Williamsburg Reunion – 1954 and Before

The Old Powder Horn, 1714.

Photo by Goodger
Transportation at the College Corner prior to 1921
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Transportation at the College Corner after 1921
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Williamsburg Reunion —
1954 and Before

This souvenir booklet, bringing together the contributions solicited from this year's participants, vitally interested in Williamsburg's history and especially in Matthew Whaley School, its classes and teachers, has been prepared as a memento of the Williamsburg Reunion, 1954 and Before, October 29 and 30, 1994.
Dreams

Dreams—dreams—hauntingly beautiful;
    Made by the gods to be broken by men.
Dream—dream, child ere the time is past;
    Life is a golden dream. Dream while you can.

Dreams of my childhood: I thought they were infinite;
    Swiftly I dreamed them and found they were past.
Merry dreams, truthless dreams, never a sad one;
    Dreams of my childhood, I left you too fast.

Dreams of my youth were of life as it ought to be,
    Surely the world would be soon rid of wrong.
Life would be beautiful, just as my dreams were
    Life with vague mystery, calling me on.

When I had entered life, why did dreams leave me?
    Why did I seek to dream always in vain?
I could dream only what I believed in;
    Dreams must be of joy; I had learned pain.

Where were my dreams as my life neared its end?
    Dreams were forgotten as older I grew.
I ceased to long for them; truth was too precious;
    I had grown wiser; I sought what was true.

Dream—dream, child ere the time is gone,
    Life is a golden dream—dream while you can;
Dreams—dreams—wonderfully beautiful,
    Made by the gods to be broken by men.

—Janet Coleman, '21
Dr. Janet Kimbrough, who for so many years, was hostess for the Williamsburg Reunion Tea at the St. George Tucker House, talks with A. Edwin Kendrew during the 1990 Reunion Tea, held at her home. Mr. Kendrew was an architect for Colonial Williamsburg.
CLASS OF 1953

SECOND ROW: Bob Babcock, Anne Callis, Bob Mackey, Alline Saunders, Flora Waltrip, Llew Smith, Fred Devitt, Tom Robins, Rhoda Carew, and Anne Byrd.
BACK ROW: Mahlon Waltrip, Selby Jacobs, Dino Costas, Harry Morris, Carlton Casey, Frank Prosco, Bill Bodie, Fay Le Compte, and Benja Scott.
Sports Captains: The leadership and dependability of these captains gave Matthew Whaley and Flora Waltrip another successful season in the world of sports. Hockey Co-captains Claudine Carew and Alline Saunders, Football Captain, Jack Carter, Girls Basketball Co-Captains, Nina Breeze and Flora Waltrip. Boys Basketball Co-Captains, Dino Costas and Tommy Henley, Baseball Captain, Bob Woodbridge.
WE COULD NEVER FORGET THE FRIENDSHIPS

Senior class officers getting ready for a spin around the countryside in Jack's convertible. STANDING Jack Carter, President; IN FRONT SEAT, Ed Jones, Vice-President; IN BACK SEAT LEFT TO RIGHT, Shirley Jacobson, Secretary; Jane Andrews, Treasurer.

ANNIE DENNIS KITCHEN

SENIOR SPONSOR, LEFT TO RIGHT, Miss Mildred Mattier, and Mrs. Carra Dillard,
We dedicate this yearbook

To one whom we knew first as a teacher of mathematics who taught us with shrewd efficiency about angles and formulas; but whose lesson in self-discipline we shall remember the longest.

To one who has become the principal guide in our school; whose theory of guidance is concerned with the importance of each one of us.

To one who shares our hopes at basketball and football games; who gives his enthusiastic help to all student activities.

To one who praises our every accomplishment and encourages our plans but who never ceases to help us correct the faults we have and the serious mistakes we make.

It is with appreciation and great respect that we dedicate this, our yearbook, to our Principal,

Mr. George C. Pitts, Jr.
The Student Council

Officers of the Student Cooperative Association were elected by student poll. Seated from LEFT TO RIGHT: Linda Garrison, secretary; Herb Butt, treasurer. STANDING-LEFT TO RIGHT: Dave Miller, Vice-president; Tom Henley, president.

Our Band And Majorettes

The Matthew Whaley Band in uniform under the direction of Mr. John McCandless

Four Fancy-Steppers, Our Majorettes, LEFT TO RIGHT: Ann Crain, Virginia Kirby, Captain, Ruth Le Grand and Drum Majorette, Dot Post.
Our

MR. GEORGE PITTS
Principal

MR. RAWLS BYED
Superintendent of Schools

MRS. DORIS BUCHANAN
Girls' Physical Education

MISS GENELLE CALDWELL
French 1, 2; Latin 1, 2

MRS. JUDITH CARTER
Librarian

MISS MARY CRANK
Seventh Grade

MR. FRED CULPEPPER
Industrial Arts

MR. FRANK DAVENTPORT
Science, Biology, Physics
Faculty

MRS. CARRA DILLARD
Government, Math 8, Student Council Advisor

MR. WILLIAM ETHERIDGE
Journalism, Dramatics, Language Arts 9

MR. RAYMOND FRED
Social Studies 8, 10, Mathematics

MR. ROLAND FRIEDMAN
Distributive Education, Office Training

MISS EUNICE HALL
Language Arts 8, Social Studies 8, Junior High Counselor

MRS. EDNA HOCKADAY
Seventh Grade

MISS SPOTSWOOD HUNNICUTT
Language Arts 10, 11 Social Studies 11

MR. CARL W. JOYE
Supervisor, Transportation and Maintenance

MRS. ROSE KEYSER
School Secretary
Mr. John Major
Algebra, Vocational Math, Plane Geometry, Solid Geometry & Trigonometry

Miss Mildred Matier
Language Arts 10, 12
High School Counselor

Mr. Charles McCanless
Senior Band, Junior Band, Beginners' Band, Chorus

Mrs. Margaret McCrae
Home Economics
Science 8

Miss Norma Saunders
Typing 1, 2
Language Arts 8

Miss Lowndes Scott
School Nurse

Mrs. Ralph Tuggle
Assistant School Secretary

Mrs. Mary Vaiden
Manager of Cafeteria

Mr. Kenneth Weinbel
Boys' Physical Education
Looking back on the year, the Senior Class, was extremely busy. On November 24, an open house sponsored by the Senior Class, was a big success. During the Christmas season, the class sponsored the Bring Christ Back to Christmas movement. As is a tradition now for the senior class, Christmas cards were sold to people of the city.

In 1954, the class sponsored the ever-popular Senior Carnival on March 6. The biggest social event of the year, the traditional Ring Dance, was held in the spring and acclaimed a wonderful success. Graduation night saw the seniors present their annual Graduation play.

One of the most challenging class projects was the publication of the 1954 Town Crier.

In addition to class activities, individual Seniors were active in the Student Council, Monogram Club, Powder Horn, sports, and social functions.
Preparing for one of Miss Ebenezer's Spring plays, 1950-51 school year.
A letter from the Principal —

It is difficult for me to write about my life in Williamsburg without writing about the Matthew Whaley School. I did my student teaching there during the '34 -'35 session and joined the staff in the autumn of 1937.

I've often wondered whether those of you who attended Matthew Whaley during the 30's and 40's realize how fortunate you are to have been a part of that school in the beginning years. Please indulge an old man in some of his memories.

In the beginning the Matthew Whaley plant was unusual for its time. The exterior of the building is still pleasing to look at. I always enjoy approaching it from the front. The main lobby with its black and white terrazzo floor, carved wood work, the niches that always had some interesting displays offered a quiet haven in a busy day. Do you recall that between each two classrooms there was a conference room with telephone connections to the main office? And there was a greenhouse on the playground side of the building. This was a part of the science complex that was designed to teach Chemistry, Physics, and Biology as well as General Science. There was an intricate system of storage batteries and rheostats for teaching electricity. My science field was Chemistry so I never figured out all the possibilities. Nor did I ever meet anyone who could tell me all about it. The display cases for collections (animal, plant, or mineral) were very adequate. Individual lab stations were in back of a lecture area behind an instructor's table. We would say today that it was "neat" area in which to teach and learn science.

I remember the library and its art work around above the shelves. It was a good place to study quietly. I remember good student art work that was displayed in the corridors above the lockers. And I remember, too, the periodic art displays in the upper lobby just outside the library. As I recall, the items on display were furnished by a Washington, D.C. outfit. An oil I bought from one of these showings hangs in a prominent place in our living room today. There was an auditorium, a gymnasium, an Industrial Arts area, an Art room, a Home Ec. area and a cafeteria. As one faced the building, the right hand side housed the elementary classes complete with a specialized kindergarten room.

All I have written about would be mere plaster, bricks and mortar were it not for the people who made that
building come alive. I remember each member of the staff as an individual in her or his own right. I would not attempt to tell you about them as I'm sure you have your memories of them. However, having said that, I must mention the Ass't Principal, Ida Trosvig, who epitomizes all that's desirable in a teacher. In my mind's eye I still see her - tall, immaculate, gray hair, with a dignity of bearing that made one like and respect her. The third component, the student body, completed the school. I remember the students as representing all economic levels and backgrounds. All levels of ability were represented and each worked at his own level. I do not remember any bad young people - mischievous, yes, but not mean.

With a better than average physical plant, an outstanding faculty, and a great student body this eighty-year old former teacher has really good memories of his years at Matthew Whaley. I hope I have encouraged some one to remember fondly his early experiences at "Matty's" School in Williamsburg.

George C. Pitts
MY FORTY-TWO YEARS AT MATTHEW WHALEY SCHOOL: A BRIEF REVIEW

by Jeanne Etheridge

I attended the first Matthey School where the Governor’s Palace now stands. I was among 13 classmates who graduated from the Williamsburg High School, which was just a few steps away and facing the Palace Green.

How well I still remember trying to control my giggles from the sharp glares of certain teachers. I learned to write down and memorize every word the teacher said. There was no discussion or pupil participation. After the test, I forgot much that I was supposed to know.

The new Matthew Whaley School opened in 1930. At that time I was having my first teaching experience at Gloucester Court House for $80 a month. Lucky me.

Imagine my delight in 1931 when Mr. Byrd called and offered me a fourth grade position at the beautiful new school for $85 a month. Here I learned that William and Mary College owned half of the school where their students could observe and learn to teach and that Whaley teachers would be supervised by William and Mary teachers of Education.

After the children were dismissed, elementary teachers met with Dr. Inga Ola Helseth, who was the first brilliant woman teacher I had ever encountered. I learned to listen and remember.

From Dr. Helseth we learned the development levels of children as they grow from babyhood at their own individual rate. Also, that children learn in different ways in a democratic classroom through appropriate activities that allow them to use their minds and solve problems, not just memorize and repeat answers. She provided us with materials so all children could work on the skill level that was appropriate for them and thereby achieve success and self-esteem. Under Dr. Helseth’s leadership, the elementary teachers developed a new and sound philosophy of educating children, which made teaching a rich and rewarding experience.

It was a new concept to teach children that they were responsible for their own progress and self-management. We just did not have poor behavior, because children helped make the rules. We believed that every child was different and every child could learn. Differences were assets.

Most Whaley children had two caring parents who sent us happy children to teach. Parents learned from teachers the phrase "Continuous Progress" for every child.
At the end of each year, we gave a national achievement test of skills. Naturally, there was a range of scores. The teacher’s concern was whether every child had gained his own year of growth and if not, why not? His cumulative record noted his progress so the next teacher would know what to provide for continued growth.

Our art and music programs gave richer meaning to our social studies activities, and our large auditorium and stage furnished a place for sharing class efforts for children of all ages.

Had I not had 19 years in the classroom with children, I could not have been the principal of Matthew Whaley Elementary School for 23 years. Forty-two years is a long time to work with children and teachers, but every day was an interesting and happy day for me.

Just look around today, and you will see and hear of the successful and talented former Whaley pupils and their contributions to this expanded community. I even hear that some have become wealthy, and that takes brains!
Class of 1954 Reunion

Twenty-Eight members of the Matthew Whaley Class of 1954 gathered in Williamsburg for the 4th-of-July weekend to celebrate their 40th reunion. Four events were well-attended: an informal buffet supper hosted by Linda (Garrison) Bowe and her husband, Tom, at their home in Queen's Lake, a picnic at New Quarter Park on Saturday, a buffet dinner with music by the Williamsburg Jazz Ensemble at the Queen's Lake Clubhouse and an Au Revoir Brunch at Second Street on Sunday morning.

Members of the Reunion's Planning Committee, chaired by Linda Bowe, were: Annette Crain Allen, Joyce Score Benninghove, Lois Stout Bodie, Judy Hinkson Bowmer, Carter Cowles, Judy Totty Dean, Katherine Vaughan Martin, Laughlin McDonald, B. Joyce Nunn McKnight and Fred Owens.

At the picnic Joyce McKnight, Class President, presided. The orders of business were a discussion of plans for future reunions and the distribution to each class member of T-shirts emblazoned with an MW and '54-'94.

Eight teachers were special guests of the Class at dinner Saturday night: Marjorie Browning, Doris Byerly Buchanan, Jeanne Etheridge, William Etheridge, Roland Friedman, Norma Saunders Gibbons, Ida Smith Hall and Mary Alice Tillotson.

Fred Owens emceed the presentation of prizes and gave each member of the class a miniature Shirley pewter Jefferson Cup engraved with the MW and '54-'94. Receiving prizes were Larry Kocher who had travelled the greatest distance to join his classmates (he lives in San Francisco), Dorothy Wing Winstead who has been married the longest (39 years) and Dorothy Post Parsley who has the most grandchildren (6).

Annette Crain's husband, Bob Allen, showed a video which included group photos, color slides of the "Gareth and Lynette" costume project in the late Miss Matier's English class and a film of "High School Life!", another English class endeavor. The class of 1954 was avant garde!

At the Brunch table-hopping and photo-taking were the routine. Plans were made to return, especially for the 50th reunion in 2004. Letters will be written to those classmates, sorely missed, who were unable to be with us on this occasion.

States represented by class members attending this 40th reunion were: California, Florida, Georgia, Minnesota, Mississippi, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas and, of course, Virginia.

*The Ensemble's saxophonist is Tom Bowe, husband of Linda Garrison.

B. Joyce Nunn McKnight
The teachers —

Front row: Jeanne Etheridge, Ida Smith Hall, Mary Alice Tillotson, Marjorie Browning.


The class —
From Dino and Marilyn Costas —

Barbara Jean Gilley, Ailene Carter, Shirley Jacobson, Anrie Callis.
Seated: Nina Mae Briggs, Dino Costas, and Betty Jean Holland.
Mr. Buzkirk, Band and Music Teacher, and Fay LeCompte, Bill Bodie, Dino Costas, Shelby Jacobs, Bob Banks, Carlton Casey, Unknown, and Tommy Robins.

Below: Harry Morris, Shelby Jacobs, and Tommy Robins.
AFTER THE TRAIL, REUNION WITH THE FATHER

Homily delivered at the Wren Chapel Service,

WILLIAMSBURG REUNION - 1944 AND BEFORE, September 30, 1984

The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley (1896-1989), Assistant to the Rector, Bruton Parish Church 1926-1930; Archdeacon of the Yukon 1930-1931; Suffragan Bishop of Alaska 1931-1942; Bishop of Alaska 1943-1947; Director of the Overseas Department and First Vice President, National Council of the Episcopal Church 1948-1964.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.
"I look for the resurrection of the dead and of the life of the world to come." You will recognize at once that my text is taken from the last words of those two great confessions of our faith known as the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. I want this morning to talk about death, or rather I want to talk about life and death, and life eternal.

Many of you know that I had the good fortune to spend about half of my active ministry in Alaska. Fifty/sixty years ago life in interior Alaska in the valley of the Yukon and its tributaries could be a bit primitive. If I wanted to speak to a neighbor in the next village up river and it happened to be summer time, I got in my canoe or boat and went up river to see him. If it happened to be in winter, I hitched up my dog team and went by dog team. There was no airplane travel; there was no wireless phone as there is today. Because my duties required almost continuous travel winter and summer, I had a small boat with an outboard motor and a little camp equipment that I used in summer. I traveled two and a half or three thousand miles during the summer along the Yukon River and its tributaries, the Koyukuk and Tanana, visiting our people in their fishing camps. In the winter I went by dog team.

While clergy and bishops in this part of the world had cars and drivers to take them where they had to go on Sunday morning, I had a dog team and I was my own driver. I had a small sled about eight feet long and two feet wide. Because of its construction, it looked a lot like a large basket on skis; we called that type of sled a basket sled. Before I left home I laid a light canvas tarpaulin over that sled and pressed it down in the runners on the sides. Then I placed my sleeping bag in the bottom and my grub in the very rear of the sled. I carried a large tin fry pan, a large pail in which I could melt snow or ice, boil water to make tea or boil a rabbit for supper, a fork and a spoon, and the food that I needed until I came to the next trading post or mission station where I might replenish my supply.

I had another smaller box that sat just in front of the grub box in which I carried my communion vessels, chalice and paten, a small baptismal bowl, a cross, and two
candlesticks. I also had a sack in which I carried my vestments and another sack in which I carried a few articles of spare clothing. On a sled of that size too much or too many things cannot be carried. Then the space that was left I filled with smoked dried salmon to serve as food for my dogs and in some measure for myself until I came to the next place where the dog's feed could be secured. I folded the canvas over and lashed it down from bow to rear with a light line so that, should the sled turn over on the trail, I would not lose all my possessions. Under that lashing I put my snow shoes and rifle in its scabbard.

The sled was not designed to carry a person. I rode on that sled very little. I could stand on the runners that extended out behind, hold on and ride down hill where the trail was very good for a little while but for the most part I jogged behind that sled all day. There is a saying that man, the driver, is the hardest worked dog in the team. There is some truth to that.

After the sled had been loaded and lashed, I hitched in my team. I had five dogs. Two dogs worked as a pair in front of the sled. We called them the wheel dogs. The swing team came just in front of them and the lead dog worked alone in front. There were no reins on the lead dog. He had been trained hopefully to obey the commands of the driver. As the lead dog came to a fork in the trail and I wanted to go to the right, I said "Di." If he was well trained and disciplined, and if he did not see a rabbit in the other trail, he would run off to the right. If I wanted to go off to the left, I said "Ha" and he went to the left. When starting out, the dogs were eager to run for the first mile or so. They were fresh and happy. I jumped on the runners behind and caught a little ride. After about a mile or so, I jumped off and jogged along all morning; about noon time I stopped in the woods.

Interior Alaska is heavily wooded with spruce, birch, willow and cottonwood along the river beds and courses. The trail always runs through the timber. I would stop at noon time and tramp down a big hole in the snow four or five feet in diameter. I pulled some dry birch or spruce bark from a tree nearby and the dead limbs of trees round me. I put the birch bark in that hole in the snow and the branches of the dead limbs on top and touched a match to it. I carried real matches, not these funny little things that come in a paper strip. As the fire was lit and blazed up, I added more wood. Then I cut a little pole and stuck the butt in the snow so that the other end would come just over the fire. I filled the large pail with clean snow and hung it on that little pole. It began to melt and then to boil, and I put in a pinch of tea and set it aside for a moment. I got some dried salmon and crackers from the sled; smoked dried salmon is very good and nourishing. I carried crackers in the grub box, not bread, which would freeze and be a nuisance. I had smoked dried salmon, crackers and tea for lunch; if fortunate I might have a chocolate candy bar in the grub box which I thawed a bit by the fire and ate. By this time both I and the dogs had rested a bit and we were on our way.

About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the sun went down. In that latitude in mid-winter around two o'clock it was never very bright. There was a long twilight. About four or five o'clock I would come to a shelter cabin. Now if I were traveling from here to Richmond, it would be too far to go in one day. Twenty to twenty-five
miles was a fair day's travel. Half way between here and Richmond the Alaska Road Commission would have built a very simple shelter cabin about twelve or fifteen feet, maybe of logs. The walls rose only about five feet to a low-pitched roof, birch and spruce bark laid on little poles with maybe three or four inches of dirt piled on top of that to give warmth. Although not seen in the summertime because of my being on the river, iceland poppies, roses and all sort of things bloomed on top of that cabin. This little cabin had no windows, only one small door at one end. I would go in and light a candle, carried in the grub box. It was the only light I would have. There would be a small sheet iron stove in the middle of the cabin, the stove pipe going up through the roof. Along side of the stove would be a pile of dry wood, kindling and some shavings, all this left there by the traveler who preceded me. It is an unwritten law of the trail that, before leaving the cabin, enough dry wood kindling and shavings to make a good fire are brought in so that the man who follows me will not have to go into the woods as he will be cold and tired. He will have been on the trail all day, thirty to fifty below zero, and will want a fire right away.

After starting the fire, I went out, unhitched, unharnessed and tied up my dogs. Each dog had a six-foot length of chain and a leather collar with a ring in it; I tied each dog to a tree or stump so they could not get at each other. If they did, they would fight. I am sorry to say they would fight any way and then I had a wounded dog on my hands and he was no good. Then I went in and prepared my supper and got things ready for the night. After supper I went out and fed my dogs. I gave each dog one smoked dried salmon which he ate skin, bones and everything. It was very nourishing and his entire diet. He ate snow for his water. Then he turned around three times invariably, and laid down on the snow, put his four feet together and his nose among his feet with his big bushy tail over his face and feet. He looked like a big muff lying on the snow. He did not move during the night. He laid right there on top of the snow. At home I had kennels for my dogs but they never used them. The dogs always laid on top of the kennel at night, forty below zero but they knew better than I did what they wanted. They did not suffer, I am sure.

In camp, the dogs laid there in the snow during the night with a little draft of wind; happily in cold weather we did not have wind. When the temperature began to rise, the wind began to blow and was disagreeable. The little draft would blow the snow, which dried out, drifted and covered the dogs. In the morning if I looked out, I did not see a dog and wondered if they all ran off and left me. When I clapped my hands and shouted, they all jumped up and wagged their tails. They did not bark, they howled unhappily, but that was their habit.

Before bedtime, I went out and cut several branches from a spruce tree. The spruce have branches that spread out like a great fan. I cut off two or three branches with my ax, shaked the snow off and brought them in. On one side of that little cabin, up about six inches from the dirt floor, was a platform. That was my bedstead. I put these spruce bows on that bedstead and my sleeping bag on that; spruce bows acted as a mattress and gave some comfort at least. So I went to bed.
The next day I went on and toward evening I came to a village. What I left home to do was to visit these people. Maybe fifty or sixty Indians lived there in a half dozen, ten or twelve cabins. I found hospitality in one of those cabins. I knew the people, they knew me. The cabin was maybe fifteen by twenty feet and had no petition, just one big room. A man and his wife, three or four children and grandma all lived in that cabin. It was really cozy there, not much privacy.

I remember one morning, while I was dressing for the trail, a little boy, maybe ten years old, was fascinated by everything he saw as he watched me. We wore what we called an insock. After putting on my socks, I put on an insock before my moccasin. An insock is made of sheepskin or carabao skin with the wool or the fur on it which can be worn by leaving the hair on the outside; the sock comes up to the ankle. If worn with the hair on the outside or turned inside out, it protects the foot and keeps it much warmer. I wore mine with the hair on the inside. This little boy watched me put it on as he had never seen a man wear one that way; he said "why do you do that?" I said I have a feeling that if keeps my feet warmer than if the hair is on the outside.

In that cabin they had no furniture. They slept on the floor. They brought in a box or crate, or rigged up something over which the women put a piece of white sheeting. I wondered where these Indian women ever found a piece of white sheeting but invariably they did to cover that box. I got out my communion vessels and baptismal bowl, and put up a little silver cross and two candlesticks I had. Maybe we would have a marriage. These people lived far from the marriage commissioners. I was a marriage commissioner, could issue a license and officiate at a marriage. This I did often. Then I would baptize a baby maybe at the same service; this was all right under the circumstances. Maybe we would have a confirmation and a memorial service for those who died since I had been there last, and then Holy Communion. This would be the only time in six months to a year that these people would have an opportunity to receive Holy Communion, so the service would be long. I would speak on the meaning and significance of maternity, baptism, the Lord's Supper and so on. They had lots of time and patience; they gladly sat and listened. Then we went to bed and the next day I would be on my way.

I would be away from home for two, three, four or five weeks at a time. The night before I got home again, I would spend in Minto, which is about twenty-five miles from Nenana where I lived. The last morning I would be up and impatient to be on my way and to get home again. I think the dogs sensed that we were nearing home. We would jog along the trail from Minto to Nenana parallel to Tanana River. The trail did not follow on the river ice, but up on high banks, twenty or twenty five feet above the river, through the woods. Just before reaching the crossing of the Tanana where you get to Nenana, the trail dropped down on the surface of the river. When at that point, I always stopped my dogs for just a moment. They were impatient, hearing dogs in the village howling and maybe sensing the coming of my team. I put my foot on the brake on the sled and held it. I turned looking back, figuratively, over the long way we had come - the days on the trail, the nights, shelter cabins, and cabins of our people, the cold, some discomfort and some small dangers maybe - and then turning to look across the
Tanana River to see the lights of the cabins of our people in the village.

I knew we were almost home. I would speak to the dogs. They would run down the bank, across the river, and up the bank on the farther shore, through the village and to my cabin and home. Indian boys with their parent’s permission would run out, help me unhitch and unharness my dogs, tie them up and carry my things into the cabin. There I found shelter and warmth and loved ones. I was home again.

I believe that life and death, life eternal, are just as simple as that. God in his wisdom placed us here on our life’s journey. For some of us, that journey can be long and rich and wonderful as mine has been. For others, it can be short and harsh and cruel. But for all of us, ultimately and inevitably, we come to that point which divides this world from the world to come. When I reach that point, I hope that I shall have my riches, such as I have, about me. I hope I shall be able to look back, see the long way by which I have come. I hope I shall remember the home in which I was born, the love I found there, my mother, father, brothers, and then my dear wife, who accompanied me on that journey for sixty two years. I hope to recall the work I have had to do, the help and strength to do it, and the privilege and joy of traveling with friends and loved ones along the way. So much, so much, for which I am grateful.

Then I turn for a glimpse of that far country and our Father’s house. This is not a fairy tale or a fantasy of mine. Our Lord himself said:

"In my Father’s house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

And so I have every confidence that He will be there to meet me and I like to think that loved ones who have gone before me will be there. There we shall find rest and peace, and joy and life eternal. There should be home again. And so I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

Let us pray.

"Support us, O Lord, all the day long, until the shadows lengthen, the evening comes, a busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then of thy great mercy, grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at last."

"And now to God’s gracious mercy and protection, we commit you. May the Lord Bless you and keep you. May the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. May the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace, this day and ever more. Amen."

John Boyd Bentley (L) as Assistant (1926 - 1930) to the Rector, Bruton Parish Church, Dr. William Archer Rutherfoord Goodwin (R)
Dr. Goodwin and The Restoration

Ed Belvin

Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin returned to Williamsburg in 1923 to teach religious education and to build up the endowment fund at the college. He was dismayed by the further deterioration of some of the old buildings for which he had developed a fondness during his tour of duty at Bruton. The unsightly additions resulting largely from the boom years of World War I also disturbed him. He had long been interested in the restoration of old buildings. He once called Williamsburg the most interesting place in America. In seeking ways to preserve some of the town's older structures he was led to deal with the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

This group, formed by a few women in 1888, had sought to preserve certain historical sites throughout Virginia. They had procured the Powder Horn and the site of the colonial capitol in Williamsburg.

Goodwin had some experience in restoration during his first stay in the colonial town when Bruton was first restored in 1907. In 1926 he had helped to restore the George Wythe House after it was acquired by the church.

In 1924 Dr. J. A. C. Chandler was invited to address a Phi Beta Kappa banquet in New York in the interest of a proposed memorial hall at William and Mary. He was unable to go, so he sent Dr. Goodwin. In the latter's address he dwelt on the glories of Williamsburg's past. This attracted the attention of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. who was present at the gathering. He expressed the hope of coming to Williamsburg some day. This encouraged Goodwin in his dream of restoring the town. In 1926 Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller were visiting Hampton Institute and decided to come to Williamsburg. When Dr. Chandler learned of their proposed visit, he arranged to have Dr. Goodwin show them through the town. This was the opportunity for which he had long waited. He eagerly pointed out as many of the historic sites as possible and expressed his hope of restoring them to their former colonial grandeur. The Rockefellers showed interest but no commitment was made.

Goodwin later arranged a trip to New York for an interview with Rockefeller's associate, Col. Arthur Woods, to outline his plan to restore the town, but again no commitment was made.

In November of 1926 Rockefeller came to Williamsburg to attend the dedication of the Phi Beta Kappa Memorial Hall. Goodwin then invited him to spend more time touring the town, and that night at a banquet, Rockefeller agreed to finance preliminary sketches of a limited number of buildings with the understanding that he was to remain completely anonymous.

In December of the same year the Ludwell Paradise House was for sale and Goodwin informed Rockefeller as soon as he heard it. A telegram came back from New York authorizing the purchase. It was signed
by the cryptic "David's Father." Thereafter, all messages from Rockefeller were signed "Mr. David."

Dr. Goodwin was allowed to hire an architect to make the preliminary sketches. He had earlier met a well qualified man who was visiting in Williamsburg. He was William G. Perry, senior partner of the Boston firm of Perry, Shaw and Hepburn. Goodwin now invited him to come to Williamsburg to prepare sketches of the town. He assured Perry that he had substantial backing and that a restoration of the town was possible. Perry was overjoyed at the idea and accepted the proposal.

Dr. Goodwin was now consumed with the task of gathering information to use in the restoration. His office in the Wythe House became a busy place. To avoid arousing curiosity, he measured the buildings and streets at night with the aid of college boys. He made a valiant effort to abide by the wishes of Rockefeller to keep the project low key and to avoid publicity. If it was known that his financial backer was one of the wealthiest men in America, real estate prices would skyrocket, making further purchases prohibitive. The project would be nipped in the bud.

The townspeople began to wonder how a poor minister could buy so much property, and curiosity began to grow. Finally Goodwin felt that something must be done to relieve the pressure. He inserted a notice in the Newport News Daily Press explaining that he had been able to arouse the interest of financial backers in the restoration of the town's buildings. He warned that this interest would die out unless the people cooperated. He was later congratulated by Rockefeller on taking the public into his confidence without giving away the town's benefactor.

Goodwin felt that once Rockefeller decided to go ahead with the restoration idea that someone else should be selected to buy the property. He complained to Col. Woods that he was rector of a busy church and head of the College's department of religious education. However, one of Rockefeller's aides thought he was doing a good job and should stay at the task.

In 1928 one of the most important steps taken by Goodwin was the acquisition of the site of the colonial capitol. This meant that important decisions had to be made. Land had to be bought and cleared to return some of the main portions of the town to its colonial appearance. Rockefeller approved more plans. The scope of the project continued to widen. Williamsburg Holding Corporation had been established with Arthur Woods at its head in the previous year.

As activities increased so did public curiosity and pressure on Dr. Goodwin. By 1928 it was clear that the time had come to make a public announcement giving the town's benefactor and the scope of the project. On June 12 a meeting was held in the Williamsburg High School auditorium, and the plan and its financial backer were revealed. Applause broke out at the announcement.

Some people didn't like the idea, feeling that the town would lose its character as outsiders moved in and buildings would be
altered or removed. However, most people felt that a new era had arrived. Especially happy were those who sold their property to the newly formed "Restoration" as they called it and retained "life rights." They could continue to live in their homes after they were restored, rent free.

One of the first tasks to be dealt with was to hire people with skills to get the project underway. Some of the people needed were draftsmen, architects, lawyers, engineers, archeologists and historians. Perry, Shaw and Hepburn brought their own draftsmen and architects during the early years. The contractor selected was Todd and Brown. The buildings were no ordinary structures. Each was a pains-taking project, watched over carefully by the architects. Each board and brick was placed with unusual care.

Colonel Arthur Woods headed the organization until 1935 when his ill health required his replacement by his assistant, Kenneth Chorley. Williamsburg Holding Corporation, established in 1927, was soon changed to Williamsburg Restoration Incorporated. Parallel to this Colonial Williamsburg was established to handle financial affairs, but after a few years they were combined to form Colonial Williamsburg Foundation.

Edwin Kendrew, an employee of Perry, Shaw and Hepburn, headed up the Architectural Staff and became chief trouble shooter. Other architectural experts brought in were Fiske Kimball, Walter Macomber, Harold Shurtleff, and A. Lawrence Kocher. Singleton Moorehead was a draftsman with great artistic abilities. He made sketches of the buildings which were a big help to Goodwin and Rockefeller in visualizing the completed work. He also married Mayor Coleman's daughter, Cynthia. Arthur Shurtleff was hired as the landscape architect to design the gardens. He later changed his name back to the original spelling, Shurcliff to avoid confusion with Harold Shurtleff.

Dr. Goodwin hired his son, Rutherford, as a writer and interpreter and his cousin, Mary Goodwin, as a researcher. She was the one who found the "Bodleian Plate," a copper engraving which provided essential information about the Capitol, the Palace and the Wren Building. Mary found this item in the Bodleian in Oxford, England.
WILLIAMSBURG REUNION
WREN CHAPEL SERVICES

1970  The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley
1972  The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley
1974  The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley
1976  The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley
1978  The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley
1980  The Reverend C. Ambrose Turner, Jr.
1982  The Reverend C. Ambrose Turner, Jr.
1984  The Right Reverend John Boyd Bentley
1986  The Reverend R. Beverly Watkins
1988  The Reverend Cotesworth Pinckney Lewis
1990  The Reverend Thomas E. Pugh
1992  Colonel (ret.) Erwin R. Brigham
      Master in Divinity
1994  The Reverend Robert L. Thomas
A House and A Neighborhood
Julia Woodbridge Oxrieder

In the beginning was the block.

On July 2, 1930 Clerk of the Court Virginia Blanchard admitted to record the deed between Mary and C. H. Matthews and D. W. Woodbridge. Dr. Woodbridge acquired for $9,500 lots 11 and 12, with improvements, in block 1 as shown on a plat entitled Williamsburg Business Annex, drawn up in 1916. The width of the two lots together measured fifty feet fronting on Texas Avenue (later renamed Griffin Avenue) and extended 100 feet back to an alley. On the north the property was bounded by lot 10 and on the south by Richmond Street (now called Wythe Lane).

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews had purchased the land (in Williamsburg but formerly in the Jamestown district of James City County) from Horatio N. and Margaret Bucktrout (1860-1933 and 1867-1943, respectively); the deed was dated August 4, 1920 but was not filed until January 25, 1921.

Charles Matthews already owned other land in that same block. In a deed dated October 2, 1919 and recorded December 30, 1919, Mr. Matthews was conveyed certain lots by H. N. and Margaret Bucktrout, these lots at that time being in James City County. The lots were numbered 5, 6, 7, and 8 on the same block and plat as mentioned above. They all fronted on West Duke of Gloucester Street (formerly known as College Hill Road and later called Jamestown Road) and ran back 100 feet to an alley. It was stipulated in the deed that within twelve months' time Mr. Matthews would erect and complete a two story dwelling at a cost of not less than $3,000. This house must have been built on lots 7 and 8, for when Charles and Mary Matthews deeded lots 5 and 6 to G. L. Faison on December 1, 1927, there was no mention of buildings or improvements on those lots.

Not only did Charles and Mary Matthews own lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, and 12, but they also owned lots 9 and 10 adjacent to the property Dr. Woodbridge purchased. In 1928 the Matthews sold lots 9 and 10 to W. H. and Estelle Parker of Newport News. Then in 1930 Clarence Casey bought those lots from the Parkers. A bungalow and detached garage were built on those lots prior to July, 1930, and that property is still owned by the Casey family.
Horatio N. and Maggie Bucktrout conveyed by deed certain lots in the same block 1 to Baxter I and Imogene Bell. Virginia Blanchard admitted the deed to record on March 22, 1930. Dr. Bell's lots were 1 and 2, fronting 56 feet on West Duke of Gloucester Street, bounded 100 feet to the south by a twelve foot wide alley, and on the east by the property of R. L. Richardson and also lots 13, 14, 15, 16 fronting 100 feet on Oklahoma Avenue (now called Cary Street), bounded on the north by the above mentioned alley, and on the south by Richmond Street.

In the deed it is expressly covenanted that none of the above described lots can be conveyed or leased to any person of African descent for a period of 50 years from the date hereof.

Baxter I. and Imogene Bell signed a note for $1,700, payable one year after date, to the order of Horatio N. Bucktrout at the First National Bank of Williamsburg, Va. with interest thereon at the rate of 6% per annum, payable semi-annually.

The Bell Hospital was built by Elbert Thomas (Dick) Davis on Lots 13 and 14. The completion and opening of the hospital were reported on page 2 of the October 31, 1930 Virginia Gazette. It was described as a "three story brick with all modern conveniences and fitted up with the necessary appliances that go to make up the modern hospital."

Furthermore, "a complete staff of nurses on duty day and night will ensure the patients prompt service. The new hospital is a splendid addition to Williamsburg's public buildings, and Dr. Bell is to be commended for his enterprise."

In accordance with the mores of the time and place, there were separate waiting rooms for the whites and the colored people. Beds for the negroes were on the basement floor. Two colored employees whose names were synonymous with the Bell Hospital were Anna, the cook, and Spencer, the orderly. They were devoted long term workers who were esteemed as anyone else at the hospital.

As recently as two years ago nurse Helen Bickers was still living. There was a Miss Garbee who nursed me when I had my appendix removed. She married one of the Braithwaite boys, and they later settled in North Hollywood, California.

Dr. J. Randolph Tucker had an office in the Bell Hospital. In Growing Up In Williamsburg Ed Belvin described him as one who "not only made house calls but came in all kinds of weather and when he was sick himself. ... He was forced to retire in the early 60s."

Later a wing that extended to the alley was added. This enlarged hospital served the area until 1961 when the Williamsburg Community Hospital was completed. It was dedicated on March 12, and the doors were opened three weeks later on April 3.

The properties described in this block can all be traced to H. N. Bucktrout. In 1886 H. N. Bucktrout and Celestia Morris bought for $650 twenty acres, known as "The Oaks," from A. M. Matice and his wife, V. W. Matice. This land was situated on the south side of
College Mill Road (Jamestown Road) and adjoined the lands of A. Brooks and P. M. Thompson on the west and the lot formerly owned by E. M. Lee, deceased, on the east. Block 1 on the above mentioned plat was a part of those twenty acres.

There were neighbors, and they were good.

Next door to us in the house owned by Mr. Casey lived the Hipps family. I remember nothing about them other than that they had a dog which bit me. The dog was sent to the country after that happened. The Hipps didn't stay very long, and the new tenants were Walter Boileau, his wife, and their daughter, Jeanne. Mr. Boileau worked first for the National Biscuit Company and then at the post office. Several years ago I read that his neighbors in Richmond had given him a lovely 90th birthday party. Jeanne was two months younger than I, so naturally we played together and were in grades 8-11 at Matthew Whaley. The Boileaus were Baptists.

Dr. Woodbridge rented his garage to Mr. Faison for his taxi. Mrs. Faison took in boarders and later rented to tourists. Their children were Donald, Ronald, and Ione. Ione was about two months older than I. We were in grades 1-7 together, and we took typing lessons from Miss Mary Inman in 1935-1936. Today the College of William and Mary owns the Faison House.

Other children on the block were Baxter Bell and his twin sisters, Virginia and Caroline. The Bell Hospital was across the alley directly behind our house. The Bells built a home next to the hospital. In addition to being the mother of three children, the dietician at the hospital, an active member of the King's Daughters, and a Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Bell found time to tend one of the prettiest gardens in Williamsburg. Her beloved husband, the kindly doctor, was the college physician and was available to all the local people in his office or in their homes at all hours of the day and night.

Directly across the street from us was the Raymond Taylor family. Dr. Taylor taught in the biology department of the college. Mrs. Taylor was very artistic. She and Leila Thorne went out and painted together. The children were Alan and Joan. I remember playing the board game Sorry with Alan on the front steps of his house.

Next to the Taylors were the Mackeys. Mr. Mackey worked at the College Pharmacy. Mrs. Mackey was one of the earliest hostesses with the Restoration. Their sons were Jimmy and Bobby. At the time St. Bede's Catholic Church was built, the Mackeys were one of three Catholic families living in Williamsburg.

Billy Geiger, Nancy and Mary Louise Morton, Frances and Bobby Robb all lived in Chandler Court, but they never dared down to play with us nor did we go up there. Dan Blocker and Billy Royal lived in the next block of Griffin Avenue. They were older, so they
didn't participate in our recreational activities. And the Carter boys, Jack and Jimmy, were too young to be a part of our group.

Jacqueline Popp, the daughter of the college flying instructor, lived in the house which was later owned by Dr. Fowler. Jacqueline was a school mate, but I don't remember her coming up to our block to play.

Back Yard, Front Yard, All Around the Block Games and Pastimes

As elementary school age children with no cares or worries, we had good times within the confines of this one block. A carpenter built a trapeze and swing in our backyard. Everyone played on them. Our garage was ideal for practicing tennis strokes. It was also a good place for the older boys to play handball with my father.

There was a sidewalk around three sides of our house and also around three sides of our block. This supplied ample room for all of us to roller skate. We had never heard of a skating rink, and, besides, this was much more convenient.

The telephone pole on our corner was a valuable aid to our play. There was a slight slope to the sidewalk, so the best way for a skater to stop himself was to reach for the pole. When we played Draw a Magic Circle, "it" faced the pole while he counted and we hid.

In our back yards we played Kick the Can, Pretty Girls' Station, Red Light, Swinging Statues, Prisoners' Base, and Work-up (a form of baseball). We waited until it got dark to play Ain't No Buggers Out Tonight between our house and the Boileau house. Catching fireflies was another evening pastime.

Ione Faison, Jeanne Boileau, and I used coal and chalk to draw hopscotch diagrams on the front sidewalk and on the driveway just outside our garage. We also played jacks on my front porch.

There is no fun like summer fun.

When I was a child, Mrs. Margaret Bucktrout and the Hamlet Smith family (Gladys Smith was a niece of Mrs. Bucktrout.) lived at "The Oaks" on the far side of what is now Cary Street. (Today the United Methodist Church stands on that property.) We neighborhood children would go over there in the summer. At this time Mrs. Bucktrout was confined to a wheelchair, but someone brought her out in the yard, and she would treat us to watermelon. We children ate with delight and then cut up the rind so that it could be made into pickles.

When we moved here, ice was delivered to many of the households. Like all children, we "stole" slivers of ice off the truck when we thought no one was looking.

In the summers fresh produce was delivered as close as the other side of the street. Mr. Maxton brought his vegetables from Toano in
in a truck. Lee, a colored man who came in a mule drawn cart, was known for his cantaloupe and watermelon. In those days one could plug a watermelon before buying it.

As we grew into our early teens, my father taught the rudiments of tennis to anyone who wanted to learn. He played regularly with the other professors: Dr. Guy, Dr. Robb, Dr. Marsh, Dr. Iturralde. Silas was the college employee who rolled and lined the courts. The courts couldn't have been more convenient; four courts were on the women's athletic field across the street from the Faisons. Since my father didn't teach in the summer, he had plenty of time to play tennis. Many a hot summer day we would make a pitcher of lemonade and then go out to play tennis. When we grew hot and tired, we'd go home to drink the lemonade and perhaps eat a meal, then we'd return to the game. We might keep this up until it was too dark to see the ball.

The ping pong room in our basement was a popular hangout for the neighborhood children. Some of us got to be very skilled, so we had many close, overtime games. I had a rather unorthodox backhand grip and almost no offense, but my defense was so good and unexpected that I won most of my games. I remember doing very well in a ping pong tournament at Matthew Whaley.

During the depression days we looked for recreation that was absolutely free. We found it hiking in the woods at the end of Griffin Avenue and in the college woods. The Griffin Avenue woods had three grapevine swings which we thrilled to as much as any child of Tarzan. Once we wandered over into Mrs. Burns' pasture (now Indian Springs) and were frightened half to death by a bull that chased us. We noted every step in the development of Matoaka Woods by the CCC boys. We frequently hiked to Holly Point or Squirrel Point or even around the lake. In the summer we canoed on the lake.

I was one of the children who liked to climb trees. By far the best one was a sycamore in Dr. J. D. Carter's yard. But he cut off the lowest branch, and after that we had no way to get up into it.

Our spirits warmed when the lake froze.

In the winter we skated on Lake Matoaka. Whereas my father taught law at the college, I think he was better known as the man who lent ice skates and supervised the children at the lake. Helen Young Langton recalls how, on cold days, she'd want to go down and skate at the lake. Her mother would say to her, "Watch for Dr. Robb or Dr. Woodbridge. Then you can go." So Helen would sit there with her face pressed against the window pane.

Jake was our friend too.

There were certain Eastern State patients who were allowed the freedom of the town. A man named Jake would sometimes pass through our neighborhood, and we would talk to him. Jake could only gesture to us, for he was a mute. Emma Tate says that according to the story she heard, Jake was once mistakenly taken to the morgue. When he awoke there, he was so frightened that he lost his speech.
Bigger is better – additions and improvements

My father told us that according to law you owned from the center of the earth to the top of the sky. So it wasn't long before he expanded our square footage. In 1932 he excavated the south basement, putting in three rooms and a bath at a cost of $750. The three rooms were built with the idea of renting to college students, but no sooner were they built than the college decreed that all students must live on campus. Through the years the rooms have been used by family members and rented to working people as well as to service personnel. Once the college changed its policy and allowed off-campus housing, the rooms were rented to college students.

Also in the early 1930s a portion of the coal bin was taken to make a room for Hensley. Always the scholar, he had a quiet place away from everyone else where he could study to his heart's content.

In 1938 the attic was finished off. Solid floor was laid throughout. Electric lights, bathroom fixtures, and an extension telephone were installed. There were two wood-burning stoves for heating in the winter and a large fan for cooling in the summer. There was a very thick rope near a front window to be used as a fire escape should the need arise. Standard wooden stairs went from the utility room (we called it the back porch) to the attic.

I can remember sleeping in the attic, but mostly it was used to house servicemen's wives during World War II. There were about a dozen beds, so the attic was what might have been called a women's dormitory. When their husbands had liberty, we rented them rooms in the basement. The going rate was a dollar per person per night. Even after I moved back here in 1972, a man came by one day to say he and his wife had stayed here during the war.

In 1938 Dr. Woodbridge also excavated the room that was to become the ping pong room, and a bicycle shed for the Bells and Woodbridges was added to the north side of the house. The carpenters who built the shed were paid sixty cents an hour. There was also some excavation of a sub-basement for ventilation and termite control.

Storm windows and doors were added in 1953.

The next major improvement was the bomb shelter built at a cost of $8107 in the spring of 1962. It was put under the back yard and meant for the neighborhood women and children. The shelter was built to accommodate about two dozen people. There were bunk beds, a pump to bring in air, another pump to eject whatever water might seep in, batteries for lights, a water system, a chemical toilet. And, of course, there was a ping pong table! What with the reinforced concrete walls, the bomb shelter was a soundproof playroom.
A Two Block Walk for Milk

Milk was delivered to our door for a time, but for a while during the mid thirties my father walked daily up to Mrs. Burns' milk house behind her home. (Today the Jewish Temple stands on the site of her home and milk house.) He had a wire carrier that held six quarts. The milk was not pasteurized, and it sold for ten cents a quart. A colored man named Cynthia helped Mrs. Burns.

Matthew Whaley School

There was no question about what school you would attend. We knew we'd be going to Matthew Whaley for eleven years. I, for one, entered the first grade the first year the school opened. The $400,000 new Matthew Whaley was scheduled to open September 9, 1930, but because some furniture was late arriving, it was September 11 when the session actually started. We walked to school at first, and when we got older, we rode our bicycles. When I moved back here in 1972, I was shocked that my daughter would ride the school bus over a longer, roudabout route to the same school which then housed grades K through four.

Being busy brought contentment.

Today teenagers plead for a youth center where they can hang out. I can't speak for everyone, but the Woodbridge children never felt such a need. Hensley and Billy had to get up at 4:30 to carry "The Richmond Times Dispatch." By the time homework was done at night, it was time to go to bed. On Sundays I helped deliver out of state newspapers such as "The New York Times." Hensley and I spent our Saturdays collecting from our paper customers.

Sometimes I baby sat on Saturday nights. I baby sat with the best families in town, people such as the Kendrews, the Marshes, the Armstrongs.

Whatever spare time was left over after we engaged in the games and sports already mentioned, my father spent reading to us or teaching us multiplication tables, fractions, foreign languages, and algebra. He believed in flash cards as a teaching aid, and we had boxes and boxes that he had made. We did not know the phrase "quality time," but if ever a family had quality time, ours did.

Wash on Monday.

Automatic washers and dryers are taken for granted in this technological age, but I grew up in the era of electric washing machines with spinners or wringers and clotheslines in the back yards. My mother washed clothes in the basement every Monday morning, and my father helped her hang the laundry before going to class. On cold winter days the clothes froze on the lines.
collection and present him with a gift. Once, when asked what time it was, my father answered, "My watch says two o'clock." Hensley had been listening, and he blurted out, "That's my watch!" So his present that year was a watch. John Lee Johnson, son of a William and Mary English professor, gave his mentor Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. One student from the western part of the state, out of gratitude for passing the Bar, sent us a bushel of apples every Christmas. One very happy memory of mine is of the students running to our house waving the telegrams that notified them they had passed the exam.

Dr. Woodbridge did teach three summers, one each at the University of Florida, the University of Illinois (his Alma Mater), and the University of Virginia. I attended classes at the University of Virginia during the summer of 1944 while he was teaching there. I enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman and the only civilian in my two navigation classes. At this time the University of Virginia was admitting undergraduate women only in the schools of education and nursing.

There were a couple of summers when my father tutored in our home teenagers who were having trouble with algebra and Latin. He was paid by the parents of those young people. During his retirement years he spent a lot of time helping an upper elementary school age girl whose parents could not afford to pay.

Insects: a bane and a blessing

No account of life on Griffin Avenue would be complete without mentioning the insect life. Before the implementation of the mosquito control we have today, I was a prime target for mosquito bites. The bites were always getting infected, and I spent a lot of time soaking my legs in a hot epsom salts solution.

Just as we all suffered from the mosquito, so did we all gain from the abundance of all sorts of insects in the neighborhood. There was not a single child who did not say, "I can make money collecting and selling bugs to biology students at the college." After all, each student had to have one hundred different bugs; there was a ready market. We punched holes in the tops of our jars and bought butterfly nets. Hensley's Field Book of Insects helped us identify our catch. Hensley caught black widow spiders, and Frances Robb says her parents were horrified when she caught one. Most bugs brought only coins of the smallest denominations. But I do remember caring for a hickory horn devil worm from a tomato plant until it became a beautiful butterfly; an appreciative student gave me 25¢ for that one.

Dr. Davis did not approve of this local enterprise. He felt that the students should observe the natural habitat of the insect, and we youngsters did not record such incidentals; all we cared about was our money. So one day in class he announced, "I do not want you to buy your bugs from the Woodbridge children. I want you to collect your own bugs." Of course, that was free advertising for us, and I strongly suspect the forbidden fruit was all the sweeter!
A railing down the front steps was added in December of 1963. This was primarily for Mrs. Cairns, the aged neighbor across the street who frequently brought applesauce to my father. She was the mother-in-law of Dr. James Miller, professor of philosophy.

When I moved back in 1972 to be company for Billy, I made further improvements to the house. I changed my father's den into a dining room, painted and wallpapered it. By this time Mrs. Cairns had died, and Dr. and Mrs. James Miller were living in that house. They asked me to store some beautiful antique dining room furniture of theirs; the transformation was complete.

All the hardwood floors were refinished, and I had the kitchen modernized. The new kitchen was the perfect place for my daughter's 4-H Cooketeers group led by Angela Neilan. Both bathrooms on the main floor were painted and papered, and new light fixtures were added. I also had some holly bushes planted on both sides of the front steps.

Mother, the untiring worker

It is time now to correct two false impressions the reader may have. One, that my mother was a non-entity. She certainly was not! In addition to raising four children, she took in renters as already mentioned and tourists. Additional cleaning and laundry were required tasks. She did all my father's typing, literally thousands of stencils and all his correspondence. When we first moved here, she took typing at the college. It was a skill that she used to advantage all her life, and she was a tremendous help to my father. When, at the end of his life, my father made an accounting of his assets, he credited my mother with earning half that amount.

When we moved to Williamsburg in 1927, the only charitable organization in town was the King's Daughters. My mother joined it and was a dedicated, active member as long as she lived. I remember attending meetings with her at the home of Estelle and Cora Smith (now the Brush-Everard House on Palace Green). Miss Estelle Smith wrote an absorbing history of the first fifty years of the King's Daughters in Williamsburg.

Dr. Woodbridge's summer teaching

The second misconception the reader might have is that my father did nothing but play tennis and hike all summer. The first two or three weeks of the summer he taught his coach class to those preparing for the Virginia State Bar Examination. This very intensive class was sometimes held in our living room and my father's den. During the depression years when students were as poor as everyone else, he made no charge. However, the students would take up a
Billy Royal remembers that when the grass was high on the women's athletic field, millions of bugs, particularly grasshoppers, would fly up in front of you. He would put carbona in his jar to kill the bugs. Furthermore, he fashioned his own net, the frame molded from a coat hanger.

The Doctor and the Hospital

Justice would not be served if I didn't stress the enormous value of the hospital and doctor's residence so close at hand. I was very frail as a child and went daily for a while to have ultraviolet ray treatments. When I caught cold, I went to the hospital to have my throat swabbed. It was there that I had my appendix removed. Mrs. Tucker and I sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb" until the ether overcame me.

I seemed to be particularly susceptible to boils and went to the hospital to have them lanced.

There was one girl from the Lightfoot areas who had been hit after leaving a school bus. She had a broken leg and was in the hospital for a long time. Some of us - Ione, Jeanne, and I - went to visit her about every day. After she was released, I sometimes rode the Greyhound bus to her house. Her family was a large one, so I always took $5 worth of groceries. Five dollars bought a weighty bag of food at that time.

I was subject to migraine headaches until fairly recently. They usually occurred around two o'clock in the morning, and the pain was excruciating. One of my parents would go to the Bell's home and wake up the doctor. He would come over and treat me.

Styes also plagued me during my childhood years. Once I had a stye on both upper and lower lids of the same eye, and my parents were really alarmed. They called Dr. Brantley Henderson, the eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, and asked him to look at me on his way to his office. We were only a block out of his way. He prescribed no treatment that we weren't already applying, and then he sent a bill for five dollars. My parents thought the bill was outrageous! He also treated me for sinus. I remember the discomfort of the argyrol packs.

Nothing endures but change (Heraclitus)

Our home at 118 Griffin Avenue is now being sold. My mother left a trust for Billy and specified that on his death, the estate should be divided between Bobby's children, Hensley, and me. Anyone who knew Bobby would be interested in knowing that his son and his granddaughter have inherited his athletic ability.

The neighborhood is very different today. Williamsburg Community Hospital has replaced the Bell Hospital which is now divided into offices, including one for Baxter, Junior. The three houses
facing Jamestown Road, the house next door to me, and the two houses across the street from me are used as college offices or as dwelling places for students. The students have taken over all the curbside parking and even park in the backyards where we used to play our games. Turning a backyard playground into a parking lot borders on the sacriligious.

One has to go to the next block to find a single family residence. The first such house is diagonally across the street, and there lives Jeanne Etheridge, my fourth grade school teacher.

Newport Avenue has been extended all the way to South England Street, so Newport and Griffin Avenues have become a popular route for avoiding College Corner traffic.

Houses have been built in the Griffin Avenue woods where we swung on our grape vine swings. Acres and acres of the College woods have been destroyed to make way for the new campus. Who can find today the trails to Holly and Squirrel Points?

Except for Baxter Bell, my playmates have moved away. I rarely, if ever, hear from them.

But, rather than close on a sad note, I must remind myself that "the ever whirling wheel of change, the which all mortal things doth sway." (Spencer's "The Fairie Queen") Griffin Avenue is no exception.

I wish to thank Ed Belvin for his sketch of my house and Frances Robb for searching the deeds.
An Ark in A Backyard
By Guy Friddell

After looking at a highboy, a lowboy, and a hauftboy, I said there was something unusual I’d been wanting to see in Williamsburg for a long time.

What? she asked, getting into the car.

A fallout shelter, I said, as soon as the car was moving and she couldn’t jump out.

More than a year ago, about the time people were being photographed in front of shelters with shotguns, there was a news story about the former William and Mary law school dean's planning a backyard shelter for the whole neighborhood.

If there were more people than the shelter could hold, he’d said, then ordinary decency and humanity would prevail with women and children first.

I’d like to know if he finished, I said. I’d like to see the man who would build an Ark in his backyard for the twelfth century.

Extra Skates at the Pond

We found Dean Emeritus Dudley W. Woodbridge in a green single house on a side street, a big, stoop-shouldered man, white-haired, with squint-blue laughing eyes, a wedge nose, and a boyish jack-o-lantern grin.

He answered questions in a deep, pleasant voice out of a sense of patience for what he believed was right. Throughout, shyly, he watched my reaction to what he’d done in sinking much of his life savings into the ground for others.

You’ve heard of people being good and crazy, he said, smiling. Some of my neighbors, I suspect, think I’m crazy but good.

His friends tell how when the college pond freezes, Dean Woodbridge is on hand with a dozen extra pairs of skates for those that don’t have any. Neighborhood children are off and on eight or nine bicycles around his house.

When the President said ask what you can do for your country, Dean Woodbridge looked around and decided the most tangible thing to do was build a fallout shelter for his community.

Was it expensive? I asked.

What might be expensive for one person, might not for another, he said.

Things to Think On

He’d estimated it would cost $2,000 but thought it only fair that the contractor build it cost-plus, and, with this and that addition, it came to $8,000. His house, in 1930, cost $9,500.

He has invited the neighbors to store what they please inside the shelter—canned goods, mattresses, games, books.

I took the view I’d done the things that couldn’t be done quickly, he said. If they do furnish things like sleeping bags, it’s more like their shelter. It isn’t wise for me to do all of it.

Some, timid about responding, say: But it’s your shelter.

In times of crisis like that, property doesn’t mean anything, says the dean.

Others are fatalists, like columnist Ann Landers who once wrote it was undignified to dig holes and run and hide.

What’s undignified about not wishing to commit suicide? asked the dean. Don’t we seek shelter during hurricanes? Didn’t George Washington put his men behind trees to fight Indians?

He put that in a letter to Miss Landers, and she wrote back: I will think on these things.

She hasn’t touched the topic since.

To Pull His Own Weight

Peace is not inevitable, said the dean. A million such shelters might mean a loss of only 10 per cent of the population in event of war. These summer days idle teen-agers could help in building them.

Seems to me it would work out, he said.

Do you play ping pong? he asked, suddenly.

Some, I said.

(Actually, it was the only subject in which I really excelled in school, and it saddened me to think that I was going to have to beat the dean and his own fallout shelter, but when you are as good as I am, you simply don’t let down.)

He led the way to his basement and through two fire resistant doors into the shelter. There’s also an entrance from the backyard through a 40-pound hatch and down a ship’s ladder.

His first thought had been to revamp his basement, but that would have housed only his family.

I wanted to feel that I was pulling my own weight in the community, he said.

Cave for Important Persons

The shelter, large as a living room, is wrapped in nine inches of re-enforced concrete under 26 inches of dirt. It will harbor 30 persons, half of them sitting down, the other half ping on plywood shelf-cots hinged to the wall. Two tanks hold 600 gallons of water.

At ping pong, the dean holds his paddle as if it were a frying pan. Wherever you hit the ball, that paddle is there to flip it back.

Older children gather in the shelter to play ping pong. The small fry regard it as a cave, playhouse, pirate ship, jail, or whatever fits their fantasy.

We call them small fry, but they’re the most important, said the dean.

As we drove off, my wife said she wished we’d ed near him.

Because he’s got a fine shelter? I asked.

Because he’s a fine person, she said.

He’s the darndest ping pong player I ever w, I said. Did you see the way he held that paddle?

I saw him win, she said.
The boom in survival gear went bust after tensions eased and "shellout falter," as one wit put it, set in.
This picture of Billy Woodbridge in his Western Union uniform was probably taken sometime in the '40s. The large tree behind Billy is in Miss Etheridge's yard today, but when this picture was taken, Mr. Byrd and his family lived in the house.

These are the Woodbridge children in January of 1936. Hensley is 13, Julia is 11, Billy is 8½, Bobby is 2½. The only house that is visible in this picture is the house next door where Jeanne Boileau lived.
This 1930 picture shows Mrs. Bucktrout's house, Mrs. Bucktrout, Billy Woodbridge, and a man not identified. Mrs. Bucktrout frequently treated neighborhood children to watermelon.

Idell Baker and Mr. Sawyer, June, 1937
First Grade – 1948

MATTHEW WHALEY’S FIRST GRADE – 1948

Only three students have been identified.
From the left, Glenn McCaskey and Fred Armstrong.
From the right, the second is Carolyn Cox.

SIGMA PI SIGMA PHYSICS FRATERNITY
ROGERS HALL – c. 1941

L. to R. – Edward Katz, James Talley, David Comp, Kitty Koonz, Dr. W. Merryman, R. C. Young, W. G. Guy, Hunt Curtis, Herbert Young, Edgar Darden,

Photos furnished by Mrs. Armstrong
Martha Barber Armstrong - 1937

Alfred Ringgold Armstrong - 1937


Photos furnished by Mrs. Armstrong
Jamestown Road across from Barrett Hall – early 1920s.

Taken on Francis St. behind the Powder Magazine. The car on the right is in front of the old city hall and the jail is beneath the siren (c. 1926). The street from Duke of Gloucester to Francis was closed in 1965.
POLICE OFFICER HAMLET SMITH
at Williamsburg Police Dept. office – 1950s
(Photo sent in by Betty Harris)

Hamlet Smith at his first grandchild's christening at the Methodist Church on Duke of Gloucester Street, April 1953
(Photo sent in by Sally Rutherford)
WILLIAMSBURG AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

Mr. & Mrs. Albert Everett Griffin came here from Tupper Plains, Ohio in February 1895, with two young daughters, Grace and Minnie. Mrs. Griffin was pregnant with twin girls, Esther and Ruth, who were born four months later, on June 18. Esther Griffin Davis, who died in 1982, was the mother of Ruth Poulsen and Dorothy Helslander of Williamsburg.

They travelled by train from Ohio, Mrs. Griffin and her daughters riding in the parlor car, while Mr. Griffin rode in the baggage car with his farm animals. They thought they were coming to the "sunny south", but arrived at their new home in Virginia in the middle of a snow storm. They settled at Greensprings, near Jamestown, but a few years later moved into a house at 213 N. Boundary Street, where they maintained their home the rest of their lives. The house still stands today, but is commercial property now.

In the accompanying picture taken between 1905 - 1910, my grand-parents are standing in the doorway of Bozarth Brothers Feed, Implement and Harness Store. Mr. Griffin, who was a carpenter by trade, worked for the Bozarths. The store was located on North Boundary St. at about the intersection of Prince George St. and just a couple houses down the street from the Griffin residence.

Mrs. Griffin worked as a sales lady at Miss Geneva Mullen's Millinery Shop located in a small building near Casey's Store. She was later employed in the Piece Goods Dept. at Casey's Store after both stores were purchased by Richmond Dry Goods.

Mr. Griffin was born in Athens County, Ohio Nov. 13, 1863 and died January 6, 1945. Lulu Jane Ballard Griffin was born Sept. 5, 1868 at Tupper Plains, Ohio and died Nov. 28, 1967 at age 99.

The Griffins were married at the Rectory of Trinity Church in Parkersburg, W. Va. April 5, 1885. They had 7 daughters, one died in infancy in Ohio, and one died here at age 8. All but one of the remaining girls are buried at Cedar Grove Cemetery.

Ruth Davis Poulsen
Two of my cousins, Minnie Griffin Brady and Grace Griffin Parrish, are behind the cannon in front of the Sir Christopher Wren Building (Taken in the early 1900s)

The Old Church at Jarnestown — early 1900s.
Oxen-drawn wagon in front of the Bozarths—taken about 1916. My uncle, Charles Persinger, and my cousin, Charles Albert Persinger. (Photo taken on N. Boundary St.)
Frances (Cottingham) Ritchie
now living in
Palm Coast, Florida

From Frances
"baby book" —
"Gary Clark and I were in the
first grade and Baxter Bell was in
the second when we participated
in the Homecoming festivities"
(as Queen’s attendants, W&M
College, 1933).
RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME WILLIAMSBURG BUSINESSES
IN THE 1930'S AND EARLY 1940's.
by Jay Clark

The following businesses have been selected because the writer has had personal experience working for periods of time in each of them. During the period covered, Eastern State Hospital and the College of William and Mary had been joined by the Williamsburg Restoration, Inc. (the "Restoration") as the principal employers in the city. Since there were no other industries small businesses met the need of these three and the general population through the provision of goods and services. Service was personal and face to face. These three businesses attempted to reach out and really serve their customers. None of these businesses survive today and so have become a part of history.

For me the 1930's and early 1940's were very pleasant times when the town was not large, the pace was slow and a person could take time to "smell the roses".

WEST END MARKET was located on the Northeast corner of North Boundary and Prince George Streets, in the Hitchens Building. This building currently houses The Flower Cupboard, Massey's Camera Shop, The Williamsburg Travel Office and The Williamsburg Shoe Repair Shop.

The building was built by A. W. Hitchens, who came to Williamsburg at the age of six with his family from Cecil County, Maryland. Before opening the A. W. Hitchens Grocery Store on Duke of Gloucester Street in the area of the current Brick House Tavern and James Anderson House, he had worked at the Williamsburg Knitting Mill and for A. W. Wolfe, a local grocer at around the turn of the century. While in the grocery business he operated a slaughter house to provide fresh meat for his store in an area back of where the Williamsburg Inn is now located. He was the first to provide a delivery truck in 1915. In 1930 he advertised his as the oldest grocery and meat store in Williamsburg which purchased $25,000 per year in produce from the surrounding counties.

In 1933 Hitchens built the colonial style Hitchens Building for the astounding sum of $25,000. The contractor was C. H. Lawson. The building had a full basement and two additional stories. There were two stores on North Boundary Street and two on Prince George Street. On the second floor were three apartments and an office. One of the apartments was eventually occupied by the writer's sister, Fanny, and her husband Lort Hitchens Nightengale, who happened to be Webster Hitchen's nephew.

The owners of the West End Market, John and Jim Taylor, had worked for A. W. Hitchens in his grocery store. When Hitchens decided to go out of the grocery business after completing the Hitchens Building, the Taylor brothers bought his store fixtures and established the West End Market.

The Taylor's parents were natives of Edinburgh, Scotland and had settled at Delk's outside of the city. Jim Taylor enlisted in the
Army during World War I, was feared lost for a time, but returned home safely and was discharged. He never married. John was married and had three children; Dorothy, Gertrude and John. His wife and children all worked in the store at one time or another. John worked there regularly when he became old enough.

The store faced North Boundary Street and extended eastward along Prince George Street. Binn’s store was a long time neighbor, occupying the other space facing North Boundary Street.

West End Market made home deliveries. Orders were taken by telephone, processed and two deliveries made a day. Jeff Bull was in charge of making deliveries when the writer worked there. He did not take kindly to anyone else using his panel truck and worked on his own time to keep the truck spotlessly clean. In case of an overload of deliveries, there was a smaller truck which could be used. The writer was always pleased when this happened because he and Jimmy Randall would sometime make deliveries, giving us the opportunity to get out of the store.

There was a great deal of memory work in the store because the price of many items had to be committed to memory. There was great deal of calling back and forth in the store about the current price of items, especially fresh produce. There were also many charge accounts to remember so that approved charge customers could be identified.

Tommy Butts, who was living with the Clark family and working in the store, got the writer a job in the store in 1937. There was a particularly good crew in the store. Beside Tommy, others were Bill Anderson, Hugh Hitchens, Jim Randall and Jim Jr., Jeff Bull mentioned before and of course all of the Taylors.

Jim Taylor died quite suddenly in 1941 and John in 1944. Mrs. Taylor and the younger John operated the store until 1966. They sold the business to Dan Williams, who moved it across North Boundary Street to the building which in the past had been the Rollo Theatre.

AYERS MOTOR COMPANY, commonly known as Ayers Garage, was originally located on South England Street where it crossed the green by the Powder Horn before that portion of the street was closed. In the early 1930’s the garage was moved to the building located directly behind the Goodwin Building and which is currently occupied by The Peanut Shop, Baskins-Robbins Ice Cream, The Precious Gem and The Cheese Shop. The garage occupied about the Western two-thirds and The Virginia Gazette the Eastern one-third. These two businesses were the first occupants of this building, construction of which began in 1931.

The owner of the garage, E. P. Ayers, volunteered for service during World War I. While in training at Camp (now Fort) Lee, Virginia he incurred spinal meningitis, survived and served in France. When he returned he organized his motor company. E. P. Ayers, Jr. his only son and a high school class mate of mine was not as fortunate as his Father and lost his life in World War II.

The writer was employed part time at Ayers garage in the late 1930’s.
assisting his brother Frank who worked full time operating the
gas station. The garage was open from about 7 a.m. until 10 p.m.
except on Sunday when it closed at 6 p.m. There was a full crew on
from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. From 6-10 p.m. and on Sundays a mechanic and
a gas station attendant were on duty. Evenings and Sundays were
peaceful duty because, except in case of emergency, there was little
mechanical work to be done and little gas dispensed except for a
flurry or two. The mechanic was in charge so, depending on who the
mechanic was, sometimes in the evening we would go home early.
E. P. Ayers usually checked in at about 7:30 p.m. evenings and on
Sunday mornings to see how things were going and then continued
on home or to Church.

A long time mechanic was Eugene A. (Gene) Metham. Gene was master
mechanic and there were few auto mechanical problems of the time
that he could not solve. He was sought after by those wanting expert
maintenance. Gene was a very fine person, very helpful, but loved
to needle people, especially me. When asked for help, his first
statement would often be, “I didn’t take you to raise!” He would
then proceed to help you with the problem. After Ayers Motor Company
closed, he went to work at Edwin Gilley’s service station on
Richmond Road. After retiring he kept busy repairing lawn mowers.

Edwin Gilley was parts manager and cashier for the garage. He later
owned a service station York Street and then one on Richmond Road.
He met a horrible death when he and two others who were going duck
hunting ran off an open span on the Barretts Ferry Bridge which
crosses the Chickahominy River on Route 5.

Hugh Sutton was the sometime shop foreman at the garage. No one
particularly wanted the job because of the headaches involved, but
he would take it for a while and then ask that someone else take it.
When World War II came along he worked as a foreman for a construc-
tion company. Returning after the war operated a furnace maintenance
service as well as several self-service laundries’. His brother,
Harry, had operated the gas station at the garage prior to my
brother taking over when Harry went to work for Colonial Williams-
burg.

Walter Owens was a mechanic at Ayers Garage, also. His father had
operated a garage on the Southwest corner of Duke of Gloucester
and South Henry Streets, where the Craft House outlet is now located,
in the 1920’s. He was a fine person to work with. He eventually
had his own auto repair shop in the building which now houses
Bill Royall’s Williamsburg Press. After retiring from his shop
he pursued his hobby of rebuilding Ford Model T and Model A motors.

Henry A. “Ham” Morris handled wrecker duties for the garage. Ham
always had a pipe between his teeth, even when working on automobiles.
He was on call 24 hours a day and at times towed in some really
gruesome looking wrecked automobiles.

Guy Bryan was an automobile salesman at the garage. The garage
sold Plymouth and Dodge automobiles through Tysinger, an automobile
distributor in Hampton, Virginia. E. P. Ayers always drove a current
model automobile but did not stock new ones. All new automobiles
were purchased subject to delivery. When a new automobile that had
been ordered arrived at Tysingers, two people would drive to Hampton
and one would drive the new car back. In those days new cars were very stiff during the break-in period, so care had to be taken so as not to damage the automobile on the return from Hampton.

One of the experiences the writer remembers while working at the garage was of delivering a big shiny 16 cylinder Cadillac, which had been stored in the garage, back to the Williamsburg Inn to its chauffeur. It was tense time because it seemed that the vehicle was a mile long and I was afraid that I was going to put a scratch on it or worse still that someone would collide with it. I had not been driving very long and had never driven anything that large and powerful. There were no incidents so that the car and I arrived safely.

Another incident occurred on a Sunday morning when I was pumping gasoline into a customer’s car and the hose separated from the gas pump and flooded the area with gasoline. Ayers was talking with Mr. Osborne in the parking lot in front of the Gazette office and saw the accident. He fired me on the spot only to rehire me the next day.

Sometime around the late 1940’s or early 50’s Ayers built a building on Capitol Landing Road and continued his business there until he retired.

HITCHENS DRY CLEANERS was located in the Hitchens Building on Prince George Street where the Williamsburg Shoe Repair Shop is now located. Stanley Hitchens, the owner, was the son of A. W. Hitchens, the buildings’ owner. Stanley and his wife lived in one of the apartments on the second floor.

Stanley had formerly been associated with Band Box Cleaners farther West on Prince George Street. He and Jackson Barnes had decided to team up in their own business, which bore both of their names. Stanley was the inside person who did the cleaning and managed the shop. Jackson was the outside person who sought business and made pick-ups and deliveries. Eventually, Jackson wanted to pursue other interest and sold his share to Stanley.

Stanley had to hire someone to handle pick-ups and deliveries upon Jackson’s departure. Through the auspices of our good family friend and neighbor, Miss Ann Chapman who had heard of the opening, I was interviewed and hired. My beginning salary was ten dollars a week and had risen to fifteen dollars a week a short time before I left to work at the Craft House. My ambition at the time was to earn twenty-five dollars a week and be independently wealthy.

After being hired about 1939-40 I can remember the sign being changed on the window to Hitchens Dry Cleaner by a Mr. Slater whose slogan was “Slater did it”.

I enjoyed this job thoroughly. I spent part of the day running clothes through the dry cleaning machine, then bagging them when they had been spotted and pressed. The rest of the day, which began at around 7:30 a.m. and ended at around 6:00 p.m., was spent picking up and delivering clothes. This was the time I liked the most because I was out of the shop and became my own boss.
The first delivery truck was a Model A Ford passenger car which had been converted to a delivery vehicle by removing the back seat and the front seat on the passengers' side. The name of the business was painted on the back windows. Before I had moved on to the Craft house the Ford had been replaced by a Chevrolet panel truck of about 1936 vintage. This vehicle I drove home each evening for safekeeping.

In those days students at the college were hired as agents and given a percentage from sales of cleaning which they collected from other students. One of my duties was to go to the various dormitories, sororities and fraternities and pick up and deliver the cleaning which the agents had gathered. I especially liked going to the girls' dormitories and to the sororities and to mingle with the pretty girls.

Another regular stop was at the Williamsburg Lodge where the staff were regular users of our services. I came to know most of them.

Stanley did quality cleaning and pressing and his customers included leading citizens as well as the entire spectrum of the town's population. One of the unpleasant aspects of my job was collecting past due bills from those who had charge accounts. My experiences in dealing with the public in this job were many and varied, some amusing, some tempting and some maddening. On balance it was interesting.

Stanley was fortunate to have as his chief presser, Nelson Parker, who was experienced and took great pride in his work. He often received clothing for pressing, especially women's clothing, which had been improperly pressed by another cleaner and took all the time needed to restore it to its proper condition. As his business grew Stanley hired Willie Moore to be taught the trade using the press next to Nelson's. In the end he was a good pressman although not approaching the skill of Nelson.

During World War II Nelson served as a Steward in the Navy. Upon his return he had his own cleaning establishment in the East end of the city near the former Black's crossing. I do not know what became of Willie Moore who had the ambition of becoming a prize fighter.

The front office of the shop was operated alternately by Stanley's wife and Mrs. J. E. Ward, who lived in one of the apartments in the Hitchens Building and whose husband worked at VEPCO. Occasionally, Stanley's sister, Mae, worked in the office.

With the coming of World War II and the unavailability of carbon tetrachloride, a cleaning agent, Stanley chose to close his shop rather than going to the trouble and expense of converting to another cleaning process. After closing his shop he worked for the Federal government.
AT PERSON'S SERVICE CENTER
—1938—
Left to Right: Shirley Robertson, Earle Pierce, Waverly Person, Willie Lawson, and Billy Person.
PALS c. 1934-35

Front row: Nancy Morton, Bobby Robb   In back: a Bell twin, Frances Robb, Anne Faw

(Photo furnished by Mrs. Armstrong)