Williamsburg Reunion
— 1962 and Before
The Wren Yard, circa 1926.

The crowd of residents and visitors for the appearance of President Coolidge, who spoke behind the ivy-covered walls of the Wren Building on May 15, 1926. (Photos courtesy Jim Bowry)
We gather to remember...

October 19 and 20, 2002

Welcome, dear friends, to the 18th biennial reunion. We are some of the folks who remember fondly what the community of Williamsburg was like 40 or more years ago! And what a happy and glorious — and small and quiet — place it was! Oh, those were the days.

It was a time when the college was very much a part of the community — and the community very much a part of the campus. In partial recognition of this special bond, Louise Lambert Kale, executive director of William and Mary’s Historic Campus, will present the banquet program on “The Wren Building: The Forgotten Years of Ewell and Tyler, and the Recent Renovation.” The snapshots on these pages also record this integral part of Williamsburg before the Restoration. They were taken sometime in the 1920s and are from the family collection of Jim Bowry.

This year’s reunion celebrates the 50th anniversary of the 1952 graduation class of Matthew Whaley. And so several of the features in this Reunion Yearbook are reminiscent of a more modern time and several of the many persons who played major roles in our lives and in our town. We hope this yearbook sparks many happy memories and that this weekend you will renew warm friendships.

On behalf of the committee members who organized this Old Williamsburg Reunion, we wish you the peace and joy of being among those who remember when...

John C. Worsl
John Marsh, chairman

Gertrude Daversa:

Living in the house her parents restored

By Frances Robb

Gertrude Ball Daversa occupies the east side of the Peyton Randolph House on Courthouse Green. She is the only local resident who now lives in a Colonial Williamsburg exhibition building. And, although she has lived away at various times, she has called this house her home since she was five years old.

Gertrude’s mother came to Williamsburg as a tourist in February 1911. While visiting the Powde Horn, she met local real estate broker, F.H. Ball. Mr. Ball was general manager of the Piedmont and Tidewater Land Company and a member of the Pulaski Club. Obviously impressed by Miss Merrill Proctor, he encouraged her interest in local history by driving her to Yorktown in an open carriage. They married in December and later became parents of Gertrude and her older sister, Virginia. Gertrude was born in the William Lightfoot House, delivered by the college physician, Dr. David J. King. (Helen Harwood was born in Grove on the same day.)

In addition to home schooling her daughters in their early years, Mrs. Ball taught music at William and Mary and was the first woman in town to vote. Her interest in the colonial era continued strong and she looked up and down Duke of Gloucester and nearby streets for a house to buy and restore. Finally she decided on the Peyton Randolph House and persuaded her mother to buy it, which she did on July 1, 1921, from Williamsburg Inc., a group of local businessmen. At that time it was called the Peachy House and locals seemed not to realize its distinguished past. Mrs. Ball determined to uncover its history and pored over colonial York County records until she became convinced that it was, indeed, the home of the president of the First Continental Congress. After examining her research, Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler, who was president of William and Mary from 1888 to 1919 and an authority on Virginia history, confirmed her conclusion.

The Balls set out to restore their new home, but could not afford to do this all at once. Instead, with the help of local builders of the Holland family, they worked step by step to bring their home back to its eighteenth-century appearance. At one stage of the remodeling, the stairway to the second floor was removed and young Gertrude and Virginia particularly enjoyed climbing a ladder to their rooms on the second floor.

In 1938, Colonial Williamsburg bought the house and, while it was being renovated, the Balls lived in the Bruton Parish Rectory. The Rectory was located across Duke of Gloucester Street from the church and has since been torn down. Mrs. Ball, who held a life right in the Peyton Randolph House, died in 1975.

Although Gertrude and Virginia received their elementary education at home, Gertrude remembers that in the afternoon they would join other Williamsburg children who gathered to play on the Courthouse Green. The sisters attended Matthew Whaley High School and were graduated together in 1933.

Gertrude attended Katherine Gibbs School in Boston and then worked at Radio City in New York. While vacationing home in late 1942, she was persuaded by Mr. Roberts of a Richmond construction company to join his firm, which was just beginning to build Camp
Peary as a Navy Seabee base. During World War II she was also assistant director of the Williamsburg USO residence club. And before and after her marriage to Dr. Benjamin Daversa, she worked for Colonial Williamsburg as a hostess and later as a roving secretary to a number of departments.

Virginia, who attended the Virginia Fashion Academy, was a cryptographer for the Army in Europe during World War II. She married George H. Lucas and lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Gertrude has seen many changes on the Courthouse Green: the departure of old friends— the Garretts, the Coleman, the Spencers — and the coming of many tourists and many buses, plus the use of the green for fireworks and colonial games. But she loved her wonderful home and we are glad to have “one of us” represent us so well in the historic neighborhood.

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A Square Deal For All
A Safe Place to Ride a Bicycle

by Judy Totty Dean

In February of 1946, my family moved to Williamsburg and on Valentine’s Day I joined the fourth grade at Matthew Whaley School. We lived at 507 York Street next door to A.W. Hitchens (501) whose large brick house has been replaced by a Hampton Inn. He had built our house for his daughter, Mae Neese, whose husband Ed owned Neese Electric on Prince George Street.

My father, Emmett, worked for the Home Beneficial Life Ins. Company, and his office was upstairs over Roses 5¢ and 10¢ Store. Across the hall was the office of Rawls Byrd, Superintendent of Schools, and his secretary was Lucille Garrison. Her daughter, Linda, would become my life-long friend.

For many years my bicycle took me everywhere I needed to go: to school where it was left, but not locked, in the trees beside the circle drive; to the Williamsburg Theater after school for a matinee (35 cents admission) and again left, unlocked, in the famous old metal bike rack; to Blow Hall (then referred to as Blow Gym) in the summer months for swimming lessons in the pool; to the Public Library, on the corner of Francis and South England Streets, where I devoured all the Nancy Drew mysteries; and, on a few occasions, riding with a friend in the tunnel before it was opened to traffic.

School buses were only for the children living in the country. However, I could walk about a block and be outside the city limits. I didn’t do this very often because I was afraid the driver would know I was a city kid and not let me on the bus.

In July of 1947 my youngest sibling, Patricia, was born. I was so proud of her and certain that she was the prettiest baby sister ever. I even took her to Miss Jean Etheridge’s sixth grade class for “Show and Tell” when she was six months old.

There wasn’t many motels in the late ’40s and early ’50s so private homes would "take in tourists" when there was a need for rooms. The Chamber of Commerce oversaw this program. Many summer nights, after I had gone to bed, there would be a phone call from the Chamber of Commerce. Not only did I have to get up and then sleep on the screen porch, but I also had to help change the sheets and make the bed. This must have been good for my social development and work ethic; also, having to clean the bathroom was training for the future! In fact, Mrs. Hitchens (next door) also "took in tourists" and sometimes borrowed me to make beds and clean bathrooms in her house. She paid me, too! She was a gracious lady and years later provided her lovely home for my wedding reception.
A funny story about the tourists involved my father. One morning my mother told him that the people from the previous night had taken the towels. Later that day, as he was driving through town he spotted their car, found them nearby, and retrieved the towels.

Some of our tourists returned year after year, and we received Christmas cards and letters from many of them. Perhaps this experience contributed to my love of travel and pleasure in meeting and sharing with people everywhere.

There was one regular roofer at our house. The Jewel Tea man, a traveling salesman of the period, stayed one or two nights every two weeks. His truck was full of an assortment of items, including teas, and he sold the Hall China pattern of autumn leaves that is such a collectible now.

In 1953 my mother did a daring thing and applied for a job with the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. She was rather surprised when she was hired because then she had to go home and tell my father. That was in the days of "Number Please" and the operator rang for you. One night she had a man on the line who was visiting in town. He wanted to call a friend in another state. The operators were trained to ring several times and come back on the line to tell the caller that the number was not answering. He asked her to try again which she did. When she told him that his party did not seem to be home his question was, "Well, operator, do you know where they’ve gone?"

Williamsburg was a small, quiet town and a safe place in which to grow up. Cars were not locked nor were homes until everyone was inside at night. We trusted one another completely. Teachers and principals were respected and obeyed as were all adults. There was a feeling of accountability and responsibility. In other words, you couldn’t get away with anything!

When I started driving, I paid particular attention to the police car parked on Duke of Gloucester Street. One evening as I went around College Corner and headed out Jamestown Road that police car turned around, followed me, and pulled me over. Chief Kelly got out of his car, walked up to me, and said, "Judy Totty, if I see you come around College Corner like that again I’ll have to call your daddy." I didn’t think I’d done anything wrong. Maybe he only wanted to let me know that he was watching and that I should be careful, but was safe in his town.

When my mother was a young girl she lived in what is now Colonial Heights. She said that "going to Williamsburg" then meant you were crazy and going to Eastern State Hospital. Well, some may think that I’m crazy for moving here again and again. In 1977, I returned for one year with my three children while their father was in Vietnam. From 1990-95 I lived here and worked for a couple of years for Colonial Williamsburg.
When I left that time I was looking for somewhere else to live. After two years of traveling around the country I hadn't found the right place for me. My dear friend, Linda Garrison Bowe, encouraged me to return one more time. I had even spent six months in San Francisco but didn't leave my heart there. It must belong here among all the familiar places, people, and memories.

Note: Some of these stories were gathered from my mother, Pauline Totty, during the last months of her life. She died June 13, 2002.
Jeanne Etheridge:

42 Years of Mentoring Young People

By Frances Robb

No one in Williamsburg is more widely acquainted than Jeanne Etheridge, now retired after forty-two years as teacher and principal at Matthew Whaley School. Her many former pupils and fellow teachers guarantee a warm welcome wherever she goes.

Jeanne Etheridge arrived in Williamsburg at the time of the First World War when her father came to run the newly opened Penniman ammunition plant. She lived with her parents and three brothers in the eighteenth-century Nicholson House near the Capitol. Neighbors included church sexton Willie Baker and his teacher wife Clara Byrd Baker and the Eppes family. The family quickly became involved in school and church activities.

At Bruton Parish Church, Jeanne prepared the Communion Table and one of her brothers carried the Cross during services. Years later, Dr. W.A.R. Goodwin, the rector, asked her and her friend, Mary Wall Christian, to start a nursery at the Wythe House, which then served as the parish house. She remembers with pleasure such young charges as Bud Geddy, Helen Young Langton and the Goodwin boys.

Jeanne attended the Mattey School, where the Governor’s Palace now stands, and was among thirteen classmates at Williamsburg High School before going on to William and Mary. There her favorite professor was Dr. John Garland Pollard, who taught government and soon after her class with him became governor of Virginia. After college, Jeanne, along with her friend, Christine Henderson, moved to Gloucester Courthouse, where she taught for the princely sum of $80 a month.

In 1931, she was thrilled to receive a call from Rawls Byrd, long-time superintendent of city schools, offering her a fourth grade position at the beautiful new Matthew Whaley School at the even more munificent salary of $85 a month.

Jeanne and Mary Wall Christian, who by then was teaching art at Matthew Whaley, saved their money very carefully and soon were able to finance train trips to New York City to visit the museums, see Broadway plays and otherwise inhale the excitement of the city, walking all over Manhattan to observe the wonderful buildings and parks. As their salaries increased so did their appetite for travel, and they made five trips to Europe, including one summer-long stay in Italy.

Back in Williamsburg, Jeanne felt privileged to work with Dr. Inga Olga Helseth of the William and Mary faculty. As she says, “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.” Thus, in local classrooms, there was a strong emphasis on individual progress and ample opportunity for participation in varied activities in art, music and play-acting.

Jeanne frequently kept her students through both the fourth and fifth grades. Thus in the first year she introduced them to Virginia history, complete with visits to the buildings of Colonial Williamsburg with her properly costumed pupils, contributing patterns and fabrics
for the garb where necessary. The next year she broadened their horizons through the study of ancient civilizations. On occasion, she also taught sixth grade.

After nineteen years in the classroom she became principal of Matthew Whaley, a position she held for twenty-three years, very important years during which Virginia schools were integrated.

Jeanne says "forty-two years is a long time ... but every day was an interesting and happy day." She adds that to grow up in Williamsburg was a pleasure; to retire — even here — was not a pleasure as there was much she still wanted to do. She now lives on Griffin Avenue in a house formerly owned by her friends, Professor William Guy and his wife, Gladys. Her lovely garden represents a lifetime interest and shows the results of many hours of her retirement. She shares her house and garden with a great niece and a three-year-old redhead great-great niece who is a "real joy" to her. So flowers and children still brighten her life at 94. She deserves no less!
Mildred Layne:
Williamsburg High School Class of '28
by Janet L. Smith

In 1917, Rennie Dow Layne moved his wife, Minnie, and their three sons and three daughters from the family homestead in Goochland County, near Richmond, to Lee Hall to manage Dozier's Farm. Mildred's first memories of school are toddling between her two older brothers down a long lane to meet the school bus, which took them to Denbigh Elementary School.

After a couple of years, her father realized he did not like managing a farm, and planned to return to his former job. However, neither he nor his wife wanted the children raised in a big city, so Layne rented "Carter's Grove" for his family and he commuted to work by train from Williamsburg.

At that time Carter's Grove was owned by Alex Harwood and the property was up for sale. Although the house had stood empty for some time, it had remained in good condition and the Laynes were able to move in during the spring of 1919. For the remainder of that school term, Mildred accompanied her two older brothers to a one-room school house across the road from Carter's Grove. After that they attended school in Williamsburg, with the boys driving the family car into town.

They lived at Carter's Grove until Mildred's senior year at Williamsburg High School when the property was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McCrea. It had, indeed, been a perfect place to raise children and she recalls her "growing up years" there with fondness and delight.

The McCreas immediately began a monumental restoration of the house, raising roof-lines, removing the 19th-century veranda on the river side and attaching the east wing. The kitchen and bathrooms were modernized and electricity added. In 1964, The Sealantic Fund purchased the property from the McCrea Estate, and subsequently transferred it to Colonial Williamsburg Foundation.

After Carter's Grove was sold, the Layne Family moved into Williamsburg to a house on the corner of Armistead Avenue and Prince George Street, "behind the Bozarts," and the three younger children walked to school.

Mildred entered Williamsburg High School in 1925 as an eighth-grade freshman, graduating in 1928. At that time, students attended only eleven grades; it wasn't until 1948 that the twelfth year was added. The school had been built on the grounds of the colonial Governor's Palace in front of the former Matty School, which Miss Layne recalls was then being used for home economics classes.
Although it was still relatively new, Williamsburg High School the older Mathey School were both torn down in 1930 to allow the reconstruction of the Governor’s Palace. They were replaced Matthew Whaley School on Scotland Street.

Williamsburg High School did not have a cafeteria. Students could either bring lunch or, if they lived close-by, eat at home. Others walked to the Williamsburg Drug Store, then located at the end of Palace Green. Mildred happily recalls that many lunch periods were spent in the multi-purpose auditorium room with Virginia Waltrip playing the piano so they could dance.

The auditorium was a large, corner room located in the back of the second floor. With lots of windows overlooking the railroad tracks, the noise from passing trains was quite audible. It was in this room that Dr. W.A.R. Goodwin held his June 12, 1928 meeting to discuss the town project and to announce that the financial backer was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Baseball was the most popular sport, both in school and after school, and games were often played on Palace Green. Students from the College of William and Mary were a large presence in the school, serving not only as students and teachers, but often attending social functions and dances there.

Offering a glimpse into their school life is this article published in the *Daily Press*, dated April 4, 1928:

**THE "MOST" AND THE "BEST" HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT**

The Williamsburg high school students recently held a popularity contest, to see who were the "most popular," the "most beautiful" and the like in the school. The votes were sold for ten cents each by the baseball team. Much interest was aroused among the faculty and students. There were four titles, but they were voted out by the students. The returns are as follows:  

- **Most beautiful girl** -- Minnie Cole Savage
- **Most handsome boy** -- George Williams
- **Most popular girl & boy** -- Minnie Cole Savage & Stanley Hitchens
- **Most attractive girl & boy** -- Mildred Layne & Stanley Hitchens
- **Best dressed girl** -- Pauline Hodges
- **Best dressed boy** -- Mildred Layne
- **Cutest girl & boy** -- Margaret Ballard & Stanley Hitchens
- **Most athletic girl & boy** -- Marjorie Briggs & George Williams
- **Most individual girl** -- Harriet Bozarth
- **Best dancers** -- Ruth Morecoch & George Williams
- **Best sport girl & boy** -- Margaret Ballard & Russell Holland
- **Most studious girl & boy** -- Virginia Jones & Duncan Coke
- **Most conceited girl & boy** -- Elizabeth Renick & Milton Thorpe
- **Most independent girl & boy** -- Virginia Jones & Julian Chandler
- **Most graceful girl & boy** -- Mildred Layne & George Williams
- **Most popular FRESHMAN girl & boy** -- Mary Allan & Edward Marable
- **Most popular SOPHOMORE girl & boy** -- Gertrude Clewes & Stanley Hitchens
- **Most popular JUNIOR girl & boy** -- Minnie Cole Savage & Julian Chandler
- **Most popular SENIOR girl & boy** -- Mildred Layne & Duncan Coke

With such a small student body (by today’s standards), classmates intermingled and "everybody knew everybody," as well as their brothers and sisters. In Mildred’s Junior Year Memory Book which she graciously allowed us to copy, one finds entries from her Classmates of ’27 and ’28 along with student teachers and teachers.
Many of these friendships continued throughout the years and, even though some of them moved out of Williamsburg after high school, many continued to live here—or returned after college—to become leading citizens of their day.

After graduating, Mildred continued her education at the College of William and Mary. At Christmas break of her Junior Year she was permitted to take early exams so she could accompany her older sister Nell LeFevre, who was home for the holidays, back to Hong Kong where she and her husband were currently living. Mildred fully expected to return for the spring semester and to graduate, but "...I became completely captivated with Hong Kong. I obtained a position with the Consulate General and lived there for several years. While I do feel some regret for not returning to William and Mary to graduate, living in Hong Kong was one of the most exciting periods of my life."

Eventually Mildred did return to Williamsburg—indeed, left and returned twice again. "I had three distinct careers. After returning from Hong Kong, I worked for a while in Washington, D.C. for the Government, returning to Williamsburg to be with my ailing mother. In 1937 the first phase of my career with Colonial Williamsburg began as I worked first with resident architect, Edwin Kendrew, and then as administrative assistant to President Kenneth Chorley, who had offices both in Williamsburg and New York City."

In 1947, Mildred moved to Manhattan to serve as Chorley’s assistant, while continuing as assistant corporate secretary of Colonial Williamsburg. During this time she also served in several of the Rockefeller organizations: as vice president of Jackson Hole Preserve; corporate officer of the Grand Teton Lodge Company in Jackson, Wyoming; Caneel Bay Plantation in the Virgin Islands, and the American Conservation Association. She recalls this as her "travel phase" and, there again, a most rewarding, exciting life.

In 1966, Mildred returned once more to live and work in Williamsburg at the request of Chorley’s successor, Carlisle H. Humelsine. That year she became the Foundation’s first female administrative officer and, in 1972, was named its first female vice president. Retiring in 1977, Mildred traded the beautiful and historic Palmer House...located across from the Capitol...for a townhouse in Kingsmill, living there until this past summer when she moved to The Williamsburg Landing.

Mildred was quite reluctant to have an article written about her for the Reunion Booklet. But who better? In 1968, when the idea for these reunions was taking form in Dr. Janet Kimbrough’s mind, she immediately sought out Mildred Layne. "Together we spent many late evenings in the Goodwin Building and the St. George Tucker House hashing over plans and deciding who might be interested in helping. As it turned out, everyone we talked to about the proposed reunion wanted to help...and the rest is history."
One of Mildred Layne's fondest memories occurred on a recent birthday when "her children," 50-plus nieces and nephews and the offspring, held a family reunion in Williamsburg to honor her. A private tour of Carter's Grove was arranged by Carolyn Weekley. Mildred proudly regaled them all with memories of her former home.

It was a distinct pleasure to interview my former Colonial Williamsburg colleague. She is a truly fascinating person; one who has lived a life most of us could only dream about.

Carter's Grove in the 1920s when the Layne Family lived there

Mildred Layne in her home in The Williamsburg Landing
Excerpts from Mildred Layne’s Junior-Year Autograph Book

Remember the country old.
Duncan Cocke
4/27/27

Mildred, as a leader in this wide world may you be as successful as you were in leading the Girls’ Reserve to school friends.
Lela Slanson

When you are doing that exciting think of me and turn the wheel.
Marion Boyarth

Your still Plymouth Rock hectic.
Melba Hope 28

Ruth will be the elephant.
Peach Lee Truex. Remember Chemistry. Your 1927 class mate.
Garley Walling

In the mud puddle of your heart let a tadpole swim for me.
Sandy Hughes

Yours until the MCM team gives away a baseball.
Phily Nelson 28

Nathan Sutton
27—maybe

Forget me not, forget me never.
Until Williamsburg mud dries dry forever.
Donie Crockett ’27

Sweet kiss to the lips passing house And all thy faith Be decked with flowers.
n. in 27

Dear friend Always siscoo Crazy

Don’t forget Chemistry & from the English and memorizing And please don’t forget Ever so you, most loved class.

With love Your favorite Hamut Bogarth

When you read this think of me I’m till the devils use to be
Wallace & Thwing 28

I like the thought for you because you are continually doing it: Make your the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it.” This is Edward Hicks motto.
Dame Frances Craig

May your life be like a friend egg with the sunny side up. Love
A true friend of
Lela Wheeler.
Tom Pugh:

A Man of Authenticity and Integrity

By Susan Hall Godson

"You are to think for mankind," charged the college professor to the young student. That demanding admonition has guided the life and career of the Reverend Thomas Edward Pugh for 65 years of active ministry. Pugh has more than met the challenge in his professional, civic, and personal callings.

Born in 1917 in Spotsylvania County, young Tom knew the backbreaking labor of being a sharecropper's son during the Depression. After graduating from high school in 1934, he took additional classes and also held various jobs. Three years later, he entered the University of Richmond where he excelled in academics and extracurricular activities, and received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1941.

That same year, he married Mary Nelson Decker of Fredericksburg and both enrolled in Crozer Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania. He was immediately surrounded by a broad ethnic and social diversity, and the resulting liberalism permanently modified the outlook of the young man from conservative rural Virginia.

After finishing an accelerated course at Crozer and earning a Master of Divinity degree, Pugh became an Army chaplain in early 1944. He served with the 103rd Division in European combat, then with occupation forces in Germany and Austria. He returned to civilian life in the summer of 1946 and became the pastor at Hephzibah Baptist Church near Coatesville, Pennsylvania. Three years later, he went to Prospect Hill Baptist Church in Prospect Park outside Philadelphia.

In 1952, Pugh answered a call to Williamsburg Baptist Church, and the match was so effective that he remained as pastor until he retired twenty-nine years later. Rich in history, this church began as Zion Baptist Church in 1828 and soon became part of the Dover Association. First meeting in the old Powder Horn, members built their own Williamsburg Baptist Church on Duke of Gloucester Street in the early 1850s. By tradition, some bricks from the Powder Horn wall became part of the foundation for the church, and one of these antique bricks is in the church's archives. When the restoration of the city began, Colonial Williamsburg was eager for the site and offered to exchange it for the land and funding for the present building, which was completed and dedicated in 1934.

Pugh quickly settled into his ministry and found the challenge of the diversified community of regular members, college students, tourists, and other local residents exhilarating. He performed routine rites of passage such as baptisms, communion services, marriages, and funerals.
but his greatest strength lay in his pastoral concern for his flock. He was always there with a warm smile whenever someone needed his personal, caring touch.

When asked what he considered the most significant and enduring aspect of his ministry, he paused in thought then replied, “My sermons.” As he prepared these carefully crafted homilies, he kept recalling, “You are to think for mankind.” In turn, he must teach his people to think. His sermons became teaching tools—intellectual in tone, based on Scripture, and set in historical context—and these treasures covered every aspect of the daily experiences of all people. Positive and upbeat, the sermons emphasized the energizing power of prayer and the constant truth that “we are all the sons and daughters of one Creator.” Although Pugh set his sermons in the context of Christianity, he respected the views and rights of those of other persuasions.

A former William and Mary student expressed his appreciation to Pugh for a ministry willing “to challenge established perspectives by the exploration of new approaches to God and Christianity.” Such an approach had promoted the growth of this young man, and countless other students, as Christians. Students frequently comprised one-third of the Sunday congregation. Responding to Pugh’s gift of bringing authenticity and integrity to the Christian faith, membership in the church rose to about 500 active members and a proliferation of additional programs. To accommodate the influx, a new wing opened in 1967.

Pugh always realized that communication was a vital part of his ministry. In 1955 the church’s weekly newsletter, “The Spire,” began, and he penned a column called the “Parson’s Page.” A collection of these columns, as well as selected prayers and short essays, was later printed as a book with the same name. The written word, he believed, reinforced the main points in his sermons, gave the readers a sense of hearing him speak, and perhaps helped them express their own thoughts and feelings. Pugh also wrote another book, As a Grain of Mustard Seed: The Story of the Virginia Baptist Children’s Home.

Recognition of Pugh’s talents abounded and included an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from the University of Richmond and the Alumni Achievement Award from Crozer Seminary alumni, both in 1968. When he retired in 1981, Williamsburg Baptist Church conferred on him the title of Pastor Emeritus—a first for this church.

Pugh’s warmth and caring spread far beyond his church to the broader community. At various times this natural leader was chapter president of the American Red Cross and president of the Williamsburg Rotary Club, the Williamsburg Area Community Center, the Matthew Whaley PTA, and the Williamsburg Ministerial Association. His proudest achievement, however, came with the formation and operation of the new Williamsburg Community Hospital. For 25 years, he was a board member and for 11 years was president/chairman. In 1999 Pugh received one of the first Healthcare Heroes awards given by the Williamsburg Community Health Foundation.

Pugh’s most recent contribution to his community was the gift of his personal and professional papers to the Special Collections Division of the College’s Swem Library, through the Williamsburg Historic Records Association. This carefully and thoughtfully organized collection includes correspondence; appointment diaries; church registers of attendance, marriages, baptisms, and funerals; sermons; copies of “The Spire”; photographs; and news clippings. This contribution was a fitting gesture from a man charged with thinking for mankind, and it will leave a permanent record that Tom Pugh walked among us.
Roots and family played paramount roles in Pugh's life. One of his cherished possessions is a colonial-sized brick from the bedroom where he was born and now carefully mounted on a heart-of-pine stand. In recent years, he has compiled a genealogy tracing the Pugh family from the mid-17th century. His lifelong love affair with his wife Mary continues in its 61st year. She is now an invalid, and both are in an assisted living community. The Pughs had two sons; one—Mark—survives, and two grandchildren.

For half a century, Tom Pugh has been a vital part of the Williamsburg community as pastor, civic leader, and friend. Always a man of authenticity and integrity, he has touched countless lives with warmth, compassion, and strength. We are indeed fortunate that he chose to live with us.
THE SPIRE

Weekly Newsletter of The Williamsburg Baptist Church

THE REV. THOMAS E. PUGH, Pastor
MRS. A. W. BOYD, Church Secretary
CHURCH PHONE 229-1217

Tom Pugh, left, with older brother, Ishmael, circa 1920.
THE GLORY YEARS
Reminiscing with Roger Sherman

By Ann Ward Little

For twenty-eight summers, between 1947 and 1976, The Common Glory was the premier evening attraction in the Williamsburg area. Roger Sherman saw it through from beginning to end, serving first as Lighting and Scenery Designer and later as Production Manager and General Manager.

During an interview earlier this year, Sherman reflected on Paul Green's symphonic drama and its role in the community. "In the early years, there was no other nighttime activity in Williamsburg." The Common Glory, which was co-sponsored by the Commonwealth of Virginia and the College of William and Mary, enjoyed enthusiastic local support. "The college opened up all its facilities—shops for building scenery and the Jefferson dormitory gymnasium for dance rehearsals. In old Phi Bete (now Ewell Hall), the room that was the president's office for many years was used for sewing costumes."

Many members of the drama's permanent staff taught at the college. Students and other Williamsburg citizens found summer jobs at the Mataoka Lake Amphitheatre as actors, musicians, dancers, extras, stage crew, ushers, and parking lot attendants. Colonial Williamsburg and motel owners "pushed" ticket sales. For local citizens and tourists alike, the outdoor drama provided the answer to the perennial question "What do you do here at night?"

For Sherman, The Common Glory is more than just a drama. "It's a family, in a sense." And, like the Williamsburg community, it has continued to hold reunions over the years. In some instances, the Glory family included individual family units as well. Roger's wife, Susanne, was Costume Designer for three of Paul Green's dramas: The Common Glory, The Founders, and Faith of Our Fathers. When the Sherman children were young, they were junior actors. Five years after Susanne's death, Roger married William and Mary Dance Professor Carol Wallace, former member of Glory and Founders' casts.
Sherman estimated that over the years, at least 1,500 people were involved in the production of outdoor drama. Celebrity alumnæ include Glen Close, Goldie Hawn, and Linda Lavin. "We had some questions about Goldie," Sherman admitted. "She said she was sixteen—which was the minimum age—when she applied to be a dancer. We weren't quite sure...." Despite her questionable credentials, Goldie gave a "stunning performance" as Juliet in one of The Glory's off-night Shakespeare performances. Roger and Carol agreed: Goldie's talent was obvious even as a teenager.

Fortunately, minimum age rules did not apply to child actors, notably the Widow Huzzitt's children. For Glory families, this was the perfect answer to the baby-sitting dilemma. And many of the widow's children proved themselves to be seasoned performers. Sherman recalled one night when his son David, then the youngest of the widow's brood, fell while on stage. "A gasp could be heard from the audience, but he waited to cry until he was offstage." One of the widow's children, Mamie Ruth Hitchens, grew up to assume the much sought-after Huzzitt role herself. Hitchens had strong family connections with The Glory, as well. Her mother, Rachel, was Wardrobe Mistress.

Regular customers at The Glory box office soon learned that the outdoor drama changed from year to year. "Paul Green came down each season and watched [the drama] and then rewrote material for the next year." Sherman recalled the intense negotiations that took place each spring between the playwright and the director. "Paul never wanted to take anything out, but he'd keep adding things. Howard was determined that the show should end by 11 p.m." Scammon had witnessed, more often than Green, the processions of parents carrying sleeping children up the hill to the parking lot.

Despite Green's ongoing interest in the drama, he rarely intervened in the casting process. One year, however, he expressed his preference for a certain loud-voiced woman who was a champion hog-caller from Texas. She was given the Huzzitt role, but her barnyard credentials were not listed in the program.

Like any live performance, The Glory had its share of unscripted drama. "The Bray twins would occasionally switch roles, causing confusion on the set." Rumor has it that History Professor Douglass Adair conspired with fellow "soldiers" to change the outcome of the Battle of Yorktown. On one opening night, Executive Vice-President Allan Matthews was suddenly left "speechless" when he was about to introduce the Governor. "The red flashlight he was using obliterated the notes he had written in red ink."

As production manager of an outdoor drama, Sherman developed more than a casual interest in the weather. He may have been one of the first to
observe the El Niño phenomenon in Tidewater Virginia. "Some summers we'd only have two rain-outs. Other years it would rain twice a week."

In the days before Doppler radar and satellite imaging, Sherman relied chiefly on telephone calls to Richmond to obtain storm warnings. Given adequate notice, it was possible to pack costumes into a van and transfer the production to the new Phi Beta Kappa Hall. "There was only one person who was able to start the van," he recalled. "Seating capacity was limited indoors, and the stage lacked multiple playing areas."

The indoor alternative was never a satisfactory substitute for the Matoaka Lake Amphitheater. Paul Green's vision of outdoor symphonic drama required a natural setting—the sunset, the lake, and the sky. On occasions the resident wildlife contributed to the drama as well. When an owl hooted at an especially dramatic moment, Green congratulated Sherman: "That's good, Roger. Keep it in." Sherman also observed a couple of non-paying members of the audience: "Nightly there were two doves that came out of their niches near the stage to watch the Battle of Yorktown. And after it was over, they would go back in."

Not all encounters with wildlife were so benign. During one performance, the Jamestown Church Tower set rolled over a skunk and killed it. Sherman and crew donned gloves, removed the carcass, and buried it in the woods. Their quick action, however, did little to diffuse the aroma that assaulted Jefferson during one of his most solemn scenes. Evidence of skunk lingered on the Jamestown set throughout that summer's season.

Ultimately, the outdoor setting contributed to The Glory's demise. "The seats were metal," Sherman noted. "The amphitheater faced west, heating up in summer afternoons." By the early 1970s, air-conditioned motel rooms equipped with televisions offered refuge from the summer's heat. And there was Busch Gardens. The Glory was no longer the only source of evening entertainment.

A downturn in attendance had been noted since 1958. At the end of the 1976 season, the production was dismantled. Sherman and Scammon packed up scripts, musical scores and other the documents that had been stashed in the ticket office attic and donated them to the Swem Library. "They have a very complete collection," Sherman reported, "but I doubt that any recordings or films exist."

Local residents have their own special memories of The Common Glory: Those who lived within earshot of Matoaka Lake Amphitheatre learned long ago to distinguish thunderclaps from "The Battle of Yorktown" that signaled the drama's conclusion. Diehard Glory fans still smile when they recall Cephus
Sicklemore and "I Took My Gun and Away to War." Some — to this day — conjure up images of Miss Hallam and her dancers whenever they hear Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music."

But for citizens of Williamsburg, it was the Narrator's Prologue that struck closest to home. They understood precisely what it means to live on "This nook of Virginia lying between the York and James Rivers ... birthplace of the republic and ... cradle of its liberty." The words of North Carolinian Paul Green affirmed their unique sense of place. "This is indeed sacred soil on which we are gathered tonight."

Townspeople were not only familiar with the drama's historic setting, but they also knew cast members and people behind the scenes. They recognized Carl "Pappy" Fehr, the invisible man on the hillside, conducting the choir with a flashlight. In addition to being musical director for The Common Glory, Fehr was in charge of choral music at the College of William and Mary and the Williamsburg Baptist Church. Drama Professor and Glory director Howard Scammon also directed plays for Colonial Williamsburg and filled in at local churches as substitute organist.

Many members of the Glory family still reside in the Williamsburg area. Among them are Roger and Carol Sherman, Mamie Ruth Hitchens Blanton, choir members Dennis and Jean Cogle, and actor Dave Weston. Weston's roles included the Narrator, Thomas Jefferson, and Hugh Taylor.

From time to time, suggestions have surfaced concerning revival of The Common Glory—most recently in connection with Williamsburg's 300th anniversary in 1999. While acknowledging the drama's "timelessly relevant" theme and its artistic merits, the Institute of Outdoor Drama agreed with conclusions reached in 1976: that The Glory had "fully served its purpose." Revival was deemed impractical without "considerable financial subsidation."

Despite these findings, Sherman's interest in outdoor drama continues. He keeps in touch with Institute of Outdoor Drama, based in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. "There are over one hundred ongoing outdoor dramas now.... Of all of them," he asserted without reservation, "The Common Glory was the best."
PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE NARRATOR

FRIENDS, we are gathered here this evening to do honor to our forefathers — the men who laid the mighty foundations of this government under which we live today. And it is fitting that we have chosen this place for our celebration.

This nook of Virginia lying between the York and James Rivers is indeed the birthplace of the republic and likewise the cradle of its liberty.

There, just over the hill at Jamestown, occurred the immortal tragedy of suffering and death — the birth pangs of a nation’s creation — nearly three hundred fifty years ago. And here at Williamsburg, in the eighteenth century, were rived out and developed the matchless documents and statements of liberty upon which our self-government has been built.

And just over there at Yorktown, in 1781, the victory was finally gained which made us an independent people.

This is indeed sacred soil on which we are gathered tonight.

Here where I stand at this moment — from time immemorial the elusive deer have trod, and the flitting, light-winged bird! — And the tripping tender maid, Pocahontas herself, has walked here. Down the trail that leads through this very amphitheatre prideful old Powhatan, Emperor of the Western World, and his warriors have marched to battle. Here the glamorous John Smith, and the devout John Rolfe, and Sir Thomas Dale of the hard heart and the iron hand — and the rash and magnificent Nathaniel Bacon — all have passed this way.

The very leaves of the trees whereunder we sit at this hour have trembled to the eloquence of the dramatic Patrick Henry.

There, where the path crosses our stage, the youthful Thomas Jefferson has walked on many a summer or autumn evening, musing and thinking, and watching the sunset sky, the deepful upper air, and the stars above, making notes in his little book and dreaming his dreams. Yes, dreaming his dreams.

Here in Virginia has been the breeding place of great men.

God grant that we remember them!

— PAUL GREEN.
In 1963, members of the 1947 production celebrate the 1,000th performance: In the front row, left to right, Virginia Bray, Susanne Sherman, Rachael Hitchens, Ben Bray and Howard Scammon; behind them, left to right, Carl Fehr, R. Bruce Johnson, Paul Green, Al Haak, James Bray and Roger Sherman. (Thomas L. Williams Photo)
GRADUATION EXERCISES
The Matthew Whaley School
Williamsburg, Virginia

Wednesday, June Eleventh
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Two

Part One

An Evaluation of The Matthew Whaley School
by the Senior Class

OUR SCHOOL
A dramatization written by Elliott Miller, assisted by Sandra Kocher, Lester Ann Sykes, Charles Lavery, and Roland Reboussin.
Stage Manager: James Dillard

Act One
SCENE ONE

Time: Morning 1952
Cast: Llewellyn Lewis, chairman; Patricia Ruffin, secretary; members of Senior Government Class.

SCENE TWO

Time: Evening 1952
Cast: Hazel Rose t Mrs. Harper; Ed Watkins, Mr. Harper; Gray Bromleigh, Andy Harper.

SCENE THREE

Time: Afternoon 1952

SCENE FOUR

Time: Evening 1952
Cast: Sandra Kocher, Rose Milliron, Patricia Ruffin, and Llewellyn Lewis.

Part Two

GRADUATION PROGRAM

Processional Land of Hope and Glory Elgar

Invocation The Reverend James Brown
Minister, Williamsburg Methodist Church

Welcome Elliott Miller

Presentation of Gift Joyce Burt

Solo Morning Speaks Betty Ruth Coddington

Achievements of the Class of 1952 Dr. V. M. Mulholland
Principal, Matthew Whaley School

Presentation of Diplomas Mr. Rawls Byrd
Superintendent of Schools

Transfer of Senior Insignia Elliott Miller
President of Senior Class
Claudine Carew
President of Junior Class

Benediction The Reverend James Brown

Recessional Grand March of Aida Verdi
The Matthew Whaley Class of 1952

Class officers stand in the first row, left to right: Edward Watkins, treasurer; Joyce Butt, vice president; Betty Ruth Coddington, secretary; Elliott Miller, president. Behind them, in the second row, left to right, are Sandra Kocher, George Ryan, Dolores Diggs, Patricia Ruffin, Eloise Wiley Bryant, Margaret Smith and Nancy Kelley; Third row, left to right: Ray Martin, Carolynn Olander, Louise Wilder, Susan Dozier, Rose Milliron, Cynthia Sprake, Lester Anne Sykes, Hazel Rose and Peggy Robertson. Fourth row: Joseph Ketron, Thomas West, Guy Lusk, George Thompson, Nelson Farley, Lane Beamer, Thomas Miller, James Dillard and Roland Reboursein. Fifth row: Robert Harrison, Charles Lavery, William Person, William Henley, Llywellyn Lewis and John Popular. Absent were Gray Bromleigh, Page Grey, John Ward and Margaret Fletcher. (George vonDubell photo courtesy Barbara Harris)
Remembering a Simpler Time
When Teenagers Escorted Tourists

By Cynthia Kimbrough Barlowe

In the year past Colonial Williamsburg celebrated its 75th anniversary and in all of
the retrospective views, there was little notice taken of the costumed hostesses of the 1940s
and early 1950s. These ladies (and in lesser number men) were the actresses on the stage of
the early years of the Restoration. They were better trained than the first guides of the 1930s,
although they were far less integrated into the colonial experience presented by today’s
interpreters.

Among the trained hostesses (and some hosts who were ticket-takers and/or keepers
of the Public Gaol and Powder Magazine) of that era of 50 years ago, there was an even
smaller group of costumed personnel comprised of students at Matthew Whaley and the
College of William and Mary. This group was hired during the summers and occasionally
helped during the rest of the year. They were escorts for school groups, private guides for
special guests, fill-ins at evening and weekend activities, and extras when unusual numbers
of visitors overwhelmed the regular staff. A few stayed on to work for CW after college
graduation. The memories of this group of now not-so-young ex-tour guides tell of a
Colonial Williamsburg experience far less complicated than the work required of today’s
interpreters.

At the end of World War II the year-round employees or “senior hostesses” were
citizens of Williamsburg, who had been trained as gracious hostesses to show off the newly
restored and reconstructed buildings that were filled with wonderful eighteenth-century
antique furnishings. These ladies were truly proud of their refurbished city and could be a bit
annoyed by the young summer interlopers, who often didn’t seem to take their jobs as
seriously as they should. They were quick to correct and direct the summer irregulars.

The part-time student employees (called casuals because they had no regular hours)
were much in awe of and sometimes a little bit afraid of the regulars. However, all of the
student hostesses who contributed to this article remember some of their early hostess
mentors with real pleasure and affection.

The costumes we wore changed very little between 1938 and 1953. The women
wore the stylized dresses with the wide hoops at the side, called farthingales. These were
hoops that extended about 12 inches on each side of the waist (and nicely camouflaging large
hips). The style was one that had been “high fashion” for only about 10 years in the late
1800s, and even then would not have been worn except for rather formal dressy
occasions. We learned to move about with this ungainly clothing by going sideways through
the doors of the exhibition buildings. We could fold up the side hoops when moving quickly,
driving a car, sitting in a chair, or moving about in a crowd. There were wonderful deep pockets inside each hoop, where we could carry snacks, cigarettes (decidedly not colonial!), handkerchiefs, notes, and especially the big key we needed to access certain parts of the

Williamsburg Reunion
1962 and Before

Nicky Dewing noted her own position, she was a "refugee," Tonya Walsh, who at a thrill she got from a Christmas photograph.

Both years old and older. Both in years they were still at Matthew Robinson did not take tours. Sue later became hostesses.

Use of the town as a visitation service was providing an example, after the war, this idea was formalism. The young student but completely innocent of

Williamsburg, Nicky Dewing noted college of escorting them. There was Audrey Hepburn. Other visiting was of state. Some of the to entertain special Shirley Low, and Elizabeth

Normal. There were notes, of the exhibition the exhibition buildings with her in the 1930s. They are

the student hostesses look Frances Robb and Nicky Mrs. Taylor did the scheduling by the Inn swimming younger hostesses were months. They often worked 10 $600 in a calendar year or

viewed for our first jobs with fingerprinted fingerprints be filed? I ET, who also happened to be because ET gave me was to bring a caught up in the endless work was encouraged: tatting,
In the year past Colonial Williamsburg began to see the retrospective views, there were the early years of the Restoration and early 1950s. These ladies, although they were far less interpreters.

Among the trained hosts of the Public Gaol and Powder, a smaller group of costumed people, College of William and Mary, helped during the rest of the year. Special guests, fill-ins at events, and many special gueses overwhelmed the number of visitors. The memories of Colonial Williamsburg experience is an interpretation.

At the end of World War II citizens of Williamsburg, who restored and reconstructed buildings and antique furnishings. These ladies were annoyed by the young summer seriously as they should. They were much in awe of and some student hostesses who contributed to the entrance to the city. The costumes we wore the stylized dresses with hoops that extended about 12 inches below the hips. The style was one that had been popular in the 1800s, and even then would not be worn on occasions. We learned to move the doors of the exhibition build...
driving a car, sitting in a chair, or moving about in a crowd. There were wonderful deep pockets inside each hoop, where we could carry snacks, cigarettes (decidedly not colonial!), or assist certain parts of the

Program

Welcome
John Marsh

Invocation
Reverend Carlton Casey

Dinner

Announcements

Program
“The Wren Building:
The Forgotten Years of Ewell and Tyler,
and the Recent Renovation.”

Presented by Louise Lambert Kale,
Director of Historic Properties,
The College of William and Mary.

designers/seamstresses. In my refuge, Tonya Walsh, who postest began work, she was in her own position, she got a thrill she got from a Christmas photograph.

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As student hostesses look

Taylor did the scheduling by the Inn swimming
teacher hostesses were

They often worked 10

We needed for our first jobs with

(No fingerprints be filed?) I

who also happened to be

I was encouraged: tatting,
In the year past Colonial Williamsburg, the retirement views, there were the early years of the Restoration, although they were far less in the public view. And it was a smaller group of costumed people — the College of William and Mary — who helped during the rest of the year — the special guests, fill-ins at events, and the rise of visitors overwhelmed the museum and graduation. The memories of Colonial Williamsburg experience in the next generation of interpreters.

At the end of World War II, citizens of Williamsburg, who restored and reconstructed both restored and reconstructed by antique furnishings. These ladies were in awe of the young summer seriously as they should. The part-time student hostesses who contributed mentors with real pleasure and the doors of the exhibition buildings.

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<td>Fred Freehete</td>
<td>Janet &amp; Llew Smith</td>
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<td>Cathy &amp; Joe Gardiner</td>
<td>Nancy Stowe</td>
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<td>Norma Gibbons</td>
<td>Douglas Veach</td>
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<td>Susan Grotz</td>
<td>Rita &amp; Gordon Veach</td>
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<td>Ida Hall</td>
<td>James Waldron</td>
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<td>Arthur Henderson</td>
<td>Belinda &amp; Ed Watkins</td>
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<td>Lois Hornsby</td>
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<td>Carol &amp; Selby Jacobs</td>
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<td>Anne Jones</td>
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<td>Shirley &amp; Gilbert Keene</td>
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driving a car, sitting in a chair, or moving about in a crowd. There were wonderful deep pockets inside each hoop, where we could carry snacks, cigarettes (decidedly not colonial!), handkerchiefs, notes, and especially the big key we needed to access certain parts of the Governor’s Palace side buildings.

Frances Robb remembers Lucille Foster as one of the first designers/seamstresses. In the next few years there was also an interesting “White Russian” refugee, Tonya Walsh, who became the primary designer in that department. When a young hostess began work, she was usually fitted in someone else’s cast-off gowns. After establishing her own position, she usually had her own dress made. Nicky Dewing remembers what a thrill she got from a special red silk dress that made her a very popular subject for Christmas photographs.

Hostessing was usually reserved for those students 18 years old and older. Both Marguerite Davis and Nicky Dewing began work as clerks when they were still at Matthew Whaley. The clerks sold tickets in costume in the buildings. They did not take tours. Sue Hall Godson was another summer clerk. Marguerite and Nicky later became hostesses.

During World War II, Mr. Rockefeller encouraged the use of the town as a visitation site for many in the military stationed nearby. He believed Williamsburg was providing an example of men who fought to gain freedom from tyranny. Later, after the war, this idea was extended to showcase the strength of democracy against communism. The young student hostesses were most popular with the groups of young soldiers, but completely innocent of their propaganda potential.

When really important celebrity visitors came to Williamsburg, Nicky Dewing noted that the “grand dames” of the senior group were given the privilege of escorting them. There were movie stars such as Shirley Temple, Cary Grant and Katherine Hepburn. Other visiting celebrities were U. S. Presidents, foreign royalty, and other heads of state. Some of the hostesses who were exceptionally talented and most often called on to entertain special guests were Lucy Sneed, Elizabeth Callis, Fannie Lou Stryker, Shirley Low, and Elizabeth Henderson.

Training for CW interpreters in those days was quite informal. There were notes, notebooks, and guidebooks to be studied. I still have both my notebook of the exhibition buildings given me in 1953 and my great aunt’s notebook given her in the 1930s. They are very much alike.

Most of the training took place on site by going through the exhibition buildings with the veteran hostesses and listening to their presentations. All of the student hostesses look back on pleasant memories of the people who helped them learn. Frances Robb and Nicky Dewing both began working under Rose Taylor’s leadership. Mrs. Taylor did the scheduling and knew where to find off-duty town girls in the summer (lounging by the Inn swimming pool) when she needed to fill in the work schedule. All of the younger hostesses were anxious to make as much money as they could in the summer months. They often worked 10 or 15 days in a row with no day off. But none dared make over $600 in a calendar year or they would lose the student deduction on income taxes.

Virginia Glover and I were fingerprinted when we interviewed for our first jobs with CW. (Where, after all these years, might those original employment fingerprints be filed?) I especially recall the tutelage of Elizabeth Henderson, known as ET, who also happened to be my godmother, so I got some special attention. One bit of advice ET gave me was to bring a book for reading between conducting groups so I would not get caught up in the endless gossip that took place among those waiting to lead tours. Handwork was encouraged: tatting,
crocheting, and embroidery. When I started knitting argyle socks, I had to do it out of the sight of the tourists because argyle socks weren’t colonial.

Bobbye Thorp and Marguerite Davis expressed praise for the good training they received from Shirley Low and Elizabeth Callis. Helen Langton believes that the summers she spent hostessing were excellent training in teaching poise and self-assurance.

Phil Thorp recalled a slightly different approach for his escort training as a tour group escort under Neville MacArthur. Tour group escorts did not work in costume and “escorted” bus groups through the major exhibition buildings: the Capitol, the Governor’s Palace, the Gaol, and the Magazine. The Raleigh Tavern, the Palace Gardens, and the Wythe House might also be included. (Craft shops were in their infancy then.) Men generally escorted groups of schoolchildren (a favorite for fourth graders in Virginia) and military groups, because the tours took between five and six hours.

Memories of tickets, ticket costs, and exactly which buildings were open are not quite so clear. Most of those questioned for this article seemed to think that a ticket in the early days was for five exhibition buildings. There were eight on the ticket by the mid-1950s. All hostesses were trained for all of the buildings except the Public Gaol and the Powder Magazine (which at that time was sometimes called the Powder Horn). The Royal Governor’s Palace was always the first building taught. This meant learning a great deal about eighteenth-century antiques and less about the royal governors.

The Capitol, the most important building, was the most difficult to present. Nicky Dewing never liked to work the Capitol. Helen Langton said it was her favorite except when one of her history professors from William and Mary insisted on joining her group. Also open were the Wythe House, another building with lovely antiques; the Raleigh Tavern; and the Ludwell Paradise House. The Brush-Everard house was added sometime during this same time period.

Filling out the big ticket for eight buildings were the Gaol and Magazine. Men, who did not believe the women who brought the escort groups should interpret their buildings, always staffed these last two buildings. I was taught to front-load a musket and fire it for the school groups, but it was very rare that the men would allow me to perform with “their” guns.

All of those questioned had different memories of the pay scale of the time. Frances Robb, who began working in costume when she was 18, thinks the hourly wage was around 45 cents an hour. Nicky Dewing says her children were incredulous when they heard that her first summer job paid less than 65 cents an hour. Virginia Glover, Bobbye Thorp, and I started out around 85 cents an hour. Phil Thorp started working for the Restoration because they paid more than the 65 cents an hour he could earn at William and Mary.

This all took place before the days of a reception center and central ticket location. The Colonial Courthouse was then a free museum where block tickets were also sold. The most expensive ticket cost around $5 with discounts for students and military. Some block tickets were good for three days and some for a week.

The number of hosts and hostesses needed varied depending on the time of year. The Palace and Capitol called for at least 10 hostesses each on a busy summer day. The Raleigh Tavern used about six people, and often the Raleigh was a place for the older hostesses who had trouble climbing stairs. The Wythe House and Brush-Everard House rarely needed more than three people each. The Ludwell Paradise House, which housed Mrs. Rockefeller’s collection of early American primitive art, only required one person.
Several of the hostesses of the past remembered with pleasure Fleming Brown, the custodian at the Palace. Fleming was always impeccably dressed in eighteenth-century costume. He felt it was his daily duty to see that the ladies in the building under his care were properly attended. He made sure the rooms were clean and comfortable, he provided ice for coolers in the summer, and he would even bring in fresh figs from the Palace gardens to his ladies. Nicky Dewing says he reminded them all that “quality” never ate their lunch before one o’clock. When the summer air conditioning was first installed at the Governor’s Palace, I overheard Fleming telling some of the tourists that it was necessary because of the unusually high “humility” in the building.

Colonial Williamsburg was then, and is now, always working toward retraining its interpreters and improving the visitors’ experience. One year Shirley Low was conducting a series of such sessions, and Phil Thorp was in attendance along with another older man who had worked in the Goal for about 25 years. At the end of the session Mrs. Low asked the veteran if he had anything he would like to add for the edification of the group. His response was that at the Gaol his people always found the best thing to do with the tourists was to “get ’em in and get ’em out!”

Bobbye Thorp met her husband Phil while working in the Restored Area. They were both students working in costume (as was Bobbey’s sister, Mary Lewis Chapman.) Bobbey’s mother also worked in the weaver’s shop at the same time period. Bobbey and Phil married after their college graduations and continued for a few years to live and work in the Restored Area. They were featured in several magazine articles of the time as a couple that worked together in costume in Williamsburg.

Helen Langton tells of a special assignment she was given as a young hostess. She was sent for the day to take a couple from Maryland on a private tour of Williamsburg. While she was taking them through the Wythe House, they walked up the stairs where the regular hostess on duty was sitting, but very still. The guests believed they saw a mannequin and were frightened when a real person suddenly moved and spoke to them.

Collecting this group of now senior citizens’ memories of a time when we were teenagers brought out a lot of reminiscences. There were many memories of a plainer and simpler time in Williamsburg. Frances Robb and Nicky Dewing both remarked on how much fun they had and the people they had met by working summers for the Restoration.

The residents of Williamsburg of that time were familiar with the beginnings of the Restoration. They were quite proud of their city as it had been transformed by Mr. Rockefeller. Tourists (now more seriously referred to as visitors) were fewer in number, and touring was far more casual. Many families still lived within the Restored Area. Looking back on those years is like looking through the wrong end of binoculars: everything was smaller and further away. Time travel does not allow going back, but memory cannot resist revisiting and “remembering when.”

Editor’s Note: An incomplete list of Matthew Whaley student hostesses: Betty Bozarth Deal, Marguerite “Bumpy” Bozarth Davis, Virginia Broaddus Glover, Mary Lewis Brown Chapman, Bobbey Brown Thorp, Dale Carter Turner, Nicky Dillard Dewing, Susan Hall Godson, Betty Henley Barber, Cynthia Kimbrough Barlowe, Frances Robb, Ann Savage Nay, Phil Thorp and Helen Young Langton.
The book-case — Yes, the books are old...
   No, they were never here...
The third floor’s closed ... The door’s not locked?
   You can’t go up I fear.

The northeast bedroom is in here...
   Yes, Madam, here’s the bed...
You say your great aunt owned it...
   (I hope that she is dead!)

You say ‘twas made of cherry-wood.
   Well, this one seems of oak...
You say she married Jacob Bean
   Quick — water, e’er I choke!

Oh yes, they’ll love to hear it —
   I’ll tell the Curator...
No, I will not forget to write;
   That’s what we’re looking for.

Ah, here’s another hostess now;
   Please follow with her group;
I’ve learned that sixty school-children
   Are waiting on the stoop.

Oh, thank you, no! ... We don’t take tips...
   And I’ve enjoyed it, too...
Please come again! No, that’s downstairs...
   I really hope you do.

Lord God of hosts and hostesses!
We pray be with us yet,
Least we, some hour should fail to earn
   The forty cents we get.

Lord God of hostesses, who did
   Authenticate the Zinnia
Pray, give us strength and time to tell
   The history of Virginia!
In the early days of Colonial Williamsburg, a horse-drawn carriage was dispatched to convey hostesses to and from their homes. Here Isabel Hubbard is picked up at the St. George Tucker House. (This circa 1939 photo courtesy Cynthia Kimbrough Barlowe.)

The corps of hostesses included Chloro “Toie” Marsh, left, and Sarah Spotswood Berkeley Watkins.
Growing Up Near the Railway Station

By Fay Lionel Parr

The May 23, 2002, rededication ceremony of Williamsburg's newly restored and refurbished Transportation Center (a $1.6 million project) triggered memories of another era for this Williamsburg native.

Before World War II and the 1926 beginnings of the Williamsburg Restoration, the local railway station was not located where it is now (one block north of Boundary and Lafayette streets), but was east of the present depot along Lafayette Street in an area beyond the east wall of the Governor's Palace. This earlier station was built in 1907 and stood until 1935.

The main access to the railway station was from Duke of Gloucester Street, down North Spotwood Street (at the intersection where the Geddy House stands), past the Audrey House on the right and the old Matty School on the left to the end of the block, and turn right. From there the station stood in plain view. My family residence was at 315 North Spotwood Street, just across the street from the schoolyard behind the Matty School. Dr. R.C. Young, professor of physics at William and Mary, and his wife, Louise, Young, and their children, Herbert and Helen, were our neighbors to the south. Their residence was situated diagonally across from the Williamsburg High School, built in 1921.

Other neighbors to the south of us were the Misses Estelle and Cora Smith, owners of the Audrey House, now known as the Brush Everard House; Mr. and Mrs. Channing M. Hall and family (Susan and Channing Jr.). Mr. Hall was an attorney and also mayor of Williamsburg for some years. Also Mr. and Mrs. George P. Coleman at the St. George Tucker House and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, who visited with them from time to time, Mrs. Hubbard and her son, Benjamin.

Mr. Coleman was a civil engineer and the bridge at Yorktown was named for him. Miss Mary Scott Howison, a mathematics and algebra teacher at Williamsburg High School, owned the house on the corner of Nicholson and North Spotwood streets and facing the Palace Green. We were blessed with good neighbors.

There were four dwellings on the block opposite the Matty schoolyard and they were all built basically of the same design with front porches and a big back yard.

Mr. W.F. Schaumberg and his wife, Lucy, and their daughters, Virginia, Marion and Billie, lived in the house to the north of our family. Mr. Schaumberg was manager of the Atlantic and Pacific (A&P) grocery store on Duke of Gloucester Street.

Various families occupied the third house on the block during my childhood: Mr. Boyd Creasy and his wife, Jackie, and their children, John Edward, Emma, Frances and Lola. Also Mr. Eutee Martin and his wife, Bess, and their daughter, Kathleen, and two sons, Melvin and Elmo.
The last family that I remember living in the third house on the block was Mr. George Myers and his family. They had a daughter whose name was Nina. He was a “tinner.”

Mr. John and Eva Taylor owned the last house on North Spotswood Street. Their children were Gertrude, Dorothy and Buddy. Mr. Taylor worked in the meat department at Webster Hitchen’s Grocery Store on Duke of Gloucester Street. Later the Taylor family managed the West End Market at the corner of North Boundary and Prince George streets where Massey’s Photo is today.

Someone once said that “nothing is permanent but change,” and that saying holds true because Williamsburg seems to be forever changing. Not all change is good or bad. However, the year 1881 brought a great change to the town when, according to records, Collis P. Huntington extended the railroad from the coalfields of West Virginia to the port city of Newport News.

In the early part of the 20th century Williamsburg was small agricultural community with a population of about 2,000. There was a knitting mill where men’s fleece-lined underwear was made. Also, two state institutions, the College of William and Mary and Eastern State Hospital for the mentally ill (then called the Lunatic Asylum).

As a native of Williamsburg, I have many fond memories of some of the people and places in “the old ‘burg” before the restoration began. Through my parents I knew some of the people who had worked at the knitting mill in 1907-1909 and at the college and the hospital.

The knitting mill building was still being used when I was a child and it could be seen from the front porch of our residence. The mill stood where the maze of the Palace Gardens is now located. The railroad ran east and west behind the knitting mill.

I remember that the Virginia Electric and Power Company had an office in the east corner of the mill building and that Mr. J.T. Blacknell was manager. His son, Johnny, was one of our local boys to be killed in World War II. At the west end of the building two brothers, Rada and Bob Banks, operated the Williamsburg Steam Laundry.

There were no laundromats in town, nor were there electric washing machines that I knew of. Neither were we blessed with air-conditioning. I well remember the decorative hand fans the laundry gave their customers and church congregations, etc., with the imprint: “Courtesy Williamsburg Steam Laundry.”

The local railway depot was the center that “kept things moving” — perhaps even more so then than now because trains were then the main mode of transportation for people, supplies, livestock, grain, coal, etc. Other means were by boat and river steamer and, for short distances, wagon or buggy.

Out-of-town W&M students used the train to travel to and from their homes on holidays and weekends. We haven’t forgotten that our U.S. mail was transported by train and the men that worked at the Chesapeake and Ohio Station. The persons I remember were Mr. Miles Shipman, Mr. Luck, Mr. Charlie Fletcher, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Eutee Martin. Mr. Shipman, Mr. Luck and Mr. Fletcher were ticket agents. Mr. Marshall worked at the Express office and he and his family lived in a bungalow opposite the Express office. There were two sons, Nelson and Walter. Mr. Eutee Martin drove a taxi.

It always seemed special to me to walk to the depot with my dad to hear the train whistle and watch the train ease into the station, to see the happy expressions on the faces of people greeting friends or relatives, and others saying their good-byes.
The conductors in their uniforms stood out in the crowd as they assisted travelers and suggested “watch your step.” Then, the “all aboard” call and passengers hurried to board the cars before the big steam engine would take them on their journey.

My mother, Annie Dorsie Martin, and my dad, Bertram Lionel Parr, also knew people who worked at the asylum. I remember Dr. George W. Brown, the administrator from 1911 to 1943, and the big sign “Executive Office” on Francis Street opposite the main gate to the hospital. It was always locked.

I also remember Miss Mahlon White who lived in the house at the corner of Nassau and Francis streets. She was head of arts and crafts at the hospital. Diagonally across the street from Miss White’s house, inside the tall wrought iron fence, was a building known as Cameron Hall. Various types of entertainment, including dances, were held there.

The hospital, as far as I know, was much like a town of its own. It had its own laundry, bakery, eating facilities, doctor, psychiatrist, dairy, farm land, vegetable gardens, power plant, etc. The grounds of the institution were always well maintained and I distinctly remember seeing a large water fountain and pond of gold fish through the spaces in the fence. Encircling the pond were various types of plants and flowers at all seasons of the year.

The years fly by, our friends come and go, but the memories linger on.

The Williamsburg Transportation Center of today looks much like the one of yesteryear. I still feel a sense of intrigue when I go to the railway station. There has been change. It is good. It is progress in the right direction.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway’s passenger train “The Sportsman” ran between Newport News and Detroit with stops in Virginia at Williamsburg, Richmond, Charlottesville and White Sulphur Springs. In this November 1947 photograph, taken from a postcard labeled “Williamsburg, Virginia,” the train is pulled by Locomotive 485. “The Sportsman” was in service between 1930 and 1968.
The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway built this colonial revival brick depot at the head of North Spotswood Street in anticipation of the 1907 Jamestown Tercentennial. It was replaced in 1935 to make way for east-west extension of Lafayette Street and the construction of the Governor's Palace Gardens.

The residence of W.A. Bozarth soon on the north side of the railroad tracks.

The Williamsburg railway station as seen from the Bozarth home.

The grandstand and racetrack at the Williamsburg Fairgrounds, located to the east of the Bozarth home.

The stables for the racetrack. These four photos are from the album of William "Billy" Bozarth, courtesy of Marian Bozarth.
The pre-Restoration business district centered along the south side of Duke of Gloucester Street and the block of South England Street that once existed between Duke of Gloucester and Francis streets. In this post card view, looking west, Garners clothing store was next to the Palace Theater (behind the pedestrian) opposite Palace Green.

When the business district was consolidated at the western most block of Duke of Gloucester Street it became known as Merchants Square. Cars were banned shortly after this Colonial Williamsburg photo was taken in 1966.
Clyde C. Hall (right, photographed in 1951) grew up in Great Bridge, Norfolk County, received his pharmaceutical training at the Medical College of Virginia and came to Williamsburg in 1905 as a druggist for Eastern State Hospital. Two years later, following the death of Leonard Henley, he took over the Williamsburg Drug Company (above), then located on the southern side of the Duke of Gloucester Street next to the National Bank Building and near the Palace Theater. He married Beulah Brooks, and their daughter, Anne, married George Nea, who joined the family business in 1947 after it had moved to Merchants Square (cover photo circa 1928 and below circa 1955). (These photos and those on page 48, courtesy Dianne Nea Spence)
William L. Person, left, and his two brothers, Roland and Frederick. Their father, Charles J. Person, a jeweler who reputedly owned the first automobile in Williamsburg, opened a filling station in 1908 on Duke of Gloucester Street with a service garage in the rear that faced Nassau Street. (This undated photo courtesy William L. Person Jr.)

The Person garage, which in 1910 became the first Ford dealership in Virginia, was taken over in 1925 by William L. Person Sr. The business caught fire in 1930 and was destroyed. This photograph is of the rebuilt garage.
When Person Ford was sold to Colonial Williamsburg, a new garage and showroom were built on Francis Streets near the intersection of South Boundary Street. The 1939 photo shows the repair garage, a separate building from the service center and gas pumps that were adjacent to the parking lot at the interior of the block.

In 1958, the Ford dealership was moved to Second Street and this modern gasoline station was opened on South Boundary Street at Francis Street. The old garage buildings behind it were renovated to serve as the city’s fire house fronting on Francis Street.
Not all the Cub Scouts standing on the steps of Matthew Whaley School can be identified in this picture that was probably taken during the 1942-43 academic year, but there is no mistaking the adult leaders. They are standing in the back row: W. Melville Jones, at the far left and William L. Person Sr. at the far right and next to him is Harry Peoples. The Cub Scouts standing on the first row are, left to right, Norman Thomas, Conrad Thomas, Ed Watkins, Mel Jones, Charley Lavery, Raymond PiLand, Jimmy Dillard and Llew Smith. In the second row, left to right: Tom Miller, Bill Henley, Fred White, Wayne Larsen, Pete Tucker, Magrudo Kyser and Owen Jones. In the third row, left to right: Shippy Brooks, Jack Upshur, Bill Person, David Miller, JoRo Gardner, Lew Lewis, Tommy Peoples and Howard Martin. The Boy Scout leader standing next to Dr. Jones is unknown. Next to him is an older boy identified as either John Popular or George DuVorg. The three Cub Scouts in the fourth row are, left to right: Tommy Sutton, Richard Sutton and Neil Opheim. Photo courtesy of Ed Watkins.

Members of the Old Capital Club are, first row, left to right: Horace Ridenour, Collier Harris, Bill Anderson, Jimmy Vaiden, Ray Miller, George Kidd. Second row: Clyde Thorpe, Elmer Farthing, Dan Jones, Hugh Hitchens, Cecil Layne, Hodges Christian. Third row: Collin Vince, ------, Junius Butts and ------. (Undated photo courtesy of Turner Richardson)

Members of the advance fund-raising campaign committee for Williamsburg Community Hospital are, left to right, J.B. Cowles, Thomas N.P. Cutler, Col. O.G. Pitz, Leslie R. O’Hara, William L. Person Sr. (chairman), Robert A. Duncan, A. Edwin Kendrew and Fraser Neiman. The hospital opened in 1961 with 61 beds.
Gathering Easter eggs at the Methodist parsonage are, left to right, Georgea Ryan, Diana Ryan, Bill Henley, Bobby Hawkins, (unknown girl whose face is obscured), Betty Joyce Nunn, John Marsh, Bill Person, Peter Armacost, Randolph Tucker, Mel Jones and (unidentified, but perhaps Mike Armacost). (Photo courtesy Ann Ward Little and John Marsh)

Gathered around Bill Person, lower center, are, left to right: Ed Watkins, Granville Patrick, Dodie Diggs (almost hidden), Bill Henley (in the foreground), Betty Saunders), (two partially hidden girls behind her — perhaps Joan Green and Georgea Ryan), John Marsh, Diana Ryan, Gale Carrithers, Charlie Lavery, Betty Duncan and Randolph Tucker. (Circa 1949-50 photo courtesy John Marsh).
The staging of "The Mikado" was an enormous undertaking by the music and drama classes of Matthew Whaley. The successful production was a reflection of the spirit of cooperation between the school, William and Mary and local citizens. The orchestra was made up of W&M students.

In the 1940s and 1950s, Matthew Whaley and Bruton Heights School often exchanged programs. "The Mikado" was taken to Bruton Heights for an afternoon performance.

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The Departments of Music and Drama
of
MATTHEW WHALEY SCHOOL

Present

The Mikado

A Gilbert and Sullivan Opera
in two acts

Director of Music .......................... FRANCIS W. GURNEY
Director of Dramatics ...................... J. WILLIAM ETHERIDGE
Accompanist ............................... HARRIET BOZARTH

November 19, 1947
8:00 P.M.

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THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN ................... Barry Waters
NANNI-POO, his son, disguised as a minister ........ George Pilot
KO-KO, Lord High Executioner of Titipu ............ William Dows
POOH-BAH, Lord High Everything Else ............... Jane Prospect
PISH-TUSH, A Noble Lord .................... Tom McGahey
Three Sirens, Ward of Ko-Ko .................... Frances McCreavy
YUM-YUM .................................. Helen Walker
FUTTISANG .................................. Eva Lindsay
KATISHA, An Elderly Lady .................... Constace Ogletree

Chorus of School Girls: Francis Blunka, Anne Driscoll, Miriam Fishett, Shirley Holson, June Leland, Berny Lawry, Hazel Osby, Dorothy Reed, Elizabeth Rogers, Lois Rogers, Betty Winder.

Chorus of Nobles: Hilma Carpenter, Perry Dad, Gilbert Jones, John Prouse, Howard Martin, Carl Raiford, Roy Kingward, Thomas Sammet, John Tooley, Barry Waters, Mayo Wool.

THE STORY OF THE OPERA

ACT I

Nanki-Poo, the son of the Emperor of Japan, is in love with Yum-Yum, the daughter of the Lord of the Island of Titipu. The Emperor of Japan desires to marry Yum-Yum, but Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, is determined that Yum-Yum will not marry Nanki-Poo. He confines Nanki-Poo in jail and threatens to execute him.

ACT II

Yum-Yum is preparing for the ceremony. Ko-Ko is determined to execute Nanki-Poo, but Ko-Ko becomes weary of the proceedings and Ko-Ko is saved by the arrival of a messenger from Japan. Ko-Ko is then released from jail and Nanki-Poo is freed. The Emperor of Japan is then able to marry Yum-Yum.

THE ORCHESTRA
(Courtesy of Music Department, College of William and Mary)

ALAN STEWART, Director

VIOLINS—Alton Stewart, John Kan, Robert Pomroy, Donald S. Southworth, Ann Beales, Florence Neas, Mrs. D. S. Southworth, Frances Pomroy

VIOLA—Robert Smith

DOUBLE BASS—James M. Prout

FLUTE—Marge Ross, Winstead

FRENCH HORN—Thomas Cox, Earl Graham

TROMBONE—Thomas Evans

TRUMPET—Arthur Cox

PERCUSSION—Spencer Overton

PIANO—Harry Beach

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COMMITTEES


TICKET SALES—Ann M. McDaniel, Harry Beach, Peaches Carter, Jesse Andrews, Charles Smith, Bill Moss, the open air, and such men.

USHERS AND TICKET TAKERS—Carrie Dillow (General Chairman), Betty Sore, Nancy Monteith, Audrey Thayer, Marguerite Brower, Betty Dunca, Marjorie Turner, Betty Caldwell, Louise Willet.


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The Williamsburg Theatre
Mondays and Tuesdays, Nov. 24 - Dec.
The story of Robert and Clara Schuman and Johannes Brahms
"SONG OF LOVE"

Katherine
Paul
Robert

HEPBURN
HIXSON
WALKER

---

Schmidt's Music Shop
Dale of Gloucester II.
Plato 113
Williamsburg, Va.
G.T. Brooks Jr. tells the story this way: "My grandmother, Lucy Jones Brooks, wanted to buy the lot at 245 North Henry Street when it was offered for sale by H.D. Cole. His price was $100, and my grandfather thought that was too much money, so she bought the lot herself, and he built the house. That was in 1913." In the 1940s, G.T.'s father, Gardiner T. Brooks Sr., became the sole owner and, for about a decade, he rented out the house. In 1951, the house was converted to two apartments, and G.T. and Suzie Brooks lived in the second floor when they were first married. Henry "Chippy" and Alice Chappell then lived on the first floor.

Archie Brooks with his grandsons, Miles Brooks, left, and G.T. Brooks Jr.

Archie and Lucy Jones Brooks on the porch at 245 North Henry Street.
Georgia O’Keeffe’s Art Career Began In An Ugly Cement House

In 1902 Francis O’Keeffe came from Wisconsin to Williamsburg with his wife and seven children to operate a creamery. Here he built an ugly looking house of cement blocks at the corner of North Henry and Scotland Streets — a structure that has since been torn down. O’Keeffe also owned at lot at Scotland and Nassau streets that he sold to the builders of the Female Institute — later the site of Matthew Whaley School.

The O’Keeffe family was an active one, especially young Georgia. As a youngster. She has been described as solemn, monastic and eccentric. She sketched and painted and seemed to prefer solitude. She was sent away to school at Chatham Hall and at age 17 enrolled in the Art Students’ League in New York. Her family soon moved from Williamsburg to Charlottesville.

Georgia O’Keeffe moved to Amarillo, Texas, where she was art supervisor in the public schools. Her artwork was recognized by Alfred Stieglitz, a famous photographer who put it on display in New York. Georgia moved to New York where, in 1924, she painted “Light Iris,” the first of her famous paintings of large flowers. That same year she and Stieglitz were married, a union that was troublesome.

In 1938, she visited Williamsburg and was given an honorary degree by William and Mary, the first awarded by the college for fine arts. One of her paintings was purchased by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. and presented to the college’s Department of Fine Arts and it was hung — little noticed — in the old Phi Beta Kappa Hall (now Ewell Hall). When the painting was recognized by College President Thomas A. Graves Jr., he had it moved to a more secure location. This image of a large magnolia is simply called “White Flower” and it was the centerpiece of an O’Keeffe exhibition on campus in 2001. Georgia O’Keeffe moved to New Mexico after her husband’s death and there painted desert scenes featuring dry bones, cattle skull and such. She died in 1988 at the age of 98. At that time the paintings in her estate, valued at more than $72 million, were left to friends and caretakers — and generated civil law suits for several years.

When the College Shop was located at College Corner in the 400 block of West Duke of Gloucester at South Boundary Street, it displayed signs advertising the popular Pocahontas Tea Room around the corner. The College Shop served as the college bookstore.

When Colonial Williamsburg replaced the old landmark, it left the coin scales standing on the sidewalk. Several businesses, including the College Shop, the Williamsburg Restaurant ("Corner Greeks") and more recently the Williamsburg Drug Company have been tenants. (Photos courtesy of Vernon M. Geddy Jr.)