashcom was away. I culled all of my hens and sold the ones that were not layers; only 14.

We had Grace and Tom, Betty and Bill Blanding, Louise and Kenneth down, all before the middle of the month. There was slight snow about the 14th and it got colder after the 16th. I worked on covers for the chairs. One dreadful thing happened this month. The big airship Cavalier went down, exploded in a storm tossed ocean. There were 13 passengers. All except one man were picked up by an oil tanker and brought to into New York.

February was rather disagreeable with rainy weather. The girls came, so did Betty and Bill. Lorena's ship docked February 24th. She has been around the world again, third time. She had a lovely trip. She called from New York.

Anne's baby came on the 4th of March. She never was well and died on the 19th. Poor child. Anne was so ill. Cary was there for weeks with her.

Grace, Etta, and I went to church Easter Sunday. Mrs. Ross, Daisy, and Olive came to visit.

I am having work done in the garden, but oh, there is so much to be done, and it costs so much to have it done. We sold the lilacs on the 21st of April. George gave me \$20.00. I used to get much more, but I am glad to get that.

Betty Briscoe brought Mrs. Asbury down to visit. We liked her so much. Dawson and Cary made us a visit in April. Palmer had the porch next to the river screened. What a wonderful comfort that will be to him to be able to sit there and read; and for us all.

Etta had a real breakdown. No wonder when we think of what she has gone through. She went up with Louise and Eleanor on April 30th, just as the whole garden is so full of blooms. The whole place looks so beautiful. How glad I am that I planted such fine shrubbery. After the lilacs we had forsythia, japonica, wisteria, and spirea. Oh so much, so lovely. Yet I sometimes catch my breath and ask, "Can we go on? How?"

"Sufficient unto the day."

Grace and Tom came for dinner on Mother's Day. Etta was with Louise. Late in the afternoon Elizabeth, Dwight, and Mrs. Blanding

came. Frances was here. I was not able to do one thing. They went out into the kitchen and made a lot of sandwiches, coffee and tea, and had supper. I did feel a bit badly about Mrs. Blanding coming with me sick and no one to do anything. Yet they seemed to have a very pleasant evening. I was so glad Frances was here.

Etta still away, quite sick at Louise's. They are so nice to her. What a peaceful, happy atmosphere abides in that house.

We were rather desperate when Ella left, but I got May Simmons, a rather nervous, high-strung woman. I would rather not recall all I went through. Grace, Louise, and Cary carried us through this trying time until Etta came back. (May Simmons remained until latter part of August when Etta came back.)

Palmer, with Elizabeth and Dwight came on May 20th. No one else. Grace attended to things. May was here and was a great help though not mentally right.

When Grace went back with Tom, Louise came. What would I have done? Dr. Briscoe told me in May (early) that I had high blood pressure and had to be kept quiet. That is why the girls came to look after everything, because May could never have gotten a meal on the table.

By the time the summer was over I was feeling much improved. Lorena came on the 10th of June. She brought Farber and Graft with her. Grace came back to look after them all. Lorena went to Williamsburg to take movies in color. They all went back to New York on the 18th. Louise had come down to attend to everything. She gave them a nice breakfast. There was a terrible storm that morning, which delayed them.

The night before they left, June 17th, Lorena showed her pictures of the Orient in the Parish House to raise money to do some work in the House or get some china.

Etta came back with Louise. My dear, how glad I was to see her. All called me on my birthday. Elizabeth, Dwight, and Betty came. Frances brought me a birthday cake.

There are so many blank pages in my diary. I was feeling too badly to write, I sit here looking out over the river in the evening. The screened porch was a great comfort, but this little porch on the side that Tom gave us screening for gave Tommie and me more comfort than I will ever live to have on the other one, the river porch, although it was just dear of Palmer to give it to us, and it is lovely out there at sunset and on moonlight nights.

Well, the rush was over. May walked out as I knew she would. Etta came back in September. The summer dragged on, the hottest we have had for years. Excessive heat day in and day out.

No children to come now. Anne and her husband, Dick Teel, came for lunch. Dawson and Helen, to whom he is engaged, visited. Bill and Betty Blanding came often, but as I sat here on the porch

and looked out across the yard in the deep shadows of the trees, I saw no sandpile. The far reaching branches of the tree no longer hold the ropes that made the swing. There are no toys strewn around the sand pile and around under the trees. They are gone. All gone. One day Ashcom and I found some toys tucked away between the roots of the Wiercut maple, all covered up with leaves. They were Eleanor's, so we put them back. Dear little girl, now she is busy with parties and teas. Lovely girl.

I have planted iris over the sandpile, yet I can almost see the little heads bobbing about and hear the happy laughter. No more children. No more merry voices. All grown up.

Grace and Tom came on the 3rd of July and went home early on the 4th on account of a storm. I was taken quite sick after they left. Etta and Ashcom sent for Dr. Briscoe.

I forgot to say that we did not celebrate my birthday. They had all been here and gone, but Elizabeth, Dwight, Sr., and Betty came late. Frances was here and brought me a cake.

Dawson, Sr. came down in September for fishing. They all seemed to have a good time. Mr. Teel (Dick's father) came on Saturday to go with Dawson. He enjoyed his visit here.

The 28th of September we had a fire in the fireplace. It was quite cool. I went out twice today. I feel so much better. I began the fall cleaning.

I was quite sick in October and did not recover sufficiently to go to Dawson's wedding on October 28, 1939. He married Helen Freer. The girls say it was a beautiful wedding, but I did get well enough to go to Hyattsville to Betty Galt's wedding reception. It was all very beautiful. I stayed up there until Christmas. I visited Louise for two weeks. Grace had dinner on Christmas Eve, Sunday, and had Cary, Dawson, Sr., Dawson, Jr. and Helen, Anne, Dick, Ashcom, Etta, and me. Christmas day she had Kenneth, Louise, Eleanor, and Kenny Brooks, and us, Ashcom, Etta, and me. We had a lovely Christmas. We saw so many friends. Grace and Tom brought Etta and me home the next day.

We got home on December 26th. Ashcom came ahead of us. Ethel Hall and Percy took charge of the old house while we were gone. When we got up the next morning the ground was covered with snow. The whole week was cold and snow on the ground. We never went out of doors. The year came to an end. It has been the hardest year I ever knew. Ill several times, and financial worry is not conducive to good health. Yet I am duly grateful for all I have and pray the next year will at least see me in better physical condition and that Etta and Ashcom will keep well, I pray.

January 1st: Very cold. The ground is covered with snow as far as we can see. The river is frozen and no change for many days. Louise and Kenneth caught one good day the middle of January and came

down. My dear Louise. How glad we were to see them.

The next week we were completely shut in by a real blizzard on the 24th of January. For days the county roads were all blocked with drifts. Schools closed before the snow plows could open up the roads for any traffic.

At last it was all over. Grace and Tom came on the 25th of February. It was the first time we had seen them in two months.

On the 27th of February we had another small-sized blizzard. March is still very cold. Etta says, "Bleak."

The house has been very comfortable though.